

COMPOSITION BOOK
SAPPHIC 101

AN INTRODUCTION TO ALL THINGS SAPPIC.

EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW
W/ ROCCO!

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A red bookshelf with several books. On the top shelf, there are three books stacked horizontally. On the middle shelf, there is a red book on the left and a stack of three books on the right. A teal tie with white polka dots is draped over the stack of books on the middle shelf. At the bottom of the image, a person's legs wearing black jeans and black sneakers with white laces are visible, sitting on the floor.

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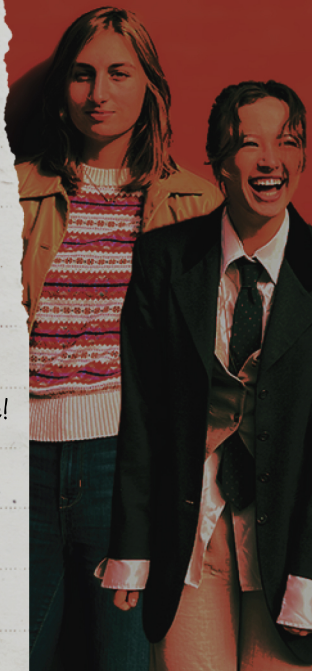
LETTER FROM THE EDITORS

Welcome to the debut issue of Sapphic Magazine. We created this publication to bring connection and visibility to sapphic identities that are often overshadowed in broader queer spaces. This magazine strives to create a safe space for sapphic individuals to grow and feel celebrated within the broader LGBTQIA+ community!

This issue is taking you back to school with an introduction to everything sapphic!

~ Co-Editors in Chief,

Maya Dupuis and Jenna Sents




ODE TO WOMANHOOD

AVA LUBKEMANN

At 11 she bled for the first time, not as a woman, but a girl whose body demanded maturity, pushing her beyond the boundaries of childhood. In locker rooms, she became a curiosity—gawked at by classmates. Cramps gripped her like a vise, delivering a pain only women know, though she didn't feel like one.

By 12, her chest grew, and suddenly, her body was inappropriate. Boys could exist freely, but she had to cover up, to hide beneath dad's oversized shirts, hoping to disappear into the wrinkles. But wrinkles only hide so much. To be a woman is to become aware that you are a nuisance to the wandering eyes of excusable perversions—but she's not a woman, but a girl stuck in an ever-maturing body.

At 13, they told her she had an old soul as conversations shifted to diets—shaming a body one third their age. It came on leisurely at first, a mention here and there, turned slowly into a raging voice preceding the women alone, sitting at all times in the back of her mind. "You're fat"—reminded by her oversized stature in every class photo. So she came to hate her body in the ways women do. Because she's a woman now, talking amongst other women of dietary supplements and exercise routines at the ripe age of 13. Nevermind if she can no longer look at herself in the mirror and smile—she is a woman.



SAPPHIC SPACES

MIMI BIRNBAUM

While queer spaces are essential, they can sometimes overshadow the unique experiences and needs of sapphic individuals. My experience as a young queer woman in Pride has been more isolating than I would like to admit. Coming out, I was ecstatic to finally participate in events such as Pride. But once I finally entered those spaces, I felt alienated, this time in a different way than I was used to. Pride celebrations cater to gay men, and when entering those spaces my queer friends and I felt out of place. Not because we were queer, but because we were queer women. I am proud to be a part of a magazine that serves as a dedicated space for sapphics, an opportunity for connection and visibility that I feel is lacking in broader pride celebrations.

Here, I finally feel as though I can engage in discussions about the issues that specifically affect the sapphic community, a place where this community can gather to hopefully make other sapphics reading feel like they belong :)



WHAT IT MEANS TO BE SAPPHIC

The term sapphic is not like the term WLW (women-love-women). Sapphic encompasses a less gender-specific identity of attraction and more of an expansive community where everyone shares similar experiences from love to attraction to community to friendship.

Being sapphic means more than who you're attracted to. We are a strong community of individuals who thrive off our freedom to love. We are proud to express ourselves in ways that make us feel confident and euphoric. In this community people can come together with shared experiences of love and attraction to feel understood.

The collage at the bottom of the page features several photographs of women. On the left, a woman in a white shirt and black pants is reaching up towards a red bookshelf. Below her, there's a photo of a person lying down. To the right, another woman is seen from behind, looking out a window. Further right, a woman is sitting on a couch, and below her, a woman is wearing a blue shirt. A prominent red banner with the words "SAPPHIC MAG" in white capital letters runs across the middle of the collage. There are also smaller photos, including one of a woman's face in a circular frame, and various decorative elements like black ink scribbles and torn paper edges.

