

Ruby

Winter 2022

Protecting love, you and the one you love, a lucky charm

Featuring student
works including poems,
paintings, photographs,
scripts, and sculpture!

“The erotic is a
measure between
the beginnings of
our sense of self and
the chaos and power
of our strongest
feelings”

-Audre Lorde, *The Uses of the Erotic*, 1978

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Healing + Intimacy

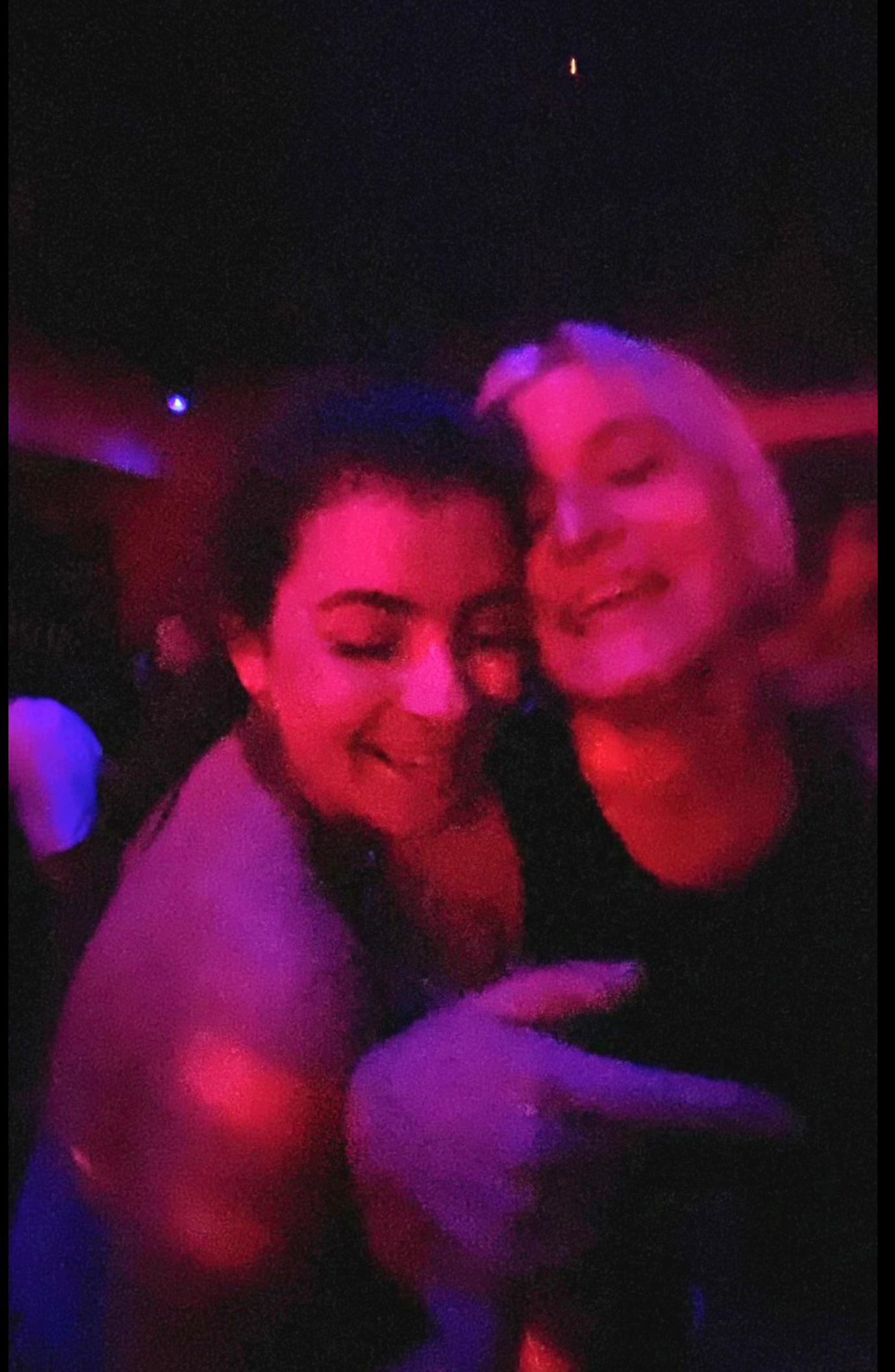
“Intimacy to Heal, Healing to be Intimate”

Feedback, Email List, Contact information

Note from Cece Deming-Bernstein and Donations

What's in the name Ruby?

I had a wonderful conversation with a jewelry and fragrance seller in Union Square one day. He described his jewelry-making process and the meanings of each stone he used in his beaded necklaces. These meanings exceeded anything found in a dictionary. For the ruby, my birthstone, he explained that **this stone is attached to people who protect love**. This particular protection of love means **protecting yourself and the one you love**. Another aspect of the ruby is **luck**. He said the stone itself can bring luck to people, and people whose birthstone is the ruby are themselves lucky as well. I was surprised to hear this. I told him about how when I was a kid, one of my mom's friends always called me his **lucky charm**. This magazine seeks to be a ruby. Ruby is a platform for artists to communicate with each other and a reader, promoting the protection of love in balance with the self and others, as well as those things in life that feel lucky to us, or make us lucky. I found this to be an effective way to work through **healing**.



