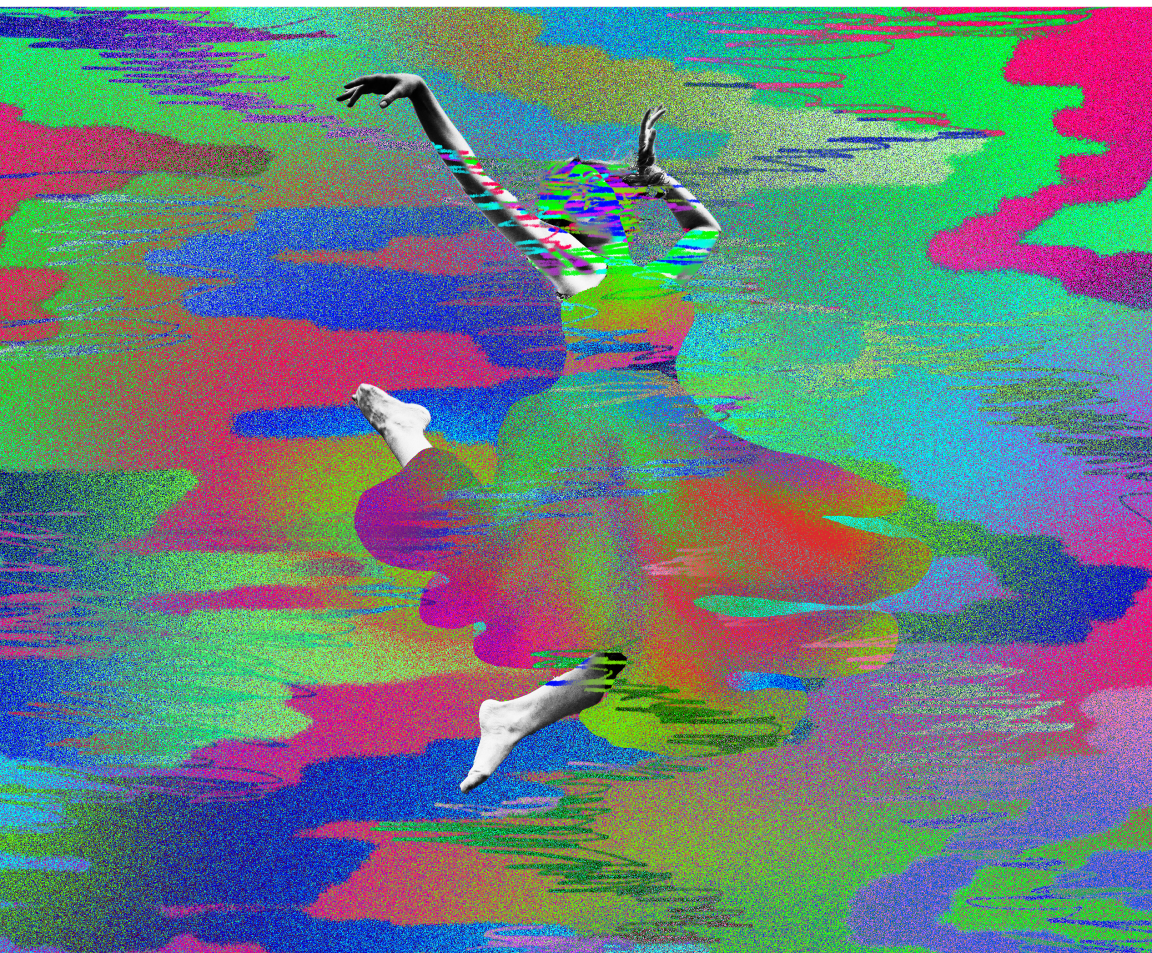


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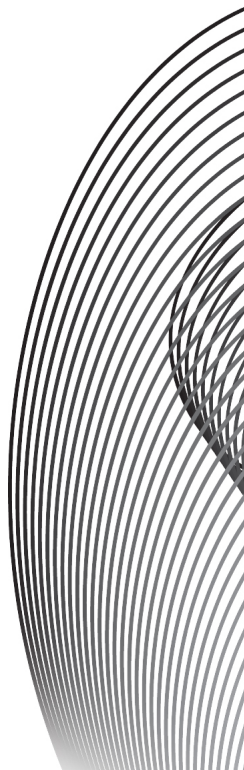


vol.24

PERFORMANCE



WITHINTENSIONS



WITHINTENSIONS

December 2021
vol. 24

PERFORMANCE



Table of Contents

Breanna Barrington	pg. 3
Perform with me Opal Mclean	pg. 8
SONIC COLOUR Jasmine Liaw	pg. 10
Pieces of Embrace Natalie Chan	pg. 18
Shooting stars, shooting eye! Karina Marquez ULTRA K	pg. 26
The Small Performance Francisco Berlanga	pg. 34
Cat the Boxer Taylor Neal	pg. 36
Jazz before summer Kerry Bell	pg. 43
Experiment Start Aaron Lampitoc	pg. 44
Kira Sokolovskaia	pg. 48

Spare Change

Kristina Bradt

pg. 52

Generation Goo

Lucy Earle

pg. 54

Brick Body

Lucy Earle

pg. 62

Fly to Sink

Lucy Earle

pg. 63

Relive

Victoria Mulja

pg. 64

Our Ten-Point Program for Our Kind of Theatre

Ethan Persyko

pg. 70

Ballerina's Dance Performance

Infinite Faith Creations

pg. 74

When I play my guitar

Memoirs of a Moustache

pg. 76

Meet the Team

Francisco Berlanga, Natalie Chan, and Opal Mclean

pg. 78

Acknowledgements

pg. 81

We at Withintensions want to acknowledge that our work takes place on the unceded territories of the Skwxwú7mesh (Squamish), xwməθkwə́yəm (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.



Intergenerational Call Line

Intergenerational Call Line, Diorama in Microscope Box, 2019. Strange lights intermingling on the same physical plane as the modern dancers. Message received! :)

Breanna Barrington

When my Baba and Gido found out what my parents decided to call me, they scrunched their noses and said “what kind of a name is that?? It doesn’t sound very Ukrainian!”. To make up for that misstep, my Mother had me enrolled in Ukrainian Dance at the age of 5, and I didn’t take a break for the next 17 years. Being a 2nd/3rd generation resident of Turtle Island, I have no doubt that my experiences with storytelling through dance are to blame for the strong connection I feel with the Ukrainian half of my cultural heritage – after all, I rarely feel like the name "BARRINGTON" matches my identity.

Modern folk choreography often invokes aspects of a culture that in some ways no longer exist, having been muffled by modernity. As a child, I performed slavic-magic abundance rituals under incandescent lighting to ensure the success of crops which existed only within the memories of ancestors long deceased. I frolicked with friends in the “mountains of Transcarpathia”, playing

pranks for the attention of the village hunk, little Ivan. Somehow through the movement, I was able to ignore the fact that all of my friends were wearing the same “ruby-red” lipstick, matching slippers, and nude nylons – I was lost in the imaginary world that could have been my life if history had unfurled a bit differently.

