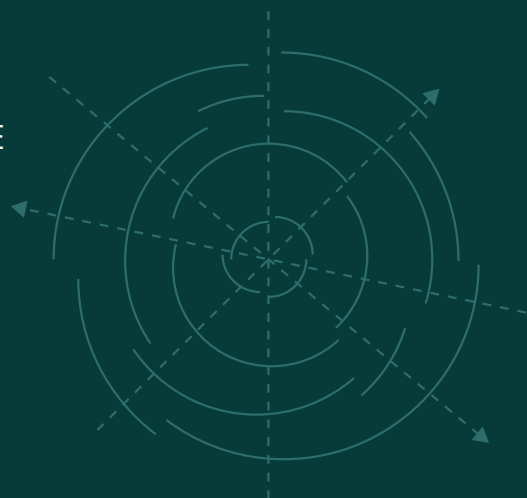

SPRINGER LN NEWSLETTER: THIRD EDITION



AN ANTHOLOGY OF THE
HUMAN EXPERIENCE

SPRINGERLN.COM

1 APRIL, 2023



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BLISS

by louis denson

Ignorance is the goose down blanket whose weight puts me to sleep.

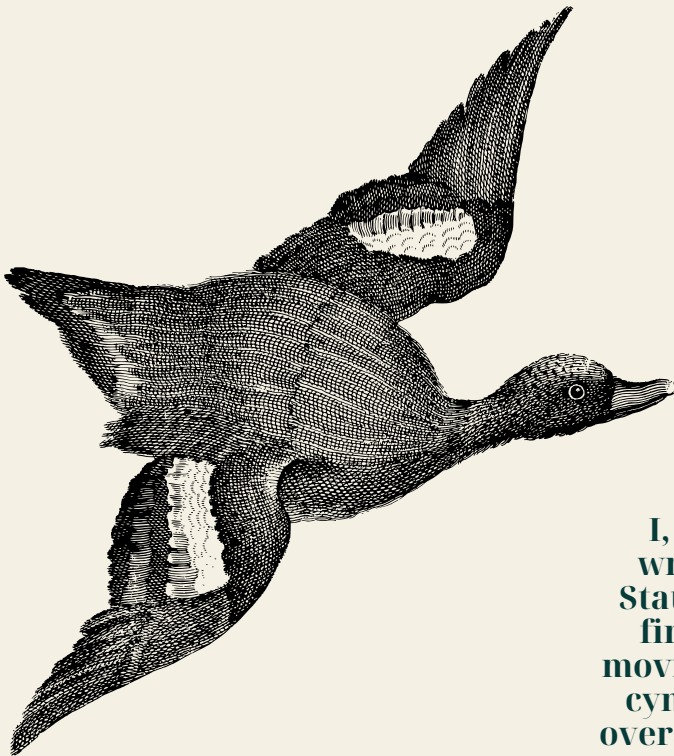
Presses down on my eyes so the old woman becomes the shadow of a figure that is in my way.

Pads down my ears to the cries; preventing the needy from influencing my thoughts as I lull myself with the current of my bloodstream.

Its warm pressure forces my heart to become stone as I accumulate sediments of pride with no room for shame or pity.

In my dreams, I fulfill my desire of satisfactions to come, disregarding the reality that there is life above.

But here, under the blanket, isn't it comfortable?



AUTHOR BIO

I, Louis, am from San Diego. I am a creative writing and cinema student at San Francisco State University. I love being barefoot, surfing, finding and listening to music, and watching movies. I am a romantic idealist with a jaded and cynical world view which often juxtaposes my overall happy and excitable disposition. Through creative mediums, I hope to engage with an audience who share and embrace alternative perspectives.

Women Holding Things

BY MAIRA KALMAN



REVIEW BY CLARA-LANE

SYNOPSIS : *WOMEN HOLDING THINGS* BY MAIRA KALMAN; A GORGEOUS AND ENLIGHTENING ILLUSTRATION OF WHAT WOMEN PHYSICALLY AND EMOTIONAL HOLD ON TO. KALMAN DEPICTS THROUGH A VERY FEW, POWERFUL WORDS AND STUNNING GRAPHICS EXACTLY WHAT WOMEN HAVE BEEN CARRYING FOR HUNDREDS OF YEARS.

KALMAN SAYS FROM CHICKENS, TO A CAN OF WORMS, TO NONSENSE IN COURTROOMS-- WE HOLD IT ALL. BETTER YET, WITH GRACE AND WISDOM.

