

# The Terry Fox Run for Cancer Research

## How it Began

by Michael Galway

This year, Bangladesh will hold its first Terry Fox Run for Cancer Research. It's an annual event run in 35 countries that has raised more than Tk. 402 crore since it began in Canada 13 years ago. On November 4, approximately one thousand students and their families from 20 schools in Dhaka will walk, run, jog and bike for five kilometres to raise money and awareness for cancer research. The money raised in Bangladesh will assist the Bangladesh Cancer Institute with innovative cancer research. In the coming weeks, we will tell you more about the race, cancer in Bangladesh and the world-wide attempt to cure cancer. Today, we begin with the Terry Fox story and how this marvellous event began.

WHEN Terry Fox was 18 years old, doctors told him his right leg would have to be amputated above the knee. He had bone cancer. The year was 1977.

It was devastating news for this young man from Canada's westernmost province, British Columbia. During his time in hospital and the therapy that followed, Terry saw the pain and despair of other cancer patients and was deeply moved.

The only way to stop that pain was to find a cure - and since funds for cancer research were in short supply, Terry decided to do something to help.

His remarkable plan was to run from one coast of Canada

to the other. Along the way, he planned to ask for the equivalent of Tk 30 from every Canadian in support of cancer research.

On 12 April 1980 Terry dipped his artificial leg into the Atlantic Ocean in St. John's, Newfoundland and then then turned west for the long journey home. He called his odyssey the **MARATHON OF HOPE**.

It was to be a long, difficult journey and there were to be many days when the task would seem enormous. By Day 15, he had covered 337 miles. At 4:00 AM, he got out of bed, with painful sores from the long run the day before. But he took off, hoping to cover 14

miles at the outset. After three miles, he became dizzy, light-headed and found it difficult to focus his eyes.

In his journal that night, Terry wrote: "I told myself it is too late to give up. I would keep going no matter what happened. If I died, I would die happy because I was doing what I wanted to do. I went out and did 15 push-ups on the road and took off. I want to set an example that will never be forgotten."

Terry kept going, crossing from one province to the next and in the process inspired a nation. Never before had anyone with an artificial leg run so far.

Canada is a huge country with relatively few people. There were many times when Terry ran along isolated stretches of highway, alone, with only a few people of encouragement him.

But, everywhere, Canadians were deeply touched as his **MARATHON OF HOPE** gained momentum. The miles clicked by. By the time he reached Toronto, Canada's largest city, a huge gathering of people were there to welcome him at City Hall.

After 143 days and 3,339 miles, Terry reached Thunder Bay, Ontario, well past the halfway mark. But by that time, Terry was forced to stop his run. The cancer had spread to his lungs. Canadians everywhere remember pictures on television of Terry on a stretcher, being prepared for the flight home and his promise to come back to finish his dream.

After treatment with chemotherapy and interferon, Terry died on 28 June 1981 - one month before his 23rd



birthday.

But Terry accomplished his dream. A grateful nation responded to his request and within months of the end of the race, more than USD\$20 million was raised.

At the start of his race, Terry spoke about hope. "I'm not a dreamer and I'm not saying this will initiate any kind of definitive answer or cure to cancer, but I believe in miracles. I have to."

Today, in more than 35 countries around the world, on every continent, people set aside one day to run for cancer research. Terry touched a common chord that spoke to us of goodness and possibilities, of defiance in the face of an enemy, of human decency and most of all of generosity.

Now that dream comes to Bangladesh. On November 4, more than a thousand school children in Dhaka will follow in Terry's footsteps. The money raised through their efforts and corporate sponsorship will go directly to the Bangladesh Cancer Institute.

Next week: The need for cancer research in Bangladesh



## Match Making Not that Easy!

ONE again I face my morning papers feeling glum and neglected - as a consumer. I am not being wooed enough by the local producers of consumer goods. Perhaps the native like exotic things from across the mysterious oceans.

This time I do not find the matchmakers' proposition attractive enough (correction: for matchmakers read the manufacturers of matches, that is match sticks supposed to spark a fire in the hearth, not in the heart). Listen to my story of love and hate.

