

Hi everyone!

Thank you for picking up our BL Women's Week Arts Magazine!

As part of BL Women's Week 2021, I wanted this magazine to be something students could take part in that would be a bit different to the online events. As many of us are missing being together on campus as a BL community, I liked the idea of students working together on a project to celebrate BL Women's Week - and for even more students to be able to receive a physical copy.

This magazine is the collaborative work of so many students - everyone who sent in submissions and self-portraits, and the brilliant magazine team who have worked together with me on this project.

I hope that you enjoy seeing these amazing submissions and self-portraits as much as I have.

Have a wonderful BL Women's Week!

*Emily Brandon,
BL Women's Rep 2020/21*

THANKS TO

CIRCADIAN MAGAZINE
ALL OUR AMAZING JUDGES
THE LIBERATION FUND
THE ASSOCIATION FUND

OUR TEAM

EMILY BRANDON
MELISA CETIN
LILY COLTON
DLVEEN DLER
HARRIS NAGESWARAN

CONTENTS

We are so excited to share this project with you, featuring artwork by BL students on the theme of 'Women's Week'. We received so many amazing and varied submissions for this magazine, and the submissions printed here were voted into the top ten by our judges. You will also find lots of wonderful self-portraits by BL women later on in the zine. We hope you enjoy this magazine!



04 SHE IS LIMITLESS

By Wei Sea Mavis Ting

05 PROUD

By Rebecca Simpson

06 TRANQUILITY

By Demi Bains

07 MY WOMEN

By Sarah Choudhry

08 SARASWATI

By Samruddhi Joshi

09 MAMA, I JUST WANTED YOU TO KNOW

By Yassar Malik

10 WANDERLUST

By Nour ElAttar

11 THREADS THROUGH TIME

By Anna Larkin

12 PARA NANI

By Hayah Faridi

13 PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE

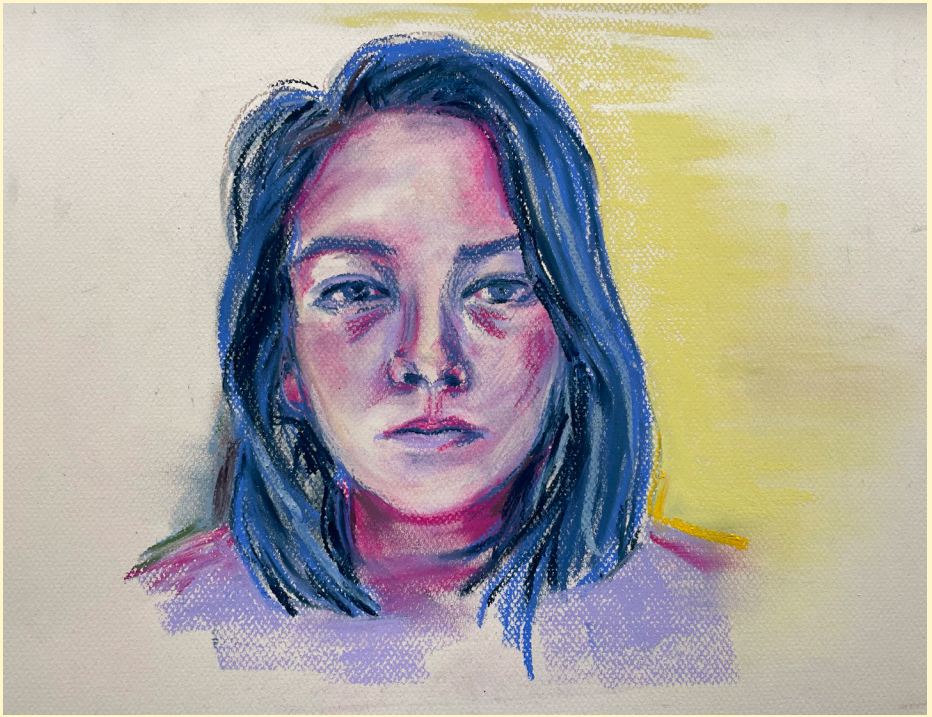
By Tamara Hamad



THERE IS NO LIMIT TO WHAT WE, AS WOMEN, CAN ACCOMPLISH

SHE IS LIMITLESS
WEI SEA MAVIS TING (BDS3)

I was reflecting on how to express how I see myself in a self portrait and decided to use only the bisexual colours (pink, purple & blue) to draw myself. Being a queer woman feels like such an integral part of my identity, and these two things feel inseparable - maybe because the intersection between these communities is the space where I feel most safe and able to express myself freely, without judgement. The more I've embraced my sexuality, the more I've been able to let go of patriarchal ideals and be more openly myself.



