

LINEAGE

VOL 6. ISSUE 1 LITERARY
ARTS
MAGAZINE
literary arts mag 1

NEXUS is JMU's only undergraduate literature and arts magazine. The publication is developed & executed by students

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EDITOR'S NOTE

NEXUS is back and bigger than ever. I hope everyone enjoys our fall issue—we'll be having one longer issue per semester and a little more color from now until we're richer. So, I don't know, should we talk about money again? We've all heard a lot of talk about where student fees are being allocated on this campus. The construction of another sports arena in place of valuable educational buildings, as well as the elimination of eight award-winning athletic programs to make way for an imitation Tech have moved disappointed and angered students to action. We've also heard much controversy over what a student publication's responsibilities are, such as providing an open forum for student expression, testing the limits of taste and expression, and expanding intellectual horizons by developing student consciousness and providing insight into the social situation in which our lives take place. Our student-run publications



are also funded by student fees and so, must fulfill those obligations in order to be worthy of money that seems to be sprawled in many different, and not always deserving, directions. As an art's publication we also have to live up to these expectations so that the university will continue to fund us, and we would like to know if we are. We want students to express themselves artistically and we want others to respond intelligently. As a student publication for the Arts, we want you to be challenged with what we present to you. We don't want you to choose not to read our publication because it undermines your interests and potential. Different forms of the Arts, submitted by members of our student body, are able to reflect the social situation in which we live. We don't seek to create and then force the situation and hand it back to our audience. If we did, we would be presenting you with a subject in a way that is not worth arguing about, and in effect, not going to change the situation or the way in which people

evaluate it. In order to bring about real change, we have to go out into society and ask others for their interpretations, let them speak for themselves, view them in their natural environment, and not force them into a box of dull stereotypes. Then, we must present our findings to our audience in a manner that is open to more than one interpretation. In other words, we don't want you to think that we're wasting your money. So read on, peruse. We'll respect your feedback if you have enough respect to read the magazine thoroughly. Let us know not whether or not the students we feature in this issue have a right to express themselves on a certain subject, or whether or not we have a right to publish them, but whether or not they (and we) are doing it well.

Brian Russell
BRIAN RUSSELL, ED.

The Huntress

SHORT STORY



sofia
samatar

For fear of the huntress the city closed like an eye.

Only my window stayed open, because, as a foreigner, I didn't know better. In the morning, poor children would scrub the stains from the roofs. Now the rain-dark head came down and rested on the dome of the embassy.

The moon shed feathers of light, as if molting. In the morning the eaves would drip with pinkish foam. A *s-t-e-a-c-h* stench STENCH of fur came in at the window. I went to slam it shut, but

Instead I stood there,

fingers gripping the edge of the frame. I closed *my eyes* in the searching heat. All over the city people were taking shelter in their cellars and under their beds. Once there were two children and they were the only ones on their block who kept the passion for monsters after they grew up. The only ones. **Why___ should ___that___ be?**

Our dad used to tell us stories of camel herding. He would scare us by mimicking the sound of a lion. This lion didn't sound like any lion from movies or games or anything. It had a whining hunger. It was a tenor lion.

Her prowler's voice, surprisingly high and small.

The Huntress left dark patches wherever she passed.

She left a streak. In the morning, the hotel staff would find me unconscious, gummed to the floor. The proprietor weeping, for nothing like this had ever happened in his establishment, nothing. Had I not read the instructions on the desk? The fierceness can be seen around the mouth. I compress my lips when I'm thinking. Our dad was the same way.

In the morning the staff would run me a bath. **Now** *the Huntress* **bent to my window**, but she was not there to feed. She was there as a witness.

