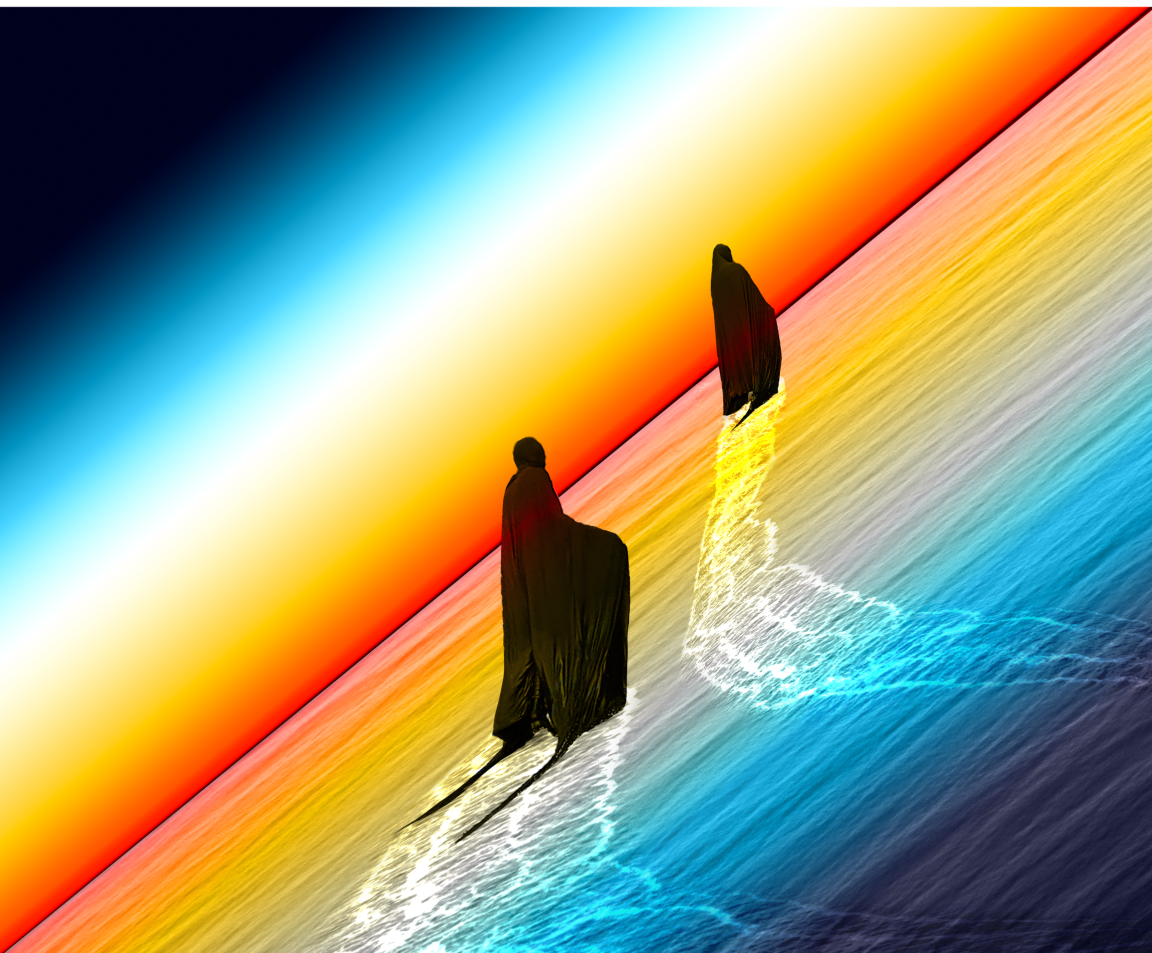


WITHIN TENSIONS

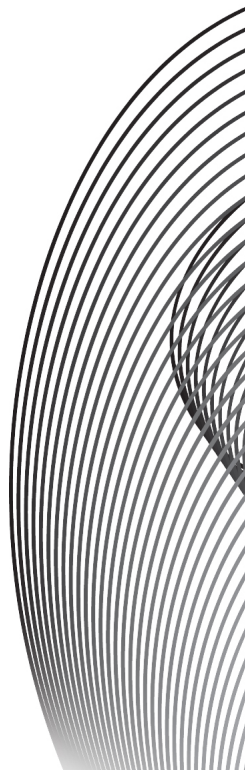


vol.33

HORIZONS



WITHINTENSIONS



WITHIN TENSIONS

September 2022
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HORIZONS



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We at Withintensions want to acknowledge that our work takes place on the unceded territories of the Skwxwú7mesh (Squamish), xwməθkwə́əm (Musqueam), and Səlilwətał (Tseil-Waututh) peoples. We want to recognize that these lands belong to the Indigenous peoples who have lived here far before the arrival of settlers. We also want to push beyond land acknowledgements to further encourage acts of reconciliation. Recognition is great but it is nowhere near where we need to be. Reconciliation is comprehensive and takes more than an acknowledgment for occupying land. We always support marginalised peoples right to protest.



Ava Tkaczuk *Where Memories Were Made* (2022)
This painting depicts the place where family memories were once made and reflects upon the vanishing point where those memories have been lost.

On it's way

Abby Moon

I don't have a place in this world
And I don't want to
You will never get me, i'll remain unfurled

Like a wallflower I'll blend into the background As silent as shock I
won't make a sound

You won't even notice my presence gone
Nor the inkling to look up from your green lawn

Like the forgotten enticement of a record players hum A distant
whisper in the wind I'll become

But for those still left behind
Keeping up with the daily grind
Spewing out from being confined

For the ones who can't make sense of why they don't stay in line
Would you believe me if I told you it's because you're simply too
divine.

A glowing ember in the darkest of night
Born to create, rebuild, renew from light.
If the day shall come that your blue sky begins to crack
When nature's blissful song fades into a maddened barking attack
If you forget to admire each days rising sun
Or the hopeful sparkle of a starry night undone

If a child's laughter angers your very being
And the greenery of man all that you are seeing

Perhaps then you will notice me gone
Along with the many who've outsmarted the con

Come with us now it's time to unwind
I promise we won't be hard to find

Run as fast as you can
Don't look back, no more will you give to the man

Free, free, free
You will be