Taking part in dance activity with no doubt had a strong influence on my identity as a “Ukrainian”, that is... until I actually went to Ukraine. As I got older, I began to realize that I was performing an identity that my ascendants left at the door when they were forced to assimilate into Canada. This led me to wonder, how can the universal and hidden languages of dance be used as a time machine? Or a direct telephone line to the past.

The images and objects in these photos are from my personal archives and my time as a Ukrainian Dancer.



Baba Ballerina

Baba Ballerina (Self Portrait), installation using objects from personal archives. The photo on top of the suitcase is of the Sod House that my Gido built in 1928, it is still standing to this day and we call it the "Honey House" because he kept bees inside of it after they moved to another farm.



Little Ivan

Little Ivan (photo of my little brother performing in 2001), installation using objects from my personal archives. Note: the image above the suitcase is of my Gido, who was a beekeeper! The objects with wires were part of his bee tools.

Perform with me

Opal Mclean

There was a certain way I was living
captivated by performance
until there was nothing left
but a smile on an empty face
sitting in an empty space

There was a certain way I was behaving
as if nothing really mattered
but this worn out play
and what I had to say
I said I was leaving
just to come right back again

There was a certain way I was being
my face spelled nothing but lies
but my eyes did nothing
until I was ready to cry
only then did the performance stop
until I was right back on that stage
ready for another day

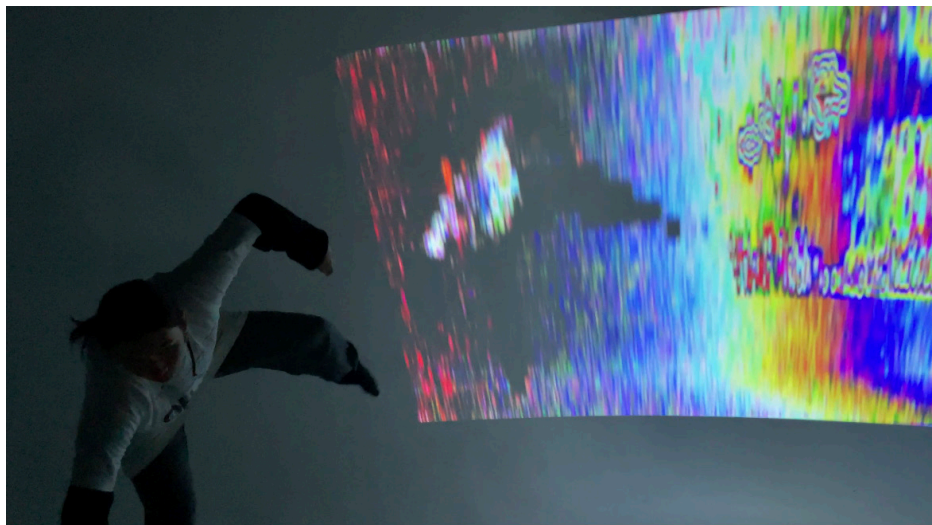
There was a certain way I was acting
as if another day didn't matter
as if I could do
whatever I wanted
just to feel wanted
wanted by those who were looking

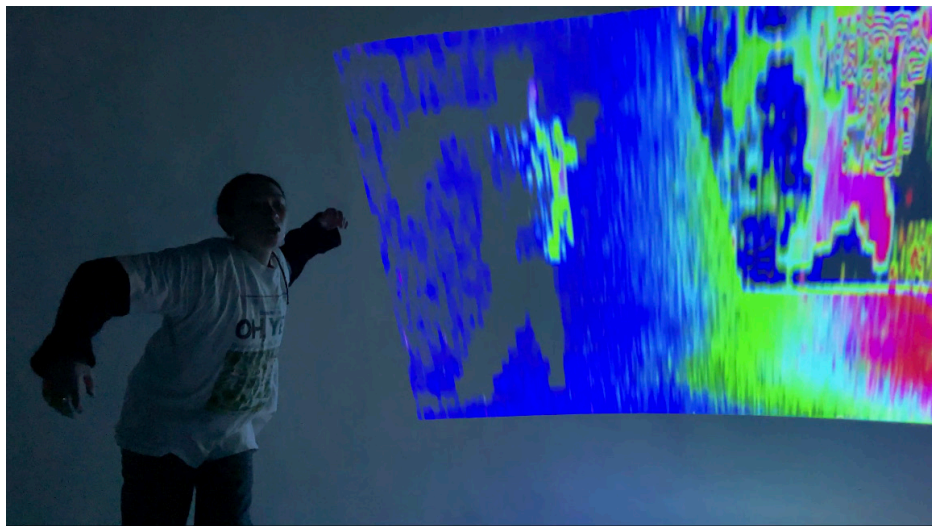
There was a certain way
my brain was wired
to perform for those who could see me
but my brain is tired
it finally expired
and I'm forced to expose the real me
along with all those years I was
performing

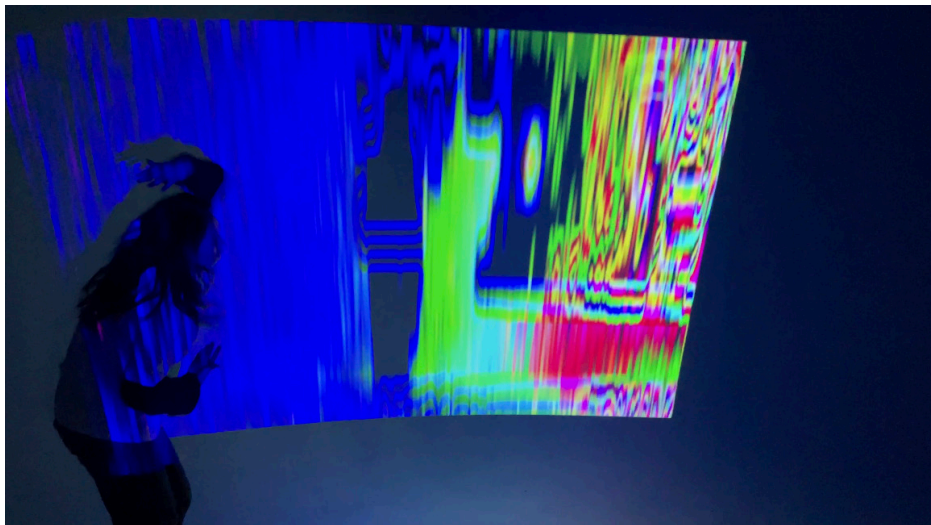
SONIC COLOUR (2021)

