



We want to express our deepest gratitude to everyone who helped build this magazine from the ground up this semester. We truly had no idea what to expect when we agreed to run V Magazine... suffice to say it's been a whirlwind. Managing a largely new team and discovering the complexities of the logistical side of the magazine proved surprisingly challenging. Then, in the midst of it all, tragedy struck our campus. While processing and grieving the tragic loss of three incredible UVA students— Devin, D'Sean, and Lavel— it became hard to feel connected to our work for the magazine, or that it should be prioritized. We realized that we all needed to take a break, and thus pushed back our print date and informed our team to take as much time as they needed for themselves. In the midst of this tragedy, our team still managed to assemble. We were able to return to the magazine and use it as a creative and emotional outlet, a place where we could pour all of our feelings and hope that others would welcome that energy.

We feel incredibly lucky to have stumbled upon a team that is willing to catapult ingenious creative endeavors and accept our vision for the magazine while introducing their own. The idea for this issue's theme was born out of a group discussion. The theme in question? Generations. We were inspired by anything generational: music, fashion, TV shows, food, cultural traditions/ customs...you name it.

When it came time for our team and the larger creative community to contribute their ideas, we couldn't have been more impressed with what they produced. This is what V Magazine is; a display of the sartorial, linguistic, and artistic prowess at the University. This semester has been hard for all of us in unique ways. To see how the members of this magazine have shown up and poured their talents into this issue has quite literally brought us to tears. We can only hope that you are all as satisfied as we are with the end product.

And now, without further ado ... We present... V Magazine Fall '22!

With Love,

Charlotte & Mia
Co-Editors in Chief

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generations

In the V Mag team's conversation about this issue's theme there was a seemingly constant thread amidst suggested topics: the notion of time. In the wake of the COVID-19 pandemic, political unrest, and in the midst of the climate crisis, many have felt their perceptions of time warp. For some, time has felt unforgivably fast, while for others, its passing has slowed to a slow drip more akin to molasses. It was through this conversation that we decided on the theme this semester: generations.

Our relationship with generations has often been a recursive one. Our constant intrigue with the past (its aesthetics, music, dance) has made us perpetually doomed to repeat it. Yet there is something intangibly beautiful about this return to the known, something that reminds us of our ancestors, of a time and a place they called home. This relationship to time and its various meanings is something we hoped to capture in this issue. How do different cultural, aesthetic, or musical generations continue to exert their influence on us? What generations do we long to be a part of? What generations do we want to create? We are so pleased to introduce generations to you. We hope you enjoy.

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1960s
funk

early
1970s
disco

1970s
detroit
techno

1980s
chicago
house

1990s
drum &
bass

1990s
hard
techno

2010s
dance
house

2020s
hyperpop

generations of electronic music



Solistic

I Feel Love

Alleys Of Your Mind

Mystery of Love

Angel

Beachball - Vocal Radio Edit

Around the World

San Francisco

In My Arms

Faceshopping

Turn On The Lights again..



Brian Bennett

Donna Summer

Cybotron

Mr. Fingers

Goldie

Nalin & Kane

Daft Punk

Dom Dolla

Disclosure

SOPHIE

Fred again..

Swedish House Mafia, Future



04





family fête

We invited our models to pull from their relative's closets. Each model's outfit became a time-capsule, a window into their family's past. Together, we created an intergenerational image, with each model sporting clothing from either the 60's, 70's, 80's or 90's.

**creative
direction:**

charlotte giff
& mia gualtieri

photographers:

domenick fini & luca pfeiffer

videographer: liv quintero

photoshoot production team:

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hair and makeup: raneem khan and janlou lawson

models: tulsi patel, aniella weinberger, maggie collins,
mary kurbanov, lauren dalban



















creative
writing

I Am My Mother's Daughter

By Elizabeth Paul

I have my mother's hands
Long and slender fingers
Round nails perfectly filed
Palms lashed too many times
For we spoke and forgot to bite our tongues

Some lines are missing though
The ones that are etched so deep
From years of scrubbing dishes
And the crawl she made to this place
While spiked walls stood in her way

I have my mother's smile
Her pearly white teeth
Flash in enthralling grins
Surrounded by colored lips
Always ready to move and strike

Though her smile holds a weight I lack
From masked insults fired
And daggered words of hate
They mutilated her smile with
Knives of go back from where you came

I have my mother's hair
Long and dark beautiful
A coat that embellishes our charm
So full that men can't see
The minds that rest beneath

But hers was cut short
When the first child appeared
So she could care for him
Without a tangled mess
Stripped of vanity along with humanity

I have my mother's eyes
Wide and lined with kohl
They crinkle easy with laughter
Gazes flit to our long eyelashes
As we use them to get our way

But hers have seen the things of my fears
Watched those she loves abuse and misuse
Yes, her eyes are deep and dark like mine
But they've held back thousands of heavy tears
That I have been free to cry

I am my mother's daughter
Though she has a strength I cannot fathom
My muscles are far too weak
To carry even half her life's burden
And for that, I have her to eternally thank

" MEANINGLESS "

**INVIS-
IBLE**

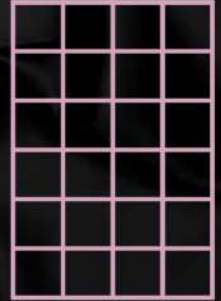
(1)



My generation is the future is my generation is the future is my generation is the future is my generation is the future is my generation is the future? Is my generation (is the future?) My generation is the future—What future? What are we supposed to do with what is left behind? Why am I expected to be so much more than my mom and dad, than my grandparents, than their grandparents? If it's just some meaningless phrase that people use to signal that of course they care about the kids and people other than themselves then what's the point of it all? My generation is the future and the future is my generation. My generation fights against itself in its hurry to grow up in its hurry to do more in its hurry to be the best. We are pu(ni)shing ourselves by doing more by going faster by having to do better than our ancestors did.