1

Experience

trauma, unhealed, hurt

The Orphan Archetype

As ***The Orphan***, we have been wounded in physical, emotional or spiritual ways.

We as ***Orphans*** experience a heightened sense of fear, awareness and loneliness, even if we are not truly alone. As a result, we seek to regain comfort and safety. Our greatest challenge as ***The Orphan*** is to find safety, not from authority, but through healthy interdependences within trusted circles.

As ***Orphans***, we must be willing to embrace honesty and vulnerability, helping to heal our wounds. As a result, one of our many gifts as ***Orphans*** is to model compassion for ourselves and others.

Khanyiso Booii

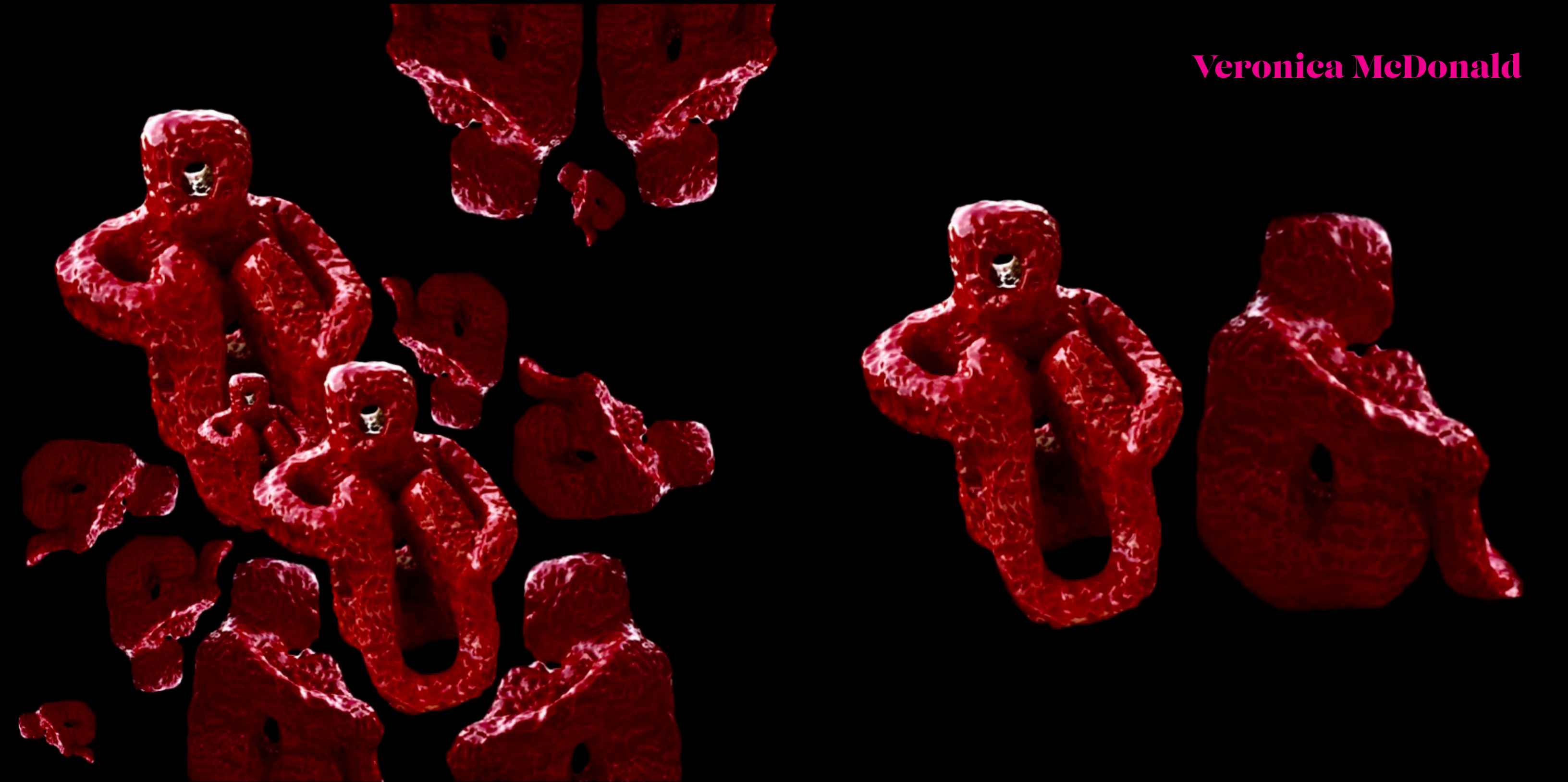
Healing + Intimacy have played interchangeable roles in my life that I grew into appreciating it as an **integral part of being human**. In the darkest times conscious efforts to focus on healing myself from the past trauma experiences felt like chicken soup on a rainy day. **Doing things for the sake of loving to do things felt the most healing**. Taking care of my inner most child by giving him what he needs, protecting him from harmful things, people and places healed me from all the neglect I felt growing up. As an adolescent I learned to become my own parent. My relationship with real intimacy has blossomed the in past 2-3 years, with myself, my partner, my friends, and family. **Choosing who I feel safe to be intimate with, and how, has been a conscious, and extremely rewarding effort** I've come to learn. The prints shared feel symbolic of a summer where I felt the most hurt and alone. Creating the 35mm Klub was a cathartic exercise where I could focus on the inner child that wanted to go on adventures through Los Angeles, with my skateboard, 35mm Olympus OMG and blog about it. These were my first few shots I felt the most proud of.







