

TIME X PLACE

Sandy Williams IV

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Sandy Williams III

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1. I wonder who decrees your knowledge important enough for debate.



I've left you alone (for the most part)

because I figured you might be happy by now and wouldn't need me.

(I left you alone but) recently I heard you were miserable

and I thought if there were anything I could do to make you un-miserable

I would do anything to make you un-miserable.

I would try everything. I could stop being myself again.

Overwhelmed by fantasies

Vinegar Hill

(1923-1965)

1 mph = 17.6 in/s

(Only)

55 of the

homes + businesses

288,900 = 5,084,640
in Vinegar Hill were
owned by African
Americans.

Until the 1960s, Vinegar Hill was a large African American neighborhood. Remembered as the economic center for African Americans in Charlottesville through segregation + Massive Resistance, which continued in Charlottesville well after the Brown vs. Board decision in 1954. As part of an "urban Renewal project, led by the Charlottesville Redevelopment + Housing Authority, with an agenda thinly veiled as "slum cleansing"; the neighborhood was demolished, displacing 600 residents → then moved to public housing in Westhaven → And 29 businesses.

The city acquired the land for McIntire Park through a series of land grabs and condemnations

owned and financed by Paul Goodloe McIntire.

How Long

and they want to know
how long it will take, and
they
want you
to explain
the idea

for if the
idea were
to work there
would be no
more worry
just armfuls
of peonies

and honey
at lunchtime

it will take
as long
as it will
take the wind
to wear his
buckles
into boots

it will take
as long
as it takes it
will take as
long as it
will for the smoke
to rise.

an egg to fall
from my balcony
it will take
as long
as it takes

to lace
up the boots
it will
take as long
as it may
when you step
off the train

in a month,
and i see
you and
embrace you,
and then
let you go

it will take
as long
as it takes
to muster
the strength
it will take
as long
as the forging
of the hammer