**INDIV-
IDUAL**

(2)



GE+



NER

The future is my generation and my generation is the future. The future I have to look forward to is not one of my creation. The future I have to look forward to has reached into my childhood and pushed me in front of the machines. "This is what you have to do! This is the future!"

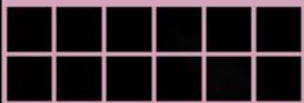
My generation is the future and the future is my generation. My generation is lauded for being the most tolerant, the most accepting, the most loving. I still write poetry I write stories I write epics about how much I am still hurt I am still crushed I am still such an impossibly invisible individual I am I am I am an impossibly invisible individual. My generation is the future is my generation is the future! Is my generation? Is the future? Is my generation is the future is my generation? Is the future is my generation is the future is my generation is the future is my generation isn't it meaningless?

NO



+ILV

MEANING



grace

FUTURE

bradecamp



L E S S

My

I did not choose my brown hair,
My grey-blue-brown eyes,
My crooked smile
That looks just a little too big for my face.

I did not choose the fingernails that I rip and tear at with my teeth,
The pale color of my skin,
The dick that hangs down between my legs.

No, my body is not my own.

Body

by Christopher Gardner

It is the body of a man who grew up
Poor in Mississippi

A man who fell out of love with God
And was abandoned by his family as a result

It is the body of a woman who grew up
Poor in Philadelphia

A woman unwilling to be intimidated out of her dreams
And was labeled frightening and unmotherly as a result

Is Not

But their bodies are not their own, either

So like the sterile walls of a rented bedroom,
I can only hope to prove I was once there.

I will scatter it with scars and scuffs,
That will tell you what my blood is really worth.

I will shower myself with stones,
And lose myself in the shimmering dance of light across my skin.

I will draw and erase, corrupt and cleanse, dress and undress, break and heal,
But this will be my tomb.

My

**My body is not my own,
But it will remember me.**

Own

The Bee's Guide to Gardening

by Lex Page

We garden with big ideas,
A trowel of five-year plans
laying crops in neat lines
mapped out by a rake
smacking the ground with
Revelations and revolutions
until we relate more to the plow than the
swelling watermelons
on this patch of Mother Earth.
Sweat that falls from our brows becomes
morning dew
surrendered by our bodies
in hopes that we may yield
fruits to sustain us.
We have gardened this way for years decades,
lifetimes, generations, but it's the little things
that make flowers bloom.
Life is in the seeds
and the germination
before the sprouts.
We plant perennials every year in clay
pots with thumbs breaching holes in the soft soil
placing down seeds without expecting.
Blossoming is not the only way to earn the right
to be planted, but do not expect crops to yield
without the bloody work of weeding. Gardening
is about
crystal and salt
crushed into soil
by erosion and time.



So much time spent
for each other
embracing one another
holding vigil for the life we cannot have. Time
spent on white lies
white fly eggs clinging
to your fingers
clinging to promises that
It will be okay.
It's the second between
falling and balance
the push of the wind
keeping your knees free of dirt.
You never know whether a crop will
yield but you trust that it is worth it
even if the flowers do not bloom
so you say you love them
even if they do not say it back.
They were too busy saying
all those other things like
"I'm happy you exist."

Here is how the bees tell us to garden: regain
your balance
stumble back to the clay pot
dig your hands in the dirt
in the bits of crystal and salt
place the seed under your thumb
pile on the soil
water it every day
speak to it
give it sunlight
give it songs.

Gardening is about
nurturing, and that's what they don't
want you to know. I want you to know:
revolution can be born in a second.