Veronica McDonald



This sculpture was meant to convey **feelings of hurt and the holes we carry with us throughout life**. Every notch is a result of a harmful experience, either physically or mentally. No matter how great your childhood was, or how happy your life is now, you

still have some holes and notches. I made this piece to represent that carried hurt, and make people think about their own damages. **Healing can only occur when we confront our injuries**, and that is what I aimed to do by creating this sculpture.

Cece

2019 - You have become an external representation of
the worst part of my mind

2022 - Or my mind was internally determined
by you

And it worsened as you grew closer to me

And didn't say no

Then I did and it didn't matter



Take out Plastic Bag

2

Awaken

pain, unacceptable, change in perception

The Warrior Archetype

As **Warriors**, we are determined, resolute, and prepared to persist even in difficult times. We identify systems and structures not in alignment with our morals or true values and as **Warriors** we seek to change them.

It is in our nature as **Warriors** to consistently set and achieve goals and overcome obstacles. Our challenge, however, is to also find value and meaning in what we pursue.

When our **Warrior** Archetype is active, we must keep in mind the bigger picture and choose our battles wisely, confronting challenges and threats that benefit ourselves, others, and the planet.

Cece

Cult

Secrets are the fuel of evil charismatic men. They're scary because everything they do is in the dark shadows of their most true selves, and so they like it that way. They want those who know the truth to hide it and themselves in the process, to sink into the dark that is all they know until what they've done ceases to exist and they can do it again without guilt. Who knew such cruelty existed in the trustworthy face of a self-proclaimed feminist artist. Our mothers and aunts and grandmothers knew, but this truth sunk into the dark with shame and fear and misunderstanding. **Nothing is more scary than misunderstanding what has happened to your own body under your watch.** Autonomy becomes a laughable prospect when you can't decide whether or not an invasion of yourself was welcomed. No invasion is ever welcomed. But the charisma of these men, the trustworthy faces and the titles they give themselves to sew our trust to them make every invasion feel welcomed. So once you know it was what it was, you can no longer trust your judgment or them. Everyone around you who knows them can become an enemy. No matter how long you will suffer for it, they will thrive. They will thrive as long as you keep their battle paths a secret. **When you understand that their brushes paint war and their words enter unwanted, you know that not only do they live with this, it is what makes them thrive in a way you don't know you can.** If someone else didn't show me that I can thrive, I could have crawled small and ashamed back into the cave to be invaded again. No one in that position has autonomy.

A strong person shriveled to something unrecognizable—that's what I'm calling what happened. Unraveling myself from that through the love of a kind man pumped air into my deflated sense of self and reminded me of this strength. I wasn't always small. I wasn't always a version of myself that simply served another like food. I remembered that the darkness was never where I came from and nowhere to go home to. It was a trap in the space where an ethical soul should be in men who are called "charismatic".





Veronica McDonald

This piece is an abstract version of how I felt about something hurtful someone said to me. It is a **visual example of my complex negative emotions on paper**. It collaborates with the theme of healing because putting those lines on paper gave me a sense of **clarity** and **release** that I had never experienced before. There is something significant about this piece because it represents **a pivotal moment of healing for me**.

My painting '*le sentiment de rien*' is more of an **art therapy piece** where I used the colour blue to evoke **feelings of healing from sadness**. These two figures I painted was based off of a memory from the past of how I felt in the moment with a past significant other. Thinking that I wanted this intimate moment but when I was actually in it not feeling anything for them anymore.



3

Grow

change, work, look inward, amends

The Seeker Archetype

As the ambitious and independent ***Seeker***, we are eager to leave our ***Ordinary World*** in search of mysteries, the unknown, and new adventures that always lie ahead.

Motivated by a variety of fears, as ***The Seeker*** we keep moving in search of our goals, often discovering inner truths along the way. Some of these revelations may be painful or difficult to face, however, our challenge is to confront, comprehend, and overcome them.

As ***Seekers***, we must be mindful to balance our adventurous nature with an awareness of our physical, emotional, and spiritual limitations. At our most evolved, we ***Seekers*** transform the darkness of our inner truths into light, inspiring others to also face their deepest fears.