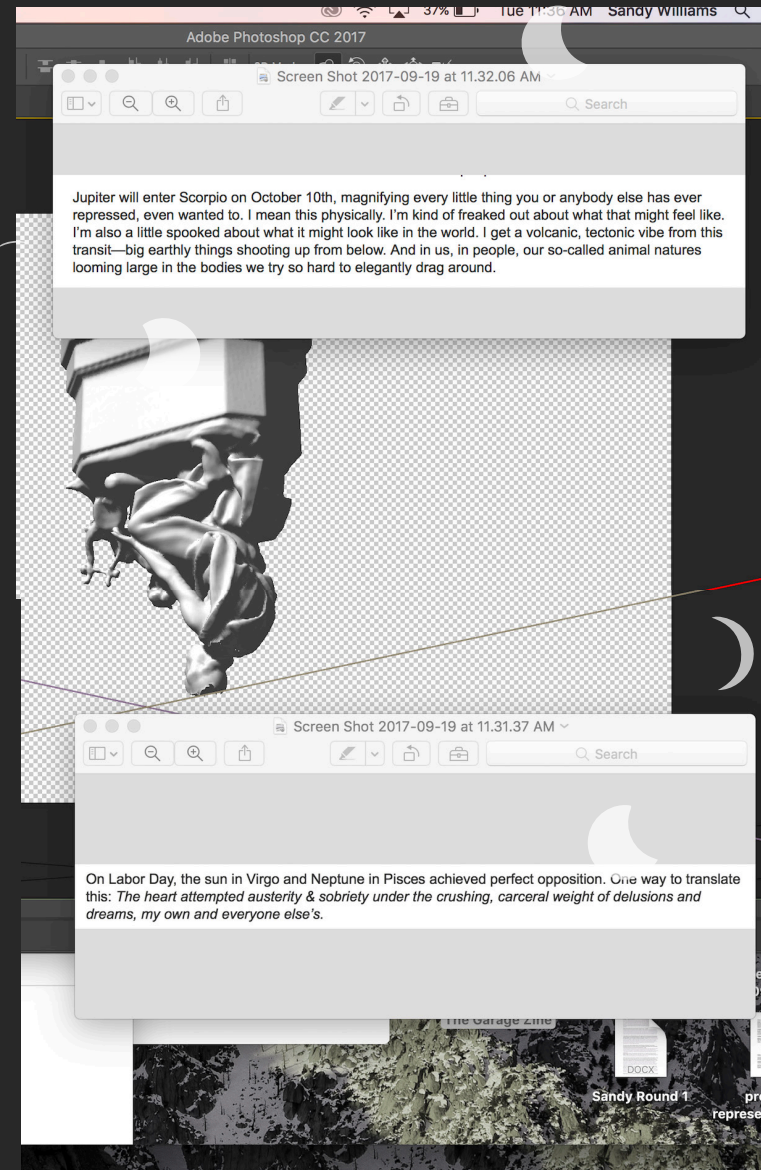
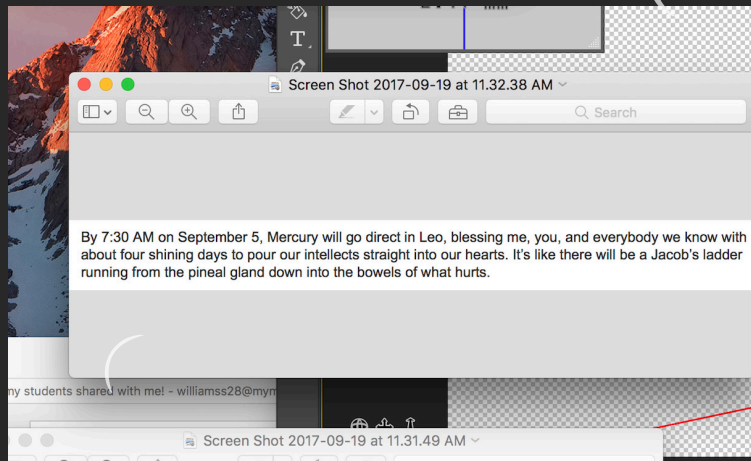
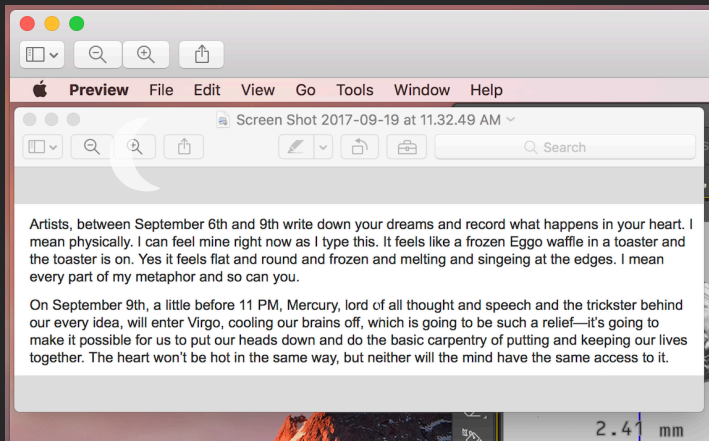
it will
take until your
beautiful hair
reaches
the ceiling

it will take
the length
of the kitchen it will
take the length of the bone

it will take the length
of the cloud which
passes overhead, woolly,
oblivious, shoulder and leg
in some direction
so sure
it may well be
forward



I saw a squirrel with a very obvious tumor and it really hurt me. When I was sick people would look at me with the same selfishness, as if we were sharing. I cried when I thought, "Now I can't be anything. Now I am no one." I stood *a dazzling crescent*, all of the visions for my future overshadowed by a diagnosis. I thought that I had disappeared - but still - all of the photographs that my dad has taken will prove that I was there, and someone loved me.



A very blurry, black and white photograph. In the center, a person is standing, wearing a dark, long-sleeved sweater. The background is indistinct but appears to be an indoor setting with some furniture or structures. The overall quality is poor, with significant motion blur or camera shake.


This is the Moon.






You are the Sun.





and at first





we don't notice the events
we are witnessing.





quietude





and peace,





Here






we only experience general motion





The brilliant light of the Sun

A black and white photograph showing a person from the side, wearing a long, dark coat. They are standing next to a large, textured, crescent-shaped object that resembles a piece of art or a large mirror. The person's hands are near the top of the object. The background is dark and indistinct.

a dazzling crescent.



DAILY NEWS 19 January 2016

Head transplant carried out on monkey, claims maverick surgeon

The plan to perform a human head transplant is on track, says Sergio Canavero, after successful experiments on monkeys and mice



By Sam Wong

Scroll down to see this image. Some readers may find it upsetting

The head transplant juggernaut rolls on. Last year, maverick surgeon Sergio Canavero caused a worldwide storm when he revealed his plan to attempt a human head transplant to *New Scientist*. He claimed that the surgical protocol would be ready within two years and said he intended to offer the surgery as a treatment for complete paralysis.