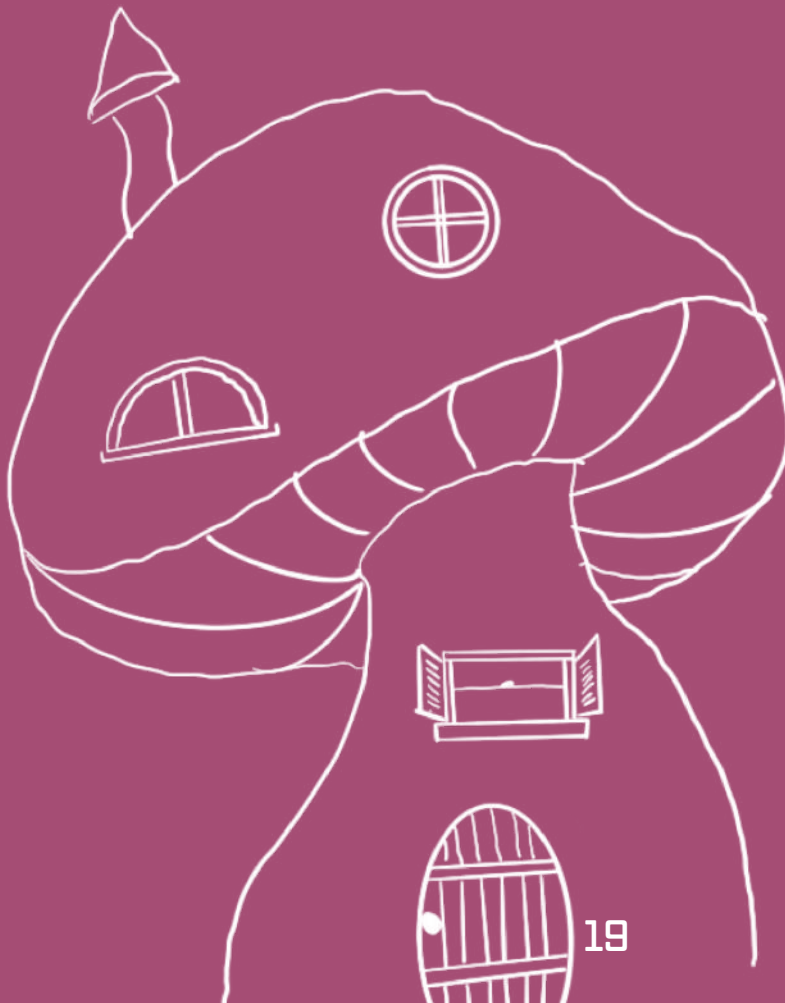


Sarah Elizabeth

by Alice B Cormier

Her eyes, youthful & milky, peer through glass, smiling at us –
two fairies half-expectant, half-oblivious, harassing the doorbell.
Invitation inside: patchouli, hardwood, curtains drawn which she adjusts:
*Let's let light in, girls. I've been asleep all day. There's no need to dwell
on that.* She beckons fairies forward into hearth, into dusty sunbeams.
Nearly hovers as she leads us: movements delicate.
Speaks with melodic, careful buoyancy.
Fading away slowly, this grace a testament
to the way a loss is cradled and cooed at before
it overtakes you. Like when autumn steals summer's light away,
earlier and earlier each evening – you sit on a front porch
half-expectant, half-oblivious to smile at sky, blurring to grey.

Too old for costume wings now. Too young to stop believing
in the magic from her yellow house. I hope she's resting, dreaming.



Fifth Position

Avery Donmoyer

Mabel sat behind the wheel of her car in the pharmacy parking lot with the air conditioning off. The sun shone brightly through her windshield. She squinted her eyes. The air inside the car was gradually becoming warm and stuffy. She could only spend about five more minutes in the enclosed space before she would be forced to let in some fresh air.

Classical music played through the car stereo from a CD she'd had since she was twelve years old. She knew the music by memory. She could feel the tempo in her soul, but she kept it playing anyway. If she closed her eyes, she could pretend she was still in an Atlanta dance studio, training for the national championships. The harsh lights, the polished floors, the wooden bars that were perfectly at waist level, the tight costume she forced herself to practice in. Her body would move exactly how she wanted it to because she was young and talented and full of potential.

The car was too hot. The air conditioning had been off for too long.

With a swift push, Mabel opened the door. It was easier to breathe outside, but that also pulled her out of the daydream. She put her feet on the ground and slowly stood up. Her knees ached as they gained the burden of her body weight.

The tree above her car swayed in the breeze and its branches dropped small white flowers. One got stuck in her hair as it fell. She grasped at it. When her fingers caught the flower, she carefully tucked it behind her ear. She peeked at herself in the side mirror of her car and smiled. It almost blended into her graying hair, but she told herself it was still noticeable.

The automatic doors of the pharmacy welcomed her in. She bypassed the aisles and went straight to the back of the store to pick up her medication. Four people stood in front of her, so she settled in to wait. The shelves next to her were lined with supplements. She read some of the bottles, wondering if she should add turmeric pills to her daily regiment. Then the pharmacist appeared from around the corner. He carried a labeled paper bag in his hand and beckoned to the first person in line. The woman who was closest stepped up to the cash register and started checking out. Mabel watched the pharmacist carefully. He was young, couldn't be older than twenty-three. He reminded her of someone.

Someone she knew almost a lifetime ago, probably some fifty years before the actual pharmacist was

born. They had the same hair, the same jawline. They were very close to having the same eyes. Mabel had met him when she spent three months living in France. Nineteen years old, she was touring around Europe with a prestigious dance company, spending her days in well-lit and airy dance studios, spending her nights in bars with cobblestone floors that smelled of wet earth, but in a good way. She had kissed French boys in alleyways to the soundtrack of street music and high heels against brick sidewalks. She had broken curfew to explore the city at night because the European streetlights felt romantic when they cast warm pools of light onto people's faces. She had trusted the people around her in the unapologetic way only a child might.

The pharmacist called Mabel to the front. He recognized her from semi-weekly visits, at least enough to know that her prescription still needed about ten or fifteen minutes to be ready. She walked up to the counter, just barely limping because her knees were sore from standing for more than two minutes. He kindly asked her to have a seat while she waited. Mabel settled into the small waiting area that was just a cluster of chairs set up next to the pharmacy counter. She sat with her hands folded neatly in her lap and her spine pressed against the chair. Dance class posture stayed with her because she spent her middle school afternoons in a room lined with mirrors where she could watch herself move from every direction. Self-correction as an art form. Self-correction until there were no more mistakes. The studio had created a cave of observation that taught her how to notice herself. Swathed in pale pink tights and buns secured with bobby pins and broken-in ballet shoes, she had never fully gotten the chance to see herself without a uniform during childhood.

As she sat, she read the community message board, at least as much as she could without her glasses. There was a missing dog or two, a piano teacher searching for students. A local theater performance this Thursday night. Maybe she would go, but probably not. She glanced at her hands. Some days it seemed like her skin was getting thinner, like paper. Her veins were clear and demanding, all of the bright blue blood running in rivers just under her skin, threatening to break through.