Existing to live with expectations no more
Knowing your self to your very core

So let down your hair
The burdens are no longer yours to bare
Breath in deeply as lightness carries you
No longer part of the fatal queue

Welcome to this new world created
From the desperate measures of greed inflated
Here in this world I have my place and so do you
It was built for us by us, letting love spew

A harmonious rhythm of a future day
Every once in a while a little bird reminds me it's on its way.

To Tear

Amrit Sanghera

Out in the ocean blooms a pink Lotus flower
Drawn in there by the invisible
The petals line out down, one by one, bowing to the
water and air
The Lotus litters its sweetness around
Fish perk up to taste, only to be left floating on the
ocean's skin

Out from the center of the Lotus emerges a mirror
Dive in to come close, look at your eyes
The mirror calls

You stay, not moving
You watch from the shore
Yawn, stagnate with the sand
Never changing
Never want to

Bright beams hit the mirror, stretching its way to you
Striking your eyes
Taunting, you thought
Taking your vision, just for fun, just for a few seconds, you
thought
You're curious
A part of you wants to swim there

A part of you believes that death riddles the ring around
the Lotus
You don't move

You stay, weaving yourself deeper into the sand
You imagine that the circle pulls you into nothingness
You claim that there is no reason for you to go
Resistant reluctant, months go by
Falling closer into inexorability

You watch from the shore
One morning
You see a young girl in the distance sitting in the sand
Just as you are
Watching the Lotus, in trance

She settles into the sand
Just as you are

But only for a moment
She tiptoes to the edge of the ocean
Dives in
She begins to swim to the mirror

You jump up
Your throat clenches, you swallow in the fear
You grab your throat wanting to yell Death
You can't wait
You jump in the water
You rush to the Lotus
You push through the current
You thrash your arms
You yell stop, you have to stop
You pause near the front of the mirror
You say you must stop, this is death
You move your arms, saying be near me
You feel restless, she's not listening
You rush to her hoping to catch
You make it to the other side

you hear an echo
she pauses near the back
she stands still, like you
she gestures you to her
she's swims to the mirror
she is out of your sight
she's gone.