Jasmine Liaw

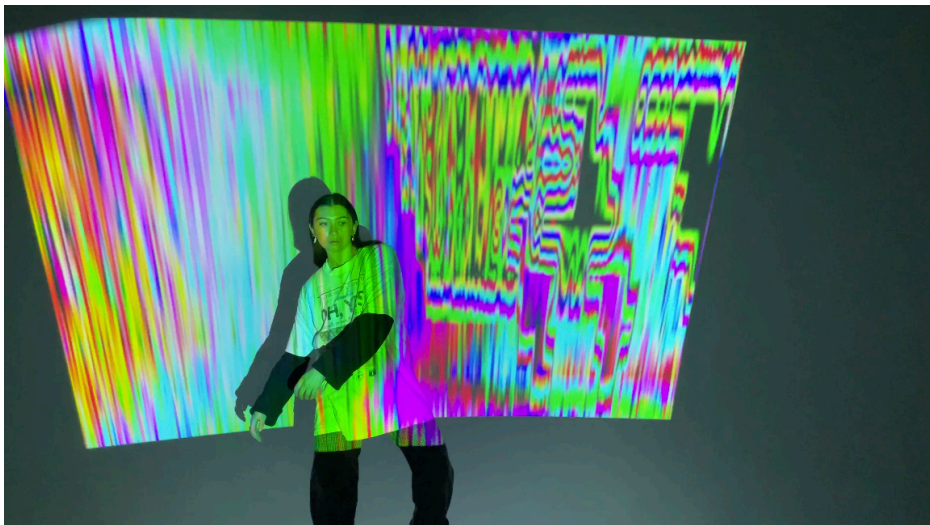
This piece plays with augmentation of space, sound, and form. This piece integrates what is real into what can be imagined and abstracted. Within the performance, the dancer experiments with movement in front of the camera and motion tracking software that allows the software to produce vibrant designs based on motion and sound.

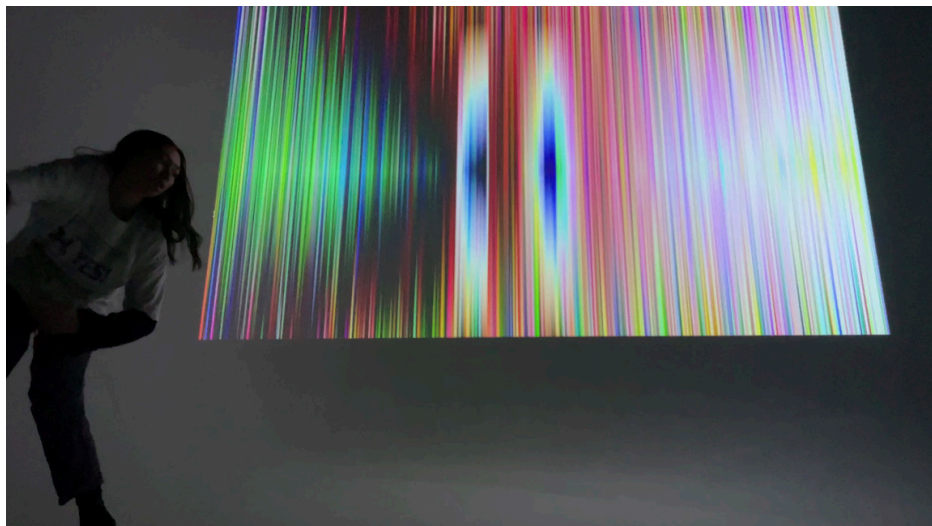


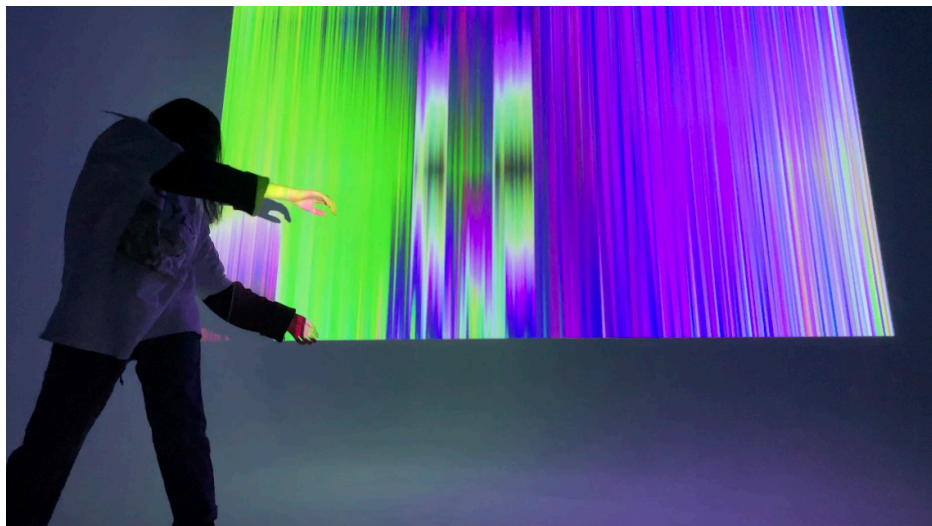












Pieces of Embrace

Inspired by Yoko Ono's Grapefruit

Natalie Chan

Cup your hands together to catch the weather as it falls
into your hands

Notice how they greet your palms

Greet them in return

Lay on the ground

Notice its form below yours

Feel your body sink in

Stay until your bones remember how it feels to be held

Prepare a meal you are to consume

Acknowledge its roots and from where it came

End its journey with a warm welcome

Pour yourself a glass of water

Feel the cool sensation meld with your bodily warmth as
you drink.

Identify two or more sounds around you

Listen in to their conversation

Discern the wisdom they have to share

Share what you have learned with another

Focus on an object in your surroundings

Recall both a good and a bad memory associated with
this object

Share those memories with someone

Hug someone tight
Notice their heartbeat against yours
Let go when they do

Maintain eye contact with yourself in a reflection

Clasp your hand to your skin

Trace the living canvas on your frame with tenderness

Tell yourself how you feel about you outloud

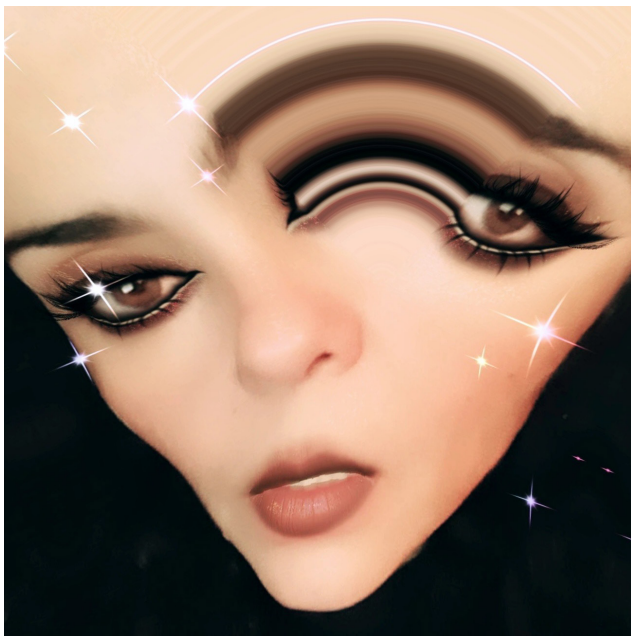
Shooting stars, shooting eye! (2021)

Karina Marquez ULTRA K

Shooting stars, shooting eye! is a series of photos, 3D animated and video music collage created by multidisciplinary artist Karina Marquez.