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The collage at the bottom of the page features several torn-edge photographs. On the left, a woman in a white shirt and black pants is seen from behind, reaching up towards a red bookshelf filled with books. Below her, there's a photo of a person lying down. To the right, another photo shows a person sitting on a bed or couch. Further right, a black and white photo depicts two people in an intimate embrace. A prominent red banner with white cursive handwriting runs diagonally across the lower right portion of the collage. The entire composition is decorated with hand-drawn black ink swirls and floral motifs, giving it a personal, artistic feel.



"There's always someone asking you to underline one piece of yourself—whether it's Black, woman, mother, dyke, teacher, etc.—because that's the piece that they need to key in to.

They want to dismiss everything else."

-Audre Lorde, "Black-lesbian feminist mother lover poet."

Firsts

A Collective of
Sapphic
Experiences

I told my parents I was hanging out with my friends but instead I met up with her. I laid out a picnic blanket on the grass to watch the Fourth of July fireworks. She acknowledged that my hands were shaking and I tried my best to make them stop. After the 5th firework I finally asked to kiss her and that was my first kiss with my first love.

My first love was my best friend. Quintessential
homeroetic high school friendship

Me and this girl I got close to over the summer said I love you to each other before we started dating (3 months after)

Emma Watson in the Goblet of Fire was my gay awakening

Holding hands with my first girlfriend was so freeing. It felt like I had finally found myself and was experiencing what most of my heterosexual friends had been so excited to tell me about with their boyfriends.

She gave me flowers and I melted

My first girlfriend was in high school and I remember being scared to hold her hand in the hallways but still feeling the most confident and loved when next to her. Thank god for English teachers because we hung out in our English teacher's classroom during free periods and we felt safe there together.

SAPPHO, FRAGMENT 1

Intricately adorned with flowers, deathless child of Zeus,
Aphrodite, weaver of plots:
I beg of you,
do not, my lady, wear down my spirit with heartache and grief,

but come to me here, if ever before
you caught my distant cry,
and listened to me, and came,
leaving your father's golden house,

your chariot yoked:
sparrows, beautiful, swift, their packed wings beating,
drew you down from the sky through the middle air,
above the black earth;

suddenly they arrived;
and you, goddess, a smile on your deathless face,
asked me what ailed me this time,
and why I called on you this time,

and what was the special wish of my love-crazed soul:
"Whom shall I seduce back to your love
this time? Who is it, Sappho,
who flouts you?"

No doubt of it: if she's in flight, soon she'll pursue;
if presents she will not accept, she shall give;
if she does not love, then love she shall, and soon,
even against her wish."

Come to me now once again,
and free me from thoughts hard to bear;
what my soul longs for, fulfill;
you yourself be my comrade in battle.



MAYA DUPUIS AND PENELOPE ALMANZAR COLLADO

ROCCO! EXCLUSIVE

What gives you hope?

In life, friends.

Well, my corny answer is music, especially songwriting as it is a therapeutic process for me. I'll write a song it would be a conscious process and when I'll come back to it I'd say to myself "oh, this was about something that I hadn't processed yet". It feels very grounding.

Do you define yourself as a drummer?

I've played drums my whole life. When I graduate, I'd like to be a touring drummer. and to play all the time. but I've always played guitar. and sang. So, it's not super hard to bring all the worlds together,. That's something with this project (Rocco!) that I was very adamant about, was not losing my identity as a drummer. Because I feel like once you release music as an artist, now you're an artist and that's your entire identity.

What is your musical process like; is it logical or emotional?

I think it's both. Especially folk music as it is centered around emotion. That becomes the primary focus of the song, when writing making sure that even the production of the instrumentation has an ambiance and atmosphere in this little world, so it is lived in. Considering what if we added like this little thing here to emphasize a specific lyric. On my EP, we did little banjo licks.

What is your stance on vulnerability and friendships/ relationships?

I'm an over communicator, not really in my friendships, more relationships. I've realized something about myself lately that I really can't handle conflict in friendships, it tweaks me, and it feels like it's the end of the world every time.

But I do try really hard to like be an actively good communicator when it does happen and being in college has taught me so much about being emotionally receptive and making the goal of a conflict. I feel at our age it's hard to have a partnership people want to have. I am an over communicator and an over share.

So, I don't have a hard time being vulnerable

What strategies do you use to cope with your emotions?

I started going to therapy a few months ago and finally found a therapist that resonates with me. Now I am locked into my emotions and I've been learning so much about how anger anxiety coincide. I thought that I was the person who was very capable of getting angry at others and being reactive. To find out that each time I've reacted it's been out of anxiety and never anger.

What's your least favorite emotion?

Oh, you know what I hate feeling resentful cause that's a feeling that sits with you.