You scan around, you poke your head under the water
You scream for her
The mirror flickers the light straight into your eyes – telling you to look
You look away, screaming for the girl
The light strikes you once more – telling you to look, demanding
You peak
You see the girl in the mirror
No – you see you
Your whole chest tightens, frozen, a cold cementing through your skin

The mirror lets the light warm you, letting you move,
letting you climb the petals

Look

You look into your eyes

The mirror whispers through the lips of your reflection

This is rebirth not death

You swim back to shore

Walking away

Never to return

Blooming infinitely

Portals (2022)

Amrit Sanghera

Portals is a reflection on a multitude of ideas, including movement of our spirit, transformation of self and community, freedom for all under one sky, the power & strength of nature, and interconnectivity. More deeply, the paintings are a reflection on a quote spoken by Thich Nhat Hanh: “All phenomena are interdependent. Yet when we think of a speck of dust, a flower, or a human being, our mind sees these things as individual phenomena. If we truly realize the interdependent nature of the dust, the flower, and the human being, we see that unity cannot exist without diversity. Unity and diversity interpenetrate each other freely. Unity is diversity, and diversity is unity.” For myself, for the new horizons to come, it would be important to not only reflect on these ideas & philosophies but embody them in our day to day and our actions.



Exodus to Europa (2021) April Winter

‘Exodus to Europa’ is the title of the project I would like to submit to your magazine. It is a 35mm film photograph series consisting of 15 self-portraits. The subject of the photos is myself wearing 10 distinct costumes all designed, sewn and constructed by me over the past year. The costumes were inspired by the Enlightenment period in European history and by high society fashion of the time, as well as myself imagining the future of humanity 300 years from now.

‘Exodus to Europa’ is about imagining a future where humans become a spacefaring species owing to earthly struggles such as material shortages and violent climate change. The title refers to a mass migration of humanity to another planet, Europa, being one of the moons of Jupiter that may contain water and in my mind might be the first stop on humanity’s voyage.

The photo series also analyzes and criticizes the cultural selection process that might occur if we continue to overvalue those materials, lifestyles, and actions that have been stripping the vitality of the earth since the beginning of the industrial revolution. The extraction of materials such as silver, gold, pearls, furs, diamonds, oil, and textiles has disfigured the earth and its ecosystems with mining and pollution while those objects remain among the most coveted of our species. ‘Exodus to Europa’ shows a branch of humanity desperately clinging to its earthly delights while setting out on an unparalleled quest for preservation.











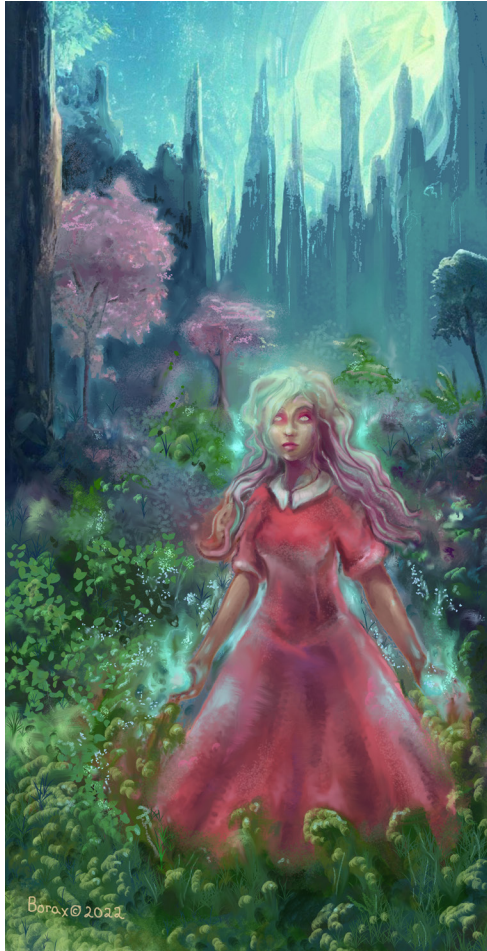




Forest Outside the Citadel (2022)