The Mexican Canadian singer based in Montréal, creates a trilingual concept to her own digital and music constellation singing and writing very peculiar landscapes and soundscapes.

Shooting stars watching over you from the sky.
A universal message delivered in Spanish, English, and French.



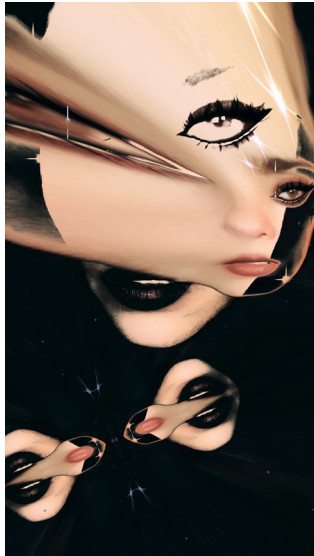
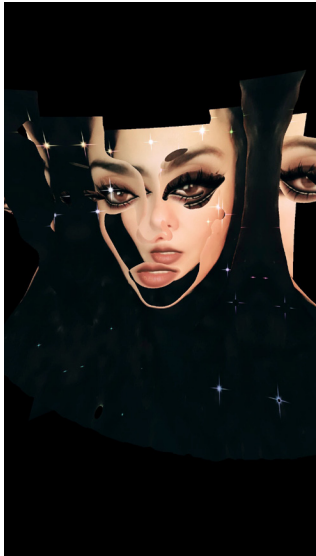
Watch
Shooting stars, shooting eye!
(2021)
[here](#)

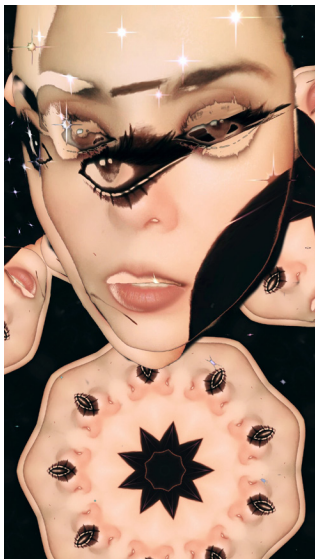
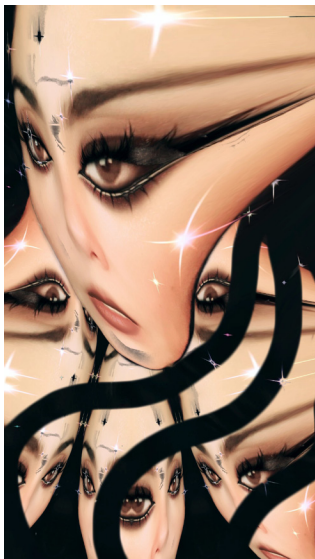
Tu ojo es fugaz
Shooting eye
L'oeil filant

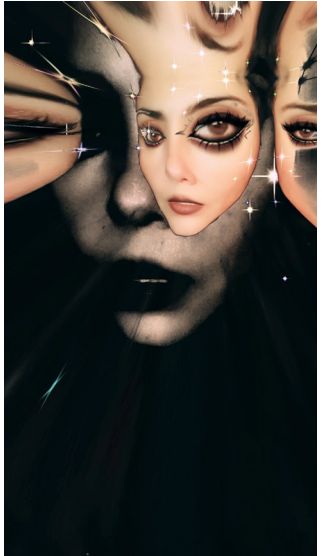
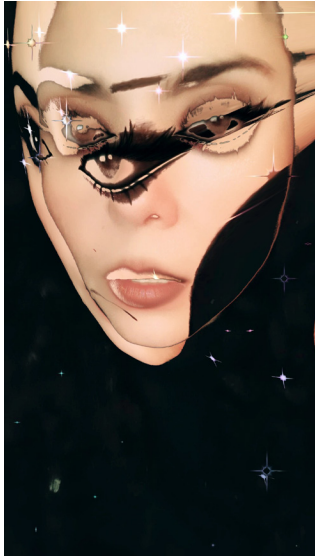
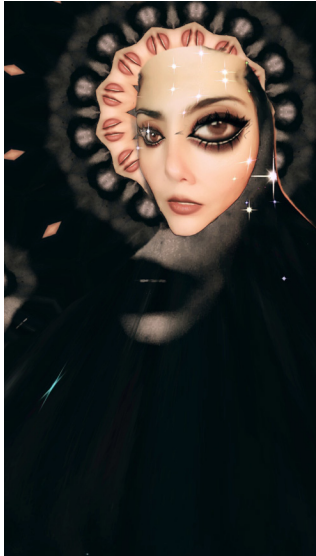
The artist's lyrics use a literal translation intentionally. A game of words and sounds that exist only in her mind. Sweet madness from how traumatic isolation can be, but how incredibly we manage to adapt endlessly as long as there is hope. Embracing the unknown.

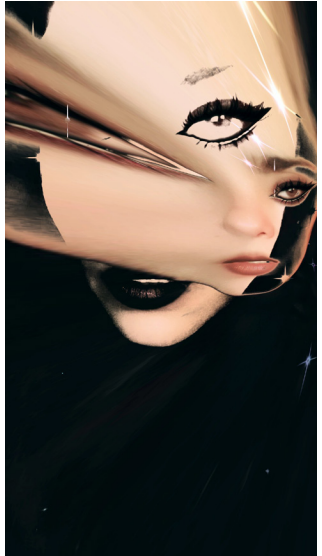
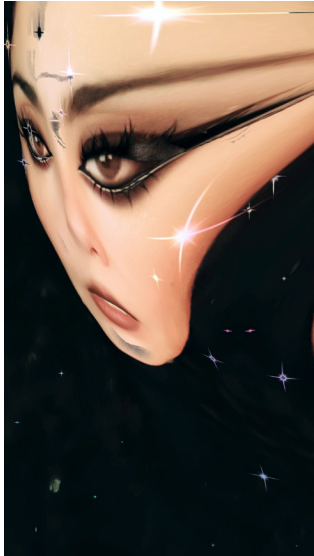
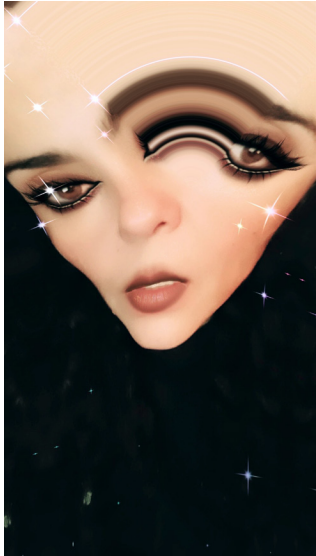
The need of feeling being watched. Inspired by stars and the recent loss of her father, Karina finds a way to produce beautiful melodies to share that moment when emptiness encounters hope. Just like when we see a shooting star crossing the night sky exactly at that moment you were watching!

