

Springer Ln

Second Edition



An anthology of the human experience.

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WHY AFRICAN DESPOTS

"The African

Film review by
Springer

Desperate"

Chorpash
(she/her/hers)

by Martine Syms

Martine Syms's "The African Desperate" follows Palace Bryant, played by Diamond Stingily, as she unravels her final 24 hours in art school directly after earning her Master of Fine Arts. A coming of age film debut for Syms, "The African Desperate" is characterized through its satirical, deadpan humor, visually addictive hallucinatory trip sequences, and impact font memes that comedically break the fourth wall. Syms has crafted a tasteful film that is just as much a bash on the white liberalism that reigns in creative fields, where black artists become more of a spectacle than the work they produce itself, as it is a comedy bit on pretentious art snobs and a rabbit hole of psychadelic antics.



We open with an almost nightmarish, horror scene of Palace presenting her final thesis critique at her upstate New York art school, where the panel of white professors in front of her ask questions (more akin to microaggressions) that both evade the nature of her work and catapult the theme of their overbearing and blind white guilt. One professor goes as far as to interrupt Palace as she dissects the anatomy of her work, asserting the question of, "Where'd you grow up? West Side Chicago?". As we accompany Palace on this short glimpse of time that wraps up her experience as an art student, Syms offers us a peek into the conditions that Palace endures, conditions Syms and Stingily are all too familiar with. Having had graduated art school at Bard College herself, Syms laces this narrative with an autobiographical tint. She infuses for us her experiences being in an intoxicatingly invisible environment through Palace's interactions with her peers, professors, and a potential lover.

