



SOULPRINTS

JUSTIN SPRING

A SOULSPEAK E-BOOK

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Justin Spring is a prizewinning poet, novelist, and video artist who works in many mediums: print, audio (CD), video (DVD; Internet).

Among the poetry prizes and honors he has received for his written poetry are: The 1997 State of Florida Individual Artist Fellowship, Finalist 1994 and 1997 Academy of American Poets Walt Whitman National Prize Contest.

Among the prizes he has received for his Video *Dreamstories* are: the 2005 John Ringling Individual Artist Fellowship and 2006 State of Florida Individual Artist fellowship.

He recently received the 2010 Ringling Towers Literary Award for his novel ALICE HICKEY. He is the author of six collections of written poetry and seven CDs of spontaneous oral poetry. In addition, he has created over 100 DREAMSTORY videos, as well as three books about preliterate poetry: *Mirrors*, SOULSPEAK: *The Outward Journey of the Soul*, ALICE HICKEY: *Between Worlds*, and RIVER MOTHER: *The Face of the Sphinx*..

He was educated at Columbia College and is the founder of SOULSPEAK (<http://justin-soulspeak.blogspot.mx/>). Mr. Spring divides his time between Florida and Mexico

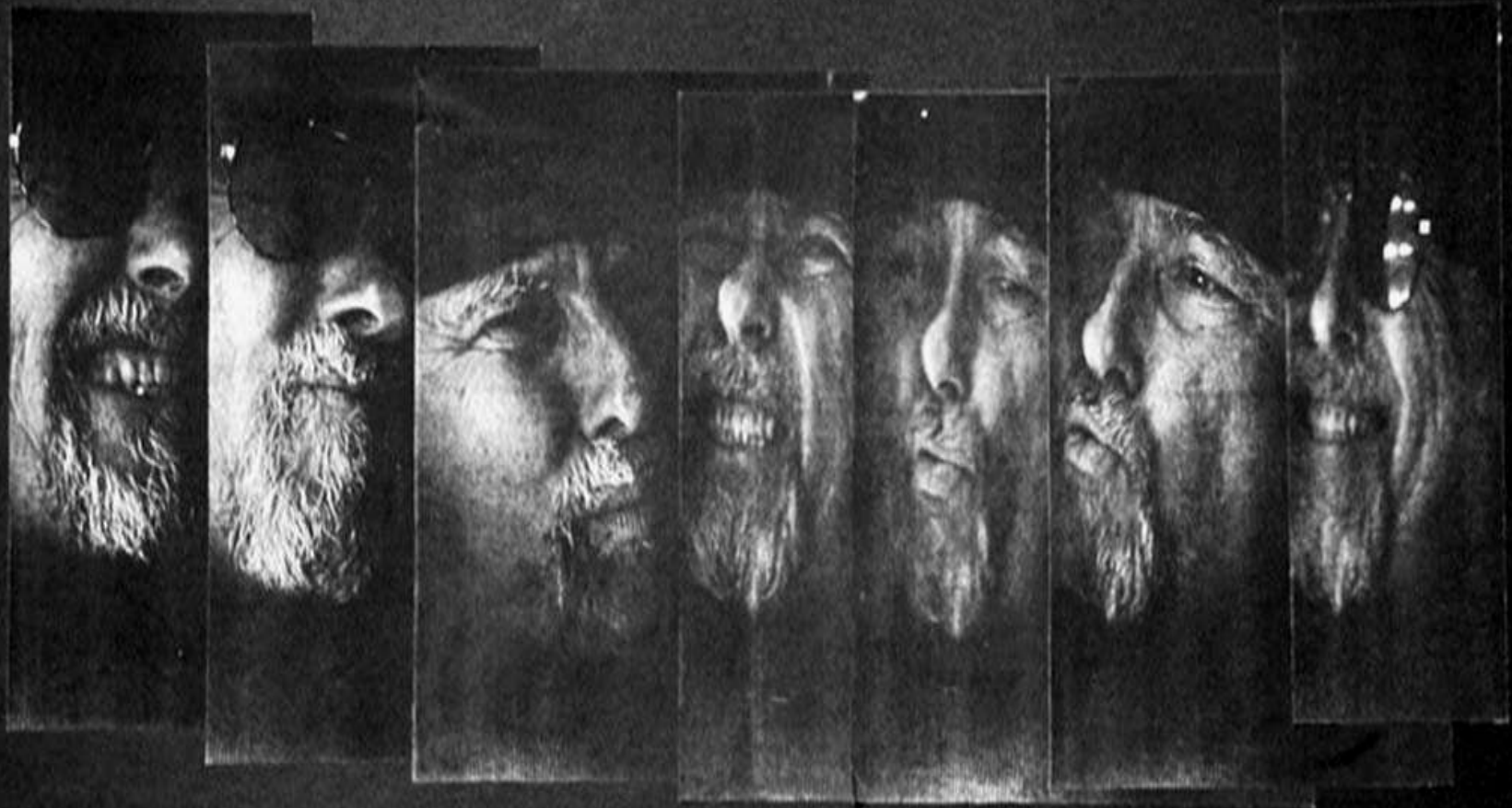
FOREWORD

SOULPRINTS started as a lark one day ago when I became bored waiting for my son Art to complete his business day and go out to dinner. Art always had the latest high tech equipment in his office, which included, on this day, a brand new, state-of-the-art copier that began to draw me to it like the proverbial flame. Rick Fumeisen, an old friend from my Woodstock days, was with me at the time and we quickly decided to irritate Art into calling it a day by putting our faces on the copier and having at it. The results, however, were so eerie and so revealing that I soon forgot about Art, because the prints came out looking like little Shrouds of Turin if you know what I mean. Something about the high density, high-contrast black and white process seemed to illuminate parts of ourselves that seldom made it to the surface. What's more, the little Shrouds seemed to seep out of the copier with a minimum of effort on my part, something that is bound to catch the attention of any artist. I knew I was onto something, I just didn't know what. Since then, many other friends have become a part of the project, which is an ongoing one. Some of the SOULPRINTS accompany a specific poem, serving as a kind of twisted, cartoon version of it. Others are meant to stand alone. All of the pieces can be considered visual poems, in that they tell a *charged* story, and I hope they are seen that way. Like all of my work, whether it be poetry or videos or collages like these, they can be approached on several levels and all of them are OK by me.