Nezih Bouali | @nezihbouali
<https://nezihbouali.myportfolio.com> | nezihbouali@gmail.com

The Self vs. Everything Else:

Nothing to joy but joy itself
Nothing to fear but fear itself
Nothing to love but love itself
Nothing to hate but hate itself
Nothing to hope but hope itself
Nothing to anger but anger itself
Nothing to sorrow but sorrow itself
Nothing to living but feeling itself

I, Mind:

It may strike some as a façade.
I do, though, believe in God.
I happen to know who it is.
In fact I know where it is.
It's not everywhere no.
It is inside my skull.

self-fulfillment prophecy:
we must give up the grip of ego
id is to the ego what the ego is to the superego
fulfillment is too unattainable and joy too feeble
so we settle for happiness as our own end goal
we must give up the pursuit of ego
we must take on the purpose of fulfillment as we go and let go
Free Form:

Don't just give me freedom.
Give me the freedom to be free
So that I know what to be free from.
Peace of mind is safeguarding privacy
to speak to the voices in my mind's kingdom,
to let go and know my true self so that I can really see,
to have the security of absense of judgement and humiliation.

Mindfulfilling:

The perpetual cycle of acquiring
objectivity requires assimilating.
Listening so you learn hearing.
Seeing so you learn noticing.
Emoting so you learn acting.
Live Now to grasp communicating.
Only then can you start garnering
the entitlement to your own feelings
and unlearn all your deep misgivings.
It is key to percipience if you seek tasting
what the world has always been offering.

Weather(ed):

Après la pluie,
vient une pause pipi.
Juste avant une autre pluie ?
Ou est-ce du beau temps pour la vie ?
En tout cas, moi je vois
du beau temps aujourd'hui.
En réalité, le temps
n'est jamais ni bon ni mauvais.
C'est nous qui décidons arbitrarilly
que la pluie peut être considérée
du beau temps dans
certaines circonstances de subjectivité.

Differentiation:

The opposite of hate is not love.
It's connection.
And the beauty of it is it can be as basic
as a cimple communication.
Yest still make your day...hateless,
Bypassing the troubles of love and indifference.

Identity:

The road to self-discovery turns the self hazy.
I may think too much looking for what is true.
It may even make me speak crazily.
But even if it is just trying, my identity is now closer than you
to whatever grants our kind inner tranquility.

Pursuit of Selflessness:

You grew up, promised
you can be whatever you want.
To pursue a steady career,
to pursue happiness.
And vice versa.

You're grown up, tired.
You did whatever you could
to fulfill your topmost riches privilege,
to pay for your topmost consumerist entitlement.
And vice versa.

If one has a psyche,
one cannot live without
the common vicious cycle
of self-blame, self-hate, and self-doubt.

Does your fulfillment source
consist of your material income?
Or does it lead the course
of the actual job done?
Why do we get depression...

...one might ask?
Why, one feels best about themselves
after they successfully conduct a task
through the lens of the experience itself.
Only then is there no self about which one much worry whether one much mask.

Classy Yet Classless:

Since a trustful toddler,
I used to think God
gave virtue for another back.
Some could Create a computer.
And others could not.
A Testament to the fact
that some were true Believers,
and others—astaghfirullah—were not.
Unfortunately, probably, I had
no full grasp of calculators.
Much less Program one outta my ass.
Yet, Blessedly, I had my Faith to grasp.. at
But since a doubtful teenager,
I have been looking at it all as
I used to typically see Santa Claus;
but your typical mythical beardo with too much sass.
Constructed to control, murder, scare, anger, and harass.
I don't believe I could escape that path, even if I had class,
Hence, for the sake of my time and health, I will have to pass.

All the poems have a connection to healing and intimacy in terms of **self-discovery** and **self-actualization**, especially in frame of psychoanalysis and **the connection of the self to the universe**.

Nezih Bouali

Sober Love

There was a richness in learning to love in true health
Smooth down my tongue it flowed,
being welcomed down my throat

It wasn't intoxicating in the way I thought love originally was
It was sobering

Even if it was occasionally hard on my stomach
we'd work on healing together
in ways that would make the both of us bounce back
feeling better than we originally did
before the hardness arose

I learned to love you and all the world
sweet and tender
while still showing that tenderness to myself
never forgetting my importance
and individual value

In the aftermath of it all
the elixir made its way back up my body
and poured out of my mouth

I'm left with the ghost
of its texture and size
in my throat

I cling tight to the lessons I learned
hoping they will give me the strength
to let you go

Unfortunately, the memory
is hardly strong enough
to keep my former
destructive tendencies away

Still, I will continue to fight
to struggle with them
until all that remains
is my newfound self

One day
I'm fully and truly let you go
carrying on your legacy
with other sober lovers

The work I am submitting is a poem I wrote while reflecting on a recent breakup. Healing and intimacy speak to me greatly as a theme, especially in regards to this particular poem. It is about **acceptance** and **healing myself while coping with the end of my first healthy relationship**, as all my prior ones had been very unhealthy and easier to let go of by comparison. It is also about **the love itself**, and how we were able to **recover from things in our past through mutual effort, care, and vulnerability**.

