



Rukea Khatun

ME

Busy, not free, no time to breathe

Met family and friends, honoured traditions and trends

No time to discover the beauty round the corner

Juggled life

That was me before the pandemic of 2020

Busy, not free, no time to breathe

No meetings, traditions or trends missing family and friends

Yet at liberty to appreciate the true beauty before me

Chaos and sadness

This is the new me as of pandemic 2020, a part of history

Rukia Begum

2020

When History re-tells the story of 2020, the Covid-19 year

Here are the imprints I've left, when I was here

The story of 2020

When Shops were stripped empty

of eggs, milk and flour

because a simple milk doused cake

became a phenomenal bake

the world of virtual media exploded with a boom

you were your own star, making it big on insta, tiktok and zoom

staying in was the new going out, out

in pyjamas, the choice of fashion attire,

home was the place to be about

Our PM BoJo announced rules

with no real clues.

Said, we are in a lockdown, stay in

Then asked us to eat out to help out

So, within weeks, we were back in quarantine

Finally in America, Donald Trump was outstated by his people

out with old garbage and in with new

Our faith in democratic system, a total gamble

so that was the year 2020, in preview.

Salam Balaam

Fruit picture (Victoria Park):

I've never seen this fruit anywhere other than back at home (in Libya)

Everyone back homes pick it from trees. I was dying to eat some!



I was walking to Victoria park and usually I walk the same route to get to the lake, this time I made a mistake and took a wrong turn. I was so surprised to come across this!

It's a really soft fruit, like a kind of berry. It looks like a hard skin but actually its very soft. It tastes like blueberry's and raspberries.

They actually taste better here!

Tracy Barbe

The process of unpacking, both physically and emotionally, during the enforced COVID lockdowns has led to unpeeling some of the labels that I have given myself (or others have given me) ... Daughter, Mother, Sister, Partner, Friend, Colleague. That packaging has become my identity. But I note (and am scared to find) that it's past its use by date. Time for a fresh brand.

Who is that little girl in the old black and white Father Christmas photos?

Who is she, the person who tends the bonfire, poking over the remains of the layers of her life?

The person who hangs onto marmalade traditions, to honour her lost love.

Who is the woman who longs for it to be the same as it always was, with time stretching out ahead?

I've pondered during walks in nature, reflecting on its detail and its newly found relevance to my emotional states.

I've thought about becoming a 'companion' to myself.

I've realised the life blood of friends, far away and near, past and present.

I've begun to find the places in the jigsaw where my children, parents and siblings fit.

I've believed in the love of my co-workers and communities.

My photographs mark a moment in time, a pivotal moment for Me.



RICH MIX

EXPOSURE IMPRINTS IN TIME

What are the stories we're telling about ourselves and our communities?

How can photography help to share our ideas and support our desire for connection?

How has COVID contributed to our sense of self and our need for creative expression?

‘In Focus’ is a photography and philosophy programme, for Muslim and non-Muslim women, facilitated by Photographer Sarah Ainslie and Liz Allum, from Global Learning London. Beginning in March 2020, reforming its structure to adjust to the challenges posed by COVID it concluded in January 2021. Perhaps because of COVID, or in spite of it, a very strong supportive and friendly network grew for the core 8 participants.

The programme became ‘hybrid’ with the onset of Lockdowns, coming together at Rich Mix for face to face studio sessions, over zoom meetings, phone calls and even receiving cyanotype materials through the post to experiment at home. We took photos in our homes and localities, sometimes effecting images on our phone or computer and playing with concepts and ideas. We explored big questions together that have no straight-forward answers. Personal and shared views, experiences and memories inspired us and made us laugh and made us cry.

A selection of our photography and words are showcased here in **Exposure – Imprints in Time**

The exhibition consists of	The artists are	This programme has been made possible by support from partners Amal (a Saïd Foundation programme).
work shared in the windows of Rich Mix	Fatima Ali	
a booklet	Karan Rai	
an online digital exhibition	Marie Sleigh	
	Rukea Khatun	
	Rukia Begum	
	Rufshana Begum	
	Salam Balaam	
	Tracy Barbe	



Fatima Ali

i felt loss
Take everything
i - know - loss -
For
Loss
holds captive
Love
Memory
& time
In - it's - Folds

And/so
in the folds of Lace
Lines
I find
YOU
THEM/it
And
Us All

Karan Rai

Since Covid began, the journey so far has felt like riding a wild horse through various terrains and seasons. Even though we have been forced to be still, our minds, emotions and lives continue, which sometimes feels like the heroes’ journey repeated over and over again.

