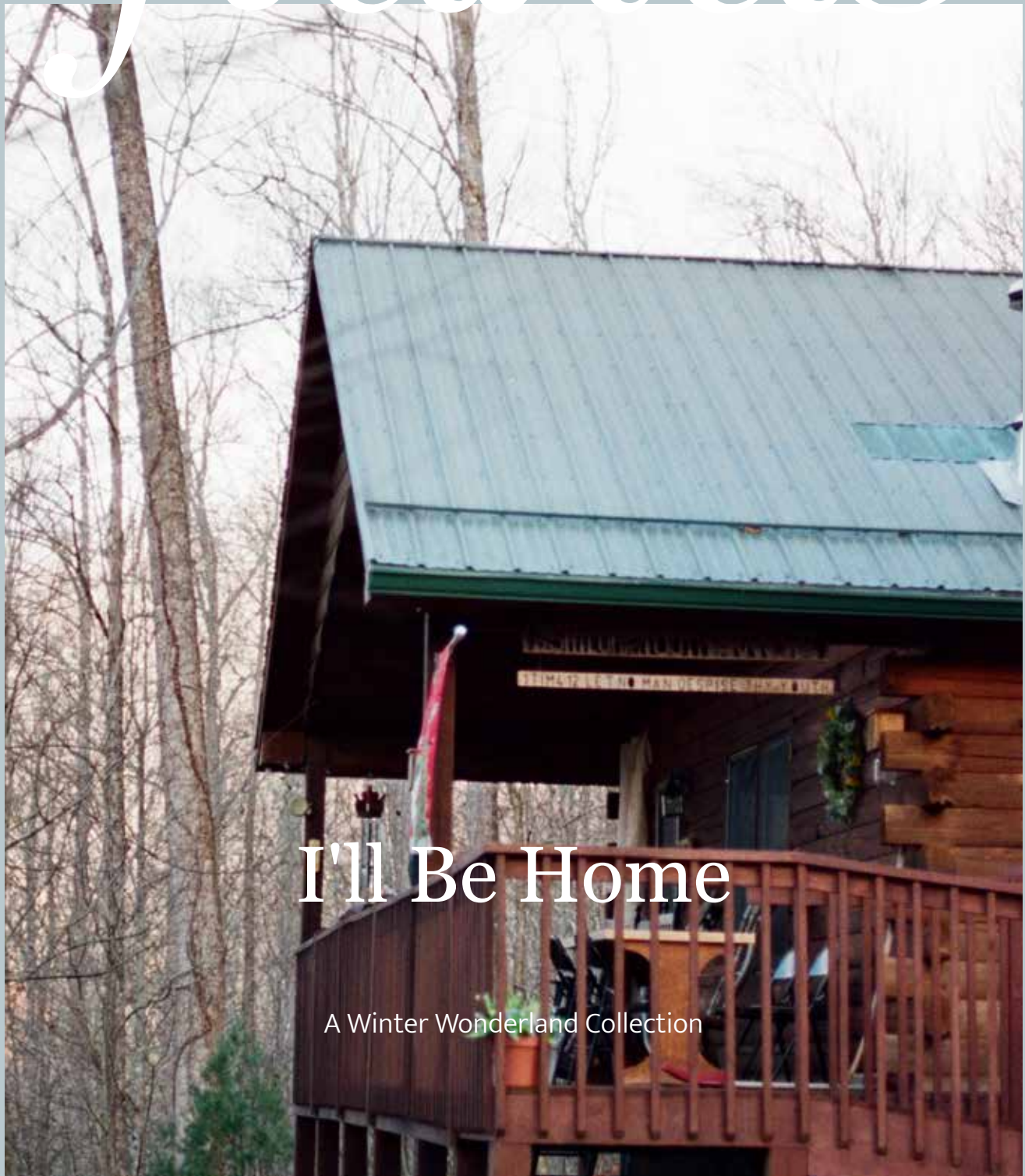


issue 03

winter 2021

fluxus



I'll Be Home

A Winter Wonderland Collection

Dearest Reader,

*To anyone who couldn't make it
home for the holidays*

Hi! We are Fluxus! A brand that produces content that revolves around sustainability, mindfulness, and encouraging creativity. Created by two sisters, Fluxus became our passion project and an outlet for creativity.