Ryan Maglione-Cruz

Once Again

Flying over the ocean to see you again, was a dream I once had

It was met by disappointment when you held me as your possession

Arguing over the taste of coffee and flowers on the kitchen counter

It was then that I knew, nothing was real to you

I remember you standing in the doorway, attempting to say goodbye as I began my journey

back home away from you, and everything we knew to be true

Untitled

You tell me your truth, and I wonder if you believe it too
Just one more cigarette, maybe two and I'll be everything I've ever wanted to
I know that I love her, though I tried to forget her
A child
her heart so full, before she emptied it for you
Was it worth it? Holding onto the idea of you?
foolish I suppose, to think one day I would understand you
Though I wanted you, she knew I didn't need you

She speaks to me through the voices of those I hold dear to my heart
of those I love, and have shown me love in return
Without expectation, without force, it is real and it is glorious

the lullaby no longer plays from her mother's mouth as I am older now
But I know that it lingers on her breath every night we lay to rest, in different cities, in
different beds
I hope to visit her in my dreams,
so that tonight I may truly see what it has always been inside of me

The poems I have uploaded to Ruby Magazine were made after a **difficult realization** regarding a relationship between myself and an individual I had been distant from for some time, and in meeting them again, I had **realized the dream that I constructed regarding the visit would not happen.** I have also been able to write about my **childlike self** and reflect on how as I grow she becomes more and more present within my thoughts and feelings about life experiences. Writing this has helped me work on healing myself, as I continue to learn and grow.

Morgan Juric

4

Recover

reflect, heal, practice, continue

The Magician Archetype

The Magician emerges in response to a situation that requires healing. We are called upon for a miracle or a mystical change in the course of events, relying on our great knowledge and intuition. As inherent **Magicians**, we are all equipped with the power to transform and repair the world around us at any moment.

We **Magicians** appear in many forms, moving in and out of consciousness between real and imagined worlds. As ***The Magician***, we manifest our creative visions. In doing so, we raise the consciousness of ourselves and others.

As **Magicians**, we are also mindful of the great power we possess to create or reframe language, which can empower or shift the way we and others perceive any situation.

The Tears I shed of a Love Lost

I guess that's it right?! Why they call it healing? When you wake up one day and realize you are no longer attracted to the person that gave you nothing. But you look back at the thrill for just a moment, that moment when your eyes met and it was cosmic, when you spoke and it felt sacred, right before you woke up alone with a ghost of a soul next to you, You want to cry, you want to mourn but it wasn't serious right? that 's true from a far but intimacy feels like an entanglement of truth and love and connection and it can't be separated by time, but how many nights can you cry alone for a boy that never paid you mind, that saw you as a moment when you saw him as a start of a life. I sat there in the hurt, in the many hurts wondering where I went wrong. I wonder where love goes if you can't find a place for it. What lights the spark? And why do I always feel like I lit it? I didn't. I found attention and disguised it as love, and one day, no special day at all, I woke up and realized it no longer broke me. It wasn't a love lost, it was a lesson learned. Sometimes you wake up alone and realize that you deserve better, not a secret to hide, not a friend when it's convenient and lover when you need it. One day you realize he wasn't a soulmate. You were dancing with the devil, under a golden light and discoball shimmer, and just like that it's gone. You don't miss it, you don't miss him because it was all a hazy, wonderess dream that lives under bar lit words. That's healing, the day you forgive yourself for not seeing the truth, and them for not being what you wanted. That's healing right? The day you stop dancing with the devil, the day you stop

mistaking affection for love, the day you learn your lesson. Drop the shame, drop the sadness. It's a tale as old as time, boy felt like a dream and then you woke up. Now all that's left is healing, building yourself up so that one day the right person will fall in front of you and you will be able to receive it, be able to trust it.

I think about this particular theme a lot...**when you're too old to be naive but too young to know better,** you **look back** and people and moments and **wait for them not to hurt anymore.** This is a journal entry about finally getting to that place of healing and acceptance.

Rei Stranahan

An exerpt from...

حب

written by

Nezih Bouali

INT. CAR - DAY

HAMED (man, mid-forties, Mediterranean, curly-haired, well-dressed, stressed) is on a PHONE call as he is stopped at a red LIGHT.

HAMED
(fixated on the light)
Okay, baby. Love you, too-

POV FROM OUTSIDE THE DRIVER'S WINDOW LOOKING IN

Hamed interrupts himself to quickly look to his left with an apprehensive expression as he discerns something off-screen and outside his car.

POV FROM THE PASSENGER SEAT LOOKING OUT THE DRIVER WINDOW

A van is already inches away from the side of the car speeding towards it, and CRASHES into it.

CUT TO BLACK.

Title of the film appears in red neon-like font and animated similar to a traffic light.