THIS GRAPHIC NOVEL IS A MOVING AND INSPIRING PIECE THAT I CAN ONLY DESCRIBE AS BEING MANDATORY FOR EVERY WOMAN TO READ, AS A GENTLE REMINDER THAT WE CAN CONTROL WHAT TO CARRY WITH US AND WE CAN PUT IT DOWN, ANYTIME WE'D LIKE.

PERSONALLY, IT MADE ME CONSIDER WHAT I AM CURRENTLY HOLDING ON TO, AND PRECISELY WHY I DEEM IT NECESSARY.

I ENDED UP COMING UP WITH A MILLION DIFFERENT ANSWERS-- THE WEIGHT OF EXISTING IN SYSTEMS THAT ARE NOT LIVABLE, THE WEIGHT OF HOLDING ON TO HOPE OF NECESSARY REFORMATION, AND THE WEIGHT OF HOW TO, IN THE FACE OF SUCH A TERRIFYING TIME, STILL WAKE UP AND BE OKAY.

WHAT WE HOLD IS QUITE LITERALLY IN OUR HANDS. LET KALMAN'S WORDS REMIND YOU THAT EVEN THE SMALLEST, SIMPLEST ACTIONS CAN MAKE THIS WORLD A HAPPIER AND SAFER PLACE.

Please use the link below to donate to the families of the recent Covenant School shooting victims, and above all else hold the ones you love a little closer.



The pink thread

by Bianca Badescu

i've been trying to put myself back together
with a needle and thread
but i keep running out
of the pretty pink string i use
and it's never long enough
or strong enough
to stitch the skin into one,
but i still try.

seeing the lovely pink ribbon intertwined with my flesh,
feeling complete once more.
veins braided together like vines on a tree
so strong together,
so fragile alone

i always go too deep
touching the different layers of my skin with the pale pink thread
now stained red
poking painfully as i pierce the skin beneath
trying to stretch the strand long enough to cover the gash,
but there's not enough.
there's never enough.
so i give up.

"when i get more ,i'll continue"
always a stop and start then stop and never restart.
but the pierce of the needle is a painful reminder of before and i miss
it.

i miss when i used to sew and sew and sew
desperate to feel whole again.
now i don't feel the need.
but every once in awhile
i'll pick up the needle and thread
and stitch myself back together again.

Author Bio

Hi, I'm Bianca Badescu and I'm a high school student in my senior year. I've never been good with words or speaking my emotions into thought, but every once in a while I'll create something that I care about enough to share it with others. This piece entitled 'the pink thread' is a little poem I created recalling my experiences with self harm. When first writing the poem I didn't know what it was going to be about but as I continued the pieces fell into place and I realized what my subconscious intent was. I hope you enjoy.

THE ACCUSER

BY LEAH FLORES



What reason did I have to envy you?
The source of sanguine prosperity
Who's voice entraps wandering demons
One touch, and darkness grows extinct

You are You
The gleaming glory who smiles in the face
of Sathanas
Like wrath does not exist

Sweet deity, please do not banish me
I am pride and I am greed
And I am a gluttonous vengeful fiend
You decide I am not
Wired in the brain
In the ways of divinity

But you'll kiss the forehead of bacteria
Before conceived
Leave a lingering lustful light to draw in
admirers
Like moths
Like me
To spread your sloth of a prophecy

You beautiful coward,
How dare you banish me.

Let there be no light for Lucifer



AUTHOR BIO

Leah Flores is a senior creative writing student at San Francisco State University. She writes with inspirations from philosophy, religious trauma, and a mission towards radical empathy.

NEST

A SHORT FILM BY HLYNUR PÁLMASSON
& REVIEW BY SPRINGER CHORPASH



Lockdown promptly severed immeasurable creative minds from cultivating art from adversity- how does a filmmaker express the grief following stark disconnection from the outside world without stepping foot into it?

Icelandic filmmaker Hlynur Pálmason rolls with the punches and adapts to the unpredictability by diverting his creative energy to the tangible companions braving this new world alongside him; his three children and his backyard.

Pálmason spent 18 months, intermittently and throughout different lockdowns in 2020-2021, documenting his children as they construct a treehouse in their backyard.

Pálmason utilizes a static camera with an unmoving scope of view to capture his children as they work to assemble this physical fortification of what childhood means to them. We see the defeat and the triumph the that these children endure, all decorated by the vastness and glory of Iceland's open, whimsical landscape.