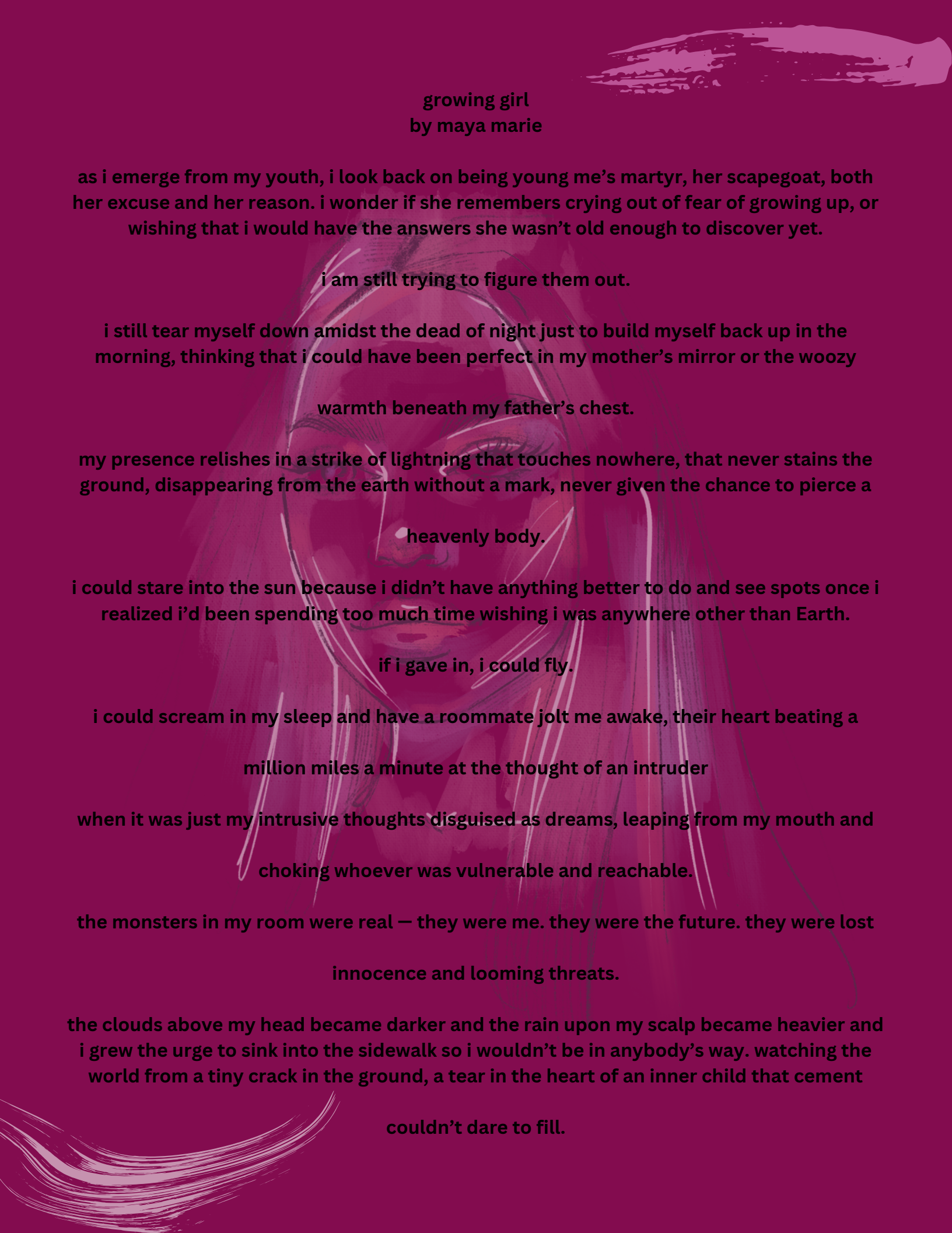


Martine Syms
website:
<https://www.martinesy.ms/>



GEORGE HARRISON

BY DOMINIC CANCINO



growing girl
by maya marie

as i emerge from my youth, i look back on being young me's martyr, her scapegoat, both her excuse and her reason. i wonder if she remembers crying out of fear of growing up, or wishing that i would have the answers she wasn't old enough to discover yet.

i am still trying to figure them out.

i still tear myself down amidst the dead of night just to build myself back up in the morning, thinking that i could have been perfect in my mother's mirror or the woozy

warmth beneath my father's chest.

my presence relishes in a strike of lightning that touches nowhere, that never stains the ground, disappearing from the earth without a mark, never given the chance to pierce a

heavenly body.

i could stare into the sun because i didn't have anything better to do and see spots once i realized i'd been spending too much time wishing i was anywhere other than Earth.

if i gave in, i could fly.

i could scream in my sleep and have a roommate jolt me awake, their heart beating a

million miles a minute at the thought of an intruder

when it was just my intrusive thoughts disguised as dreams, leaping from my mouth and

choking whoever was vulnerable and reachable.

