



TIG MAGAZINE

electricities

issue # 0





Collisions happen all the time. Sometimes we see them: bicycles flailing in a cloud of limbs, a confusion of green and red (what does each mean?), a release of grey, choking debris. The city is good at these: the collisions that suck energy from you, leaving you tired and breathless on the asphalt. Good at leaving you with shadows of dreams, blunt arsenal of the dream factory: a plastic pie (chart) in the sky, a guttural yellow crane building in the fog, some dull coins at your feet, lavish neon that is all light no heat. A beggar begging for horses.

Remember symmetry? Collisions happen all the time. Sometimes we don't see them: atoms travel trajectories of enormous potential without the aid of the human eye, equations search out their answers between numbers and signs, particles bounce in endless chains like pearls strung along a thread. The city is also good at these (better, even?): the invisible, continuous transfers of creative energy between people, the force of which leaves you out of oxygen and gasping for more. Your soles shuffle along your soul. Cats rub their backs against worn couches. Hairs stand on end. The lightning of ideas always strikes twice. Beside us and within us. The back of my neck is how I feel about you.

The city is an incubator for collisions, a womb from which we are born, a dream from which we emerge.

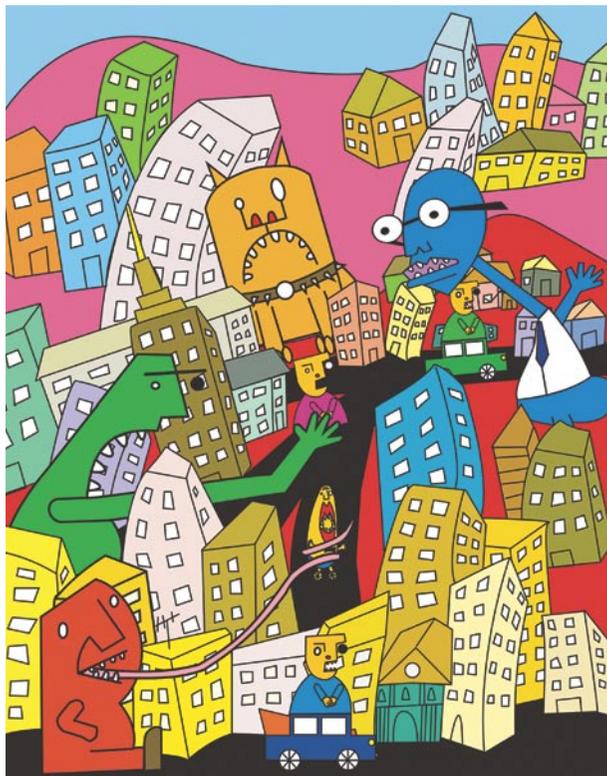
electricities is the city we dreamt. A dream that contains and reveals all dreams...

Kouji Oshiro Kochi, 25, Peru ><http://profiles.takingitglobal.org/NAKATA>

Dream a city. What would the dream be like?

I dream a place where we can live in harmony and in balance with nature. Like the city of the Elves in The Lord of the Rings. The city where I live contains a grand variety of odors. For example: exhaust, food, sea breeze, gasoline...

A writer once called Lima (the capital of Peru) a monster with a million heads. The number of heads represents the quantity of people and he called it monster because this city is a place that can resonate terror. Lima is an insecure and dangerous city.



Ha Thi Lan Anh, 19, Vietnam >http://profiles.takingitglobal.org/Angel_on_broomstick

Define the collision between you and your city.

An interbeing, who is becoming somebody and nobody.

 From "The 18th Summer"

You suddenly want to be on your island to trace your thoughts into words and craft the words into the sand. You stand there, not like a coconut tree, but an oak of harsh, accumulated heaviness. You feel like all the words you craft into the sand make the beach thicker and heavier. All the thoughts you press onto your heart weigh your whole body down and prevent it from standing up in a straight and vigorous shape. You stare motionlessly at the words in the sand, wishing to let go of all your inner bags of sand. The electrical current rushes from your head to your toes and all the way around. Mysteriously, the waves come and take away, with ease, everything they could reach and grasp from the sand. Zig-zag, rough, and variegated, your words in the sand are disturbed, destroyed, and carried away piece by piece. Your eyeballs keep staring motionlessly as if the blood were frozen in your vessels. Not frozen. You are just being crippled under the affect of the dizzy intensity of the blood rushing and the electrical current.