PROUD
REBECCA SIMPSON (MBBS4)



TRANQUILITY **DEMI BAINS (BDS3)**
Oil painting with gold leaf - which represents tranquility to me

WOMEN

*My women are kind women,
Cradle you in their arms,
Pat your back and hum softly women,
Let you have the last grain,
Taking nothing for themselves, selfless women,*

*My women are strong women,
Made of steel and talc,
Fashioned from the flesh of their own women,
Carrying a generations weight,
Bearing the tragedy and hope of the next women,*

*My women are courageous women,
Surrender all they know,
Leave their homes for a stranger and new women,
Be the outsider, but not outside,
Cautious of what they might do to us women.*

*My women are forgotten women,
Stripped of their rights,
And reduced to nothing but the name 'women',
Told to sit still, accept the reality,
Because that's the only place for women.*

*But my women are fierce women,
They are smart women, relentless women.
Not afraid to stand up women,
And reclaim the status they should have received for
women.*

*So tell me where the world would be if it was without
women?*

SARAH CHOUDHRY (MBBS3)

ACE FIRST PLACE f FIRST PLACE FIRST PLACE FIRST PLA

← FIRST PLACE FIRST PLACE FIRST PLACE FIRST PLACE FIR



ST PLACE FIRST PLACE FIRST PLACE FIRST PLACE FIRST P

SARASWATI

SAMRUDDHI JOSHI (MBBS3)

I was born in India and have had the privilege of travelling the world and experiencing different schooling systems. My education was always put first. Yet back in India, many girls still have to fight to go to school and are subjected to the effects of a massive gender gap in society. They are told to stay home to learn how to cook, clean and take care of children. Some face the fear of menstruating with no safe and clean toilets at school. Others are married before they can finish school. Saraswati is the Hindu Goddess of knowledge, wisdom and learning. This painting shows an Indian girl fulfilling her dream of being at school. She is allowed to dream of a future where she can stand up on her own feet and is limited only by her own mind. Educated women are empowered women, and empowered women change the world!

Mama, I just wanted you to know... ✨ ✨ ✨ ✨

I held your hand and for the first time you didn't hold it back,
I looked upon your sleeping face and for the first time I began to crack,
I kissed your hair and told you how proud I am to be your son,
And everything I have achieved in life is because of what you've done,
My gratitude to you is unwavering if to heaven you should go,
And no matter how much time passes I will always love you, this I pray
you know.

I wrote this for my mother when she was critically ill in hospital and the consultants had told us to start preparing for her funeral. Fortunately, she was transferred to St Thomas' in London where they were able to save her life, but she was left disabled due to severe fibrosis of her lungs. I just wanted to convey the impact a woman has on her child, by bringing them into the world, raising them and shaping them into the people they are today. How that love between them is unconditional and eternal. How it can never be repaid, and ultimately how important and respected the role of a good mother should be to society... at least this is how I feel towards my mother

YASSAR MALIK (MBBS2 MALTA)

WANDERLUST

I'm losing myself
I know that cause when I look myself
in the mirror, I don't see me anymore
I see other people

I see bits of everyone of my friends
I see reflections of every sin I've ever committed
Every inch of my skin and every corner
of my body is a different personality

My eyes got replaced by hazy clouds
they see the world different now
People come and go in front of them
life happens but I'm not paying attention
they're hollow, rid of every piece of my identity

My mouth is dry & sealed shut
like I'm trying to scream in silence
I used to be vocal, an advocate,
But now all I say is, "I'll be there in a minute"
my vocabulary has been rid of the word no.

My hands don't work the same anymore
They carry things I've never held
They reach for people I've never touched
They throw up signs I've never understood
they forgot how to hold on to my morals

My shoulders carry weight that's not mine
My friends' baggage is pushing them
down further so I slouch
Can't carry myself the same anymore
I'm exhausted, head down,
Eyes fixed on the ground

My legs have been places that I've never seen
My feet have treaded over oceans I've never swam in
They can no longer support my weight
For they don't recognise who I've become

My brain now wanders aimlessly
With no end goal in sight it gets lost
I now think about experiences I've never had
Study topics I've never learnt
Know songs I've never heard

I look harder at the mirror
one thing is still the same though
My heart still beats the same
It feels the love it always felt
It cares for people it always cared for

There's a trace of me in there
I know there is
I just have to find it
And bring me back

NOUR ELATTAR
(MBBS1 MALTA)



My Grandmothers constantly inspire me. One was born to parents who abandoned her because of her gender, the other gave up her career to become a housewife. Despite the hardships they both faced, they have taught me invaluable lessons about what it is to be a woman. I feel honoured to have come from them both and it blows my mind that I have. This piece shows my grandmothers at about the same age as I am now. I hope to carry some of their legacies forward and thread them into my own life.

