

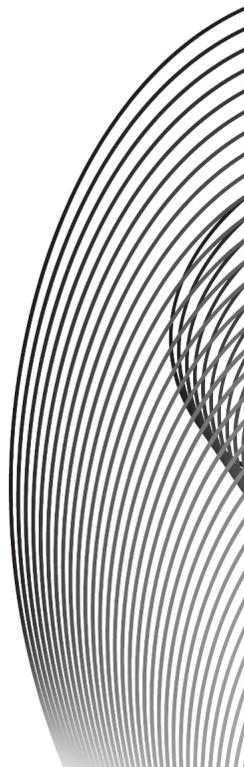
WITHIN TENSIONS



SPOTTED!



WITHINTENSIONS



WITHIN TENSIONS

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CREATURES



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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.



Ghost print (2022) Francisco Berlanga

Spectre Speculations

Francisco Berlanga

Spectre my tail does bend amongst the breeze
My sails envelope this lived-in place
I am not of this land as much as trees
Are not their own branches apart their base

Do all fruit bear in spring pursuing sun?
Are we just callous to what came before?
Do we ignore winter and all it's done?
like the flowers that dreamt of nothing more

Than to have felt summers anointing warmth
Do we face guilt for our naivete?
Can we glean truths from what the soil brings forth?
Do we sow roots for growth or vanity?

Our filigree rots and creeps up our vines
Their past is survived as a memory
But yet with time their present tense declines
A past turned corpse lends forth it's treasury

Decay bears change that is mistook for life
Were we the good harvest or the lost one?
Stifled still in a ground porous with strife
Simply cutting a thread before it's spun

Our silhouette teeters between two planes
We are figures on the vanishing point
Shrouded in a solid smog of constraints
The mist of the past hides what once was joint

Can we be of a place we've never been?
Or do we bare our sites as new identity
A home made false while its facade pristine
Can still call spectres looking for validity

I am a spectre wading in the sea
A spirit in a place I'll never be

Spectral Search

Natalie Chan

oh sirens, your songs sung in uncanny croons

beckon me into phantasmic embrace

rippling notes strung of resonant runes

polyphonous spirits in transient space

to wade in your waters, what is it you ask for?

impossible passage, your divide, it still taunts me

are answers found in remnants washed up on shore?

through dismembered home harboured in from the sea?

my footprints tread lightly, but still they sink in
displacing debris on fragmented foundations
an endless retracing to a land I've not been
could Sisyphus seek solace in ceaseless exertion?

Throw Down Your Arms (2022)

Dominique Norville

The prompt “creatures” inspired this work about those who have been created, both animal and human.

This collage was influenced by the music of Sinead O’Connor and reflects her lyrics around peace and safety for vulnerable beings. It was made in the context of Iranian women’s uprising against violence and repression. The lamb often represents both suffering and triumph; it can also be a sacrificial animal. It felt like an apt metaphor for the circumstances of women both in Iran and worldwide. It is women who are strong enough to create others- yet are most subjected to destruction. Hence the plea included in the title.



Serpent-esque

Isabelle Pandora Byrne

She didn't eat just one apple, she ate the whole tree,
Before she could escape a snake had wrapped around
her completely,
The serpent sang to her in several tongues,
That sinning could help right her wrongs,

The chain clinks taut,
As She jolts forward in restraint She's caught,
The happiness the chain brought,
Safe to anchor down in each foreign port,
Safely tangled up in her dark thoughts,

The cold steel snake She'd always fought,
Has been her one true emotional support.

With the strength and anger of Medusa.

Each one of her snakes a wire to a fuse box that saved
her life.

Choking on her own tail, As the serpents impale,

Her body bound in an apple branch jail,

Counting each fallen scale,

Hoping her sadness didn't leave a trail,

Venom in each tooth she shall not fail.

K.W. Miller

The **Cramped Room for Art Projects** (also known as the **#CRAPGallery**), is a miniature and virtual art gallery space that exists on the stolen and unceded territories of the Katzie, Kwantlen, Semiahmoo, Sto:lo, and Tsawwassen First Nations. Each month, a new artist is featured with works measuring no larger than 3x3" - ranging from photographs, woodcuts, textiles, to canvas works. Particularly, this gallery is meant to showcase artists who have been affected by the lack of covid-safe conditions and venues as a result of the pandemic. It is curated by multi-disciplinary artist **K.W. Miller**.

October's featured artist is **Daisy Chen** from so-called Vancouver. Her miniature canvas exhibitions titled "**Faces of Horror**" and "**Creature Feature**". See the terrifying image descriptions below! You can find out more about the gallery and see future exhibitions on instagram by following **@resident.fartist** :)

Faces of Horror

1. **Mr. Jaws:** he's so happy to see you, he could eat your face!
2. **Buggy:** he only has eyes for you... and your delicious guts.
3. **Under the Skin:** after all, beauty only goes skin deep...

Creature Feature

1. **Vampire:** make sure to carry around your holy water and garlic this holiday season.
2. **Swampy:** first appearing in comics from the early 70's, the swamp monster has seen a variety of adaptations.
3. **Insectia:** mosquitos, The Fly, Mothman, giant spiders, who doesn't like classic insects?!