We offer a source of inspiration and guidance for those looking to improve their lifestyle by becoming more reflective.

Fluxus is the Latin word for flux, a word that means 'a constant state of change'. Our magazine currently revolves around the changing of seasons, and we believe that humans are made to constantly evolve and change. We hope that after reading our magazine, you'll find your growth towards a deeper understanding of yourself is a change that you'll cherish.

While trying to come up with names for our third issue, the line "I'll be home for Christmas" kept playing in my head. In years past, this song has evoked a certain feeling of coziness and happiness, but at the end of 2020, the verse could be interpreted as a sad one. Staying at home is a theme that's been around for the last 11 months, and while we hope this doesn't carry into the new year, this is our first issue of 2021. We hope these photos make you feel warm inside and that they feel like a breath of fresh winter air.

Happy reading!

*Love,
Ren & Nikole*

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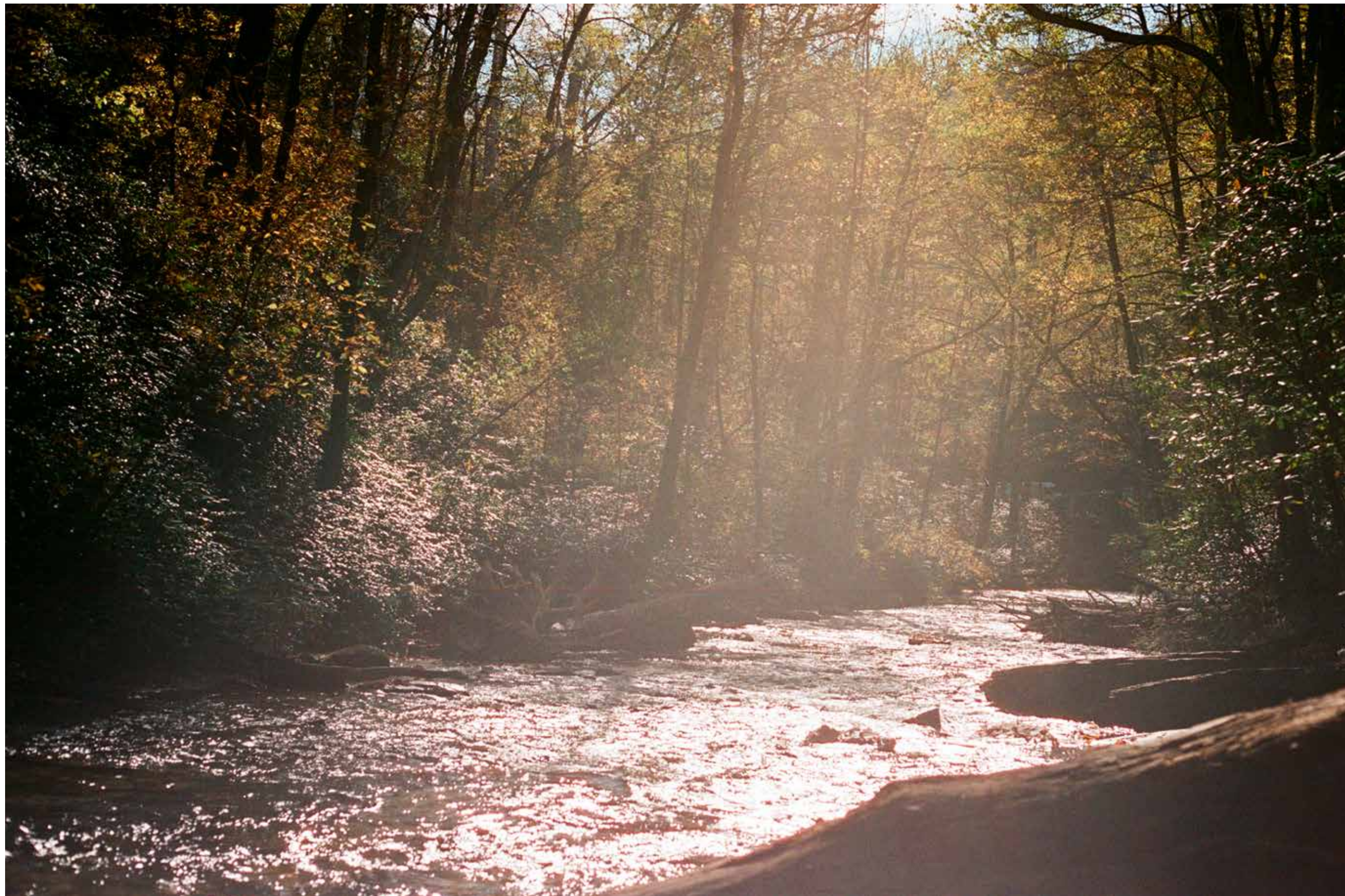
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A Home Away