matty staley

featured
artist



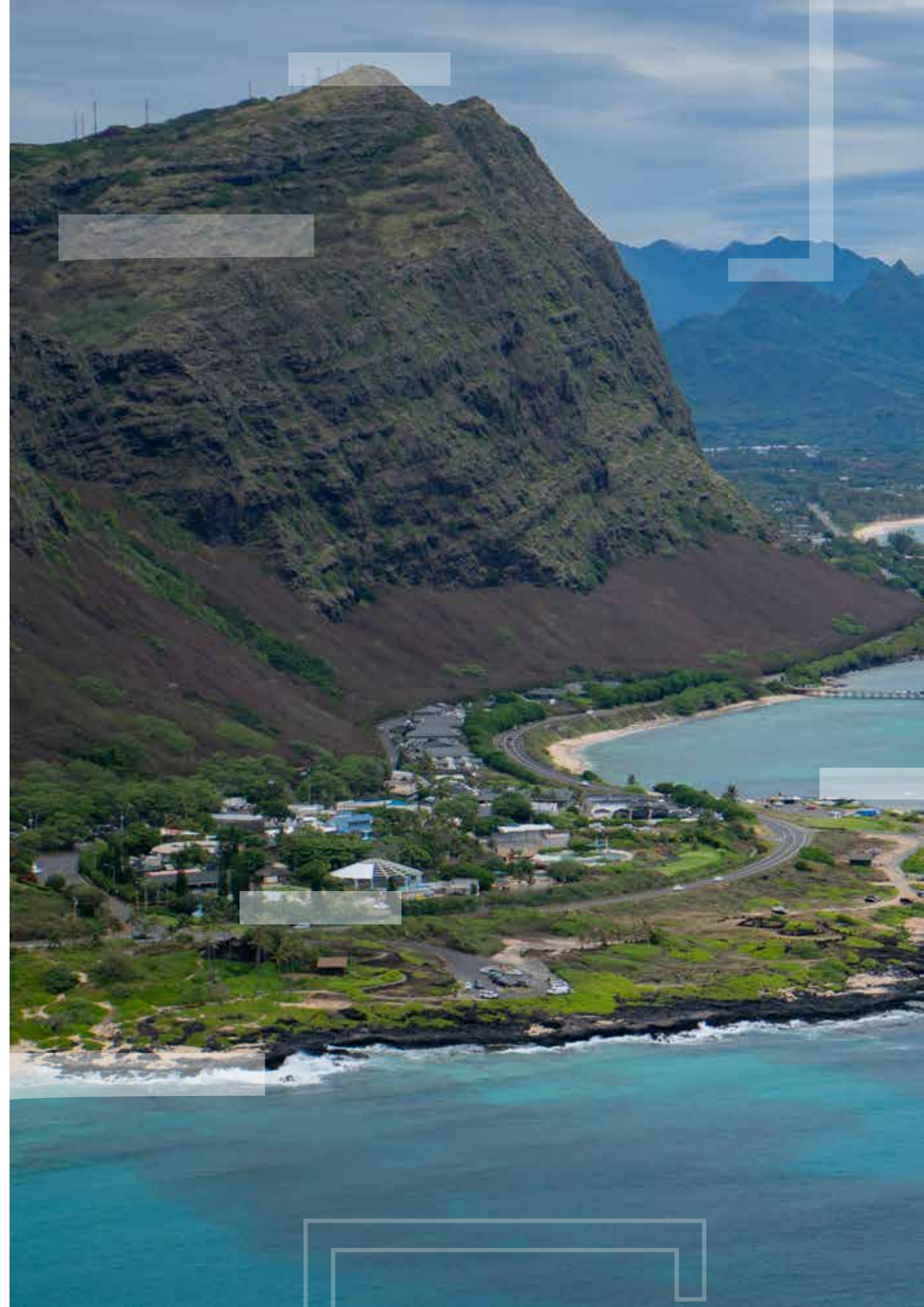
Untitled | Acrylic Painting



carrie chang



Untitled | Photography





ar chi tec ture

by O. Pulama Devi

Along the simple line

a stream of pebbles
on the unruffled forehead

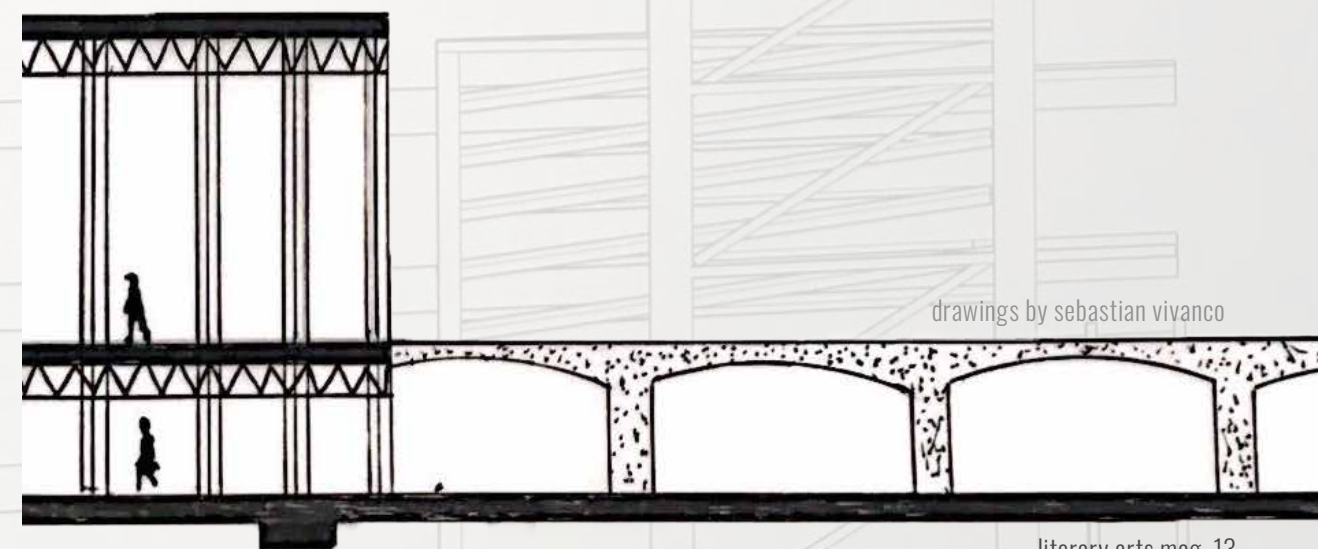
of a wall
in joyful and large openings
where numerous geometrical shapes
border an innovative perception
movement meets stillness
hey there you are