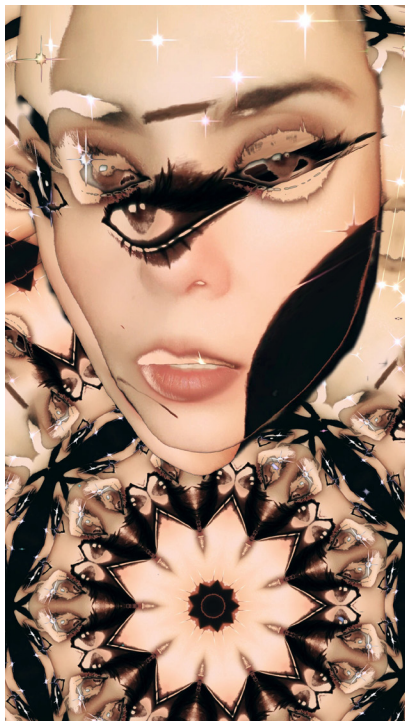
To feel a shooting star!
To become an instant in the sky! A luminous perception of life.











a universal eye...
La lámpara del cuerpo es el ojo.
The lamp of the body is the eye.
La lampe du corps c'est l'oeil.

From some sacred writings in
ancient Mayan and the Bible

The Small Performance

Francisco Berlanga

Here's to the small performance,
the moments of hesitation,
the pause and think,
the going in the moment,
the doing what's expected,
the silence between the words.

Here's to getting dressed,
to picking out clothes
to changing your mind,
to, shit is that the time,
to wearing what your wearing,
to looking your best,
or at least trying.

Here's to riding the bus,
to reading a fake text,
to looking busy,
to holding on to something,
to a handrail.

Here's to the attempt to look certain when walking in
the city,
the wrong turn made a couple feet back,
the need to walk 4 extra blocks as to not turn around,
the need to catch one's breath now.

Here's to uncomfortable shoes,
that look great,
without much grip,
to a bit of a slip,
to a twisted ankle,
to not stopping.

Here's to pleasantries and manors,
to distant smiles,
to greetings
to handshakes,
to whatever we are allowed,
to fistbumps,
I guess.

Cat the Boxer

Taylor Neal

Cat is a queer Vancouver-based female boxer and social worker, and in her areas of work she comes up against performance in regard to gender and sexuality. Specifically, in the boxing world as a woman, however, Cat often finds an interesting juxtaposition between femininity and the norms/demands of the boxing community. How does one perform in a way that will be taken seriously by their fellow boxing community, while also remaining true to the self and welcoming their femininity into their athletic practice? How does one confront boxers of all genders, but specifically cis men athletes, that ask you to abandon the “girl” in you in order to be taken seriously in their spaces?

This series was shot as an exploration of this exact juxtaposition. We wanted to explore how Cat could bring femininity and sexuality into her performance as a boxer. Her powerful demeanor accompanied by the delicacy of lace in the quiet of evening had us confronting assumptions and expectations of how a female boxer should look and how they should carry themselves in order to be taken seriously in the boxing world as well as outside of it (as seen here). Not only is there space for toughness and power, but femininity, softness, and queerness are also all welcome because they are her truth. She must step fully into truth in order to perform as her most powerful, authentic self.











Jazz before summer

Kerry Bell

I'm in an en trance
And all I wanna do, is dance

The soothing sound of jazz
Is all I need to enhance
My mood
Today is good

The music wasn't meant for me
But it sings a sweet melody
That makes me know Summer is almost here

Sax and piano's heightening beat
Mimicking summer's happy heat
It was a long winter, and we never
Thought April could be this sweet

My fingers tap dance on the keys
Choreographing a soliloquy
In return the sun's phantom lips
Place a caress across my bliss full face
And I smile
All the while knowing summer is almost here

Experiment Start (2021)

Aaron Lampitoc

1. Observe the space around you and imagine you are in an exotic reality.

2. Find 2 materials and combine them together.

WARNING: Do not mix hazardous materials or materials that can create hazardous compounds.

3. Document your results.

4. If you desire, continue your experiments until you are satisfied. For example, adjust your parameters (such as proportions) or find and experiment with other materials then compare their results.

NOTE: Try to keep your process logical and orderly to create a complete narrative.

5. Review your data and create a narrative based on your results.

6. Share your narrative: @withintensions on Instagram

An example work has been provided for reference. the perspective to be one or the other for the sake of simplicity and having a more defined, and clear-cut perspective. Lacking the complexity and nuances of the tones of the gray and the definition of colour.

Experiment 1.3

Date: 01/14/20

Components: Erana extract [white glue] + Dost [baking soda]

Introduction:

Erana extract comes from a species that generally look and act like **spiders**. They are generally harmless, but some sub-species can be extremely hostile and dangerous. They are commonly known to create webs laced with sticky residue which are used to trap their prey. Then, they use their fangs to inject poison to disable their prey and eat them thereafter. Their webbing fluid can be extracted and used as an adhesive or for traps.

Dost is a strange, white substance that resembles **powder**. It can be extracted from various sources, including Engla Spring Water. Current research shows that it has many purposes, such as being used for baked goods and cleaning. It also has strange reactions to certain chemicals/materials. Further research will be conducted about this substance.

Notes:

- Diluted the erana extract with water (cold, pH 4.0; 1:1 ratio) to ensure that the dost mixes well in the solution
- Added about 1 teaspoon of dost (about more than 3 years old; could affect its potency)

Results:

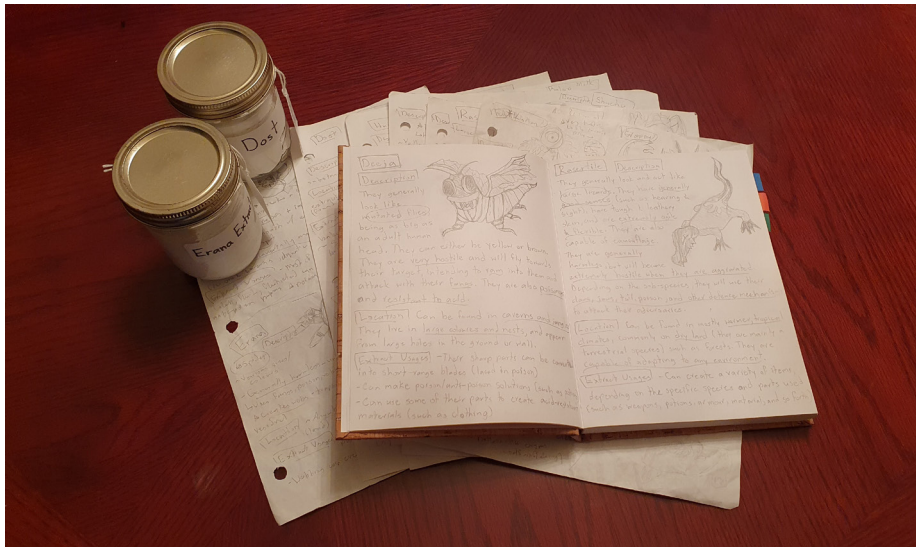
- The dost made the solution thicker and turn pale green

Post-experiment notes:

- Handling the solution (hand-mixing) to integrate air made the solution thicker/viscous

Conclusion:

Combining these materials created a substance similar to deeja extract. Deeja generally look like **mutated flies**, being as big as an adult human head. They are very hostile and will fly towards their target, intending to ram into them and attack with their fangs. They are also poisonous and resistant to acid. Their inner fluid can be extracted and used to make poison or anti-poison solutions (such as potions). Perhaps the dost activated the poisonous properties in the erana fluid as it became pale green after the experiment.