Kimu Walker

The horizon is an ever present awakening we experience every day. The cold night slowly warms into the bright scope of morning and with this awakening comes a feeling of thankfulness for an abundance of opportunities unrealized. I've portrayed that feeling of renewal as a young woman wearing the clothes of a bygone era. She exists in a place between worlds and experiences a power only present in nature.



Remorse (2022)

Kimu Walker

Humanity reached the moon by sacrificing several people and animals. If one listens to the early recordings of cosmonauts being shuttled into the atmosphere, skipping across the horizon infinitely faster than any human was ever meant to go. One can hear the fear and desperation which eventually lead to a future filled with endless possibilities for scientific discoveries. The man is a cosmonaut, lit by unfiltered sunlight as he travels across the horizon and into space.



Toward the Horizon Line (2022)

Opal Mclean

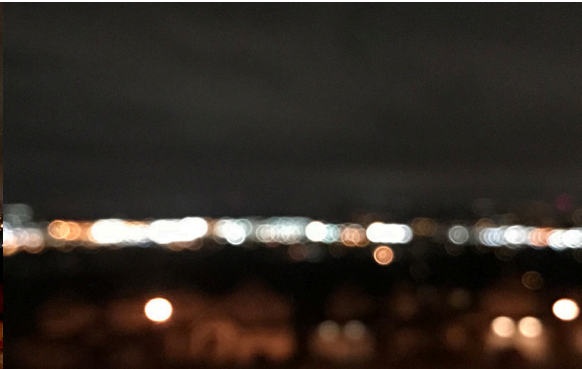
I set on a path when I was 18
School, career, dreams
so one day I could see the real me
A version of myself I could call complete

School has passed
Career barely started
While dreams slip away
always being set for another day

I am headed toward the horizon line
looking into the endless dark
Toward the lights
that shine straight through

Maybe I should have been more aware
of what is in the opposite direction
What was right in front of me
Home, comfort, stability

Like a fish headed toward a floating orb
It is too late to turn back now
I can only hope I did not go too far
and an anglerfish is not there to greet me



Speculative Creachers

Francisco Berlanga and Natalie Chan

Two speculative creachers roam the sites of “Vancouver”, haunting a land we are deeply ingrained within while estranged from our cultural roots of Mexico and Hong Kong. Though we now call this land home, we still find ourselves yearning for our inherited understanding of what home is here. While the land spans great distances from the home. We aim for the horizons in the hope that we might create passage home.

We are uneasy silhouettes perched on the vanishing point waiting for an understanding that may never give us peace.

What can we discover when we become a part of the landscape? What knowledge can we glean from the past to bring as wisdom for the future?

What do you become when you allow yourself to be haunted?



Watch the full Video
[Here](#)

Francisco
Berlanga



Meet the Team

We write with intention & dwell within tensions. We are artists who have been left without an aim for how to continue engaging with art in the absence of institution. Our goal is to provide a place where we can write about new ideas, old ideas, and bad ideas. We are by no means professional writers, we inhabit a place between the seriousness of academic writing and the frivolity of passing thought. We will often succumb to cliches and trends as they pass us as we all often must.

We hope to present unique thoughts for you to consider. Our writing speaks for no one but ourselves. We do not reduce the similar experiences of others to what we have experienced. We invite you to critically engage with the content, to challenge and be challenged, to test the tensions in question.