Pálmason taps into a sensation we do not often see stylized so effortlessly in media: the livelihood of the naturally occurring world around us, not through fictionalization, but mere capturing in film and the way it interacts with the humans who inhabit it. The rolling hills become stagnant foe, the lake is a friend, the ferns are encapsulated through their personality, not their physical being. In a short film spanning only 22 minutes, Hlynur Pálmason revitalizes the terrain he lives *in*, and ultimately, the terrain he lives *through*.

Nest masterfully suits us up as observers into this microcosm of childlike freedom. We get a slice of the playful dynamic between ever-changing environment and a sibling dynamic that feels simultaneously fresh, rich, and seamless.

You can find *Nest* on Mubi- see the following page for some stills, captured by the still camera and intentional eye of Hlynur Pálmason, as the treehouse becomes integrated in the Icelandic ecosystem throughout its creation.



An interview with Lee Herrick, the Poet Laureate of California

Springer Ln is grateful, overjoyed, and inexplicably fortunate to bring you an interview with Lee Herrick, California's 10th ever Poet Laureate, as well as the first Asian American to be selected for this honor. Lee Herrick teaches at Fresno City college, serving as a beacon of light and inspiration inside and outside of the classroom. He is the author of three books of poems, titled: *Scar and Flower*, *Gardening Secrets of the Dead*, and *This Many Miles from Desire*. Lee Herrick co-founded LitHop in Fresno, has read and spread his art across the United States, and has taught in Qingdao, China, and for Kundiman, an organization devoted to the creation and community of Asian American creative writing. We highly encourage any readers who stumble across this interview to take a moment and absorb the words of Lee Herrick. His work has nestled its way into our hearts, and he reminds us all what a privilege it is to be alive and to create. We can not thank Lee Herrick enough for his time and grace.

Q: When did you first begin writing, and how did you know you wanted to be a poet?

A: I first began writing poems in high school, but they were in the form of rap songs. I loved the energy, anger, and inventive wordplay of mid-1980s rap. In my first few years of college, I had professors who introduced me to great poets, and I began to study it more. By my junior year of college, I began to wonder what it would be like and what it would take to be a poet. I think I knew I wanted to be a poet when I couldn't stop thinking about writing and when poetry became a place of refuge, escape, discovery, and joy.

Q: What drew you towards being an educator, and how has it influenced your craft?

A: I loved and still love being around books, ideas, and people learning and trying to improve their lives. I like the dynamic culture of education: a varied study body with varied experiences, the exchange of ideas, helping people learn. Teaching is another form of learning, so it has influenced my craft significantly. I am constantly inspired by new poets, new ideas, and new ways of seeing the world.

Q: Do you have any words on cultivating art through adversity?

A: Reading and creative writing can help you get through some of life's difficulties. I can't imagine where my past despair, anxieties, or questions would have gone if it weren't for the open page. Poetry, art, and writing can help with trauma, suffering, or struggle. Don't let your trauma or adversity take you out. Stay. Write. It—the writing and our lives—can be messy, uncertain, and confusing at times. Writing can help us discover our way through. Eventually, there will be light. There will be grace. I would argue that there is poetry in everyone.

Q: Please touch on the light that being a writer has brought into your life.

A: Being a writer has allowed me to live a full life, in terms of being alive and awake to the difficulties and hard parts of life, as well as the beauty and joys of it. I have met remarkable people of all ages around the world. I have met writers whose lives and writing inspire me. I feel free when I write. I have been liberated by writing. I am grateful for poetry. I am grateful for this life.

pushover
by maya coles

it feels so relieving to be pushed around.
i don't have to make any decisions anymore.
i don't have to carry the mass of myself
or articulate any of my thoughts.

i am pretty when i am told so
and no longer sinful when i shower.
i drink concoctions in cups that don't belong to me.

i am mixed up in hotel room sheets
so out of place for something i paid for
so attentive to the stains that reside in the floor.

i am outgrowing my dresses
my shoes are destructively worn,
just like the woman that wears them.

a good night's sleep is five years overdue.
i play my sixteen-hour-long playlist narrated by despondent women
and dead men
singing about the loss of love and missed opportunities and regrets and
burdens.

in an attempt to soothe me
to lull me to rest
it only makes me cry.

the tears embellished in my pillowcase hold me like a long lost friend.
there is a reunion every single night.
she effectively drains me,
and yet i cannot part with her.

stills from strawberry mansion:



A sensational world where your dreams aren't always your own, where love sails steadily through the oblivion we call subconsciousness, and where your most pervasive nightmare is a friend who populates every night in your sleep with a bucket of fried chicken- *this*, is *Strawberry Mansion*.

