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Without seeking the societal causes of depression and other mental illness, following these kinds of know-how wellbeing programmes, and most importantly perceiving the mental healthcare system as detached from the rest of the socio-political structure, blocks the path of collective understanding and action against inequalities and building of solidarity. It perpetuates the discourse of business-as-usual and limits the capabilities of mass critical thinking to apprehend the structure of inequalities. It propagates

Sad?
Angry?
Depressed?

Are you feeling isolated, anxious,
and worried about the future?



YOU MIGHT BE
SUFFERING FROM
CAPITALISM.

MEME: SHAER REAZ

We need to decolonise the present wellbeing system and the mental healthcare system. Of course, I am not calling for you to quit yoga and stop visiting therapists; but we need to add socio-political questions to those approaches. A care system should provide people with both coping mechanisms and give them the tools to analyse this awry world.

the same old message of victim-blaming, that it is the problem of individuals—individuals need to be regulated, find their way on their own, they need to calm down despite the injustice in the power structure.

The rapid growth of the wellbeing industry and phenomena such as mass loneliness, homelessness and growing income inequalities at the same time is not coincidental, but intertwined. In this neoliberal economy, productivity is the prime concern, more than anything, and competition, the main driver. Centuries ago, philosopher Karl Marx warned us about capitalism's ever-growing hunger for putting a price tag on everything. In his alienation theory, he showed how, through the capitalistic structure, a worker becomes estranged from their job and eventually from their daily life. In capitalism, a worker does not work for themselves, rather than they

work for someone else. If anyone does not want to have the anxiety of being unemployed, they have to endure all the suffering at the workplace; even then, anxiety remains. Workers take extra loads and spend extra hours at the office just to secure their jobs. This tendency leads to mindless competition among the staff to win the approval of the employer. At the workplace, productivity becomes the ultimate thing to ensure at the end of the day. This capitalist notion of productivity, growth, and progress is everywhere in society. This sense of productivity is certainly ableist, it unleashes a form of body terrorism by treasuring only those bodies which can take part in and succeed within these inherently unequal structures. Those who are unable to keep up with the pace of productivity, experience isolation, depression, humiliation, inaccessibility.

We need to decolonise the present wellbeing system and the mental healthcare system. Of course, I am not calling for you to quit yoga and stop visiting therapists; but we need to add socio-political questions to those approaches. A care system should provide people with both coping mechanisms and give them the tools to analyse this awry world. This therapeutic process will not let people blame themselves instead of the socio-cultural structure, because it will not have the individualistic neoliberal approach which now successfully privatises social problems such as mental illness. We need to challenge present work ethics, productivity and hyper-consumerist culture, where a person is not allowed to be "dysfunctional", "traumatised", "sick", "incurable", to take a moment to rest, to do something they want to do. We need to take care of each other so that we can create a nurturing radical kinship structure through the politics of care. We need to revisit the famous quotation of Audre Lorde, "Caring for myself is not self-indulgence, it is self-preservation, and that is an act of political warfare."

We need to rest to love and resist!

Mohymeen Layes is one of the organisers of Lokayoto Bidyaloy.

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And to note who does and doesn't have their simultaneous-translation headphones on when someone else is up at the podium. Revelations come from the margins.

Not all the footage is archival, however, and that's where Mohaiemen and his various protagonists succeed in spinning off the most unexpected and potent minor stories. The settings for these spinoffs are often grand modernist structures, the kind built transcontinentally from the 1950s onward, big bold buildings created to house big bold ideas. These have not, on the whole, aged well. Oscar Niemeyer's La Coupole, a sports stadium-cum-spaceship in Algiers, is badly in need of rust-proofing and fresh paint. Le

Corbusier's General Assembly Hall of the UN looks to be technologically and stylistically stuck in a previous era. A conference center built in Dhaka for a 1990 NAM summit, infinitely postponed, was finally opened under the name China Friendship Center, then later renamed Bangabandhu Center after the assassinated president Sheikh Mujibur Rahman. Today it can also be booked for private events and trade fairs. The camera has a great time getting up close and personal with these architectural situations.

And then there are the little stories themselves: In New York, the Marxist historian Vijay Prashad spends time in the old card catalogues at the United Nations, pulling out now-empty drawers and musing on the ways that research has changed in the digital age, eliminating

those accidental finds that came from the way information used to be physically organized. He pauses, too, to stare at a shiny model of Sputnik suspended in the lobby, then gets to thinking about how the Space Race and Spelling Bees and his late friend, a radio broadcaster named Sputnik Kilambi, are all connected. In Algiers, Prashad walks the city streets and the halls of the Palais des Nations with the archaeologist-publisher Samia Zennadi, who tells a story about Madame Nguyen Thi Binh, a minister in the Revolutionary Government of South Vietnam who came to Algiers as a delegate for the 1973 NAM meeting and, instead of dining with the other heads of state, sought out and ate with the cooks. In Dhaka, the leftist politician and one-time mayoral candidate Zonayed Saki visits the well-appointed home of Amirul

Islam, a former government official of newly independent Bangladesh. Islam recalls being given prayer beads at the NAM summit by an Arab leader, who told him to return them when they saw each other next—foreshadowing the OIC meeting to come, where Bangladesh would be caught in the middle of the two competing movements. Islam's photographs of those events are measured and rehung on the walls of his apartment, as if somehow their repositioning will get history right. It's a futile task: the frames remain hopelessly crooked.

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