Francisco Berlanga is a contemporary artist who studied at Simon Fraser University. He obtained his BFA in Visual Arts with a minor in Interactive Arts and Technology. His practice is based on questioning identity, particularly his connection with his own Mexican culture and how one can inhabit a culture while being partially absent from it. He engages in discourses with his own identity through the creation of traditional Mexican “manualidades” or crafts, his work makes connections between traditional Mexican aesthetics and contemporary visual language. His practice engages with concepts of inaccessibility and the role memory and language can play when someone is distanced from their own culture. He attempts to bridge the gaps between his personal and cultural identities by forcing connections between them and by trying to understand the limitations that these identities impose upon each other



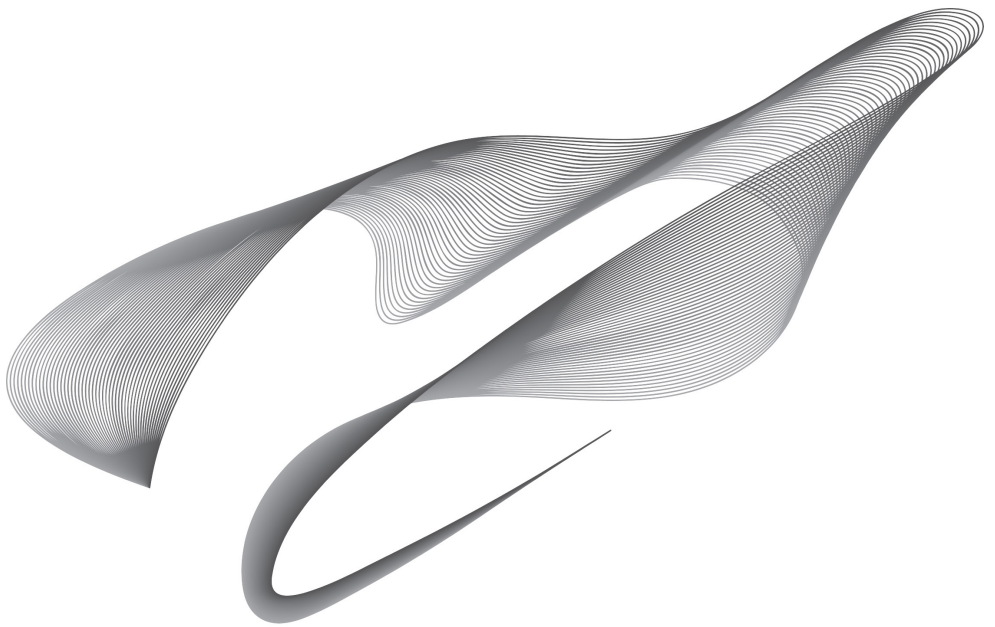
Natalie
Chan

Natalie Chan recently completed her BFA in Visual Arts at Simon Fraser University. Her practice often focuses on the relational aspects of people & places, as well as the inner turmoils & complexities of the human condition. In the creation of her works, she aims to highlight the ideas of reflection, healing, and reconciliation as tangible possibilities in each encounter. Her latest interests include learning how to tattoo, in understanding both the technical skills & intimate relation between artist and the livelihood of their canvas.



Opal
Mclean

Mclean is best described as the “selfish artist” meaning her practice entirely revolves around herself. Her work often relates back to a mental psyche that cannot be described by words alone. Instead, it can be described by an action. A reference to a state of being or a performance that leads to the way her brain functions. This manifestation and documentation of different processes becomes her tool to relate to the outside world. Her own existence comes into question in a way that so many experience in their own daily life. This experience becomes a social, cultural, and political connection to her projects. Her work becomes both alienating but connecting in a shared experience that translates through different media.



We put out new issues every month with a different topic.

We are always looking for submissions and opportunities to collaborate so check out our social medias.

on instagram:
@withintensions

or email us at:
within.tensions@gmail.com

If you want more information, feel free to contact us.

Our next issue will be on the topic of “Creatures“ and submissions are now open.

See you next month!

Acknowledgements

Withintensions would not have been possible without the works of Francisco Berlanga, Natalie Chan, Opal McLean, Abby Moon, Ava Tkaczuk, Kimu Walker, and April Winter

We would also like to thank Francisco Berlanga for his design and social media contributions, Natalie Chan for her assistance in coordinating and Opal Mclean for her editorial work.

We are excited to share our future works with you and we hope to provide more opportunities for artists alike.