Suddenly, you find yourself jumping into the frightful, violent waves. As your back turns red in the blazing hot summer sun and the whipping of the waves, you rest your back on the old retiring waves near the coast, letting yourself float on the edge of the colossal navy blue carpet. Another moment, you stand up on your bare feet, spread your thin and firm arms, swallow the ocean's breath into your throat, stretch your chest against the wind from the open sea, your face rising up to the bright sun. Your whole body swims in the ocean of lights. Like an immeasurably high coconut tree, you stand up, straight and vigorous.

...Collisions frozen in time. Eyelids flutter at the immense sound

of dawn. An unspoken language that magically comes to mouth...



Jarra McGrath, 21, Australia ><http://profiles.takingitglobal.org/jarra>

How does the city you live in influence your work?

The city is the canvas for most of my cloudscapes, unavoidably. On rare occasions I look with intention at the “stuff” below the clouds and see something startling and beautiful. A well-lit cityscape is such a stunning vision. I only wish I was more passionate about venturing further into its depths.

What noise does your art make?

Like a car engine trying to start or the delirious trickle of the drought-ravaged stream.

Steel, cement, tar, lights, buzz: make a city. Define a city through your senses.

Pinball machine of human energy.

The kinetic battles in a frenetic ballet with the static.

The static dances in a siege war with the entropic.

And we are in a constant confusion as to whose side we are on.

Dream a city. What would the dream be like?

A noxious weed grows alone in a field of daffodils. It is sprouting wondrous flowers.

Franziska Seel, 22, Germany

><http://profiles.takingitglobal.org/franziska>

If you could dream a city, what would it look like?

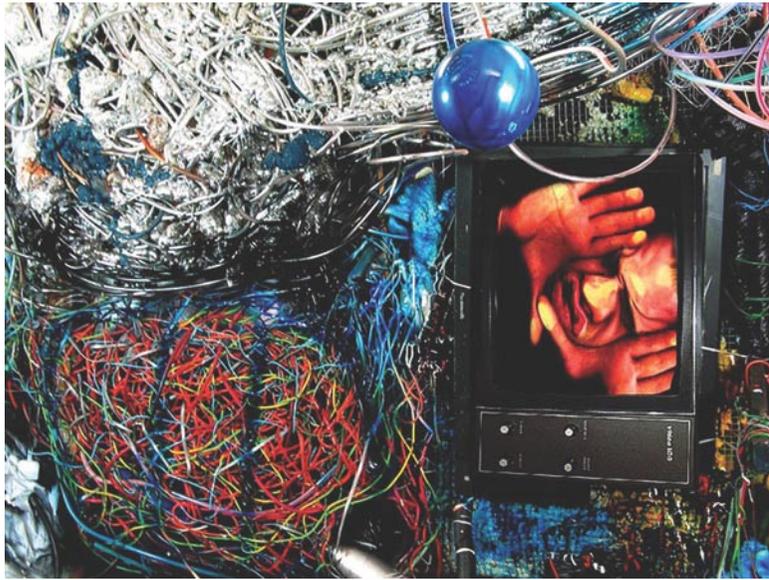
If I dream a city, I actually dream a city which is a big forest at the same time. I like cities because of their multicultural atmosphere, of the wide range of opportunities you have – theatres, museums, shopping streets, sidewalk cafés. None of this I want to miss in the city of my dream, although a city needs space to breathe as well. Parks, a big river, little lakes and maybe canals like in Venice... Open spaces where you can meet, exchange and express yourself. I believe that this is important because cities tend to smother people between their skyscrapers and apartment blocks. But people need to breathe, they need space and the blue sky above them.



...A cat whose tale stretches becoming a whale. A tower that reaches



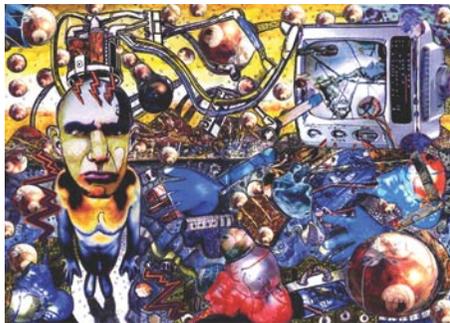
the clouds. Branching in cotton, sometimes higher...