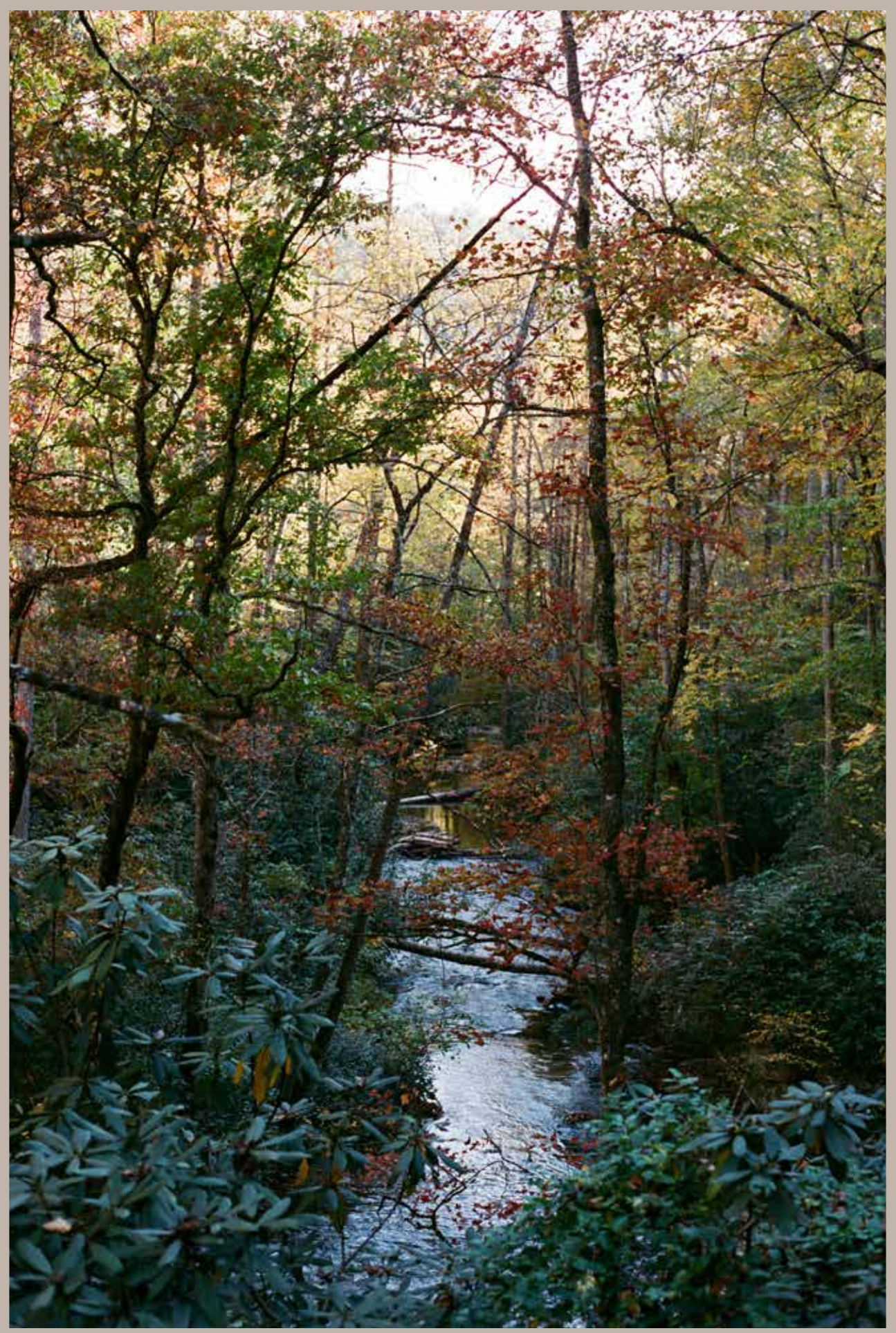






During the course of this pandemic, Asheville has become a second home of sorts. An escape. In the last half of the year, the beaches near me filled with more people, and as much as I feel at home at the beach, it was no longer a place I could be alone (at least not during the day. Visits to the beach between sunset and sunrise sustained me). I needed a change of scenery, I needed to go somewhere I wouldn't encounter the crowds that I did in Charleston. So I went to the mountains. Asheville is just under two hours away from my sisters house at her university. The two of us (occasionally accompanied by another family member) would go up to Asheville a few times over the course of several months. Every time we drove from the flat highways of South Carolina into the mountainous roads of North Carolina, it felt just like it did the first time. Asheville was a breath of fresh air when I had spent weeks holding my breath.