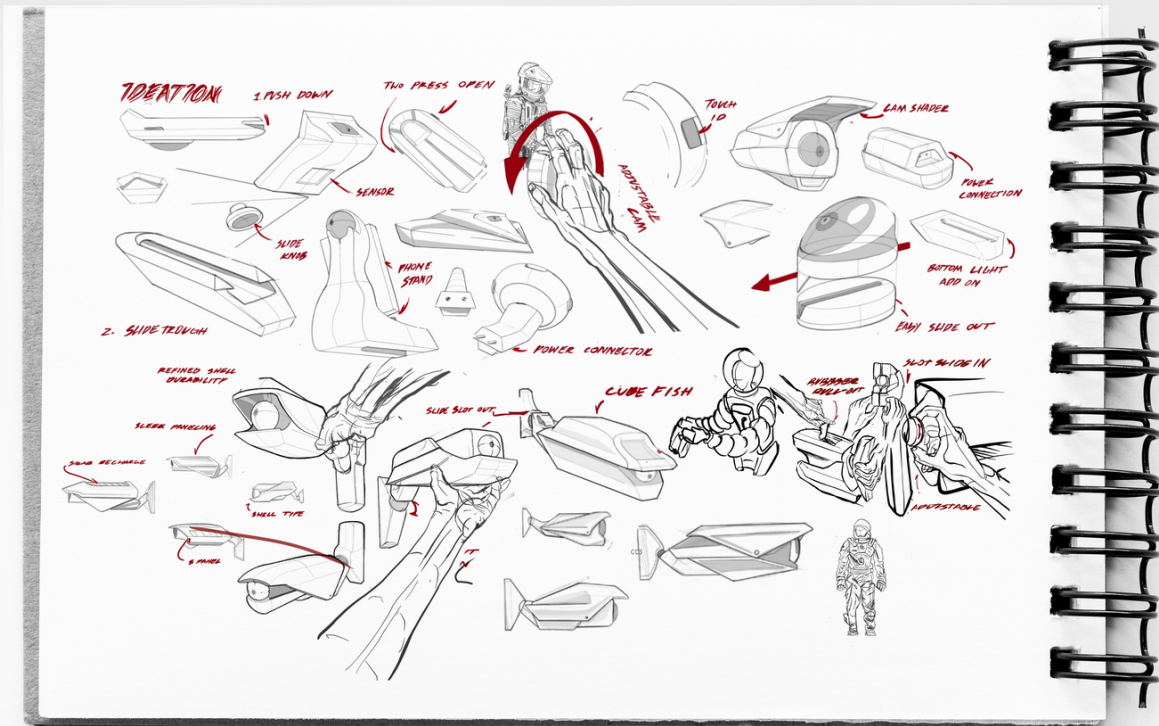
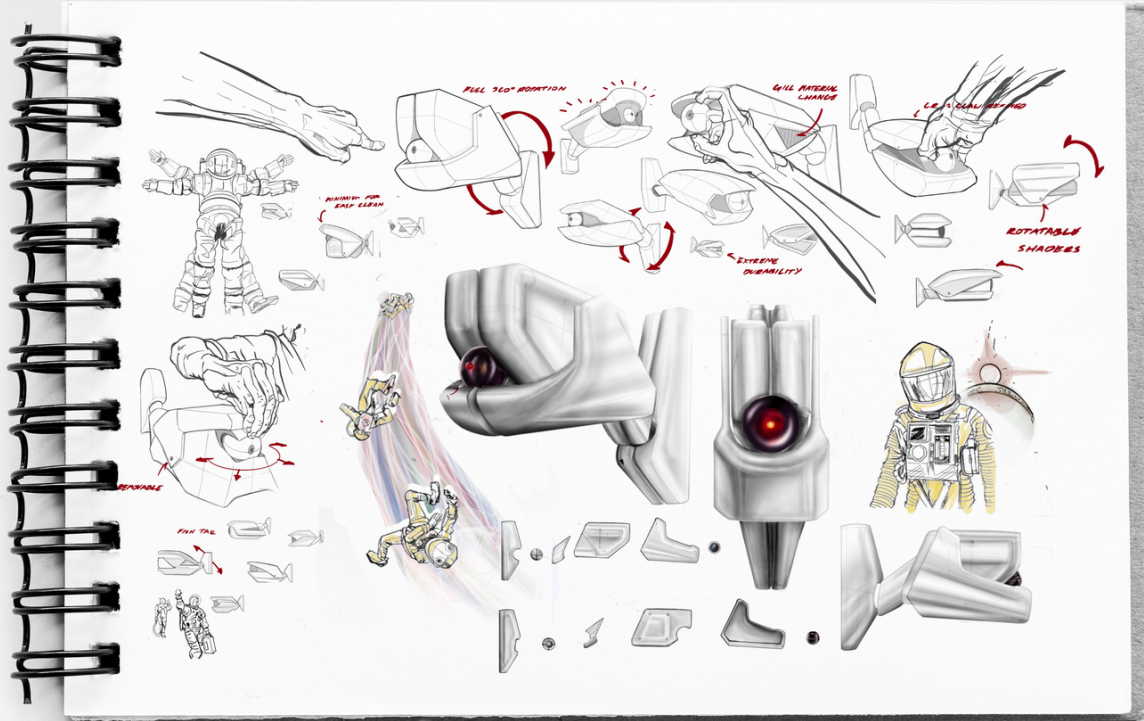
the monsters in my room were real — they were me. they were the future. they were lost

innocence and looming threats.

the clouds above my head became darker and the rain upon my scalp became heavier and i grew the urge to sink into the sidewalk so i wouldn't be in anybody's way. watching the world from a tiny crack in the ground, a tear in the heart of an inner child that cement

couldn't dare to fill.