Scott Donohue, 20, UK ><http://profiles.takingitglobal.org/donohue20>

How does the city you live in influence your work?

When I am in the city I like to think of all the things beyond our senses: the erratic exchange of information going on in the air, the silent thoughts of the culturally diverse population, the chaos of our machines in operation. My creativity feeds from the frantic nature of city life, resulting in a proliferation of ideas and activities.



What noise does your art make?

I think technology plays a major role in manipulating people's views about what is going on in the world. However, people are not easily controlled or influenced. In my work I want to use the machine as a metaphor for life. I hope my art will make people consider that the world will never run like a well-oiled machine.

The idea of the human mind as uncontrollable has influenced a desire for rational mastery over our own human nature. I like to imagine us slaving over the development of artificial intelligence for thousands of years, using the language of science and the laws of reason, but always failing to compute our own human nature. Little do we know that intelligent thought dwells in the corner of a dark, damp, skip. It lays waiting for the right moment to engulf us in our past technological conquests.

...What is this dream about? Skyscrapers, swimming

pools, highways, cars? Sensation, adventure, freedom...



Luis López, 26, Argentina ><http://profiles.takingitglobal.org/Patch>

How does your work influence your city?

In the city where I live, even if there are many ideas to change the reality of things, there aren't many youth-led initiatives. This is not because idealism is lacking, but there is a lack of interest and structure in supporting young people's work in sustainable ways. Yet through the idealism and enthusiasm of young people, through their volunteerism and cooperation, reality can change and human values can once again be found. Through my work I see humble people in poor areas organize themselves, I see solidarity, and I see people relate with their neighbours. I see a city that believes in idealism, justice, freedom. A place without discrimination, with equal opportunities and with spaces for young people to believe in their dreams. I believe that my small contribution will form a part of the concrete base that will reinforce Argentina.

Awais Aftab, 16, Pakistan ><http://profiles.takingitglobal.org/awais>

Dream a city. What would the dream be like?

In one word: peaceful. The atmosphere would be humid with vapours of peace and tranquility. But the people would not be boring or serious. They would be merry and jovial, especially during festivals and celebrations and they would be highly hospitable. The buildings would be awe-inspiring and the places would be beautiful, with no pollution. And there would be special places for food like food-streets, and there would be colleges and universities so that none would remain uneducated. Despite being modern, the city would be close to nature and would exist in harmony with it.

"A Page of a Diary"

The universe is mysterious and the mind, even more so. The enigma of creation is yet to be explained and probably never will be. Today I realised the power of creation – the significance of the insignificant. Things exist, but why? How? When? The deeper we go, the further from truth we get. Peeling away the secrets of the universe like the layers of an onion; in the end nothing remains – neither truth nor lie.

Imagination has no material existence yet it is one of the most powerful agents at work. It creates, it destroys. It lives inside us and we live inside it. Through the strength of my imagination, I created a world. A world owned by me, ruled by me, cherished by me, governed by me, with laws so complex that they resulted in chaos – How ironic! But it was just a world, a lifeless cosmos originated from the electro-chemical impulses of my brain.

Then something happened; a 'mutation' among the rigid laws created by me. An anomaly which I could not explain or control. It created life! It formulated living things in my imaginary yet 'real' world. What was it? A sudden and exotic combination of basic components. Is life just the name of that combination? Nothing more, nothing less?

But this origin of life brought many things along with it such as the novel concept of time. I knew the reality: time does not exist, at least not for me. I know/have known/will know the whole story of my world in just a timeless instant. I have seen the whole evolution of this life and was surprised to find that, to a great extent, it too was dependent upon 'mutation' for its evolution. Mutations within a mutation – How ironic!

I observed that progress of the extension of this life. How strange it seems: a mutation governed by laws, chaos ruled by order. So it progressed under laws, aided by disorders until it reached a peak – the origin of a living being capable of reason and imagination. It was the same power that I possessed. Power enough to create a whole universe, regardless of the fact that it was a mere fragment of imagination. Importance is neither to be judged by its size nor the material existence.