The pharmacist was still busy behind the counter, filling prescriptions and answering phone calls every so often.

He held the phone up to his ear, running his fingers through his hair with his free hand. He really looked so much like Sam. They had danced together at a random rooftop bar in Paris, one week before her dance program ended and she was supposed to fly home and start university. After the final song had ended that night, Mabel had perched herself on the bar's railing, soaking up the moment, trying to commit everything to memory. Fairy lights had shone all around in the background, adding a soft glow to the edge of Sam's hair, and she had felt centered when they made eye contact, like he was someone who really knew her— or maybe just someone who wanted to really know her. They had spent the night together, and then the next. He had a small flat on the outskirts of the city, with industrial windows and dusty hardwood floors and a gray tea kettle that had woken her in the morning by hissing steam from its spout.

The pharmacist called out Mabel's name. He was holding a white paper bag in his hand and looking at her expectantly. She stood up and walked carefully to the register. As the machine processed her card payment, she looked at the young man in front of her. He had convinced her to stay in France for two extra weeks. She had stayed with him at his place. She had told her parents that the program added a few last minute tour dates. He had taught her how to cook at night. The sound of olive oil searing in a cast iron pan. Cars faintly honking through the cracked window. A portable stereo playing songs by a horn quartet. They had held each other tightly as the smell of garlic and butter filled the open space. She had taught him how to dance in the mornings when the sun had just barely risen. Pale light from the windows exposed dust particles that floated all around. They had worn nothing but underwear and socks on the slippery floor, waltzing around the furniture.

The man at the counter told her she could remove her card. She glanced down and the machine was beeping. She was confused, vaguely aware that her brain was playing tricks on her. He said it again, and she took back her card. The beeping stopped. A receipt printed and he stapled it to something. She wanted to tell him thank you.

She wanted to tell him that he reminded her of someone.

She wanted to keep closing her eyes and imagining her nineteen-year-old self, taking shots with strangers in a fancy restaurant. Riding a bike along narrow streets, with the wind blowing up her skirt and forcing air into her lungs. Laughing in a red sundress on a rooftop bar in Paris because Sam had

said something funny and she could linger in that moment because time felt unlimited as a teenager. But she kept everything to herself because he didn't notice the flower in her hair. He simply asked her to sign the receipt and then moved on to the next customer.

Mabel collected her arthritis pills and walked back outside. She pulled the flower from her hair and dropped it onto the parking lot ground before getting in her car. This time, she turned on the air conditioning and directed the vent to her face. Her hands turned the wheel and brought her to her next stop: the community center. The parking lot there was largely empty. Mabel turned off the car's air conditioning and sat in her memories until the heat almost choked her. But before she left the car, she tore open the pharmacy bag and took one of the pills for good measure.

Inside the center, she signed into the check-in book. The nauseating but familiar smell of floor cleaner lodged itself in her throat. She found her way to the tiny dance studio, which was empty on a Thursday afternoon. It had low ceilings with lilac painted walls and windows to let in natural light. There was a rack of weights and a stack of yoga mats in the corner for when the space doubled as an exercise class.

She liked to spend time in that room because it felt like her own home was becoming increasingly hollow each minute she sat there alone.

Folding chairs lined one side of the room so mothers could watch their daughters during class. Slowly, Mabel lowered herself until she was seated. From that position, she could see almost the entire dance room at once. If she glanced up, she could even catch a glimpse of herself in the wide mirrors. She looked older than she remembered. But if she really thought about it, it had been so many years since she pulled a leotard over her hips and stood with her heels together and her feet pointed out, listening to a teacher deliver instructions. It had been so many years since she bowed for an audience, performed on a stage. So many years since she poured hair gel onto her scalp so that her ballerina bun would stay put and stay perfect for the whole show, since she learned new choreography, and since she ended her European tour by saying goodbye to Sam in the Charles de Gaulle airport. He had hugged her for the last time and snuck a box of tea bags into her backpack. She didn't find the box until she was back home in her childhood bedroom, surrounded by welcome home balloons and nothing else because her parents were at work.

She had opened the cardboard tab, careful not to rip the packaging, and the scent of jasmine and rose made her remember his Paris apartment, with a thrifted Persian rug in the bedroom. Vintage style lightbulbs hung from high ceilings, making the lighting seem warm and almost dream-like. She was once again overcome by the way the city seemed to listen to her. Heavy footsteps and people shouting when she was mad or scared. Soothing music from street performers when she was sad. The river lapping softly against its bank when she was lonely.

Mabel stirred in her seat. Her back was getting increasingly sore from sitting too long. She grasped onto the barre and used it to help herself stand up. Before she walked back to her car, she stood in the doorway and squeezed her eyes tight, trying to remember the exact moment she quit. She concentrated and racked her brain, but she couldn't think of her last day as a dance student. After Europe, Mabel had resumed normal dance class. She had learned and practiced and auditioned, but she had begun to want it less than she did before. She couldn't shake the feeling of being in France, of being independent and adventurous. She had wanted everything else a little less in comparison. Without the same intense desire to succeed, she had slowly burned out. But still, her body remembered what it felt like to dance. Her body remembered what it was like to feel weightless, to feel like you could beat gravity if you simply put your mind to it. She wanted to see Sam one more time. Good thing she knew he would be behind the pharmacy counter, waiting patiently for her.