The other beautiful elements of the stillness are allowing us the moment to breathe and reflect exposing us to painful growths



and healing, appreciation of loved ones, exploring new ways to connect, or disconnect.

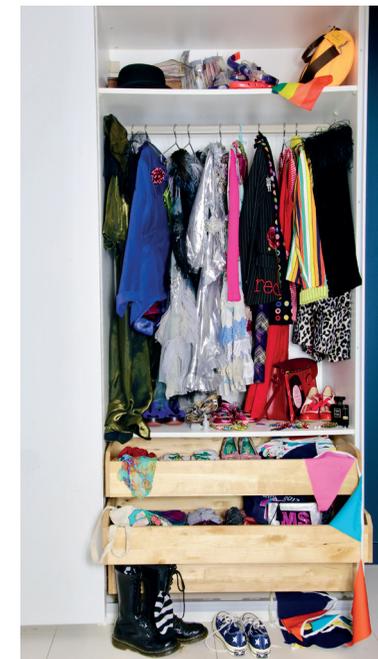
This project has enabled me to capture the spaces in between, slowing down – seeing more, and being more present. Present for those conversations such as the image: *A Spotlight on Covid* – exploring light and dark, social distancing with the lampposts in conversation in the empty streets.

Marie Sleigh

“Life isn’t about finding yourself. Life is about creating yourself.”
George Bernard Shaw

I felt that I was losing my self as I started to feel less confident; experiencing overwhelming feelings of self doubt and anxiety brought on by the menopause, and then amplified, by the pandemic.

On reflection, when I was at school I felt invisible. I wanted to fit in, belong.



I was bullied for being accepting of others.

After leaving school, I found my own tribes, where I could express myself through dance, music, arts and clothes and still belong.

As an adult, I came out, proud to be gay and celebrate diversity. I continue to love life, living it to the full spending time with those whom I love, be that in the city, by the coast, in the country side and at home.

Rufshana Begum

Growing up in a traditional Bangladeshi household Family and Cultural Traditions played an integral part of keeping the family together. Every week the whole family will get together each bringing a traditional dish from recipes past down for generations. The aroma, laughter, noise, the stories told over a cup of tea brought an overwhelming feeling of love, warmth and joy. Those were some of the happiest times of my life.