~Architecture~

art and technicality of fantasy and creativity
there your beauty resides
along the line
on a wall
and
everywhere

an essence providing meaning to all forms

I proclaim your motionless dance



drawings by sebastian vivanco

CUSP

christopher whitby

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'Consider this. Just suppose I am living in time in the opposite direction to you.'

That one caught us off guard. Concentrate now,' she continued. 'For you, the past is yesterday, which you remember. Your future is tomorrow, which you may have planned but you cannot see what it's really going to bring.

But I am passing through time

the other way. Moreover, I am blessed with excellent foresight about what is going to happen in what you already know as the past, although sometimes my divinatory powers fail me and I am not always able to see what for me lies ahead. There are gaps. And I have the most terrible memory. Appalling.

Nearly everything that I've said and done in my past, which is your future, is just a blank. _____

I therefore can't tell you about it at all. A thick fog of amnesia. So everything appears to be the same for me as for

SHORT STORY

you. But it isn't.' It took us all a while to get our heads round that. 'The here and now, in case you should ask, is an ever moving cusp at which our trajectories meet.

We waited...

There is a flaw in that proposition,' Miss Trimble said. 'What is it?' It was typical Miss Trimble. Challenging. It was said that she had started the Copeland Society simply because no such thing had existed when she had arrived at the school and she thought it should. Nobody knew where the name Copeland had come from. For lack of any other explanation, the legend was handed down through the generations of pupils – or students as we must now call them – that it was the very **aristocratic** first name of a long lost love whose marriage proposal she had turned down. It was supposed that no-one else had ever asked her and so her lover's name was enshrined in this Sixth Form 'ideas' forum that met once

a month squeezed into her front room on Albion Street – or Albinoni Street as she sometimes gave out as her postal address, on the grounds that the postcode should be able to cope or possibly that 'Miss Trimble' should be

c c c c c c

enough.
enough
enough
information.

It's wonderful,' she had said with a faint smile and a rather distant look. 'I feel younger every day.' It was of course a hint.

And now she was dying.

For a long time I have been, I suppose, in part an image of her. I can't say that Miss Trimble inspired me to become a teacher.
continued on page 45.

D y i n g .





DEAD

DEAD

DEAD

I rush to see the DEAD

*I walk down the lane in a tense mood
I stood in front of the dead like a statue
I start murmuring with fellow mourners
about the dead*

**I praise the dead for his virtues
and noble deeds**

*I shed tears when
the "body" was burning in flames
I sympathized with his family and treaded back home
My eyes had got swollen and my voice choked*

*I felt guilty for hating him when **alive**
I cursed myself and banged my head in shame*

*A loud **THUD** disrupted my sleep
I realize it was a very bad dream
I am back to self after the bad dream
I was in two*

[minds whether to
meet him or avoid him

*I recollected my emotions
I encountered during the dream*

I have now realized the huge difference the
Dead man can make to a living man

I am now aware only the body can make
mistakes but not the soul

I now understand that the human body is only
temporary but not the soul

I CAN NOW live in peace till my time
comes to depart.

I AM NOW sure I will not have any
enemies after I lay.

the **DEAD**

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Submissions Process

All submissions are judged
through a democratic process by the
staff of Nexus and are published based on the
number of votes they receive, without exception.
Send submissions to one of the two addresses
above. Include a cover page with name, phone
number or e-mail, and a list of the work submitted.

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or through our website
www.jmunexus.org.
See our website
for submission guidelines.