Mabel left the community center and drove home. She rummaged through the back of her closet until she found the jacket she was looking for. It was faded and fraying along its seams, but it mostly looked the same as when Sam had put it around her shoulders on their last night together. They had gotten massages together at a nearby spa because he said her body must be tired from dancing constantly. They had taken the Metro to the Champs Elysees and ate ice cream cones next to hundreds of strangers who had passed by on the sidewalk, all enjoying the same summer night together. When the sun set, they walked along the river until they found a section that was secluded enough for skinny dipping. He had dropped his clothes on the sandbank and dove in, unafraid of hitting his head or being caught. She had dived in after him, unafraid because he was. The water had been cold on her skin but she barely noticed. They had sat on a nearby stone wall and dried off as best they could, but the sun had left and the air had turned cold.



He had rubbed her shoulders and carefully placed the jacket on her bare back. She held the jacket in her hands now.

She drove back to the pharmacy. It was early evening by then, and she turned on her car's headlights against dusk's shadows.

There was still a long line of people waiting to pick up their prescriptions when she got to the back of the store. Instead of waiting in line, she went straight to the waiting area and sat with the jacket folded in her lap. Mabel rolled the fabric between her fingers. She watched Sam from afar and became angry. He should've told her that he was visiting America, that he had gotten a job in her town. He could've written her a letter or sent a postcard. He had her address. She had written it down on three different postcards, just in case one was lost, but maybe he had managed to lose all three somehow. Maybe he had set one down on a coffee shop table, just for a minute while he put sugar in his cup, but that was enough time for another customer to knock over her mug and spill a cappuccino across the paper. The frothed milk had saturated the postcard and blurred the ink until it became illegible. Maybe he had folded the second postcard up tightly and kept it in the front pocket of his backpack, but he had forgotten to zip it up one day and it was lost to the wind. Maybe he had left the third postcard out on the kitchen countertop, and the sun that came in from the windows had made the ink fade until it had simply disappeared. Or maybe none of that happened and he really had written a letter, a long and thoughtful letter, but he had run out of stamps and couldn't buy any more because the store was always closed after he got off work. Or maybe he had borrowed a stamp from his neighbor, but right when he went to mail the envelope, something had stopped him. He had carried it all the way home and kept it under his pillow instead of sending it away because that was less scary somehow.

The pharmacist walked up to her. Everyone else had gone. The store was closing.

"Can I help you?" he asked. His voice was deeper than she remembered. She studied his face before replying. She tried to remember their time together in Paris but it seemed like each time she called the images to mind, more and more of the details faded until she was left with only a vague feeling she couldn't quite articulate. Maybe contentment, maybe confusion, maybe even love. It could've been fondness. Something that made her pulse quiet and steady, something that made her shoulders relax.

"No, you can't," she replied. "But thank you."

GENERATION Θ

Futuristic grime. Techno beats. Hyperpop. Atomic Dystopia. We were inspired by the imagined landscape and acoustics of an uncertain future. In this photoshoot we attempted to push past conventional limitations of photography by reimagining our creative approach and bringing in as many new voices as possible. This is generation theta.

creative direction: charlotte giff
+ mia gualtieri
photographers: domenick fini, liv
quintero, luca pfeiffer + mia gualtieri
photoshoot production team: rachel
mulvaney, isabel xiao, kendall lehman
+ shirley zhang
stylists: mack blaylock, andrew zhou
+ gabriel sirak
hair and makeup: janlou lawson
+ charlotte giff
models: coco clement, talib kante
+ janlou lawson