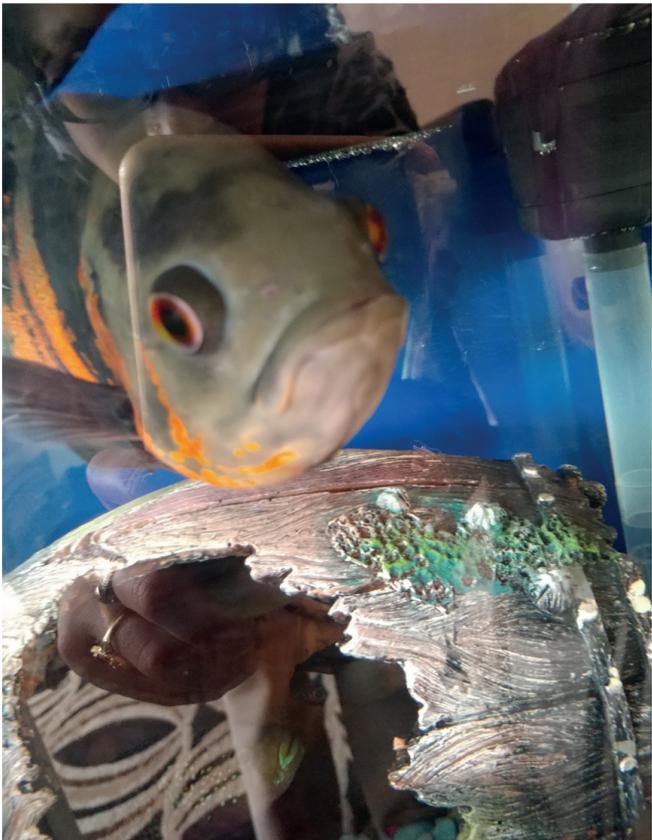
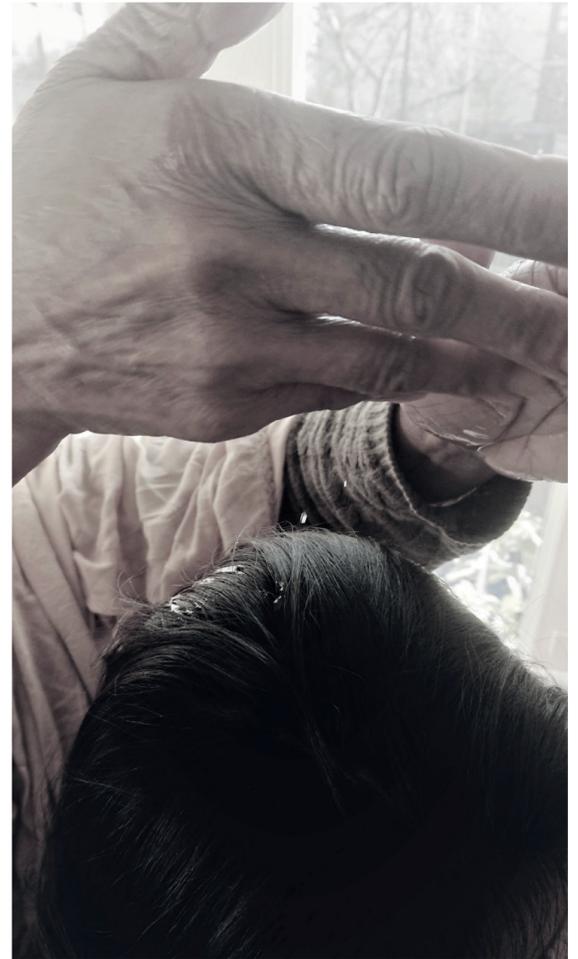
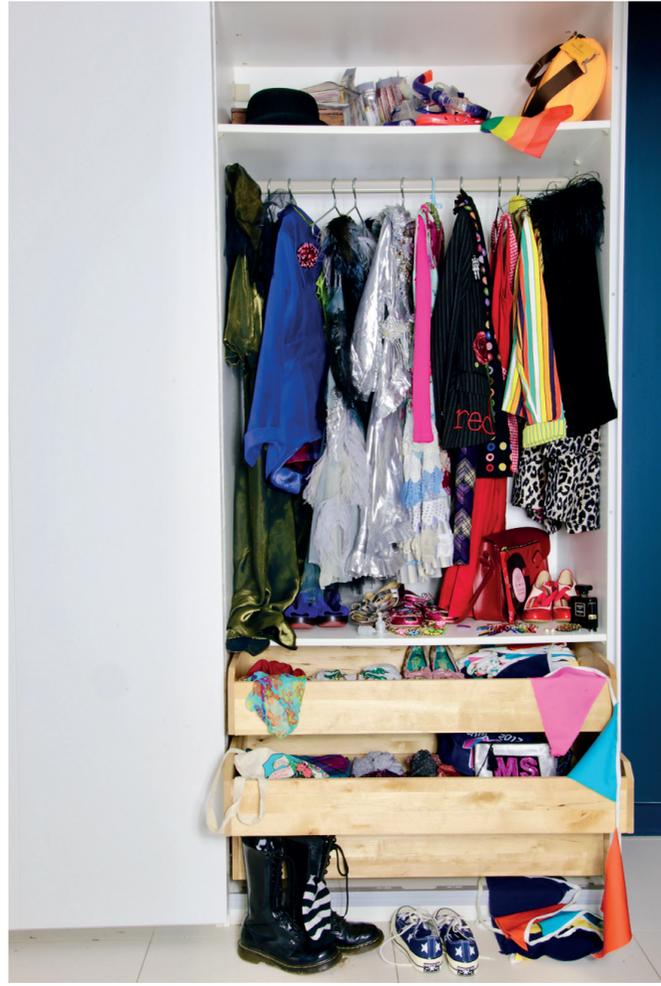
As we grew older we become more occupied with the things in our day to day life. We become burdened with responsibilities and family time and moment like these becomes a rare occurrence.

The year of 2020 has been a very challenging time for us all. With the pandemic tearing through the world we are forced to stay apart. We lost loved ones were not being able to comfort and take care for one another. I found myself yearning to live through those moments again as I did in my childhood.



With every darkness of night comes a new light of day. I’m hopeful we will all get through this storm look forward to reliving those moments again, the aromas, laughter, noises, the stories told over a cup of tea bringing an overwhelming feeling of love, warmth and joy.

EXPOSURE IMPRINTS IN TIME



Fatima Ali
Karan Rai
Marie Sleigh
Rukea Khatun
Rukia Begum
Rufshana Begum
Salam Balaam
Tracy Barbe