Words by: Nikole Wells

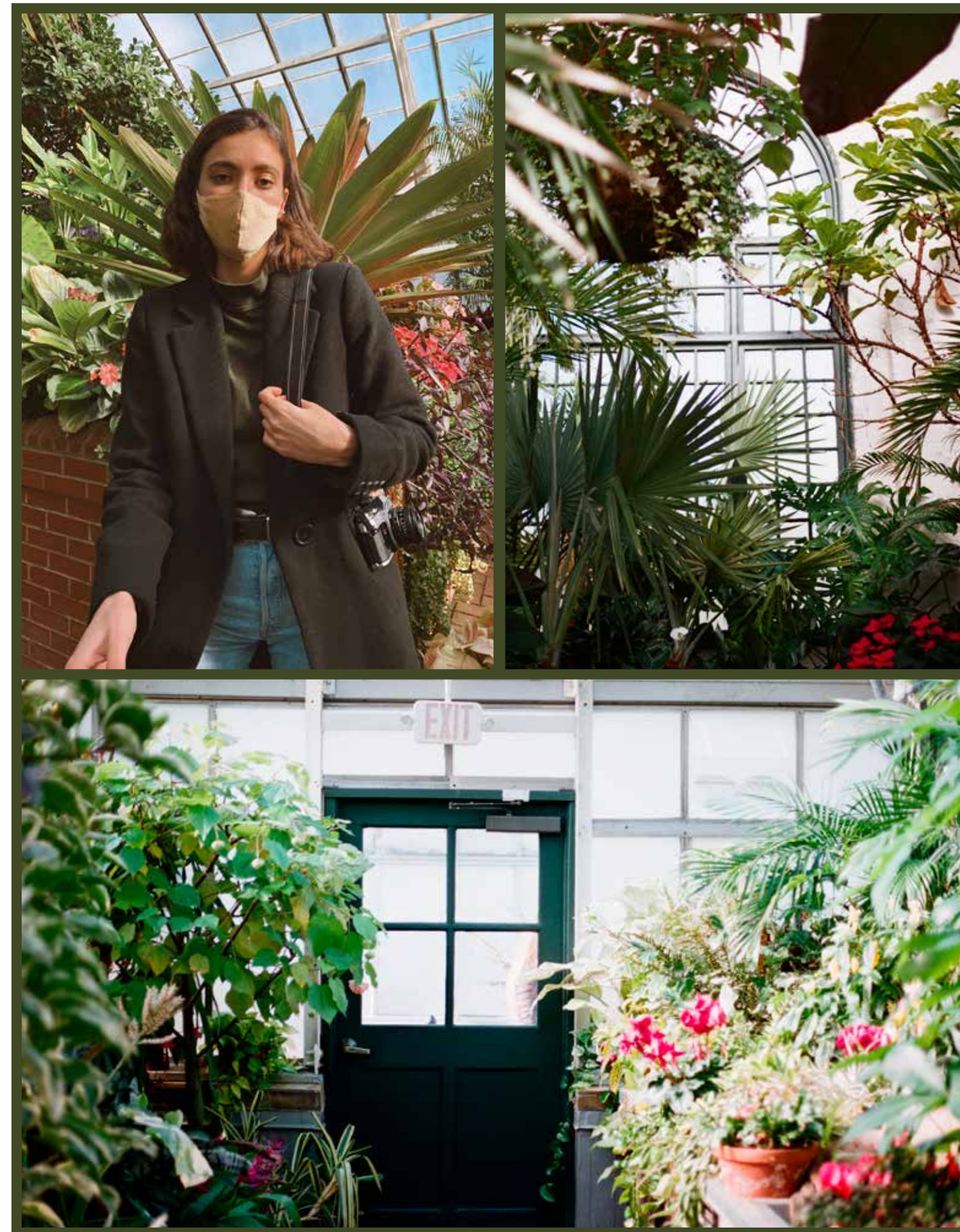






The first apartment I had when I moved abroad on my own was right next to a Botanical Garden. Had the gardens been free, I would have probably gone a few times a week. Still, I went often. Living in northern Europe means the colour green is harder to come by. While Amsterdam did have a lot of parks and green spaces, the cold rainy weather in the winter made it hard to spend a few hours in one of these spaces. The gardens were perfect. They were warm and provided cover from the constant drizzle of rain. They truly became an escape for me when I felt myself succumbing to seasonal depression. I would take friends sometimes, and other times I would go alone. My family and I got to visit the botanical gardens at the Biltmore for my 23rd birthday and it was quite possibly my favourite part of the entire estate. The garden there made me think of my old home in Amsterdam, and it made me feel very lucky to have been able to call more than one place home.