THREADS THROUGH TIME ANNA LARKIN (MBBS4)



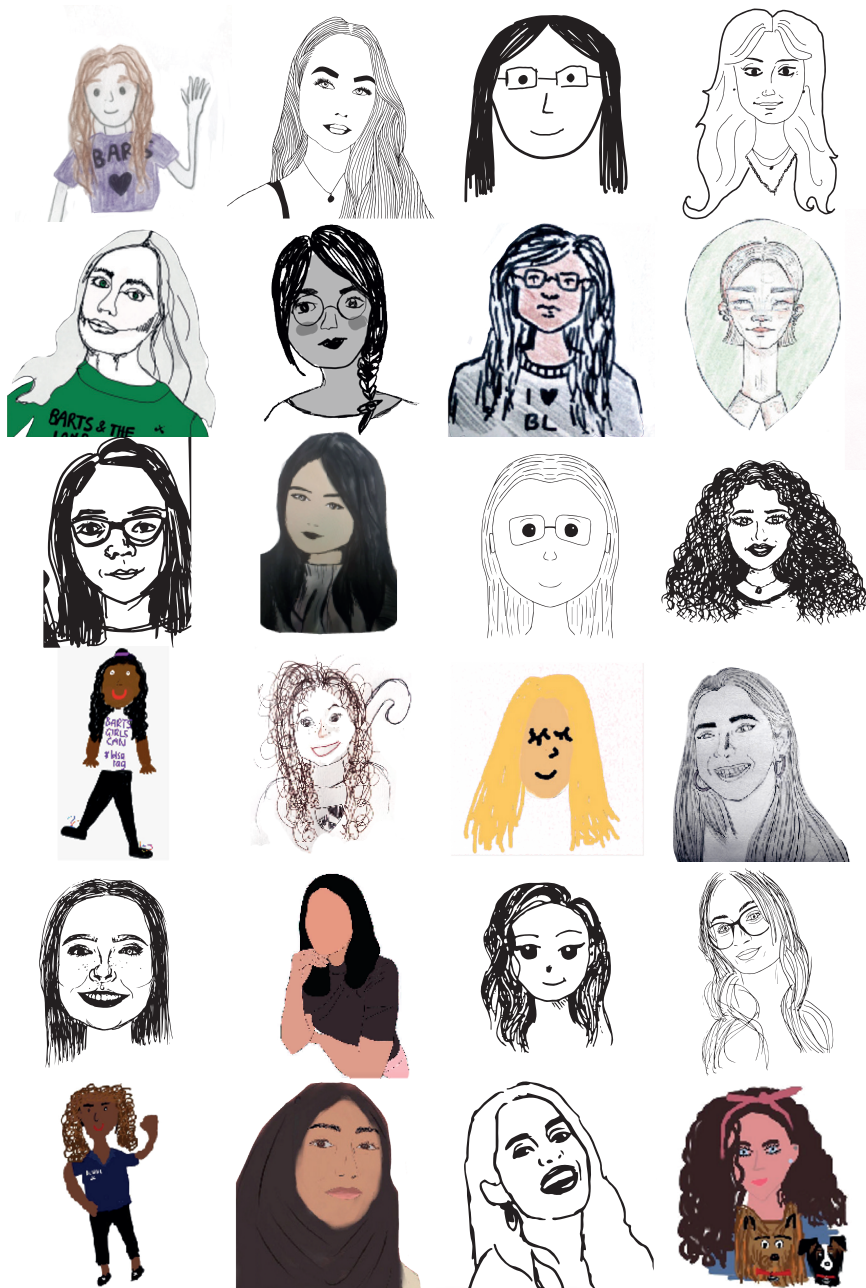
PARA NANI HAYAH FARIDI (MBBS INTERCALATING)

A Gesso and Gouache portrait of my Great Aunt, Para Nani. She passed away unexpectedly last December, leaving a hole in our family that can't be filled. She was a loving sister to my grandfather, a devoted mother and grandmother, and a woman who dedicated her life to the education of Pakistani girls. An unsung Angel.