Now, working with other scientists in China and South Korea, he claims to have moved closer to that goal with a series of experiments in animals and human cadavers.

"I would say we have plenty of data to go on," says Canavero. "It's important that people stop thinking this is impossible. This is absolutely possible and we're working towards it."

"Science through PR"

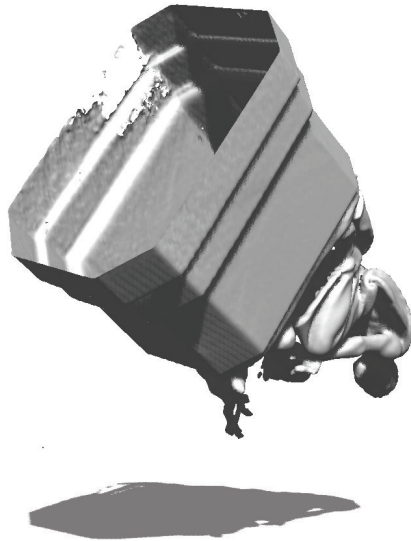
The work is described in seven papers set to be published in the journals *Surgery* and *CNS Neuroscience & Therapeutics* over the next few months. *New Scientist* has not seen the papers and has not been able to verify the latest claims. The issue of *CNS Neuroscience & Therapeutics* will be guest-edited by one of Canavero's collaborators.

"6 things you're dying to ask about head transplants"

The fact that Canavero has gone public with the latest results before the papers are published has raised eyebrows. "It's science through public relations," says Arthur Caplan, a bioethicist at New York University School of Medicine. "When it gets published in a peer-reviewed journal I'll be interested. I think the rest of it is BS."

Thomas Cochrane, a neurologist at Harvard Medical School's Centre for Bioethics, agrees that Canavero's premature disclosure is unorthodox. "It's frowned upon for good reason," he says. "It generates excitement before excitement is warranted. It distracts people from actual work that everyone can agree has a valid foundation. As far as I can tell,

We are on the train (as far away from home as we've ever been!). We know the language and our guide is very familiar to us. It's not anxiety - no, that's not the feeling - I am afraid.



We are spinning through time and space at multiple axes, but no one is moving. Cast from molds far beyond what we consider to be ourselves. Invisible to anything beyond our time scale - and static objects to things smaller than us - we should accept that (for them) the question of our existence has

already happened. The lives of ants might feel so painstaking and long (depending on their ideas about work), and to celestial bodies our lives play out in seconds. The real winners here seem to be the bacteria (and things that are cancer), because to them death is another harmony.

2. How long must I remain to become original?

it took me a long time to remember where I was when I was five. I tried to think of how old my brother was for clues. I tried to restrict it only to things I could see in first-person. Nothing comes to mind, actually;

5: Seeing my mother's face.

10: I just think about television and my siblings. Video games and being outside. Spying on my sister. My friends and crushes at Ghent Montessori School. Happy christmases with grandma and low key birthdays. I don't know how much these memories have been persuaded. I liked running and singing. Sports, games, puzzles and books.