Words by: Nikole Wells



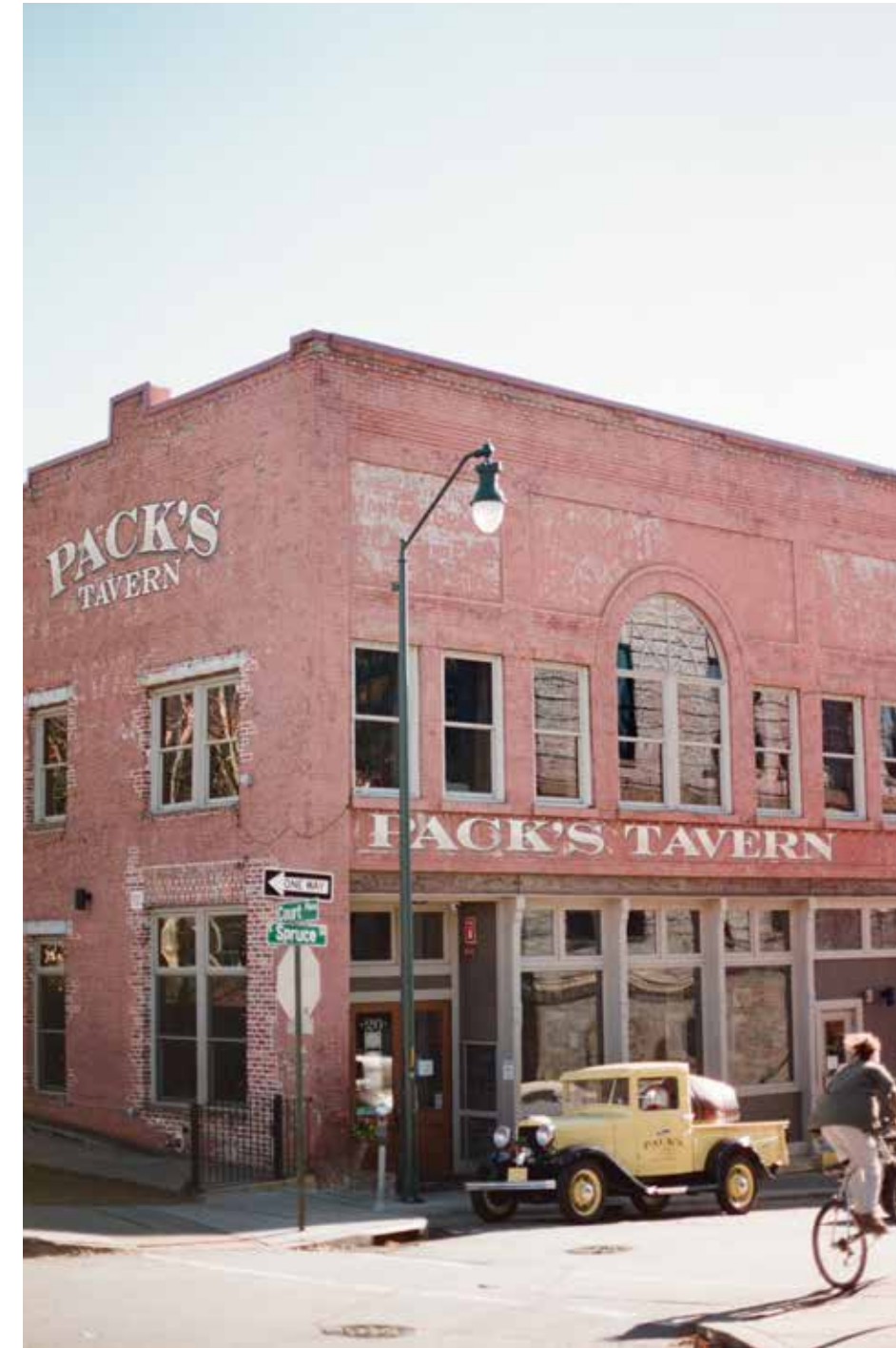






Asheville really became our go-to getaway over these past few months. Whether it was a day trip or a weekend escape, Asheville came through for us in many ways. Our first Asheville moment was a day trip for my birthday this past August. We explored the art district and found delicious plant-based restaurants. I won't lie, this trip also consisted of a rollercoaster of emotions, but nevertheless it was a memorable trip and clearly made us want to go back. We were able to visit Asheville throughout different seasons and got to experience the beauty in each one. To be honest, I'm not quite sure why it became one of my favorite getaways. Maybe it was the convenient travel distance from my university in Anderson. Maybe it was the mountains as a change, since I grew up on the coast. Maybe it was because the mountain landscape reminded me of Costa Rica. Whatever it was, Asheville created space for me. It allowed me a moment to get out of my head and live in the present.

Words by: Ren Salas



Home Sweet Home





My family and I were lucky enough to be able to spend Christmas afternoon and evening with some close friends of ours at their house. We normally just do Christmas morning together and then make lunch, so it was refreshing to get together with others and mix up how we spend Christmas day. While our three bedroom apartment had a Christmas tree and we had added a lot of red towels, blankets and pillows to the kitchen and living room, we hadn't decked out our space like our friends had. I know that for almost everyone I spoke with, Christmas didn't feel like it normally did this year. I feel really lucky that with my friend's fire place and hosting abilities, Christmas did feel different this year, but a better change.