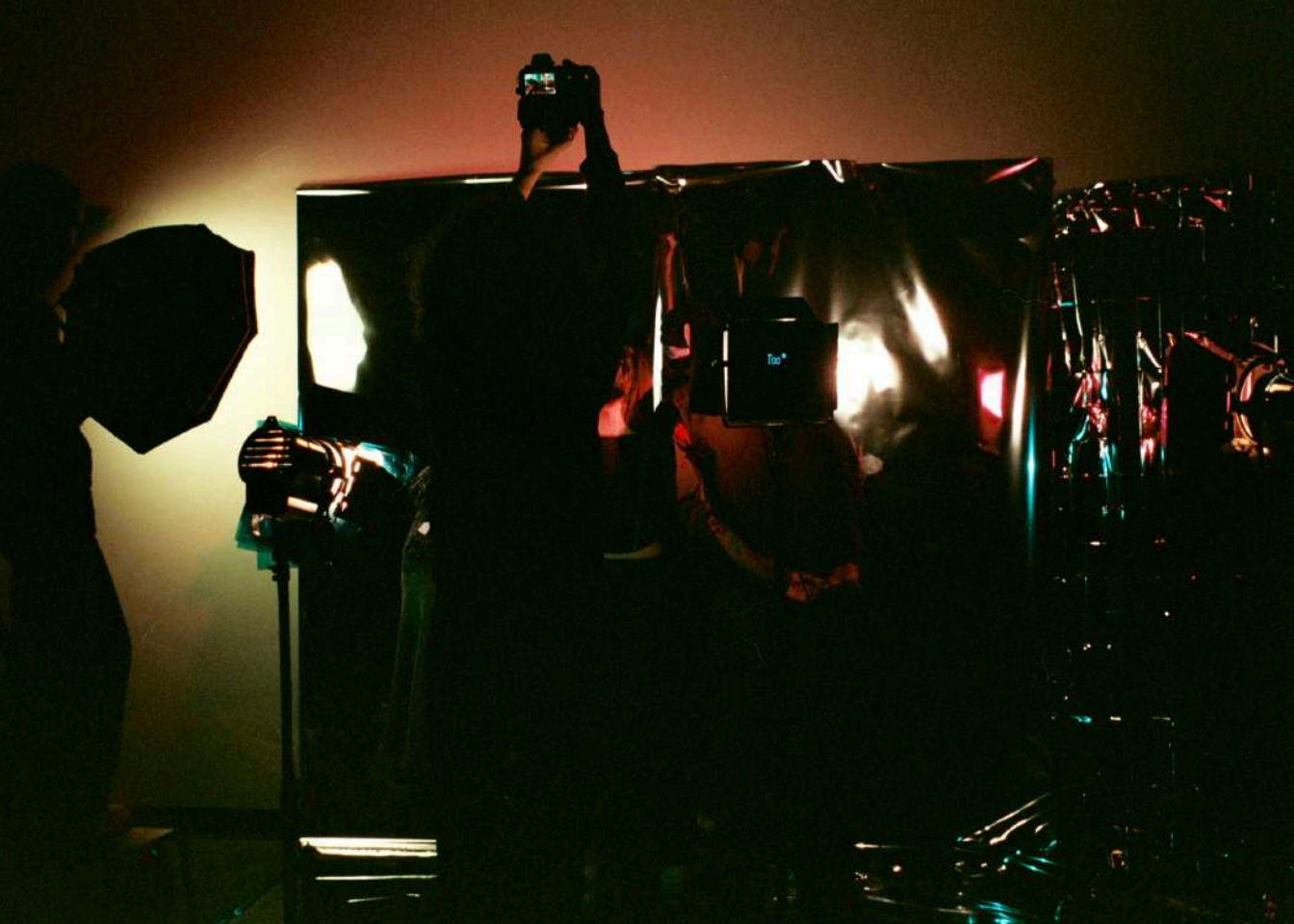














Nothing wears us.

By McCall Sinclair

My dad passed away when I was eleven years old. He died of a heart attack in 2012, brought about by his love of beer, fatty red meats, and the continuing consequences of the 2008 recession. He was a true blue-collar boy. No diplomas. No GED. The only education he needed was a few years of framing outside of high school to learn how to build homes and how to do it well. He voted red religiously and didn't believe boys should have anything but buzz cuts. He loved sports, especially football, and valued athletic ability above all else. My dad defined masculinity, he was a man's man.

As for me, if you've seen me out you would know I walk around with an obnoxious pseudo-mullet situation, have an arm covered in black ink, and have an ever-increasing number of rings on my fingers. I'm a little liberal who reads garbage about made-up things like the patriarchy and CRT.

I vote blue but often dream of living in a world that leans a little more left. I am a much different “man” than my dad would like me to be. I’ve known this for a while—I came to understand it on many occasions. Whether it was the day I quit boy scouts, quit getting haircuts, or much later in high school when I quit football, I felt myself inching further and further away from the man I was supposed to be.

This feeling that I was failing these male role models really got to me. I began doing anything I could to make myself more “manly.” I developed an eating disorder in hopes skinny would make me a better athlete and lady killer. I gave up hugging, as emotion was too feminine. I pushed myself into solitude because that’s what “real men” do. I fell slave to the patriarchy and lost much of myself in the pursuit of earning acceptance into a club rarely offered to boys like me.

While I was fighting with myself I was also learning more about clothing. Like many young men do, I got my start in sneakers. Cool shoes weren’t enough for high school girls though, so I soon began to look through my parents closet. It was sophomore year when I would stumble upon my dad’s old clothes and find heaps of gorgeously faded vintage Carhart jackets, crewnecks, and other assorted pieces. What I found was beautiful but it was scary. I was scared to wear a dead man’s clothes for one, but more importantly I was scared to wear a man’s clothes. I was positive I hadn’t done enough to be a man, and that by wearing my dad’s clothes I would be taking part in a sort of stolen valor situation.

Cold Oklahoma winters would bring

me to my senses and I would eventually find the strength to put on the old dusty jackets. I remember the first time I wore one of his Carharts to school. I felt so strong wearing such a big jacket. I felt happy with myself and who I was when I wore my dad’s old stuff. I realized then that it didn’t matter that these were my dad’s clothes or that he didn’t like long hair, he would want to see me happy. That he never asked me to live exactly like him, but to use the tools he gave to me and left behind to build a big happy life.

My dad’s old clothes reminded me that nothing ever wears us, we wear it. That our clothes, parents, and greater social groups don’t define us, but rather that we define ourselves through them. I spent so much of my life trying to define myself as my dad and other men would have. I looked to them as instructions on how to be me. Instead, I should’ve looked at myself. I should’ve used their wisdom to build a person I love. A person that is happy, healthy and safe. That’s all they ask for, those who love us at least.

That’s what’s cool about clothes. They emphasize those good parts of our bodies and identities. They’re an extremely powerful tool in our quest to find self-love. So go, buy those clothes you want. Buy that tiny single stitch tee that hugs all that right spots and makes you feel badass. Buy that loud ass pair of patch work Levis you want and feel proud when old men won’t stop glaring. Buy some women’s pants because you know it’ll hug your ass in the bestest and most masculine of ways. Do what makes you healthy and happy, and those you love will always love you back.

Crafting Community with Lilly Bay

Exploring the world of crochet, knitting, and sewing
with a U.Va. student designer

By Mary Kurbanov

For many at U.Va., art remains a pivotal tool for self-expression. While the most well-known forms of art include painting and sculpture, there are a variety of other mediums in which creatives can use to get their thoughts across. To gain a better perspective of textile artistry within the U.Va. community, we turned to Lilly Bay — a third-year College student with a passion for crochet, knitting, and sewing.

MARY KURBANOV:

What kind of garments do you design?