FADE IN:

INT. LIVING ROOM - EVENING

The ROOM is rather, large. Half of it is the TV and COUCH side and the other half has apparently been cleared off of furniture for a HOSPITAL BED. Hamed is unconscious on the bed and four PEOPLE are surrounding him.

On one side of the bed, three of them are crying and comforting each other. Two of which, a man (Ahmed, tall, late twenties) and a woman (Fatma, mid-twenties), look like Hamed a lot more than the third one (woman, straight hair, Mariem). On the other side of the bed is a nurse (Mo, male, nurse, mid-thirties, Mediterranean, dressed in blue scrubs, caring) tending to the medical equipment and machines near the bed.

One of the women holds Hamed's HAND, pauses as she sniffles, then turns to the nurse.

MARIEM
(between sniffles)
Are you sure he's stable, Mo?
(MORE)

MARIEM (CONT'D)
I know I asked before, but I'm
still nervous about taking him out
of the hospital.

MO
(with a comforting smile)
Yes. You definitely made the best
decision. He's even safer here.
This equipment is better than
anything our hospitals can afford.

MARIEM
Are you sure the move didn't affect
him? Or delay him waking up?

She looks at him, trying even harder to hold back tears.

MARIEM (CONT'D)
If he ever does...

MO
(fully facing the family
members)
I have dealt with a lot of coma
patients, and your fiancé is most
likely going to fully recover.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. CAR - DAY

A jovial Hamed is driving with a phone in his ear.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

The two family members (man and woman that were in the
previous scene with Mariem) are standing next to the bed on
which a still comatose Hamed is laying.

AHMED
(holding up an engagement
ring)
I'm so sorry, brother. She just
lost hope.

The themes of my short story are Healing and Intimacy because it follows the intimate relationship of a car accident patient and his nurse as the former is recovering from a coma.

Nezih Bouali



Scan to read the full script

Image of Krisis, Spring 2022

A wide lawn surrounded by oak trees. The light is orange and extreme as it falls through the branches and makes stripes on the ground. A lawn mower roars just barely in the distance, changing pitch up and down. Kids blur around the grass, a series of blue, pink, and yellow T-shirt flashes. Teachers in long skirts wearing lanyards call out muffled commands to kids in the distance. At the top of the lawn stands a massive brick house atop a set of wide concrete stairs. On them, a fourteen-year-old girl with big glasses writes in a lined notebook wearing a Forever 21 cropped tank top, short floral skirt, and tied up brown boots. Up close, you can see hints of black mascara streaks on the glass before her eyes. Footsteps introduce an older version of her, walking up the lawn to the steps wearing Doc Martens, high-waisted black jeans, a sweatshirt with a collar peeking out from beneath. Her glasses are different, but frame her face just the same. She approaches her younger self, eyes wide with compassion and pity. Older gives Younger the hint of a smile as Younger notices she's there.

"You get an A on this," Older points to the notebook, "Don't worry."

Younger smiles and nods like she already knows but just got an extra nudge of confirmation. She wrinkles her nose one side then the other, and her glasses move up to the bridge of her nose. She bites her fingers nervously. Up close, around her nails, are hundreds of divots in the skin from biting.

"You gotta stop that," says Older. "What's that for?"

"You know," says Younger, not making eye contact.

"The fight with Katherine was last night," Older rolls her eyes. "It's just another thing to add to the list, I know."

Younger nods sadly. She looks up at Older for a long time now, and a wide smile overtakes her rosy cheeks.

"How did you do it?" she asks Older, both admiration and jealousy in her tone.

Silence for a moment. A kid screeches past them, the mower picks up again, the light falls just a little more down the stairs.

"You know you don't have to spend so much time with them right?" Older sits next to Younger on the steps.

"Who?" Younger is serious.

"All of them. Other people don't have to cost you." Younger looks confused. "I promise," says Older.

"Okay," says Younger. She smiles and nods viciously. "You're right."

"Hey, don't do that with me," Older furrows her brow and looks intently at Younger. "Don't please me. Please. You can be wrong or unsure or weak with me, just make sure to be genuine. At least don't do that with me."

"So this is how," Younger says, sure, and looks back down at her notebook.

"Yes," says Older.

"I didn't realize I wasn't being genuine," she mocks.

"You aren't," Older says sternly. Younger takes a minute and just stares.

"But it's easier when you're pretty," says Younger quietly.

"No. I'm pretty because it's easier," says Older. "It'll show you that you are too."

Younger bows her head.

“It’s exhausting isn’t it?” says Older, looking at her, analyzing. “It feels like something bad will happen if you change things, but in the long run...Just trust me. It will take time, but just do what you can now to help yourself. You can be most important. We need it.”

Younger leans on Older’s shoulder. They remain navy blue silhouettes for a minute looking out at the bright orange lawn. Older takes a deep breath. “I miss this place,” she says.

Then Older stands up, gives Younger a pat on her shoulder, adjusting the strap of her tank top. Older’s eyes sparkle just a little with tears. She turns around and disappears down the lawn. Younger watches her go. She looks down at her writing and picks up her pencil, placing it down on the paper, then pauses. As we slowly back away from her, she takes out her phone, dials a number, and holds it to her ear.