There is little to be said about Kentucker Audley and Albert Birney's creation that translates more clearly through words than on screen. This film is strange, heartwarming, surreal, and undeniably creatively limitless. It is a must see, and it can be streamed on Mubi.

STRAWBERRY MANSION

a film by kentucker audley &
albert birney-
a review by springer chorpash

An interview with with filmmakers Kentucker Audley and Albert Birney, where Audley touches on the surrealism of dream logic, the sensation of dreaming, and how they approached this divisive element in *Strawberry Mansion*:

"For people who are adventurous cinephiles, who are keen to go off and not have all the answers unspooled for them, it works. But if you're looking for that clean three-act narrative, it's not there. Because that's not how the subconscious works. And yet, we don't want to just go off into nowhere-land and leave everyone completely behind, so it's that balance of trying to keep some propulsion and threading of recognizable character development and tropes, while also allowing ourselves free rein to abandon those elements when needed to really dive into the dream logic." (rogerebert.com)



SYNOPSIS

Strawberry Mansion is a surrealist-painted reality where dreams are taxed and audited by the state, generating capitol through targeted subconscious ad placement- in this reality, you are predisposed to consumerism, even in your most private and delicate affairs. Government Agent Preble takes on the task of auditing the archived dreams of an eccentric Isadora, a charming and ethereal older woman who has rejected the modernity of the current dream state- a woman who records her dreams on VHS, who disregards current mandate of ploading them. to a highly surveilled database. As his examination ensues, Preble finds Isadora's dream world bleeding into his reality. This dystopian conglomeration of tried and true auteurism headed by Kentucker Audley and Albert Birney bridges the divide between fantasy, melodrama, romance, action, where its absurdist elements are wholly embraced and delivered as naturalistic. *Strawberry Mansion* has nestled its way into my head and my heart, and I am overjoyed to spread the wealth only. a film like this can bring.

PEANUT AND CHAIN

PLAY BY LOUIS DENOSN

CHARACTERS

ELEPHANT - KIND WITH LOW CONFIDENCE

PEANUT - CHILL DEMEANOR, BUT FREAKING OUT

CHAIN - MANIPULATIVE AND CONTROLLING

ELEPHANT STANDS UNDER A TENT OUTSIDE OF THE CIRCUS WITH A CHAIN LOCKED AROUND THEIR LEG. A GROUP OF CHILDREN WALK PAST THE TENT. ONE CHILD UNKNOWINGLY DROPS A PEANUT ON THE FLOOR. ELEPHANT DOESN'T NOTICE.

PEANUT

HEY, MAN. HEY!

ELEPHANT

WHAT'S THAT? IS SOMEONE THERE?

PEANUT

HEY, MAN. YOU GOTTA HELP ME, MAN.

ELEPHANT

HELLO? WHO IS THIS? WHERE ARE YOU?

PEANUT

DESPERATELY.

DOWN HERE, MAN. DOWN HERE. YOU GOTTA HELP ME, MAN. OH GOD, YOU GOTTA HELP ME.

ELEPHANT

LOOKING FRANTICALLY.

WHERE?! I DON'T SEE YOU!

CHAIN

CASUALLY.

I DON'T HEAR ANYTHING.

PEANUT

ON THE GROUND, MAN! I CAN'T MOVE. YOU GOTTA HELP ME.

ELEPHANT

ALL I SEE ARE THE ROPES AND TENT STILTS! I DON'T SEE YOU!

PEANUT

I'M THE PEANUT, MAN. DO YOU SEE THE PEANUT?

ELEPHANT

I SEE YOU! YOU'RE A PEANUT?

CHAIN

OH, THERE HE IS... HE'S FAR AWAY.

PEANUT

PLEASE, MAN. YOU GOTTA HELP ME.

CHAIN

ALL KNOWINGLY.

WHAT COULD HE WANT BEING SO FAR AWAY?

ELEPHANT

WHAT'S WRONG? WHAT DO YOU NEED?

PEANUT

YOU NEED TO EAT ME, MAN. PLEASE! OH GOD.

ELEPHANT

YOU WANT ME TO EAT YOU?

PEANUT

I NEED YOU TO EAT ME. I FELL ON THE GROUND AND I CAN'T GET TOSSED, MAN, PLEASE.

CHAIN

OFF OF THE GROUND? GROSS!