Experiment performed by: Xelamar L.

Kira Sokolovskaia

When I think about performance I imagine musicians on the stage. I'm always impressed with the way a dedicated musician literally becomes the one whole thing with his/her instrument. The waves of music seem to shape this unity.

Depending on the instrument, the image of an artist on the stage changes. Vivid and lively jazz performances contrast with relatively quiet, but deeply immersed classical music plays. The black metal guitarist in the third illustration represents a different attitude: he is significant, steady, and unemotional. The approaches might vary, but dedication to music makes all these performances very impressive.







Spare Change

Kristina Bradt

Need a penny? Take a penny.
To make change, round up,
create your own luck?
I'll cash you out. I won't tell,
someone left Elizabeth there for you.

Have a penny? Leave a penny.
The last man was late for his overnight shift,
so he needed a large black coffee
and all the luck he could get.

You'll never know for sure
if those behind you could use
a gift from a stranger.

and if the rules truly state:
we can't make our own luck,
then what would pennies be good for anyways?

This poem is inspired by the memories I have of visiting the convenience store when I was growing up. Regardless of who you were or what you were buying, everyone that walked up to the counter would be met with the 'Leave a penny, take a penny' sign. In that instance we are all given an equal opportunity to play a part in the cycle as either a giver or a taker. The part I find most interesting is that there is only ever one person in the audience to witness these moments of performance: the cashier. This story is told from their point of view. While pennies used to serve as currency, some believe finding one might be a sign of good luck. The real question is: what do you believe?

Generation Goo

Lucy Earle

Nobody ever told me not to. Nobody had the nerve to blame me for all the shit that went down. I implore you to act differently. While you learn about my life try not to fear your desire to hate me. You can always remind yourself that there is probably a little bit of me in you, and maybe that's the part of yourself that you never mustered up the courage to try and mend. For me that damaged part of you is my whole body, my whole past, present, future, pussy, ass, eyes, skull, voice, toes, there is nothing redeemable, nothing good, nothing plush and pink. So if I haven't turned you off from the story you've stumbled upon then I wish you the best of luck on your adventure in the deep dark vacuum of my human experience on this benign cancer rock we call home. THIS WILL BE A REALLY GOOD YEAR!

*

Once the mask is secured, and the feet are loose but touching the floor, the toes twinkle and touch the air above. The body is a puppet, the audience is a collective, seeing but thinking, hearing but feeling, on their own with no intention but to witness the happenings, to be awakened from a daydream, to ponder life by way of fiction, of illustration, of escape.

*

The skin on my fingers is cracking, and the blood starts to dry around my nails. My legs are flopped around the sides of your tummy, and I feel you staring at me with this ugly look which is so precious and cute and makes me want to fucking kill you. I can't believe my hand is bloody from punching you in the gut! I never knew I could do such a thing. But I did, at 6 in the morning when you woke up to rehash the stupid argument we had over whether Paris is Burning is a problematic movie which has aged to be a distasteful and offensive video towards the diverse and evolving queer scene in new york. I said shut the fuck up I'm sleeping and you spat in my face; probably in a sexual way but I wasn't in the mood so I defended myself, clenched and coming for your softest spot.

Tonight we'll go to your art opening at your friend's old drug den which you turned into an eggwhite coated salle de bain for the elite. It's Tuesday so we can get high off the cocaine I found on the floor at the party last week, we tested it so we should be fine. Oof it stinks here because you have not showered yet and you went to your normie internship at 7am right after boning me post gut punch. And again I am sorry about that, I'm working on it, on being less aggressive.

I can meditate through this then. Ya I can sit down in this stench and breathe. Because I love you and everything in here is for you and all of my work is because of you. I'm working on being better for you.

But for now we get ready for tonight which will be very fun and a solid distraction to basically everything terrible about everything outside of this apartment. And I'm working on that too. Because ever since Pam died I haven't known how to comfort you without sucking you off or getting hammered with our bay area friends. I think it's because my mom is still alive and she texts me basically everyday in an effort to not only over mom the shit out of my 25 year old ass, but also to become a new mom for your 40 year old one. *Please wash your balls, please wash your armpits and your feet and your ass, just wash it all with the lavender shit not the bar soap because it's unscented for when we get tattoos but wash your body with the flowery shit please.* It's my little mantra in the hopes that you'll one day learn how to properly wash your body after 40 years of doing a very half assed job unless you were going to your job or job interview. But we've been seeing each other for seven months now and I just want to kiss your face and enjoy the fake lavender smell just as much as I enjoy the pheromones: it needs to be a 50/50 scent structure in my opinion. Ok meditation over I stretch my back like a cow then like a cat and get up, shake my limbs and get naked.

I throw on that long beige skirt you like, the hemp one and the big black cowl neck sweater. And then I put

on my rings and my eyeliner, lipgloss and comb my disgustingly long hair. But you like it and you gather and pull it so I'm not gonna cut it; save your friend Marie the hairdresser and myself some time.

You get out of the shower and I take a whiff of your clean fresh dewy scent and the steam burns my eyes a bit. You used way too much body spray but ah well beggars can't be choosers.

*

So we walk out of the cab and the street is wet. The puddle splashes my calf and I jolt into your arms. It's a sweet moment we can remember for a while from now and slow it down in our heads so it seems more precious than right now. MIKEY, you scream and run into the arms of your best friend. Mikey is a potato farmer from Belfast and you love him more than me. He is a sweetheart though, I really let you have him because that is a special long time forever love. I might be a fling. It's too early to say anything.

And it really is too early to say or do anything. Eight o'clock and we're already at the function?

You've always been such a nark like that/you've always been such a keener like that/you've always dragged me home right after I do a line in private with Mikey/you can be a bit boring.

I have to pee. So I get in line with the other pussy owning bodies and twist my legs in a nervous squeal. "You really have to go?" Emy asks me. I know Emy, well I know her name at least, and I know her face which is why I know her name. I feel obliged to respond to her. "Kinda ya, drank a shit ton before getting here." She looks at me, up and down, evaluating my outfit, my style, my phrasing before I jump in and start a real conversation.