Listen to Rocco!'s EP here



GOSSIP WITH A GHOST

AVA LUBKEMANN

I used to lie there, face up, eyes tracing the peeled back paint like fault lines splitting the surface of my own person. I'd talk to the ceiling as though it were heaven's gates, or maybe just a barrier too thick to break through, whispering prayers for a miracle I didn't want, but rather needed. I'd ask Him—the Him we're all taught to trust—why He'd make me this way and still hand me over like an offering, a commodity exchanged for a kiss I couldn't bear to want.

Every night since I was ten, I'd rehearse the same prayer in my mind, words soft as breath against the empty space. "Let me love him. Let me crave the ordinary life, the normal life, the expected life. Make me like them. Make me anybody but me." It was a quiet plea for an exorcism of my own longing, to scrub clean the feelings too heavy for a girl to carry, too heavy for anyone to see

But the ceiling echoed no answer, just silence. Silence so loud it roared in my chest, where love had already bloomed in secret, in defiance. And maybe that was the real sin, not that I loved, but that I dared to love the wrong thing. The untouchable. The forbidden. Every night, I begged to be rewritten, to be emptied out and filled out again with something softer, something easier, something that could be held up to the light without shame—something clear.

POEM FOR A DOVE

BELLA CARTER

my wandering eyes
followed in her trail
a gentle dove with shorn tresses,
bright eyes, a sweet coo.
I was shot then, smitten
and followed the glittered trail
of Eros, Aphrodite's child,
as he stalked her in turn
tracking her down through the brush

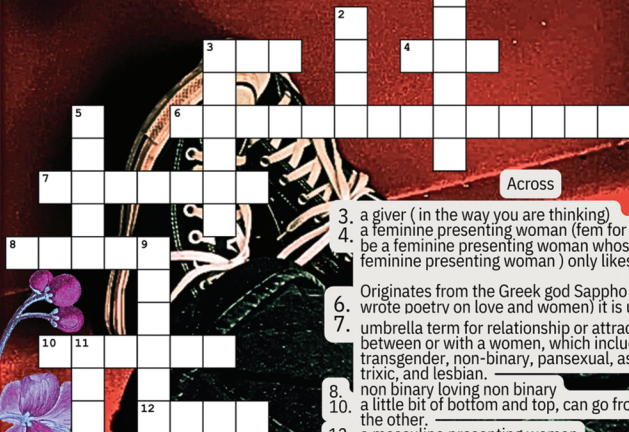
and I whispered in his ear
"Would your sweet mother, Aphrodite,
gift me this bird, one of her doves?"
and he aimed and fired,
a golden net ensnaring her.
I was handed this dove,
the size of my heart, into my palms
I thought of Sappho on her island
and knew Eros had done this before.



THE SAPPHIC DICTIONARY

Down

1. a pair of boxers
2. non binary loving women
3. a term non binary individuals use to describe their attraction to women
5. getting together after like a week of dating
9. a receiver (yes in the way you are thinking also)
11. women loving women



Across

3. a giver (in the way you are thinking)
4. a feminine presenting woman (fem for fem- would be a feminine presenting woman whose type is a feminine presenting woman) only likes to receive.
6. Originates from the Greek god Sappho (who wrote poetry on love and women) it is used as an
7. umbrella term for relationship or attraction between or with a women, which include ; transgender, non-binary, pansexual, asexual, bi, trix, and lesbian.
8. non binary loving non binary
10. a little bit of bottom and top, can go from one to the other.
12. a masculine presenting woman

ANSWERS:

1. WLW 2. NBLW 3. TRIXIE 4. SAPPHO 5. LESBOS 6. SAPPHO 7. SAPPHO 8. NBLW 9. SWITCH 10. NBLW 11. WLW 12. SAPPHO

SPECIAL THANKS TO OUR TEAM

EBOARD; MIMI BIRNBAUM, MAGDALA KLEIN, DIONESA, ONI THORNELL,
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GRAPHICS; BELLA CARTER,
EVA BALL, MAGGIE
MATTHEWS

INTERVIEW W/
ROCCO!

APPLY TO JOIN
THROUGH OUR INSTA

@SAPPHIC_MAG

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ERIN NORDSTROM

WRITERS ;
BELLA CARTER,
AVA LUBKEMANN

WE ARE SO GRATEFUL FOR OUR WONDERFUL
TEAM AND ALL THE WORK THEY'VE PUT
IN TO MAKE THIS HAPPEN. AND WE ARE
GRATEFUL FOR YOU, OUR DEAR READERS.



WITHOUT YOU ENGAGING WITH OUR
DISCUSSIONS AND THE COMMUNITY WE
ARE BUILDING, WE WOULD NOT BE A
COMMUNITY AT ALL. THANK YOU FOR
JOINING US IN CELEBRATING OUR SHARED
SAPPHIC IDENTITIES AND EMBRACING
OUR DIVERSELY FEMININE ENERGIES.
CO-EDITORS IN CHIEF MAYA DUPUIS AND JENNA SENTS



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