ELEPHANT

I DON'T UNDERSTAND.

PEANUT

I'M A PEANUT, MAN. I CAN'T BE WASTED. I NEED TO BE EATEN.

CHAIN

YOU CAN'T REACH HIM. HE'S TOO FAR AWAY.

ELEPHANT

I CAN'T REACH YOU. YOU'RE TOO FAR AWAY.

PEANUT

PLEASE, MAN! ALL I WAS MADE FOR WAS TO BE LIGHTLY SALTED AND EATEN. I FELL OUT OF THE BAG AND I'M STUCK ON THE FLOOR. IT'D BE ONE THING IF I GOT STEPPED ON, BUT I'M STUCK UNDER THE TENT ACROSS THE ROPE. NO ONE IS GOING TO STEP ON ME. I CAN'T GET STALE AND THROWN AWAY WHOLE! IT'S MY DESTINY TO BE EATEN. I CAN'T GET LEFT LIKE THIS.

CHAIN

MAYBE IT'S FOR THE BEST. HE LOOKS LIKE HE WAS LEFT IN THE HOTBOX TOO LONG ANYWAY.

ELEPHANT

OH MY GOD, THAT'S TERRIBLE. I'M SO SORRY.

CHAIN

TOO BAD, SO SAD. STILL, HE'S TOO FAR.

PEANUT

SO WILL YOU HELP ME OUT, MAN? WILL YOU EAT ME?

CHAIN

IT'S IMPOSSIBLE.

ELEPHANT

I WOULD, BUT I CAN'T. YOU'RE TOO FAR AWAY.

PEANUT

WHAT DO YOU MEAN? YOU'RE SO CLOSE. ONLY A FEW STEPS AWAY.

ELEPHANT¹²

STILL, I CAN'T REACH YOU. SEE THIS CHAIN? IT'S TOO SHORT. I CAN'T REACH YOU.

CHAIN

TOLD YOU.

PEANUT

WHAT DO YOU MEAN? THAT TINY THING? JUST BREAK IT.

CHAIN

IRRITATEDLY.

DO WE NEED TO SPELL IT OUT FOR YOU?! YOU'RE - TOO - FAR- AWAYYY! IT'S - N-O-T GOING - TO - HAPPEN!

ELEPHANT

ELEPHANT LIGHTLY TUGS AT THE CHAIN, BUT CHAIN RESISTS.

I CAN'T. IT'S TOO STRONG.

PEANUT

THAT'S RIDICULOUS, YOU'RE AN ELEPHANT. YOU CAN BREAK THAT THING EASILY.

CHAIN

SHOCKED AND ALMOST IMPRESSED

THIS GUY... JUST DOESN'T GET IT DOES HE?

TALKING TO ELEPHANT

DON'T LISTEN TO HIM. HE'S JUST A DIRTY PEANUT. YOU AND I HAVE BEEN TOGETHER SINCE YOU WERE

YOUNG. YOU'D PULL AND PULL, BUT I WOULDN'T BUDGE. YOU MAY HAVE GROWN, BUT YOU'RE THE SAME ELEPHANT YOU WERE THEN. TOO WEAK TO BREAK ME. WE'LL BE TOGETHER, LIKE THIS,

FOREVER.

ELEPHANT

I'M SORRY, PEANUT, I CAN'T. YOU'RE TOO FAR AWAY.

PEANUT

PLEASE JUST TRY. I KNOW YOU CAN DO IT. EAT ME, ELEPHANT, I KNOW YOU CAN DO IT.

CHAIN

TAKING ELEPHANT'S ATTENTION AWAY FROM PEANUT.

COME ON, EL, WE DON'T WANT TO SPOIL YOUR APPETITE. THEY'RE COMING AROUND WITH DINNER ANYTIME NOW. AND IT'S FRUIT AND ROOT FRIDAY! I KNOW HOW MUCH YOU'VE BEEN LOOKING FORWARD TO THIS. REMEMBER LAST WEEK WHEN FARMER GIUSEPPE PROMISED TO BRING YOU HIS BLUE RIBBON EXTRA LARGE WATERMELON. HE SHOULD BE HERE ANY MINUTE. HE MUST LIKE YOU A LOT, AND WE DON'T WANT TO MAKE HIM UPSET BY WASTING ANY OF HIS HARD WORK NOW DO WE?

PEANUT

PEANUTS GO WELL WITH FRUIT!

IN A DREAM-LIKE TRANCE

SOME MIXED GREENS AND A BALSAMIC VINAIGRETTE. MMMM THAT SOUNDS NICE.