"So how do you know Mikey?"

"Oh I don't really, I met him on instagram while back when I promoting my OnlyFans, and he followed me, asked me to do an interview for his Zine of sex workers in the city. I said yes but then he ghosted. LAME. Haha so when I saw him sharing this party in his story, I decided to swing by." "Oh cool, do you still do sex work?" I asked even though I kind of already know the answer is yes based on her chainmail bra and giant FUCK ME RAW tattoo painted across her stomach.

"Yeah I dabble in it. Do you?"

And now I froze. Mostly because trickles of urine have started to fall from my thong, but also because I have only had one experience with sex work and it went embarrassingly wrong.

"No, not really. But I like sex, I mean I support sex workers, everyone loves sex right?" I really didn't need to say anything after the word NO.

"Haha!! You can go ahead of me."

And as the bathroom door swings open, I launch my

body into the closet space sized room, and immediately shut the door behind me. No lock, but hopefully chainmail bra will honour my privacy.

While peeing, my thoughts are swallowed by the social anxiety I make failed efforts to suppress. I want to go home. I want to go home alone without you.

*

Time is fiction, years may pass while masked, while watching, while witnessing the actions rehearsed before you. The night can be sequenced into fifty minutes.

*

I can't find my keys in my bag, so I rummage through it. It feels like a bottomless pit of crumpled papers, lighters, sand, dirt, coins, lip glosses, whatever. And while my arm is stretched down into the bag, you kiss my neck, rub your hand up and down the sides of my body stopping on the ridge of my hips, sliding down to my ass, squeezing and letting go after only a few seconds. My mind and my body says yes, but I can't help but feel wrong about everything. That conversation we had, earlier, *no don't go there yet I don't want you reach inside me out here can we wait until we get in the house*, when you told me "this was just above water", and if I had an inkling that things would go under, go deeper, that "I was wrong". So with those words running through my head I am transported back into my fantasies. Re-drawing the night, I'm back at the party.

*

Peaking.

*

We dance to stop thinking. To let go, feel loose, shake out, drip down, hang out

The only way to do it is to do it.

I keep my eyes focused on them, the bodies around me, the conglomerate of skins, the smell of sweat, the daze I enter rushes over me like an ocean

I don't need you

NO

I won't need it

NO

I won't have you

NO

I will take it

YES

Hours into the night the tiny slivers of morning concern me and I whirl around my head spinning drinking but my hand is empty no cup to grasp I feel your hands around my hips I feel your hands underneath me I feel my brain leave my skull I can't remember what I learned in school I have to try and think I want control I want to lose control this nightmare becomes a dream when we close the blinds and daylight is exiled to the unbounded daytrips of CEOs I want to help people don't lose my brain don't replace my thoughts with my life let my thoughts be about you about others I want to help you I want to saaaaaveeeee them have some empathy that's selfish try shellfish that's trying something new having some freedom that's pulling on my grounded consciousness we dance we dance let go break it up my body is a machine we dance we dance let go break it up

I see you with chainmail bra from the bathroom line

I watch you kiss her neck

I knew she knew me from you

Everyone knows me from you

Stay here don't move I love you we wait let's dance while we're apart.

Brick Body

Lucy Earle

so we step out
door through the hallway through the building
cover your eyes and wipe your smile
sweat drips down your arm and you
feel poisoned by the morning sun

burning your skin as you walk
grudgingly down the side streets
in an effort to avoid passing
out, or passing people

and you fail at this
ironically bad effort as you contemplate
calling this friend
who moments later you pass and hide from
timid and confident, alone

and you fail again
as you look up at the building on the corner
which you've always admired
and cared for without feelings,

stand tall as if your body was brick.

Fly to Sink

Lucy Earle

The stars were bright at night,
and the water was still.

Shining bright; throat caught
on a pill.

Dry eyes caught the sky glisten
as I drifted far from shore.

Heavy body weighed down the wood.

Bring me up into the dark abyss
where the water meets the stars,
melt my body into butter,
spread me over the earth.

Relive (2019)

Victoria Mulja

Back in spring 2019, I took a course that focuses on performance art. My final project for the class consisted of a durational artwork that takes inspiration from notable performance artists such as Tehching Hsieh and Emma Sulkowicz. For an entire week, I carried a giant cat plushie that I received for my 7th birthday everywhere I go: a mall, downtown Vancouver, and on my way to school. I wanted to relive a childhood memory that every person has done in their life: carry a plush toy to every place they go. It is because we think of our plushies as besties, someone we can talk to when we are upset, and our emotional support to get through our childhood. While it seems ridiculous and unusual to see an adult carry something that is meant for kids (especially if it is something that is huge), it is a way to communicate to the public that every person has a child living inside of them and it's okay to find comfort in these soft and fluffy companions.











Our Ten-Point Program for Our Kind of Theatre (2021)

Ethan Persyko

Written in 1966, the Black Panther Party (BPP)'s Ten-Point Program was a written assertion of the Black Panthers' wants and beliefs, that resisted a society rot with isms, in favour of a justice for and by Black people (Newton, "Program"). This paper is formatted like the Ten-Point Program, but with ten of our wants and beliefs as multi-disciplinary theatre creatives, from an intersectional lens. In specific, this paper connects the collective identities discussed in certain readings, to our own personal identities -- the "we" -- in the theatre as White, gender-queer, Jewish and Disabled theatre creatives.

The BPP embodied the very defence mechanism of the panther: they only attack in retaliation (Doyle-Wood). As multi-disciplinary theatre creatives, we certainly feel we too embody the defence mechanism of the panther. From our Ten-Point Program of when the theatre ceases to exist, versus when the theatre continues to exist, we continue to envision a future in which our wants and beliefs, to which I summarized here, will be embodied by a larger group of present or apprentice Panthers in the theatre. Critical equity in theatre will then only grow in size and strength.

OUR TEN-POINT PROGRAM FOR OUR KIND OF THEATRE



#1: WE WANT THE INCLUSION OF EVERYONE IN THE THEATRE



#2: WE WANT THE ERADICATION OF RACISM IN THE THEATRE

We believe the theatre thrives off the diversity of BIPOC (Black, Indigenous, Persons of Colour) theatre creatives.



#3: WE WANT THE ERADICATION OF HOMOPHOBIA IN THE THEATRE

We believe the theatre is for "every single girl, and boy, and girly boy in Canada" to freely express what they want, without the fear of judgement.

#4: WE WANT THE OPPORTUNITY TO SPEAK UP AGAINST PERFORMATIVE ALLYSHIP



We believe the theatre must hold people accountable for their discriminatory actions when they are inept to do so themselves.

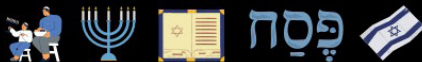
#5: WE WANT PROPER REPRESENTATION IN THE THEATRE FOR DISABLED PEOPLE

We therefore believe that the plays of the theatre must respect and accurately represent Disabled People.