For fifty years the advances of the seducers, armed with fiery sticks, have not improved the waiting period. The approach is still damp, and broken promises. My technocrat colleagues stress on something called R&D, which means Research & Development. In this case the match-wallas are supposed to strike matchstick after matchstick thousand of times to check its fidelity to the consumer. Our tropical humidity appears to be a great

barrier to this compatibility game.

What shall I do with the stick's after-glow when it ignites my plastic wastepaper basket, and leaves telling scar marks on my clothes - although not as damaging as the mark of another kind of red stick, if you could guess what I mean. According to safety regulations, there should

### The Passing Show

#### Chuckles

be no afterglow in inflammable and inanimate objects such as match sticks, however ardent be the attachment between *shama* and *parwana* (the moth and the flame). Some brands advertise this borax additive, but the quality control is still poor.

The Bengalee producers could be imaginative and poetical, but to get one flame after four broken sticks is not the economy of life. Then there is

resistance, as usual, a part of our political and social life. The stick simply refuses to come out of the match box. Push from end, and then push from the other, and all you get is a broken stick. Admirable sacrifice, but unfortunately misplaced, as there is still no sign of the flame, the basic purpose for which matches are bought. That the softwood of

our beautiful Sunderban cannot provide *sundur* stick for our match boxes is simply unimaginable.

I am forced to buy foreign gas lighters (for the kitchen and the pocket) to light our Sui gas burners; and our candles, when DESA is not in a mood to oblige. The candles are also great believers in The Opposing Self philosophy (The wick does not match the wax, and the letter is spineless). We

cannot produce Sui lighters, because one is butane and the other methane. I am told.

Our industrial shortcoming is deeper. Long ago I changed over to dynamo torchlight, avoiding the local batteries or dry cells (too dry, in fact). Before returning to our dear beloved *matri bhum*, I also changed my watch to automatic type, which does not use battery. The system power loss appears to be deeply ingrained in our character.

My lament is our country has progressed in many fields, but as far matches are concerned, there is no change in quality since my school days. I have read (sadly) the grievances of the industry. I do not know how to improve our (or their) matches, but I guess I can get myself technically trained to be able to use better match sticks (there are so many seminars around; just walk in).

Will some kind reader draft a tender for appointment of new matchmakers? That is our problem at national level - matchmaking.

THE victory of Sushmita Sen of India as Miss Universe '94 may well change the tenor of beauty contests worldwide. Henceforth, facial beauty alone or a million-dollar-figure will no longer guarantee a contestant a sure ticket to glory, or a Miss-Something crown.

After Sushmita, an aspirant for a beauty title must have, above all, something up there: brain matter. Not that the former Miss India possesses a face only a mother would love, or a physical appearance that is better hidden than displayed.

On the contrary, Sushmita is as pretty as a picture and stands an imposing five feet, nine inches tall. But she has also something in abundance that several girls miserably lacked: intelligence, personality and knowledge so rare for a teenager (She is only 18).

Her triumph may have opened the door for those who may not be smotheringly beautiful, or who could not fill a bathing suit provocatively. It appears that a young lady who can hold her own in frank exchanges with judges or who manages to give coherent and clever answers to tricky queries has a better chance of making it than a Chinaman.

From now on, organizers of beauty contests will be hard put finding participants who are not only pretty but also possessed of intelligence, wit

## Rising Sen

by Arjuna

and pleasing personality. Sushmita has proven, very convincingly, that beauty is not just skin deep. With a dazzling smile and a series of thought-provoking, applause-worthy answers, Sushmita walked away with the Miss Universe crown, making her a celebrity and millionaires overnight.

The first Indian girl to win the crown since the Miss Universe Pageant began 43 years ago, Sushmita said in an earlier interview on India's Doordarshan television network: "Today, Miss Universe contests are no longer mere beauty tilts. They are more of a personality test, and a beauty queen from a country goes to the contest not just as the most beautiful face in the land but also as the ambassador of her country."

Thus, while preparing for the Miss Universe event, she followed an unconventional formula.

Instead of spending most of her time in beauty parlours and health clubs, Sushmita was found poring over newspaper files in the 'Times of India' library in Bombay.

A special instructor was hired to keep her abreast of world developments and to

guide her reading.