These beings, for the first time, questioned the nature of life in my world. But they never really achieved the answers. After every step they faced a roadblock, an event unexplained. Their new work aimed to reduce the number of exceptions to the previous rules yet it did nothing but to increase that number – How ironic!

Those beings were something that constantly amazed me, and the thing which bemused me even more was the fact that they felt my presence. They somehow knew me, yet they were not capable enough to understand me and therefore, they worshipped me.

Of all the things they have done, they have made me wonder one thing with a strong intensity: Am I nothing but a mutation myself?

...What freedom does a statue named liberty promise?

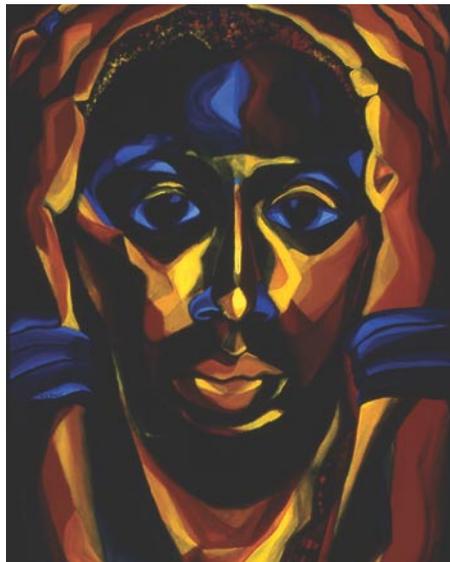
A promised land. Boundless possibility, hope. All within reach...



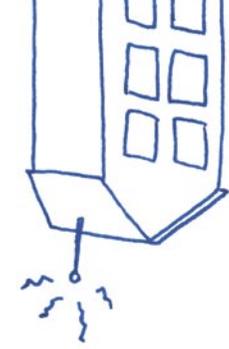
Keina Davis Elswick, 30, USA
><http://profiles.takingitglobal.org/keina>

What noise does your art make?

My work is quiet... very still, with distinct spaces of sound and movement. It makes the sounds of people traveling, moving from place to place, feet walking across hard pavement. At certain times music can be faintly heard in the distance. It beckons the travelers. I have created a city or, as I call it, an urban village called Sivad. Streams of light flow through the air making connections with some, while others move through the streets untouched. Blue light is very important and color is everywhere. The shades of blue light represents Ancestor Spirits. This is what guides these travelers to the next place in their day to day journey.



...Or simply the greatest of projections? Land of the images, made



Cara Goldberg, 24, Canada ><http://profiles.takingitglobal.org/Carita>

Define yourself as a citizen.

100% trans-national cuerpo-ration finding he/r/elation-ship between in/port and ex/port, les portes ouvertes et les autres portes, plus belles mais loin, fermées et fortes, que valen la pena de buscar – hay tanto que encontrar en este mundo tan grande, las pequeñas cosas crecen by night, moving towards the light, from fight taking flight, left hand in the right, ensemble trabajando, festejando, des/cansando.

 *“SinEssence”*

they're selling protection for the one that's in this skin crawling under the weather withering with the ozone leather or is it better a meta-for pleather this thinning layer we are wearing through earth air water fire willed like a debt to the sun or daughter i just couldn't in good conscience bear with me it's hard to tell the future/s well we've all heard the lore envisioned before the wanting stares lit up by the glare of infrared magazines and telescreens numbing the census succumbing immense us once too wise to sound bite-sized the right size to fit inside the box blares from every living room not to grow but overshadow whispering sighs and silencing beats rhythm that flows beneath our feet on softwood floors constructed as yours from under which they're stealing our senses revealing the fences erected undetected within this radiant fluorescence they're selling perfection/s/in/essence.

by the images, for the images. The numbing power of images...



...Do our eyes just tell us lies?

Will the dream remain caged behind a window, a vague illusion to ruminate, yet another collision that we will ignore? The earth is flat like the back of your neck. Wheels do not turn. A cloud is all I can contemplate under the rusty orange light of a lamppost.

A. & A.

electricities – TIG Magazine Issue 0

A creation of TakingITGlobal Youth Association.