“Hey Katherine, I’ve decided. Yeah. My answer’s no.”

I wrote this short story as a thought experiment of what a conversation with my past self, at a particularly vulnerable time, would look like. I found it to be **healing looking back on how I was and how much I’ve changed**, and contemplating the ways I can engage with myself as a healing practice and **try to look ahead to avoid putting myself in avoidable or unnecessary painful existences.**

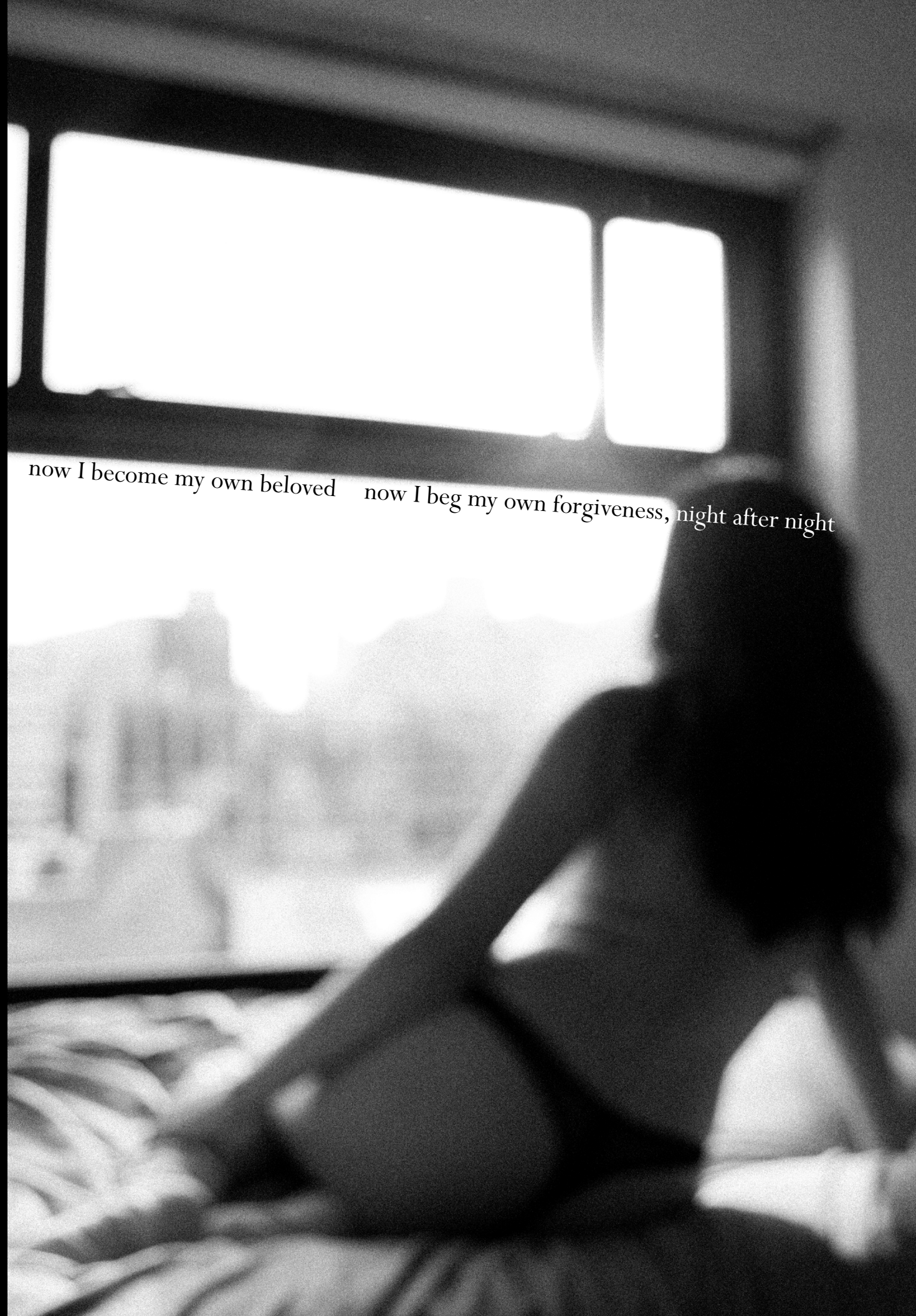
Cece Deming-Bernstein

Sofi Sidelnik

This is a photograph I took of my best friends back home. This image is representative of the **power of friendship** and how healing it can be to have their **support**. We always **lean on each other**.