Along with all this brain food, she had a regular workout at a gymnasium run by Rama Bans, a well known instructor in Bombay.

Sushmita had constantly been told that her arms and legs were too bony and if she wanted to polish her personality it would have to be with wit and pleasant repartee.

Says Ranjan Bakshi, who had been associated with the Miss India show for the past three years: "Sushmita is the kind of person who grows on you. She is the most sensitive, intelligent and articulate beauty contestant I have interacted with."

In fact, Sushmita stood out from the rest of the contestants when she handed her biographical details in verse.

Remarkable Subir Sen, father of the most beautiful woman in the universe: "She always had a fire in her, and I was sure it would take her places. It was her fear of losing or even becoming runner-up that made her eventually win. She never wanted to come second or third."

press herself. Once in the fashion business she wanted to be part of the high profile scenario.

Mr Sen, a retired wing commander of the Indian Air Force, says the family has a middle class background. However, the children have been given ample freedom. After Sushmita finished school in Delhi she joined the university. But once she became Miss India, modelling assignments came her way and she opted for a correspondence course.

Sushmita is the first Miss Universe to receive a dazzling signature brooch studded with one hundred sparkling diamonds on 18 carat gold and platinum. It is an original hand-made creation of Hammerman valued at US\$20,000.

She will receive US\$50,000 for her work with Miss Universe International, Inc., a luxury apartment in California etc. Thus, in all, Sushmita would receive US\$67,000 and US\$87,000 in cash and prizes.

But Sushmita, by winning the most coveted and prestigious title in the universe, not only has done herself proud, but has put India firmly on the glamour map of the world. It proves beyond doubt that Indian women have it all: beauty and brains; tradition and modernity. Moreover, they are in the right mix.

—Depthnews Asia

## Jean Monnet, the Great Inspiration behind Europe

by Herve Bichot

THERE are two kinds of men: those who want to be somebody and those who want to do something. By deliberately choosing the second category, Jean Monnet refused easy glory. For most people, his character remains elusive and corresponds to an unusual path in life.

His international vocation appeared in his youth. He was born in Cognac, in 1888 and left school at the age of 16 to work in his father's firm. He became a cognac representative and travelled all over the world. From London to Saint-Petersburg and from Egypt to Canada, he acquired an international culture which was rare for a young Frenchman before 1914.

When the "Great War" broke out, he had himself sent to London to strengthen international co-operation between the allies. As a reward for his efforts, he was appointed deputy secretary general of the Society of Nations, in 1920. Jean Monnet played a central part in the beginnings of the first big international organisation, but, in 1923, he had to resign to come to the aid of his father's company.

He became a banker, but the Second World War convinced him to return to international politics. From 1938, he devoted all his efforts to economic co-operation between Paris, London and Washington. He was one of the main figures involved in the tremendous effort which made the United States into the "arsenal of democracies". According to the economist Keynes, J Monnet thus shortened the Second World War by a year.

At the age of 60, when other people think about retirement, Jean Monnet launched the idea of Europe which was a synthesis of his manifold experiences. As early as 1943, he noted: "Prosperity and indispensable social developments are impossible, unless the states of Europe join together in a federation or in a European entity, making them into a common economic unit".

His Main Interest

Europe became his main

All his life, he crossed frontiers and transcended national prejudices. Few men of his time had such broad horizons and such international action. Jean Monnet is not just a father of Europe, but also a pioneer of the contemporary world, in which he understood the growing interdependence among states, very early on.

interest for 30 years. In 1950, he suggested, to Robert Schuman, the creation of the European Coal and Steel Community (ECSC) and, to Rene Pleven, the European Defence Community (EDC). Disappointed by the failure of the EDC, he set up the action committee for the United States of Europe, which grouped together representatives from twenty parties and ten European trade unions.

From then on, J Monnet was to benefit from international recognition. In early 1963, he received the prestigious Liberty award in New York. President J F Kennedy in person showed his admiration. "Under your inspiration, Europe has, in less than ten years, progressed towards unity more than it had done in

the last 2,000 years". In 1976, three years before his death, he had himself made an "honorary citizen of Europe".