#6: WE WANT JEWISH PEOPLE IN THE THEATRE THAT ARE OPEN TO RECONCILIATION

We believe that Jewish people and non-Jewish people are able to find common ground with one another.



#7: WE WANT PROPER REPRESENTATION IN THE THEATRE FOR JEWISH PEOPLE

We believe that in history, there are defining moments where Jews could not share their knowledge and lived experiences. We also believe the by-products of this history are still with us.

#8: WE WANT THE FREEDOM TO PROTEST FOR PROPER REPRESENTATION IN THE THEATRE

We believe the theatre allows and limits violent protest. The theatre is a fickle thing, because we have to consider the performativity of theatre, and if performances of violence can cause harm to others. I believe they can cause harm and now the question is "Well, what are the alternatives?".



#9: WE WANT TO HAVE CONFIDENCE IN THE THEATRE



We believe when our theatre creatives are confident, the work they do in the theatre is strengthened that much more.

#10: WE WANT TO CREATE THEATRE HOW WE WANT TO

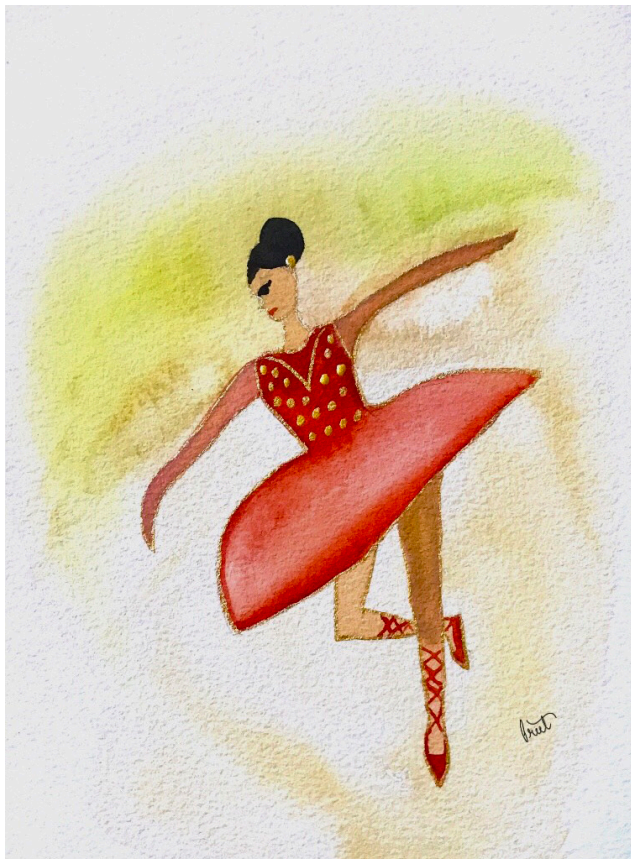
We believe the theatre must be open to all forms of creative expression whether they resist negative isms or enhance positive isms of art and society.



Ballerina's Dance Performance (2021)

Infinite Faith Creations

This watercolour piece was done by me after watching a ballet performance; the swirling dance and performance of the ballerinas inspired this piece.



When I play my guitar

Memoirs of a Moustache

When I play my guitar

I write in Harmonics, all to reverb and resonate

To produce a spectrum of the inward eye to illustrate

Relax and let all the colours of each note escape and
rein in vividness

It's like finding the new Atlantis in arousing stimulants

Sitting, As I stand, I bequeath you to let the colours write
in the coinage of your brain

Meditate with me, kindle the fiery orange, The catalytic
red, The land of youth green, the chromatic pane

Here we feel no catatonic pain

As every string strung bleeds colours into the bliss of
solitude

An openness of shattering in sound

The abstract movements of every finger tip dancing
around

The neck and frets

Exploding and folding, bending and breaking the fetters
of technicolour

There is no more reasons to fret,
Fore in every harmonic ring we coax a tincture out of our
nature
As I pour music to the ether
You pour colours ever deeper

When I play my guitar
I write in aspects to ascend us even higher
As we nurture each-other into pouring oil on the fire
We are the interaction of one and many
The creativeness is always steady
When we can gather and unity with Love in plenty

When I play my Guitar
Our souls are never traveling too far
The prisms colours are like a fast car
The sounds, the Colours, they activate, they cultivate
When I play my Guitar

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 clichés 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.



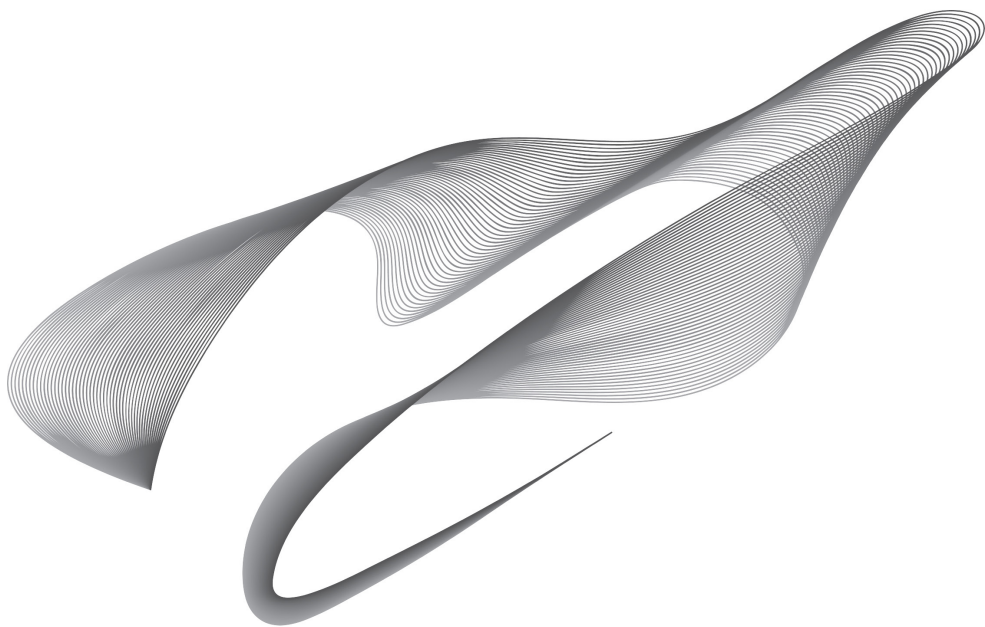
Natalie
Chan

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 “Collective” and submissions are now open.

See you next month!

Acknowledgements

Withintensions would not have been possible without the works of Breanna Barrington, Kerry Bell, Francisco Berlanga, Kristina Bradt, Natalie Chan, Lucy Earle, Infinite Faith Creation, Aaron Lampitoc, Jasmine Liaw, Karina Marquez ULTRA K, Opal Mclean, Memoirs of a Moustache, Victoria Mulja, Taylor Neal Ethan Persyko, and Kira Sokolovskaia,

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.