Words by: Nikole Wells





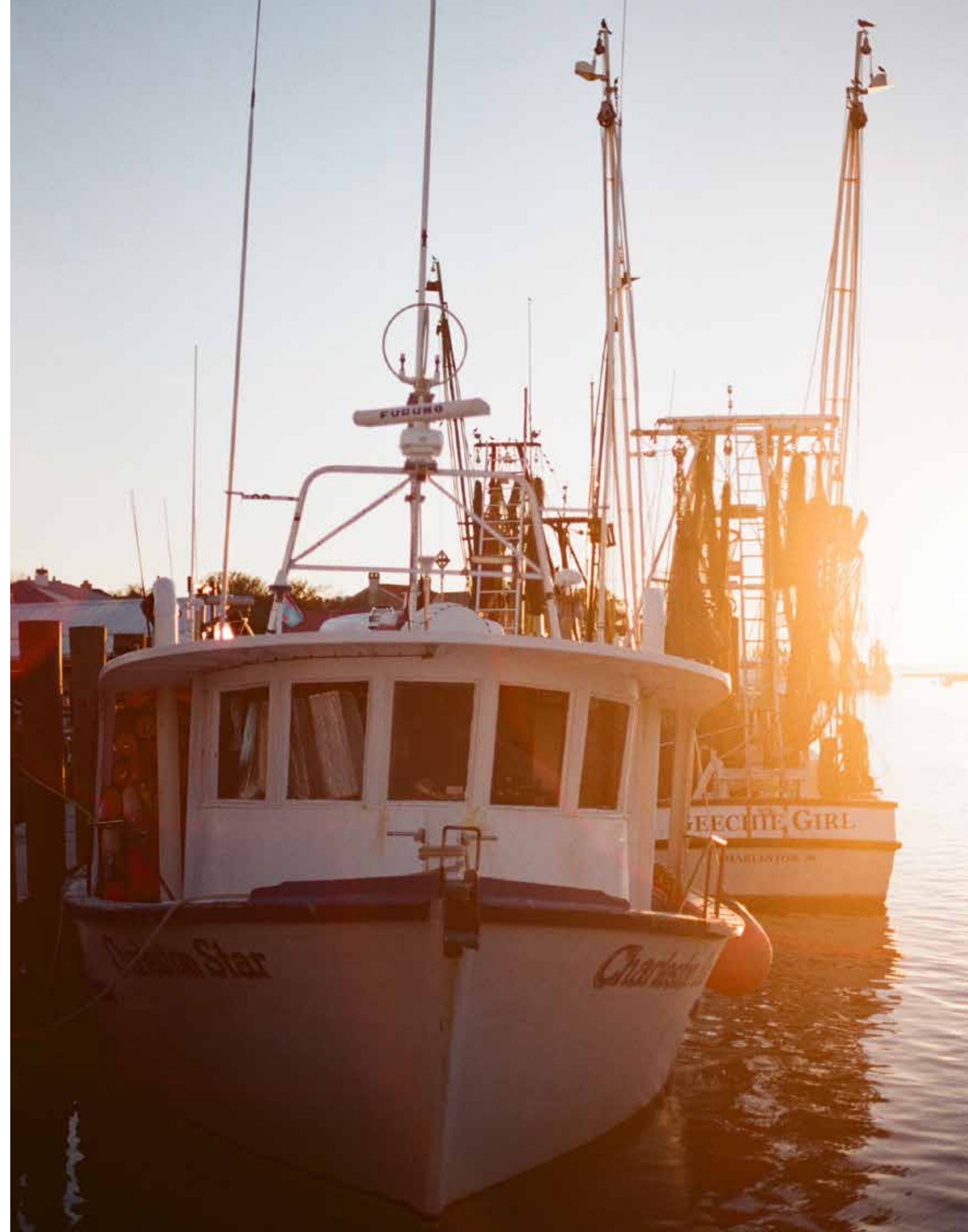


I never thought of Anderson, SC as home, until I moved into this house with three sweet friends. As I go into my last semester of university this week, the thought of a new set of individuals living in the house and creating a home feels weird. Although I have only inhabited this home for almost two short years, so much has happened and many memories are stored here. I was blessed with a best friend who doubles as my roommate (and has been my roommate all four years of university, so clearly, she's the best). Most people would rather have their own room and space, but having her share the room with me feels more like home. I've thought of how strange it will be when we don't live together anymore, as I will be moving in with my husband and she will be moving in with her soon-to-be-husband in May. I am grateful to be able to call this place home for one more semester and will be happy to pass it on to the next group of ladies knowing they may come to love it as much as I do.

Words by: Ren Salas

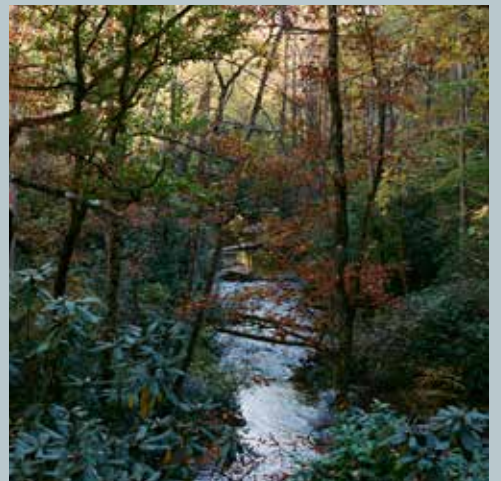


“ *I miss the way you made me see
my hometown* ”









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