But, in all, knowing about J Monnet's work hardly helps us to define the man himself. This politician, who was listened to by three generations of French governors (from G Clemenceau to V Giscard d'Estaing) never stood for election. This international civil servant, who had held the highest administrative posts, had always considered them as mechanisms for action and decision, corresponding to the necessities of the time. So was he a prophet or an ideologist? That would be underestimating his need for action.

In fact, this ordinary-looking man of peasant stock has always applied his will to attain

constructive and positive objectives. "I have never been short of the opportunity to take action in life. The most important thing is to be ready for it. For that, one needs to have a conviction formed by long reflection. When the time comes, everything is simple because the necessity no longer leaves room for hesitation."

His collaborators remember him with a combination of respect and awe. J Monnet used to ask them for short and simple synthesis reports. One of the members of his team, a high civil servant at the Treasury department, had his report sent back with the remark: "Too intelligent. Do it again". His principle was clear: "I want the man in the street to be able to understand what we write as it is for him that we work."

Monnet's genius is to have changed the rules of simple co-operation between governments, in order to introduce new forms of behaviour between nations which would be like those between people. As he wrote in his Memoirs, "We are not combining states in a coalition. We are uniting men".

—L'Actualite En France



Jean Monnet (at the age of 85), receiving the prize "Movement of Europe" at London (12 May '73)

## Puja Special

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tantric prowess like Narendranath Dutta who left the normal cares of life to become a 'swami' - a sannyasi - not to speak of Aurobindo Ghose.

The development of what was a puja, performed only by the initiate working as an intermediary between the laity and the deity, into a festival involving a much wider clientele, was one of the main forces that held back the society from irreparable decay. Necessity was what dragged puja out of the esoteric practice it was and into broad exposure and participation of people. To cope with the new locale, functions changed and festivity overtook what was previously a matter of dark mysteries.

Two most lucky things capably helped Devi Puja become the great festival it is for well over a hundred years. First its timing, - late in the early autumn or *sharad*. It is not for nothing that this selfsame season is also the time of Kalhin Chibor Daan - the great Buddhist festival when the mendicant Bhikkhus and Shramans come out to the society ending the quarter-of-a-year *adhishthan*, the obligatory

## Towards a Secular Festival

retirement during the rains into a spell of intense study and meditation - for which purpose the Ajanta caves with its *viharas* and *chaityas* were built continuously for eight hundred years. During the rains the whole society of eastern subcontinental humans go into *adhishthan* or a kind of forced life-giving hibernation. And when the showers from up above and the waters enveloping the plains underneath are well on their way of recession and light beams out sun-daring the overcast sky and anoints the whole landscape with our other-worldly splendour - yes now is come the time for bursting out into nature, to don new apparels and to gift the Bhikkhus with the year's clothing, to go visiting kins and friends, and to embark on a longish and self-indulgent *chhuti*. It is hard to find in English, or in any other European language a word for *chhuti*. The gay abandon it denotes and the sense of freeing oneself from yearlong fetters of daily chores and into the carefree *aj bina kaaje bajije banshi kaatbe shakol bela* mood doesn't ring true in words like vacation or holiday.

A resplendent nature, the unique *chhuti* and the puja - all join in fashioning the true

halcyon time of the year. And this is augmented by the fact of everyone in the society being, for the first time for anything, even remotely connected with religion, equally privy to the gaiety of the occasion. Bengali literature of the past hundred years, specially Rabindranath, has contributed stupendously to making puja and *chhuti* a synonym for one another.

The other great factor that contributes to the greatness of puja as a festival involves the society's preoccupation with artistic activity, almost by way of a cultural compulsion. Faridpur is a small town by all standards. When in its sixty and something *mandaps pratinas* rise to full glory - there are close on to 400 sculptures of full size human beings and animals done exquisitely to the exacting attendants of historical Bengal statutory - it takes more than twenty groups of sculptors to do these. And in *bhashan* or *bishorjan* the provision is perpetuated that these images would have to be done all over again, employing all of the available sculptors. And then there are the drummers - the *dhoolies* and *dhakies* - who took on in the present extremely adverse situation - largely because of the

puja. Attended by all these, puja has become an essential part of organic whole of the society.