SNAPPING OUT OF THE FANTASY.

THAT'S EXTRA LUCKY FOR YOU, EL! CAN I CALL YOU EL?

ELEPHANT BEGINS TO BLUSH.

CHAIN

NO YOU CAN'T CALL THEM THAT! AND WE'RE NOT EATING A SALAD EITHER! JUST FRUITS AND ROOTS!

PEANUT

MATTER OF FACTLY.

NUTS ARE FRUIT TOO, YOU KNOW.

CHAIN

ARE YOU HIGH?! YOU'RE A LEGUME! LE-GUME! I KNOW THAT AND I DON'T EVEN EAT! WE'RE DONE WITH THIS GUY. EL, CRUSH THIS FOOL.

ELEPHANT MOVES THEIR LEG AGAIN AGAINST THE CHAIN. CHAIN GROANS FROM THE TENSION. 16

PEANUT

THAT'S IT, MAN! GIVE IT A GOOD TUG! COMMIT TO IT AND YOU'LL GET OUT EASY. I KNOW YOU CAN DO IT!

CHAIN

OUT OF BREATH

WAIT, STOP! HE'S LYING TO YOU, THINK ABOUT IT. HE ONLY WANTS YOU TO TRY SO HE CAN BE EATEN AND GO TO LEGUME VALHALLA OR WHATEVER IT IS. HE DOESN'T CARE ABOUT YOU. HE'S USING YOU. HE DOESN'T KNOW YOU LIKE I DO. HE'S TOO FAR AWAY. IT'S IMPOSSIBLE. LEAVE HIM THERE, HE'LL GET THROWN AWAY AFTER DINNER AND WE CAN JUST FORGET ABOUT HIM.

ELEPHANT

TORN BETWEEN THE TWO, BUT FEELING SORRY FOR
PEANUT.

I DON'T KNOW...

PEANUT

JUST ONE GOOD PULL. YOU CAN DO IT! BE FREE OF HIM. DON'T LET HIM TELL YOU WHAT YOU CAN DO. BE FREE OF HIM AND SET ME FREE! PLEASE, MAN, YOU'RE STRONGER THAN YOU KNOW.

CHAIN

STERNLY.

DON'T YOU EVEN TRY IT. WHAT DOES HE KNOW? HE'S JUST A BAKED PEANUT.

ELEPHANT

FED UP WITH THE BICKERING.

SHUT UP!

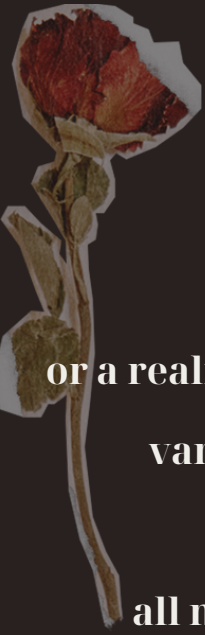
WITH A COMMITTED EFFORT, ELEPHANT PULLS THEIR
LEG AND BREAKS THE CHAIN.

PEANUT

REJOICING.

I KNEW YOU COULD DO IT! NOW GOBBLE ME UP AND WE'LL BOTH BE FREE!

END PLAY



stamp of approval
by maya coles

i cannot decide or differentiate
whether i'm a nihilist living blissfully
or an optimist living delusionally,
or a realist cloaked in a fictional haven of blooming poppies and hot coffees and
chocolate undertones,
vanilla notes and lavender and warm blankets and steamed mirrors.

the little things always distracted me.

all my angsty letters are water-damaged and crumpled up somewhere,
i am grateful they are,
i no longer associate myself with the woman who wrote them.
they were never addressed to anybody,
i thank the universe they were never sent or received or discovered,
even anonymously.

she didn't have to waste her time
or her blood or her heart or her ink,
she didn't have to appeal to anyone,
give her body up like a provision,
pray to a muted man overlooking her,

shaking his head
tilting his nose upward
only lending hands as she grazed rock bottom
and her arms grew slender and bruised.
skeletal, feminine fingers
branched out, interlocking and wondering and wishing
for a symbol or a sign to persist.
a signal of beauty and fortitude and forgiveness.

her closet is her confessional.
she is locked in it
talking to herself
and the key resides only in what she will learn years and years from now,
the indefinite amount of people she will meet
lifting her up like a vigorous weight,
praising her like a false idol,
teaching her like a mother,
disappointing her like a daughter.