LILLY BAY: So, it depends on if I'm starting like a knit project, or if I'm starting a sewing project. For sewing stuff, I tend to take articles that I found in like a thrift shop. What I edit is mostly skirts just to fit me better, and to be a little bit more updated. But when I'm knitting stuff, I really enjoy hats with cables. I think that they have a classic look to them ... In terms of designing, I designed a lot of cute colorwork sock patterns.

KURBANOV: How did you get into designing, sewing, and knitting?

BAY: For sewing, it's something my mom actually did when I was like a little kid. Until I was in second grade, I would only wear skirts, so my mom sewed all my skirts. I got really into it because of her. And then for knitting, I got a pair of Docs in like 2018, and they really hurt my feet, so I wanted to have socks. For some reason, my thought process was like, 'I need to learn how to knit socks, so that I can make socks that will work for this.' What you don't realize is that socks are like one of the most complicated things to knit, so I had to basically hit different achievement levels in order to unlock the skills necessary to be able to make a single sock. Along the way, I learned about different stitches and different texture elements like cables, color work, and lace before I was able to make that pair of socks.

KURBANOV: In your design and production process, what have been some of the greatest challenges that you faced?

BAY: I cannot live knowing that there's a mistake in something. I will rip out like six hours of work. I don't care. If I'm like, 'Oh, something is wrong here' and I see it and I know what's wrong now, I don't care how much time I've spent on it, I will unravel it.

KURBANOV:

On the flip side, what is your favorite thing about producing garments and working with fabric?

BAY: I love working with my hands in that way. It's like a puzzle and it's satisfying because something comes into existence that wasn't in existence before. And it's addicting. I think part of it is just like the tactile element of touching. Working with your hands is more calming and therapeutic than I think people realize.

KURBANOV:

Do you think knitting, crocheting, and sewing tie into generational knowledge?

BAY: Definitely. And I'm really glad that it is having a bit of a revival right now around people our age, but I know my mom has been like a lifelong sewer, and while she doesn't really knit the same way I do, she knows one of the knit stitches [because] she learned it from her mom. In a way, part of your relatives are in what you're doing. And it's like a sweet little precedent that got passed down and you share a hobby with them.

KURBANOV:

How do you see your future in design?

BAY: I would like to put myself out there with knitting patterns — my dream job would be to be a knitwear designer. But I feel like I have impostor syndrome about design stuff, so I don't really put the effort into putting myself out there. I think there's a very alive online community for it right now, and I think social media is a really good tool if you want to advertise your patterns. But I am not brave enough yet.

KURBANOV: **How do you see sewing and design and knitting as an extension of art? What does that mean to you?**

BAY: I feel like I have strong emotions that fiber arts is art. I think they have been female dominated for a long time, and that's why they don't get the respect they deserve, but there's a lot of artistic and mathematical thought that goes into textile design. As for how I see it as an extension of myself, I feel like people express themselves through their clothes, and I like that I can make my clothes even more like me.



Memory and Material

In all forms of design, certain materials and details have the individual quality of situating us in the time we live in and connecting us to the past. In this affirmation of our identities, we gain a sense of belonging. This is a case for design features which assert themselves in time. It's through this assertion that design can move beyond function.

Certain materials retain what I think of as "imprints" of the past. Stains, smells, dents, and scratches are like messages from the past to the present, making the age and past use apparent to present users. Weathering is a mode of imprinting, too: age is shown through the way certain materials degrade. Ancient brick is understood as historic due to its quality of being slightly damaged, yet it resists replacement because it retains its structural capabilities. It exists in the present carrying marks of the past.

Style trends fulfill this, too. Architectural ornament dares to assert its position in a time, and boldly associate itself with other buildings of the same style. A house fitting a dated style has value not only in the style itself, but in what the style says about present users of the house — the connection between present and past users and their design sensibilities.

Heirloom items, passed through generations, show just how much we value the imperfect and impermanent. An item's difference from how it originally was is an expression of its individuality and of the owners and users. To receive a generationally used item is to participate in a social situation across time. It is through imprints that we recognize our own history in an object of design, and our relationship with past users of the same object.

What's so important about this? We find fulfillment in things which affirm our identities and our situation. Consider the people you surround yourself with, the foods you eat, the clothes you wear. We prefer each of these to relate to us in some positive way: to be surrounded by people who make us feel known and valued, to eat foods that are flavorful and interesting, and to wear clothing which displays what we want about our identities. In all of these, we desire something beyond physical need. We get a certain social fulfillment from the affirmation of identity, a problem that design aims to fill. When this doesn't happen, we are alienated from design. Buildings which don't accept imprints or show age in detail are purely physically functional. But clearly, that isn't all we need.



**student
art**

ELLERY HUFFMAN

"Floodlights"





These photographs are from a series entitled "Floodlights" inspired by Philip-Lorca diCorcia's work "Hustlers," where he focused on the angles and lighting of the photograph to illuminate his subject as well as his use of found lighting. These selected photos reflect the idea of time and generations through their depiction of nostalgia and resurgence of the past. These photos possess two subjects; the first, a blue 1967 Dodge Dart GT 360. Despite its age, this vehicle is sought after by car enthusiasts and will often have onlookers as it passes by simply due to its nostalgic look and feel. To the owner, this vehicle rep-

resents his generation of car lovers and his aspirations as a child coming from a lower-middle class family. The second subject in these photos is a female dressed in her punk era garb. Although she wasn't alive during the eighties, this style has become her standard as it has for many others of the current generation. With three generations represented in one photo: the car, the look, and the girl, these photographs exhibit not only how aesthetic is cyclical, but also how even in a culture that preaches about looking towards the future, continually finds comfort in the past.