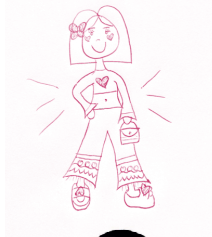
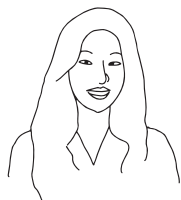


This acrylic painting I made represents my home country of Iraq and the struggles it has encountered and the change it has made, thus in turn reflecting the struggles I have encountered to become who I am today. I combined images of Iraq from the war, with images taken of my sisters and I on the balcony overlooking in search for hope and peace in our new, but old and historic country.

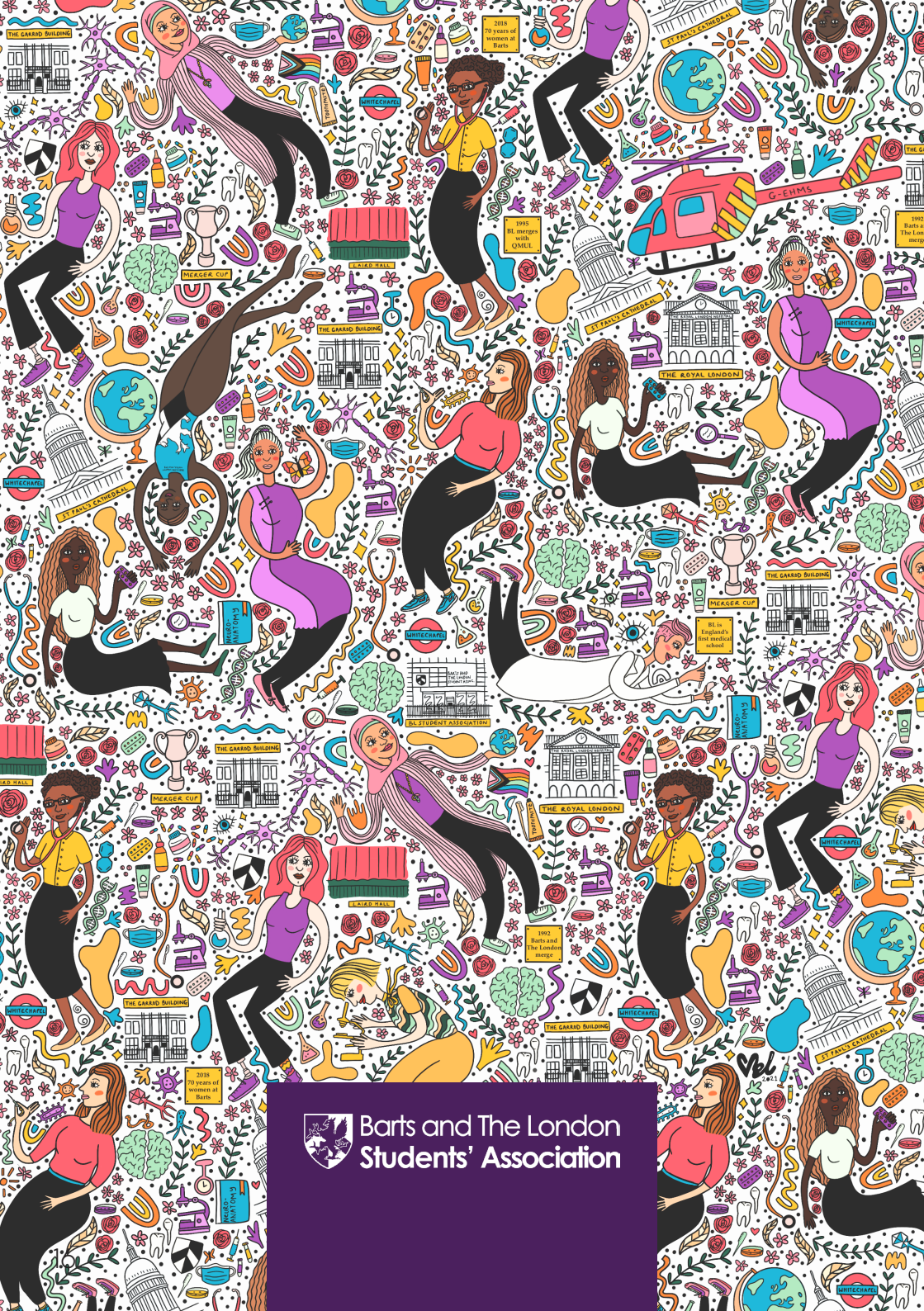
PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE TAMARA HAMAD (BDS3)



SELF-PORTRAITS



BY WOMEN OF BL



Barts and The London
Students' Association