And in so doing it has also burst out of its communal shell. The biggest milestone in this process has been emergence of the *sharbojanin puja*. The epithet as well as its practice has come to denote a kind of universalism not only within the bounds of sects such as Shaiva, Shakta or Vaishnava or even of the community such as the Hindu - but across the whole of the society reaching out to Christians and Buddhists, and most important, to Muslims.

To back to Faridpur - it is a very very crowded affair there for five days. The rush on the roads and the stampede at the *mandaps* are composed mostly of peasants, both Hindus and Muslims, come to town for the occasion. The grand spectacles at the *mandaps* made the grandeur by lighting artists hired even from Calcutta are the handiworks of puja committees comprising a lot of Muslims and often headed by them. The puja has travelled a long way to a clearly discernible secular festival. And may it continue in that, to the benefit of the whole people.

## The Concept of Mother Durga

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sorbed himself in deep meditation. Mother Sati took rebirth as Uma in the Himalayas and was also meditating Shiva. At that time Tarakasur, a fiery demon had been ravaging the heaven and the gods could not withstand him and fled away. The gods were in need of a powerful general whom they found in Kartick, the offspring of Shiva and Sakti.

Peacock is the vehicle of Kartick. Peacock cannot endure envy or jealousy. The serpent symbolises envy and jealousy. Peacock kills and devours the serpent. All that is youthful, beautiful, chivalrous, energetic and full of fortitude are symbolised in Kartick and his peacock.

The Lion

The lion symbolises 'Raja-guna', the energy element in all beings and things and represents the most fierce and terrific animal force. Animality

in varied degree is there in every person.

Mother Durga is full of 'Suddha Sattwa Guna' having purity and goodness in their entirety. Asura or the demon is the embodiment of 'Tama-guna'. The battle between Mother and Asura is the battle between two gunas, sattwa and tama, in which one who has had the assistance of Raja-guna will be the winner. Mother has held the lion under her feet, ie at her command. So victory is ensured on her side. The brutal force has always to be kept under rigid control and subservient to Sattwa-guna.

The Demon

As per earlier interpretation the term 'Asura' or demon is meant to be profusion of vital energy. The later meaning of Asura is anti-sura, that does not recognise any god or goddess but possesses abundant vitality. In these days there is, no doubt, plenty of vital forces

but those are unfortunately misdirected and applied to evil designs causing grave harm and distress in our social and national life. The Mother, bent on welfare of all beings, strikes the demonical forces ruthlessly in order to bring them to right path, because Asuras are also her offsprings.

Kala Bou

The spiritual name of Kala Bou is Nava Patrika which means a collection of nine saplings. These are of plantain, paddy, bilwa (wood apple), turmeric and five others.

These nine plants are fastened together with white Aparajita creeper to transform it into Kala Bou.

Collectively Kala Bou represents the entire vegetation of the world and is the symbol of Mother Durga. Through the medium of Kala Bou we offer our salutation to Mother Durga who exists in the vegetation all over the world to maintain her countless children. We pray to her to make our life's journey smooth and peaceful and immune from evils and dangers, sorrows and sufferings.

## Season-based Drama Festival

FROM October 17 to October 22 Natya Haimantika (autumnal drama) 1401, is scheduled to take place in Chittagong. This season-based drama festival is to be housed at the Chittagong Muslim Hall.

Chittagong Muslim Hall have been organising this season-based drama festival for the last three years now, as a step to strengthen the group theatre movement in the port city. The names of these drama festivals have taken its root from the names and characteristics of six different seasons in Bangladesh, namely, *Batshakhi Natya Mela*, *Badal Shanjher Natak*, *Sharad Natya Shandhya*, *Natya Haimantika*, *Magh Nishither Natak* and *Bashanta Natya Utsah*.

A twenty-member preparatory committee has been formed for Natya Haimantika with Ahmed Iqbal of Tiryak Natya Dal as convener and Aloke Ghosh of Nandiker as member-secretary. Veteran theatre lighting expert Tapan Bhattacharya will inaugurate the "Natya Haimantika 1401." Apart from staging dramas this festival will also include processions, lectures on drama, workshop and street plays. The street plays will be performed by Tiryak Natya Dal, Nandiker, Kathak and Mancha Mukut - the leading theatre groups in the port city.