LUCAS PIETTE



For You Are Unmoving

For You Are Unmoving represents a fictional, ancient form of architecture and space. It's a scene from the past that has been around for centuries, and the story has been passed down for generations.



Cyberkapi

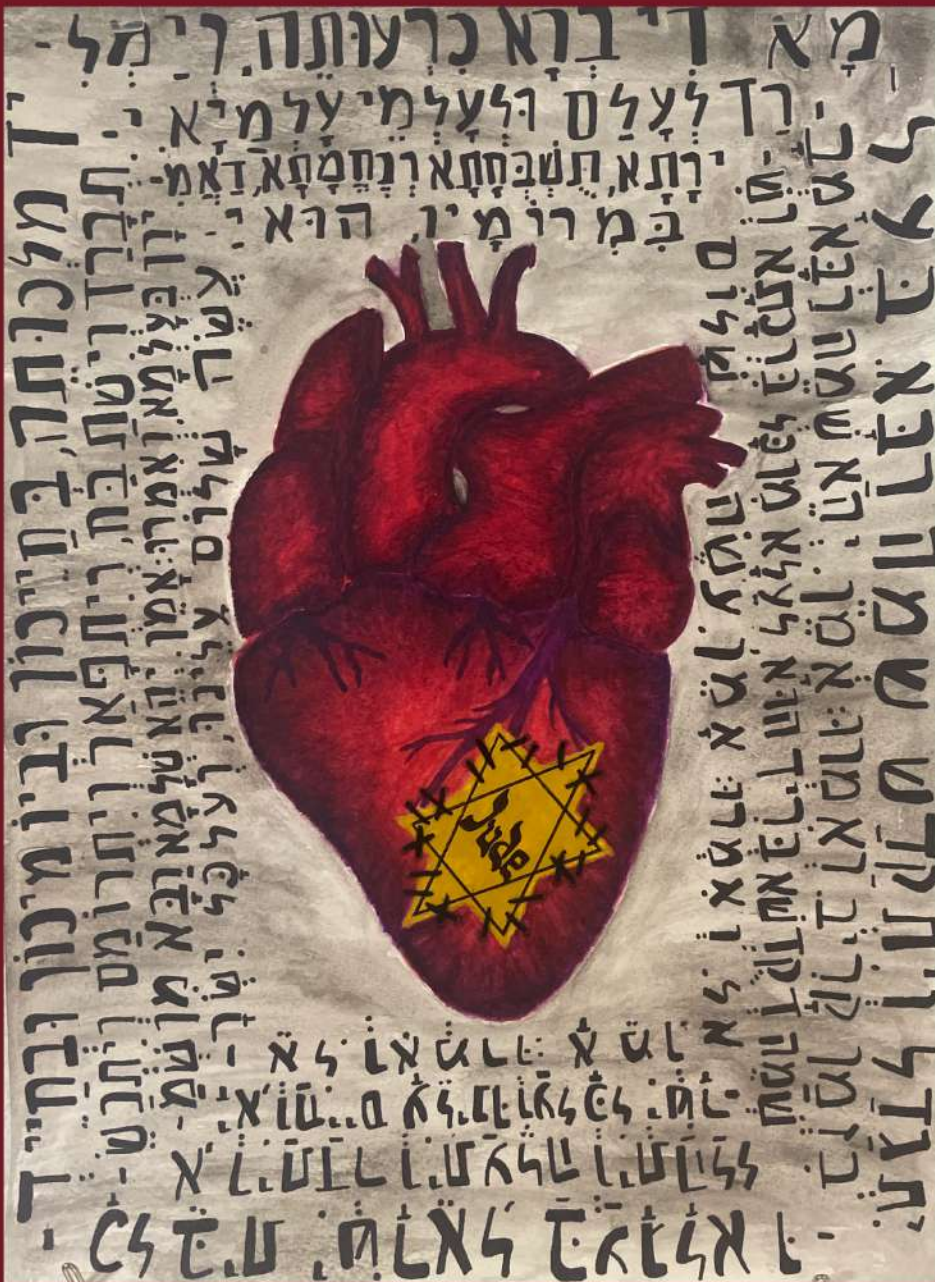
Cyberkapi encompasses generations by looking toward the future. What will become of future generations of humans and animals?



Holy Terrain

Holy Terrain exhibits the idea that the choices of older generations affect subsequent generations that precede them in often damaging and drastic ways.

May Their Memory be a Blessing



Grace Theriot

“May Their Memory be a Blessing,” depicts an anatomical heart with a Star of David sewn onto it. This mixed media piece uses embroidery thread stitches to give the otherwise painted piece an organic texture. The background and the heart are both watercolor, while the star is acrylic paint. Sharpie was used to write the text.

This piece attempts to visually represent cultural and generational trauma. I am Jewish, and despite the Holocaust being almost 100 years ago, I grew up still carrying the weight of the event. Exclusion and marginalization are sentiments still felt by Jewish people even today. The Star of David mirrors the one the Nazis forced the Jewish people to wear during the Holocaust, and symbolizes exclusion. The act of it being sewn on the heart symbolizes the visceral and long-lasting impact of this kind of marginalization. Surrounding the heart is the Mourner's Kaddish, which is the traditional Jewish prayer to simultaneously remember the dead and celebrate life. The use of the prayer is intended to invoke the spiritual aspect of Holocaust-related trauma while highlighting the contradiction between necessary remembrance and prolonged trauma.



Near the Skin

Alyce Yang