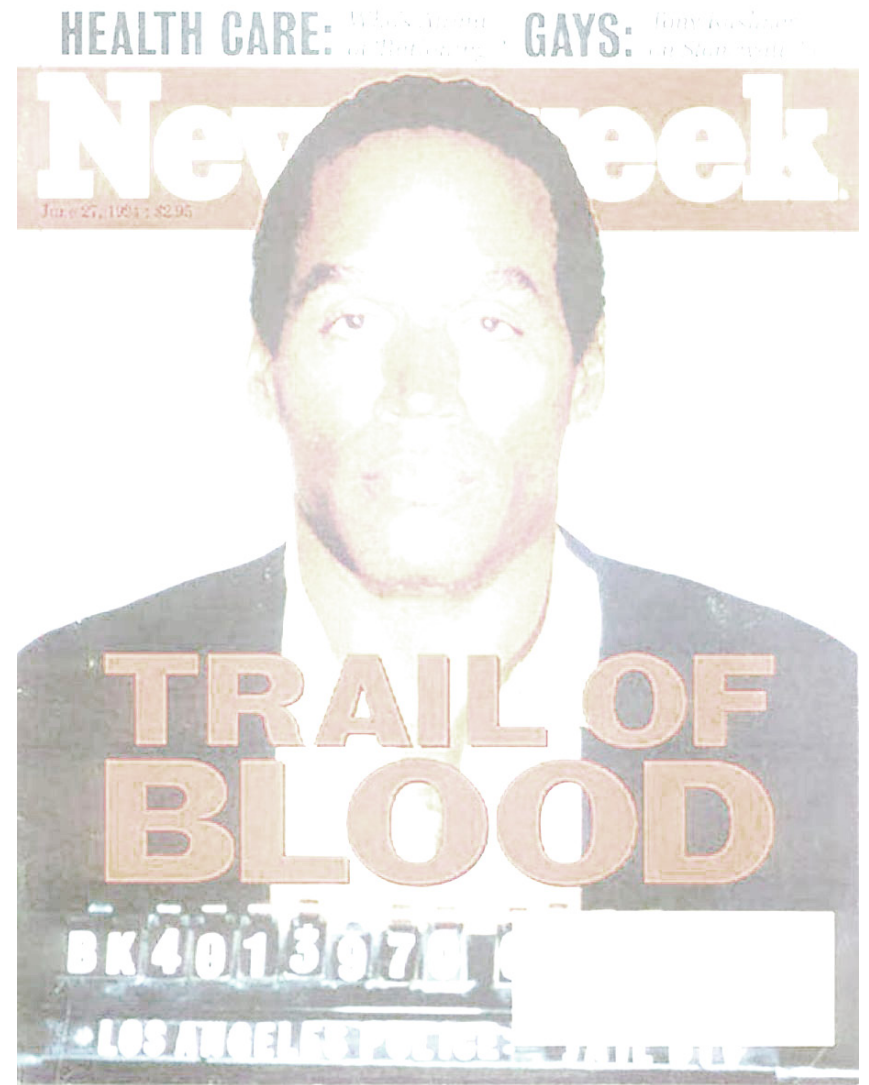
15: Rappers. No, musicians. I liked the way they were cool by being talented. No acting! I tried to emulate them as well as the rest of my, there's-nothing-to-do-in-virginia-beach, beach buddies. I got a job at Chick-fil-A and every two weeks I ordered a new pair of shoes until I had every basic color and gold. I had swag.

20: Sam. We went to the same high school, we both had gender neutral S names - that small stain on her tooth. After chemo, I remember she looked at me like I wasn't bald anymore (and I wasn't bald anymore), and feeling better than I had felt in two years. I started taking art classes to impress her.

25: Going to my friend's funerals.

The intense fluorescent hum around us is made eerie by our recent memory of daylight ("but that is not what's important!"); I am trying to hold your hand for comfort, but recently I realized that our skin is never actually touching. I keep trying to reach you but the spaces in between our atoms are nonnegotiable, and none of my squeezing or repositioning has any effect on our distance. I would look away, but once you know a word it is a sentence. I keep praying for our boundaries to become imaginary, but I can't tell how well my prayers are working.

The train hasn't moved for some time. The passengers keep saying that a backpack has been left unattended - no one saw by whom - and the police are on their way to deal with... "Deal with it?" — our guide smiles — "Oh don't worry, this is a normal safety precaution." We wait a while longer.



3. I wonder how long it takes for something to become normal.

Each time we move, we take up a particularly new field of space. As an event, a solar eclipse is far from unique (the sun and moon both had normal days); and yet, every collision is a miracle - for lack of a better word. Let's not take anything for granted.

"So maybe happiness is a choice?" she said from a distance.

"Yes, but even that word is spinning out of control."

writing about "Unattended Baggage" on August 27th, 2017

Sandy sewed leather on Grace's porch, double stitch, watching him make the thing middle of August. A suitcase that told its own time. A week later, Neo-Nazi up the street told me the statue stays. Violent face.

The luggage on the ground, playing a monument. The time moving upwards, measuring the potential energy of permanence. Endurance of object. Endurance of a symbol, an ethos.

A timer elapsing, even under dark. Tempts to be affected in its confident, mocking position. Like a bomb: ignited at a gesture towards absence. Proof of space, claimed.