CAMERA VISUAL COMMUNICATION SKETCHES 1



CAMERA VISUAL COMMUNICATION SKETCHES 2



Magma— a devastating and brilliant story by Thora Hjörleifsdóttir, poet and novelist who resides in Reykjavik, Iceland. This novel was originally published in Icelandic and translated by Meg Matich. *Magma's* plotline does not appeal to traditional structure— but I found that the construction of this story is crucial to highlight how some of the most harrowing things that can happen to a human being can often seem from an outside point of view as ordinary; trauma can hide in plain sight.

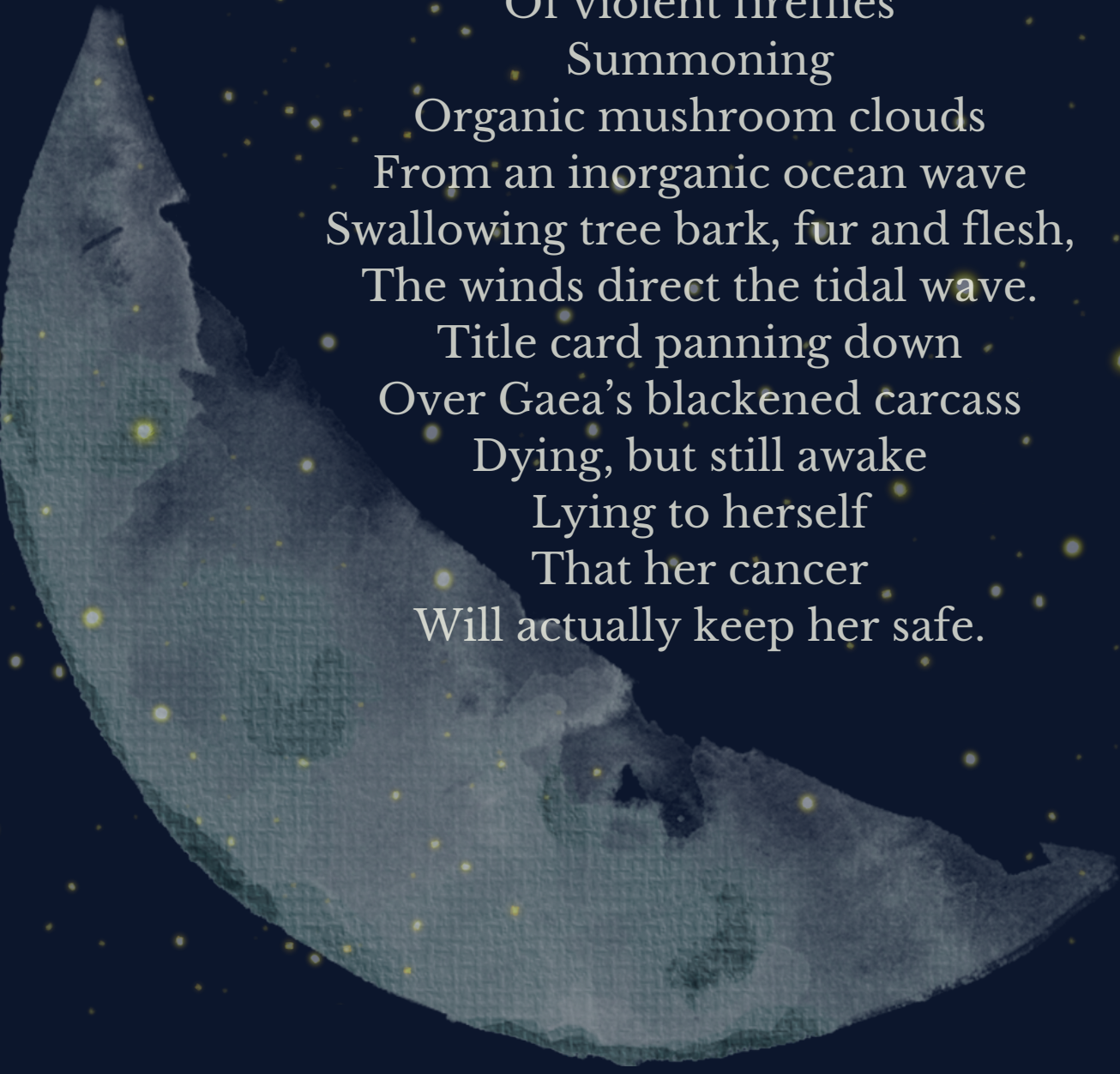
The story revolves around the inner monologue of twenty year old Lilja, who is in her third year of university and completely inexperienced romantically. She meets a graduate student through an internet dating forum and they began to meet up frequently in person after her trip abroad, and all throughout they were in contact electronically.

