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In these images, Joydeb Roaja shows the security forces as weak, passive and dependent, while the women appear active, intelligent and strong. These challenge the victimhood narrative of the indigenous women, and emphasise that women have sufficient strength to take an active role in the political sphere and to fight alongside indigenous men for a just society. Roaja said in an interview that the militarisation of the CHT inspired him to do the work, and the use of military weapons and tanks in his depictions are derived from his childhood experiences of witnessing armed conflict.

These artists, in their own distinct styles, have documented the lives of the indigenous women. While Kanak Chanpa romanticises the indigenous community by portraying women as visible expressions of their culture with their colourful costumes and ornaments, the other two artists explore the contemporary political issues in the Hill Tracts today. Jayatu Chakma reflects the pain of the physical and mental abuse of the indigenous women in extreme circumstances, while Joydeb goes a step further in highlighting the potential of the women to fight the status quo. Art here plays a significant role in bringing forward the political narrative of these communities and in challenging romanticised visions of adivasi women derived of history.

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Ehl Mono Hoda, Jayatu Chakma

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And that some form of anxiety stopped me from even vocalising these concerns on a social media platform was something I realised much later. It is exactly the splitting image of what Montreal-based designer and illustrator Catherine Lepage drew in her *Thin Slices of Anxiety: Observations and Advice to Ease a Worried Mind*. In the image, there are two faces, one of a "normal person" and the other of an anxious person and much like Freud's take on anxiety, the field of vision for an anxious person is essentially gazing inward; it is a convergent world view.

Despite this newfound knowledge (that everything just converges inside my head) of anxiety and (ir)regular visits to the therapist, I still felt something was amiss.

Thus, began a journey of reading, finding out and turning that gaze more and more inward to understand what is it that has us millennials (the very numbered few in Bangladesh with access to internet and the vast world of memes and a grasp of the language English) in such a frenzy.

Despite the nonchalant use of the term these days, the notion of anxiety as a clinical category only appeared as recently as thirty years ago, according to a mental health memoir—*My Age of Anxiety: Fear, Hope, Dread, and the Search for Peace of Mind*—by Scott Stossel, familiar to most as the editor of *The Atlantic*.

According to the National Institute of Mental Health, some forty million Americans, nearly one in seven, are suffering from some kind of anxiety disorder at

any given time, accounting for 31 percent of expenditures on mental health care in the United States. This is not a purely American phenomenon though, as studies have revealed this is a problem in Britain and Canada too.

And without resorting to any study, I can say that I have successfully managed to only make friends or associate with people who, a. either suffer from a mental health problem or, b. have a family member with said problem and have an acute understanding of it. Whether this helps us connect, I do not know.

But these friends, for me, managed to bring to life the classic Beatles song "I get by with a little help from my friends".

And this network of people constantly battling the everyday kept me afloat with a supply of books to read, articles to bookmark and recipes to try out, all just in an attempt to fight the inner demons that sometimes threaten to overthrow us all.

One Friday, with one friend I would conduct a long-distance cook off, making as many egg dishes as we could, exchanging photos of our breakfast bonanza and then launching a day-long discussion on why social media is pure evil and everyone just showcases a life living in hyperboles.

It was also while trying to navigate anxiety I chanced upon old hobbies, things my grandparents always advised would ease a troubled mind. I took up painting (essentially stroking paintbrushes on a blank canvas, soothing nonetheless), I started going to the gym and oh, of course, I continued with the therapy.

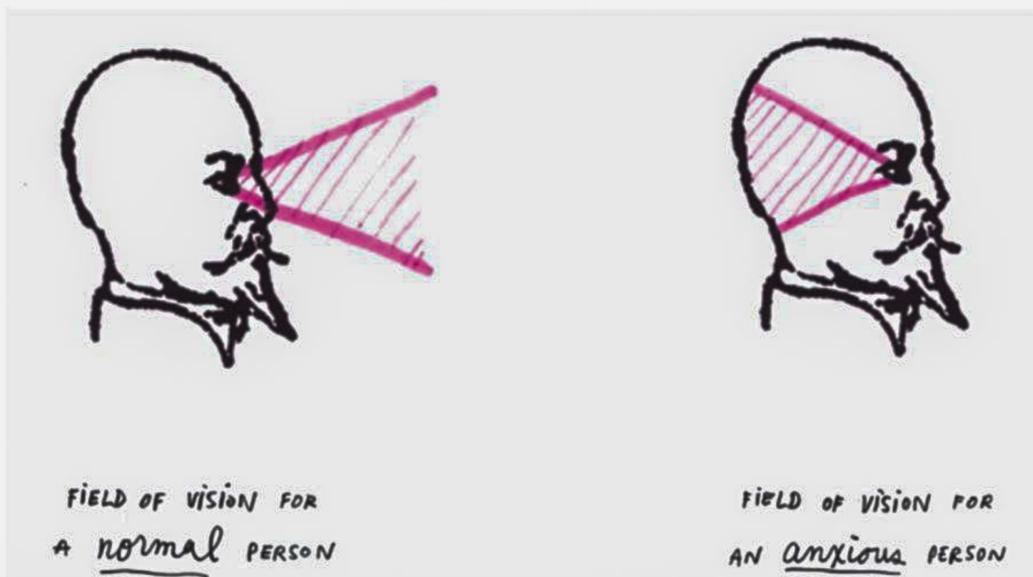
These home "remedies" of ours also found validation through an article published on *The Guardian* by Gaby Hinsliff which says "Run, swim, cook: the new prescription for happiness".

While, cooking, swimming, reading or running are by no means meant to cure/solve mental health problems, they have in many ways helped me cope and tackle the everyday. These activities were of course supplemented with professional help.

I also reread some old favorites—*Heidi* and *The Magic Faraway Tree*—and I read some new ones, ones that were written either by anxious people themselves or with a storyline that I identified with. My personal favorite was *First, We Make the Beast Beautiful* by Sarah Wilson.

Anxiety is layered and is complex. No one better than Stossel can put it though: "The truth is that anxiety is at once a function of biology and philosophy, body and mind, instinct and reason, personality and culture. Even as anxiety is experienced at a spiritual and psychological level, it is scientifically measurable at the molecular level and the physiological level."

On a parting note, I want to say one last thing. I am no philosopher but I do believe philosophies are born either out of luxuries or trying times. While navigating the upset and worry of Bangladesh's politics (I categorise this as a trying time) and the debate on "WHY IS RABA KHAN on a DLF panel" (this I categorise as a luxury by all means) did not give birth to a thinker in me, it surely got me musing on a life full of fleeting thoughts and fighting anxiety.



FIELD OF VISION FOR A normal PERSON

FIELD OF VISION FOR AN ANXIOUS PERSON