TIG Magazine is a compendium of the best in artwork and creative writing from TakingITGlobal's online community initiatives, the Global Gallery and Panorama Online Publication. All artwork, writing, thought and design in this creation have been conceived by young people. Through this creative magazine and the year-long multimedia program Intersections, we hope to be an incubator for young talent worldwide.

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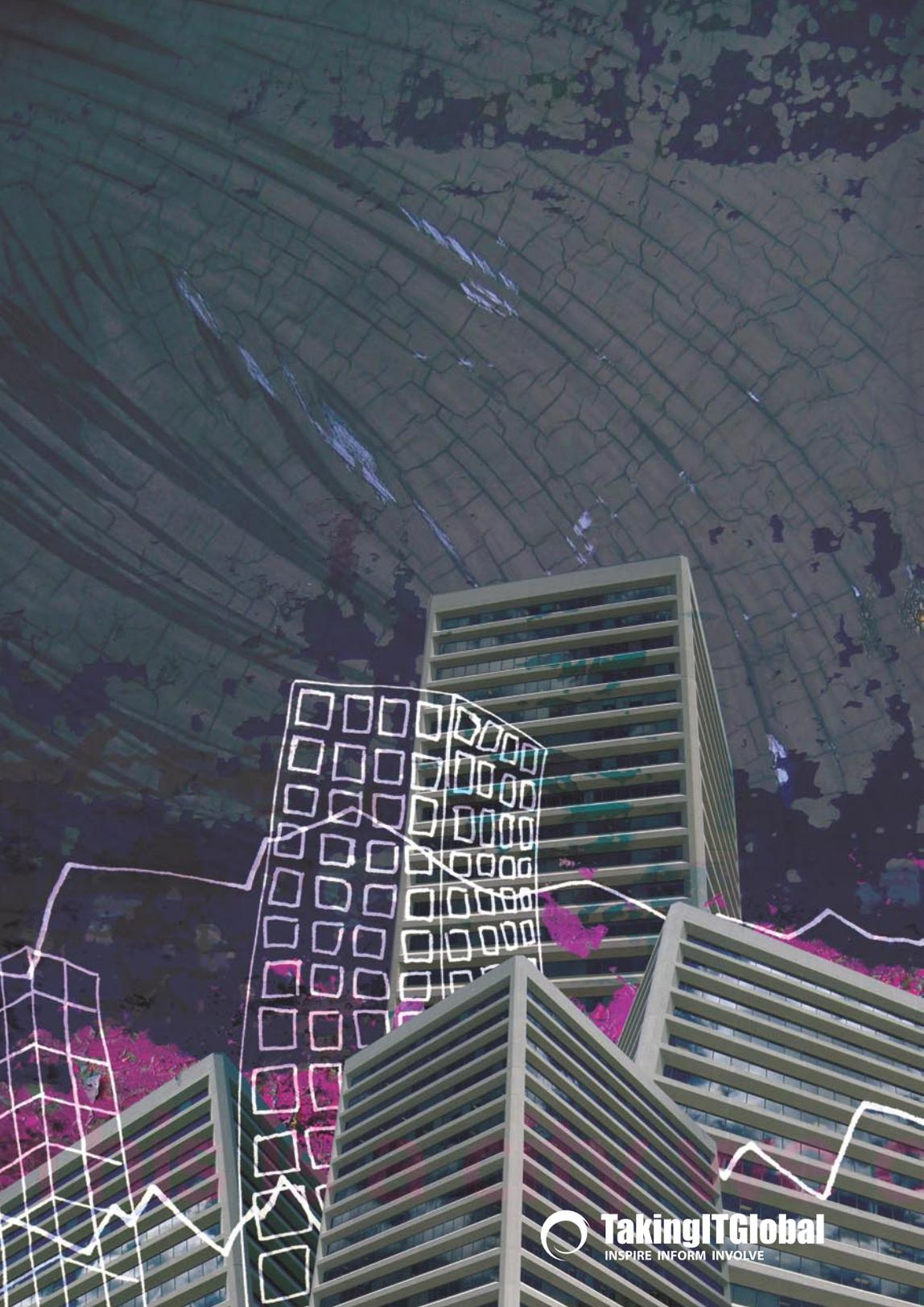
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