Lilja slowly becomes susceptible to his manipulation and unhealthy obsession— soon after they started sleeping together he asked her to move in with him, despite the fact that he refused to claim her as anything more than someone who he slept with. He possessed all the traits of an emotional manipulator, a story that often isn't taken as seriously as it can become. Lilja drifts from her parents, her friends and he becomes her entire existence. His abuse becomes not only physically violent, but the novel also captures the sexual violence that can be woven into emotionally manipulative relationships.

This story ultimately follows a young woman's unraveling. In short bursts of Lilja's innermost thoughts, it is revealed in degrees how severe and dangerous these relationships become. *Magma* is written exceptionally and accurately depicts in incredible detail, how corruption occurs within an abusive relationship and serves as an example of how to muster up the courage and strength to leave one, still intact.

Ash Blankets
By Andrew Launier

It's quiet tonight
And there's nothing on her mind,
Given time, rewind
To ash tray skies,
Masking the passing lies of
A criminal enterprise
Illuminating the hillside -
A red orange dance
Of violent fireflies
Summoning
Organic mushroom clouds
From an inorganic ocean wave
Swallowing tree bark, fur and flesh,
The winds direct the tidal wave.
Title card panning down
Over Gaea's blackened carcass
Dying, but still awake
Lying to herself
That her cancer
Will actually keep her safe.



my name is maya coles -- writing is my one true passion. it embodies me, it personifies my feelings, it reassures my love, it is my way to cope as well as why i cry. it was only very recently that i became truly pleased with who i am as a person. i spent too long wallowing in insecurity and a debilitating fear of dying young. i associate my overcoming and my self-confidence with my ability to put my emotions into words.

polaroids on my coffee table
birthday cards on my windowsill
the crickets chirp louder than they ever have before.
in a small little corner of the world
my name is mentioned only in
hushed tones
and innuendos
and whispered when i walk past.
traitorous tendencies shadowed by
crinkled smiles
dark eyes twinkling with
opportunity
fidgeting hands grasping a young
man's headboard.



open legs to reveal new lace
gracious grievances and appeals to a deity,
praying that the effect he has on me never ceases
as my hands tug his hair
and my nails mark his back.