Text by **Cecelia Sagun**
Photography by **Cece Deming-Bernstein**





sunstained
inhale,

devotion,

a

ruddy

honeybloom
reverence



Oyster slips down esophagas My tongue
turns to shiso leaf Bodies dissolve into
bedsheets, the taste of your reverence
melts into sunscape Holy ground
Holy moonrise Lick devotion onto
my breastbone Breath chorus Erotic
antiquity Fall asleep into a bed of soft
Spanish moss Gates creak open, fruit
trees lush with ruby bloom

And you split me in half, caresses
curdle, frostbite turns October skin
baby blue Body bloodies into war
theatre Theft in sanctuary Desecration
Flesh falls away Poplar trees pattern
themselves upon exposed bones Sinner
does not confess to High Priestess
Four of Cups reversed, I wake up alone
I still miss you, despite

May 19, 2021

i haven't written in forever because i haven't needed to. while the keys on my phone and the light reflecting words in my eyes were my only outlet, i now have in a person and in contentment. i have never felt this before, such unending, unwavering, secure contentment. i am stable on the floor of my life, legs crossed, arms open to receive. i'm not longer chasing, curled up, crying. no waves hit the shores of my body and mind, rippling out to create waves in how my life looks. my life is still and stable in the most intense feeling of love i've ever had. it's such a privilege to find complete joy and entertainment in a nose, or in a well-defined cheekbone. i trace my fingers on his face because to me it's a map of never ending interest. his face at its most relaxed is the best portrait leonardo could paint in heaven, and i mean that. the way i feel about his face is the way i feel about him, completely and utterly enthralled. what a gift it would be to spend a lifetime looking at that face, and looking at my life the same way because he's in it.

Cece



Healing + Intimacy

This is currently a pivotal period of healing for me. It was triggered by multiple emotional and physical relationships that ended horribly and deeply hurt me and consequently **changed the way I view the world and myself**. These events happened simultaneously and hurt me more than I ever thought possible. At the beginning it felt like the end of the world, but now with months of processing, therapy, and self-care I am grateful for those experiences, as they have **forced me to confront my inner demons, relationships, and values**. Because of that, I am a better and more healed version of myself and feel **proud of my progress**. This is the beginning of a life-long journey of healing and self-discovery, which feels **both daunting and exciting to begin**.

Veronica

A lot of my works are based around the idea of intimacy and I try to use **art as a healing medium for me to share my story**.

Steffie

Healing requires intimacy and intimacy provides healing. And both are need for self-discovery, self-acceptance and self-actualization. I find both in my close relationships. To me, healing and intimacy is deeply connected to **self-discovery and self-actualization**.

Nezih

Healing + Intimacy

Healing is so essential to life in any of its formats. Something as simple as sleeping in is healing as well as getting medical attention for injuries. There are also so **many ways to heal**, I find that **reconnecting to my mind and body** is the best form of healing whether it's through **rest or feeling the support of my friends**- do not underestimate the power of a chat with someone close.
Sofi

I think I've had a lot of bad experiences with guys....I mean looking around at girls my age who hasn't? **I don't think I could accept for a long time that the way I was treated was messed up and I couldn't let go of what I wanted those guys to be for me**....one day I did and I don't think I was ever able to understand healing until I did

Rei

All forms of intimacy require you to **open yourself up to others**, which is something I have struggled with for a long time. **Spending the time to work on myself for my own sake** has been life changing. **Writing poetry** has been a large part of this journey, as I find a lot of catharsis in it. Incorporating these themes into my work are very important to me at this time in my life. I hope to provide someone else with their own "cathartic" moment, helping them **open their heart and move forward in their journey**.

Ryan

The theme of Healing + Intimacy is **significant to love**, and **love is something I believe in so very deeply**.

Morgan

Intimacy to Heal Healing to be Intimate

Ruby magazine is a platform dedicated to tackling difficult topics through the sharing of creative works. **It promotes creation as a form of showing love for yourself and others and the building of luck.** In a world of political and social issues, Ruby provides a space for discussion and process through creation. Each issue's theme provides stepping stones to connect people with themselves and others, engaging emotionally with social issues and providing solutions to address trauma. Through the privilege of creating, Ruby provides space for complete process and student connection, and makes space for public creative discourse on important issues that are often not heard in magazines or from students.

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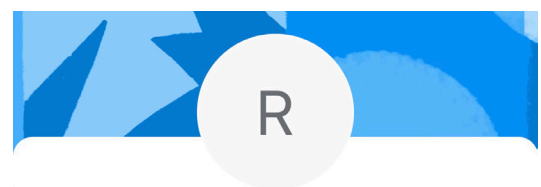
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Ruby Magazine was created and curated by BA/BFA student Cece Deming-Bernstein studying at Lang and Parsons at The New School.

I wanted an outlet to express frustration, pain, and healing through artwork, and create a platform for others to do the same that I could learn from. I am so grateful for all the contributors and people who have helped make this possible. I hope you have felt something in reading this magazine and feel connected more with yourself and fellow students! My mom says artists are lucky because we have a way to process things: creation. Not everyone is so lucky, so let's use it! In whatever form that comes in for you, feel free to create as a form of true and complete processing, and let it help you and others heal and become intimately connected with yourself and others.

Ruby Magazine utilizes a donate-as-you-can pricing model. Please consider making a donation via Venmo!



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