Faces of Horror



Creature Feature



Right Shark

Laika Berdey

lone lady lows lit by LED lights
this beach blanket bingo set
about to bite
background shapes shift forward
tap towards her in time
fins to the left and the right

the only girl in this stadium town
has no fear of fins
they're her federlines now
the twin known as sinistra
charming her crowd
but right shark here don't dance around

you just bite down

right through the ribs like they're ribbons
not bone-hard
teeth true to track like they're missiles
bound homeward

once it was so, you called home
to this own heart
you should finish what you start
shred it up into shards

surely you should not find it hard

a shape that cuts so sharp
well honed and steel-stark
dragged for a quick lark
down in the black dark
me and my right shark

i'm craving some brave bark
engraving all safest parts
cherishing deep scars
you're never too far
are you, my right shark?

i am a black mark
you are the great white flash on my radar
i cannot follow
thick skin two-way trick is deflecting the blow

though his high-stepping sidekick
is stealing the show
this fish keeps the frequency low
then it's death from below
don't the ripples just tickle the tips of your toes?
screaming "man, ho!"

out in the cold a consecutive year,
just want one warm night
want to feel like you're here
though you won't want words
how 'bout handling a hum?
(wait, warm's not your type of blood
what was i thinking of?

do you think
i was thinking of
love?

is that what you think of?

my...)

scythes up on each card
b-side to sweet/tart
wasted that treat start
now who's left in these parts?
me and my right shark

i am the black mark
that limits this fine arc
narrowed it too far
to bring back to black bars
didn't i, right shark?

i am a black hole
you deserve straight roads
had to let you go
to not suck you up
to not fuck you up, no

still, it seems strange though
the distances planes go
without bringing you close
without bringing me home

Creation (2022)

Opal Mclean

I always felt like some sort of creature
like the myriad of things inside me
came together to create
something

I was scared of what that something was.
It would tell me it was great
but I knew that it would not behave.
It would come to control me
before I could control it.

It soon got a hold of me.
Every action was to soothe its hunger.
Every moment it would get closer to
coming out,
eating me alive from the inside.

It had its time inside
to grow stronger,
create a stage,
rehearse its part,
before I let it take the stage in my place

This creature wasn't so separate from me.
It was something of my creation...
the other part of me
that was never meant to be seen.



Bird of prey

Memoirs of a Moustache

Bird of prey

There stands a singular Bird of Prey

Among the twisted, stripped, half dead, half beating
trees

Lining the desolate streets

through a town of the half dead, fully crawling creatures
that once were a sight to the most Beautiful eyes

These streets of putrid veins creak and creep through the
town that once was alive with laughter, songs and cheer

Until that fateful night

The singular bird of prey stuck its sharp, dangerous claws
into the tree that graced the centre of the town

This oaken tree held the anthem of peace for this town

Children would dance around it

Families would picnic day after day

And now, for 2 years the bird of prey has sat and glared

With blood red eyes, hunger dripping from its pointed
beak

its hunger is feed from the panic that it brought

The evil it spread through this once peacefully, happy
town

The stench of death, the poisonous breath of fear

Crawls evermore along the cobble stones and mortars
clay walls

Seeping into the sleeping minds of the children

That once dreamt of happy encounters, toys and songs

Who now sleep in nightmares of devilish encounters,
ghosts and ghouls

The rites of the damned are now the songs of the town

once there was hope talked in whispers of

When the bird of prey would dispatch from the branches
and the curse would leave with it

But it has been too long of time that darkness has fallen
on this town

And now the residents have more than indulged in
forgetting what hope smells and tastes like

They only can taste and smell the rotten flesh, the putrid
breath, the poisonous death that they feast on night and
day

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



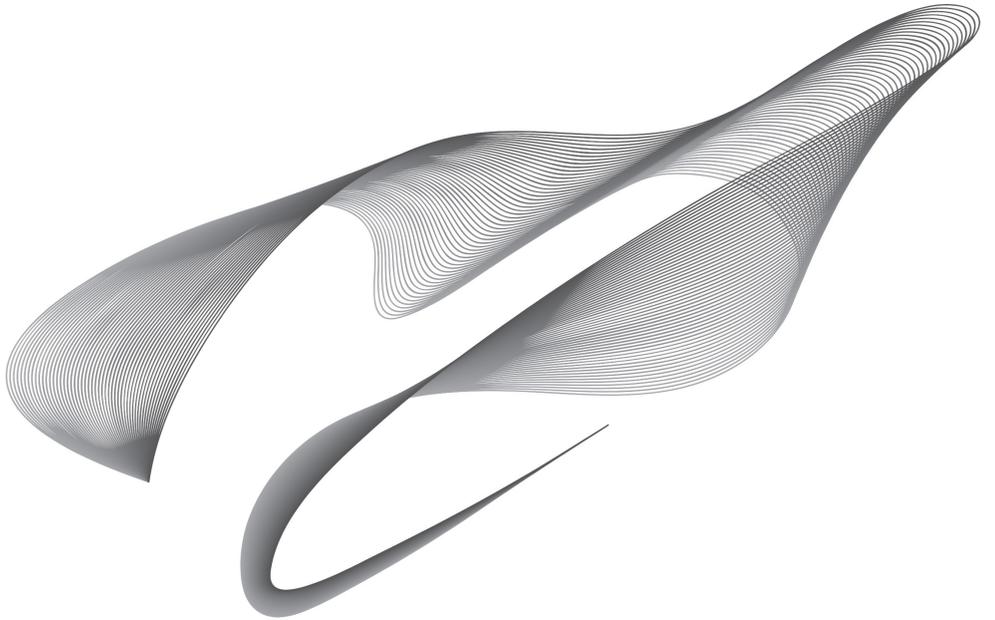
Natalie
Chan

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 lends 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 “Duality” and submissions are now open.

See you next month!

Acknowledgements

Withintensions would not have been possible without the works of Laika Berdey, Francisco Berlanga, Natalie Chan, Opal Mclean, K.W. Miller, Memoirs of a Moustache, and Dominique Norville

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.