dear God,

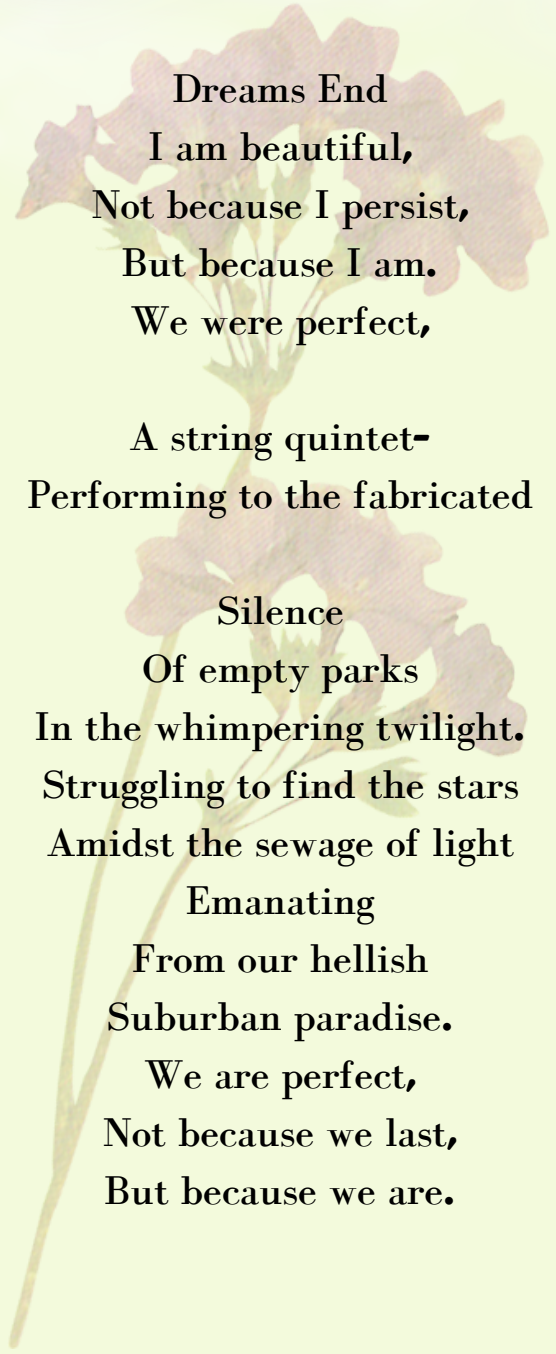
if you really are as omniscient as people say you are,
please reward me with this eternal love and fortunate prosperity,
even if insecurity still continues to plague me.

SPACIOUS

by maya coles

Author Bio - Andrew Launier

My name is Andrew Launier, and every once and a while, I experience moments in time where my emotional cup fills so much that it threatens to overflow. Rather than risk it spilling, and losing some of that captured feeling, I write it down. The results are typically incoherent, but sometimes they are something that might just resemble poetry. I prefer simple and short snapshots of runaway feelings, and I feel blessed when I am lucky enough to capture them



Dreams End
I am beautiful,
Not because I persist,
But because I am.
We were perfect,

A string quintet-
Performing to the fabricated

Silence
Of empty parks
In the whimpering twilight.
Struggling to find the stars
Amidst the sewage of light
Emanating
From our hellish
Suburban paradise.
We are perfect,
Not because we last,
But because we are.

Kaleigh Pienta - Artist Bio

Hi! I am Kaleigh Pienta, a college nursing student in Seattle striving to see the beauty in each aspect of life. I am fascinated with the human experience and I believe that shows in my art. For this piece specifically, I took words and pictures out of magazines to create a collage that captured the peacefulness I feel when connected with nature. It is important to me that everyone sees how beautiful mother nature is and to hopefully invoke feelings that make people want to take better care of our Earth. It is the only one that we have so it is crucial that we take action to protect it.



Peace in Nature
Kaleigh Pienta





AN AVENUE OF FAMILIARITY - ANDREW LAUNIER

HARK!

THERE'S A HAUNTING QUIET
IN THE CITY OF GNARLED REDWOOD BARK,
LABYRINTHINE TOES CRAWLING BENEATH
NEW SHOES THAT USED TO BE WHITE,
AND FINGERS OF GOD REACHING UP
TO THE MISTY HEAVENS
WITH NAILS PAINTED A VERDANT GREEN.

I CONFESSED MY FAILURES TO THE TREES,
TEARS SEEPING INTO SKIN, SOIL, OR
OTHERWISE,

I SOARED AMIDST THE GOD-RAYS,
AND PEEKING THROUGH A THRIVING
METROPOLIS

I PERFORMED A SERMON:

I WILL NO LONGER BE ALONE-
MY PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS STARTS WITH ME!

I CRIED A LAST CRY OF CATHARTIC
APOTHEOSIS.

AND THE GIANTS,
WITH A THOUSAND YEAR'S WISDOM,
SAID NOTHING.

STARFUCKERS

WRITTEN AND DIRECTED BY ANTONIO MARZIALE

FILM REVIEW BY SPRINGER CHORPASH

A note to Antonio Marziale, writer and director of the 2022 short film *Starfuckers*; you have moved me, you have left me speechless, you have revolutionized me, and you have my attention. With just a 14 minute run time, *Starfuckers* has effectively reimagined a concept I thought I concretely knew about. We are blessed with Marziale's examination on power dynamics between aspiring stars and powerful Hollywood executives, and the unashamed exploitation that accompanies this stark dichotomy. Confrontational and provocative, Marziale's short film is a queer vengeance tale that defies Hollywood's social ladder and celebrates the art of drag. It is rich from beginning to end, and is one of the most remarkable short films I've ever seen. This short film is show stopping on its own merit, but performances from leads Antonio Marziale, who's physical exhibition is consuming and electrifying, and Cole Doman, who's subtleties and expertise ornament a performance that can be described as none other than a force to be reckoned with, frame *Starfuckers* into the mesmerizing sliver of art that it is.



We open with an interaction between a man and an escort he hires- dismissive yet captivating conversation and anomalous body language indicating for us that *the way these men see each other do not parallel, but we don't yet know why*. The escort performs the act he was paid to do, their night continues with the exchange of client-over-product remains unscathed. When this power dynamic turns over on its head, as if nature itself for the first time faces opposition, we are left with a revenge sequence, precisely choreographed. It is haunting, theatrical, and absurdist. It is some of the best acting I have seen to date, it is deranged, and most of all, it is liberating to digest.

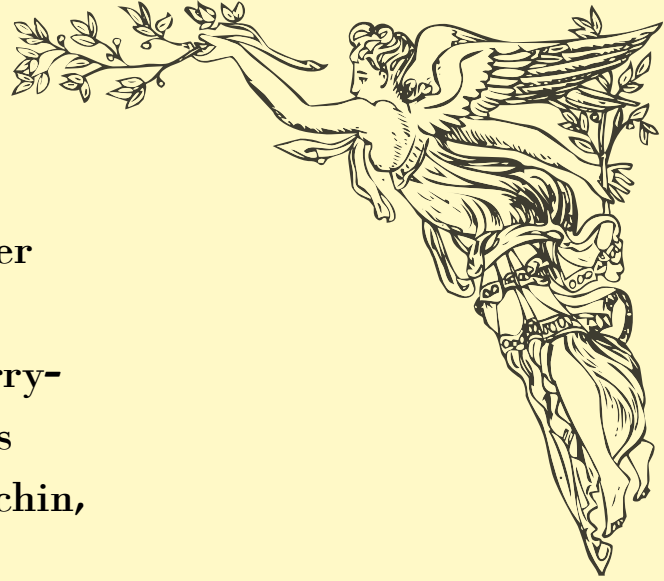
Starfuckers is available for viewing on MUBI
Find out more about Antonio Marziale via their
instagram: @tonimarz



Dominic Cancino



Illustration Sketching - Oceanic

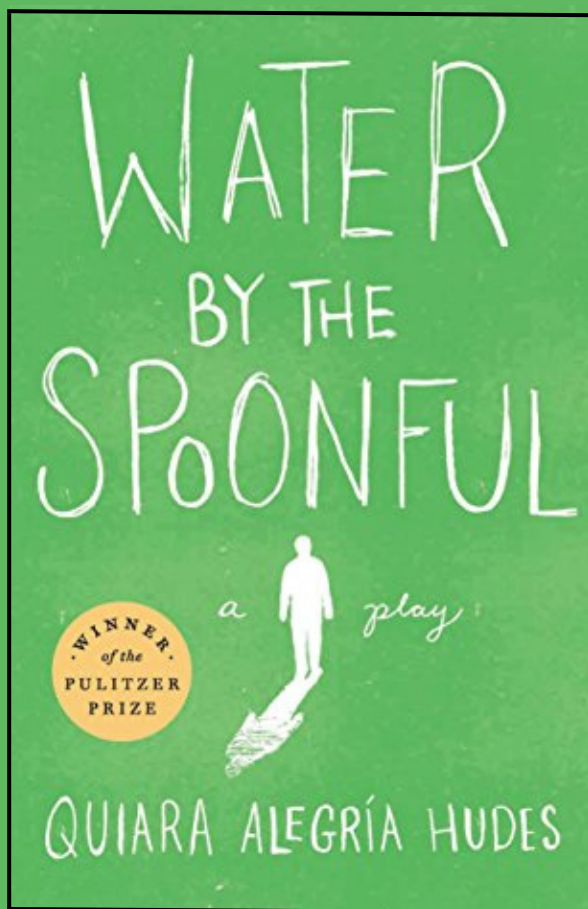


Buttercup

By Andrew Launier

I heard there's a ferry-
It rides the rivers
Flowing from eye to chin,
Rest at the bend
'Round the lips,
Enjoy the last of the trip.
Admire the little
Freckle trees
With the autumn colored leaves—
Reds and oranges and pinks.
Don't be afraid of a little dance,
Sip some wine, snap the trance,
Live life while you have the chance,
Kiss and tell all you like,
Taste the concoction-
Kara-age, sushi, Sapporo with lime,
Drink it in as the ferry floats off.
Off and off,
To the end of the line
(Don't forget to stop
at the gift shop,
And take a smile, free,
To remember the times).





Drama Review by Clara-Lane



Water by the Spoonful, a play written by no other than the genius of Quiara Alegria Hudes, masterfully unravels a story that takes place in two different worlds— online and real-life. The online plot establishes itself in a chat room where Odessa, the main character's mother, starts a forum where her internet community can have a direct line of communication with one another where she uses the name HaikuMom. The online inhabitants include Fountainhead, a know-it-all whose arrogance is often disliked by other members and who also secretly struggles with addiction, Orangutan, an ex-drug addict whose recovery journey involves trying to contact her birth parents, and Chutes&Ladders, who is also a recovering addict who is chronically online and struggles to make in-person connections.

The other plotline which takes place in Philadelphia involves young Elliot Ortiz, a veteran of the Iraq War and Odessa's son. Elliot experiences PTSD and is haunted by his killing of an innocent man. Elliot also left the war with a permanent injury in one of his legs, and walks with an unfixable limp. His mother Odessa is seen as a saint in her online forum, always encouraging empathy, kindness and patience. She welcomes all lost souls and recovering addicts into her internet sanctuary, and provides advice and words of gentle motivation to stay sober. Odessa and Elliot's relationship get examined further into the play, where they contemplate how Odessa's addiction affected and shaped Elliot's life. It is later revealed that Fountainhead, from her online forum, was a vital resource and pillar of strength in Odessa's recovery. Throughout the story the plot thickens and weaves between the two storylines, and the play ends in a brilliant parallel resolution.

Water by the Spoonful is written beautifully, and the fascinating back and forth between real life and online is seamless and captivating. The play's refreshing concept is well received and loved by many— notably winning the Pulitzer Prize for Drama. A substantial triumph on Quiara Alegria Hudes' behalf, and considered to be one of my favorite plays of all.

Letters from the Misty Valley
By Andrew Launier

I got lost in the fog today,
Low dragged clouds- a typical
Northwest misty shroud,
I'm all slippery,
I'm sliding out of my hands,
Like soap, fish, and fingers, and
Petrichor lingers.

There's no Summer left
On the film roll,
But the nights still bake,
And my back still aches
Because the sun is too cold,
I'm awake in the wake
Of a baking twilight,
Because the days are so slow,
Hindsight belies
A twisty car ride,
Down to the valley where the mist rolls,
As the greens and grays
Are all the same,
A voice in the mist sings away,
"There's a reason for rain,
There's still color in the gray,
The stars chart the way,
Above the mist in the valley."