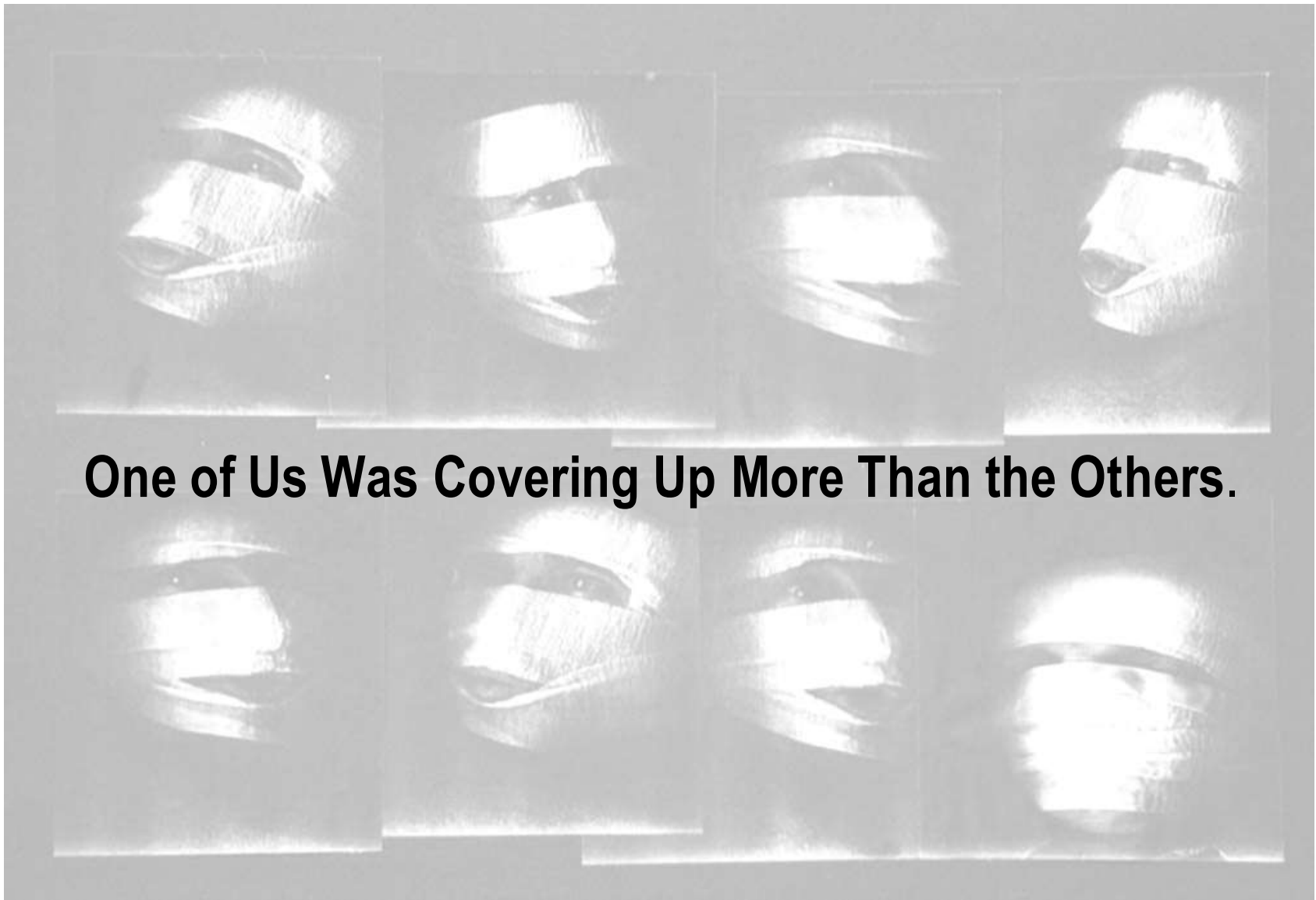
Justin Spring

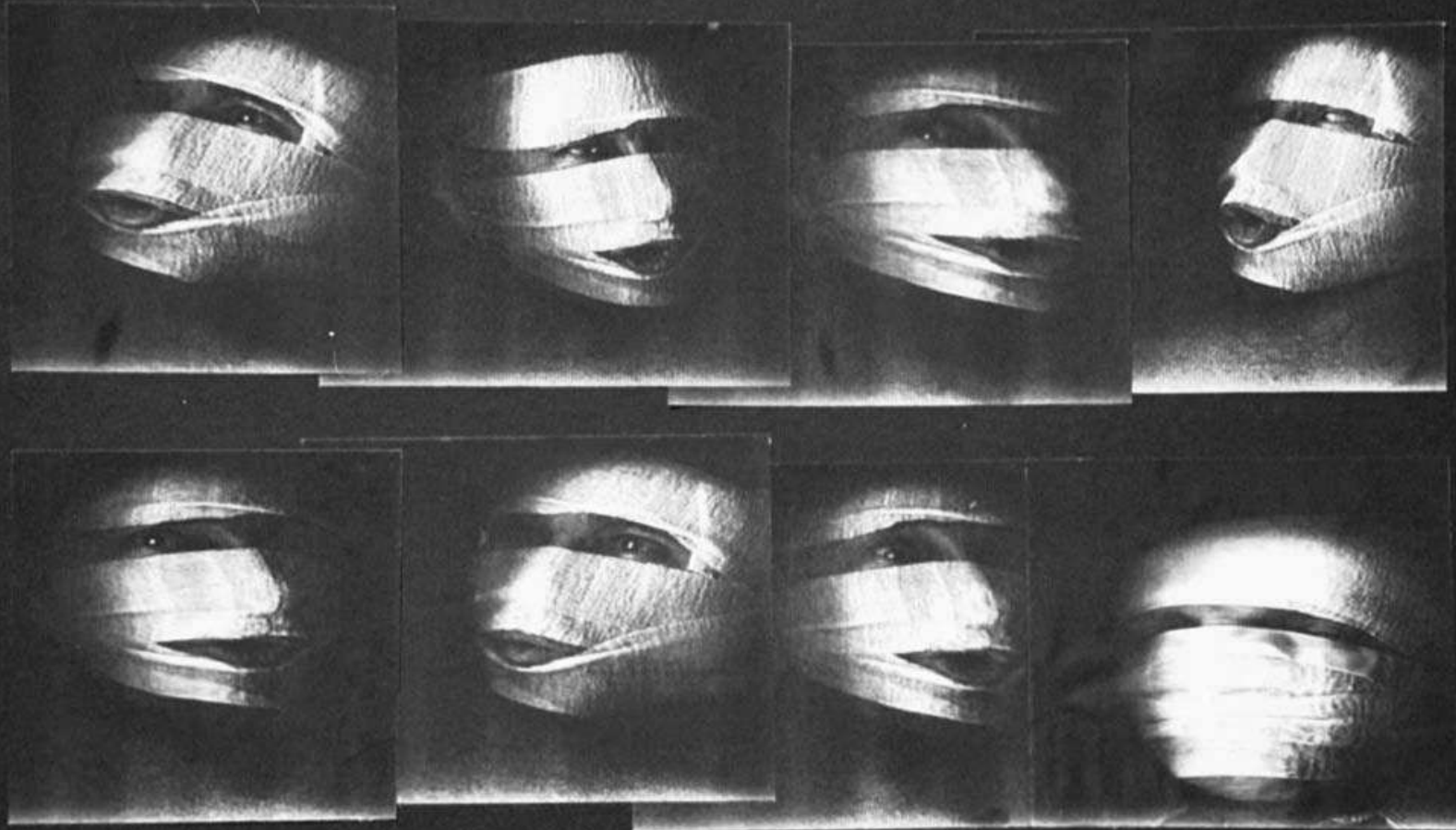
A collage of seven black and white photographs of men with beards wearing sunglasses. The photos are arranged in a horizontal row, with some overlapping. The men have various styles of beards and are wearing different styles of sunglasses. The background of the collage is a solid dark color.

I Debate If Wearing Shades in Church is Socially Correct.



I debate if wearing shades in church is socially correct.

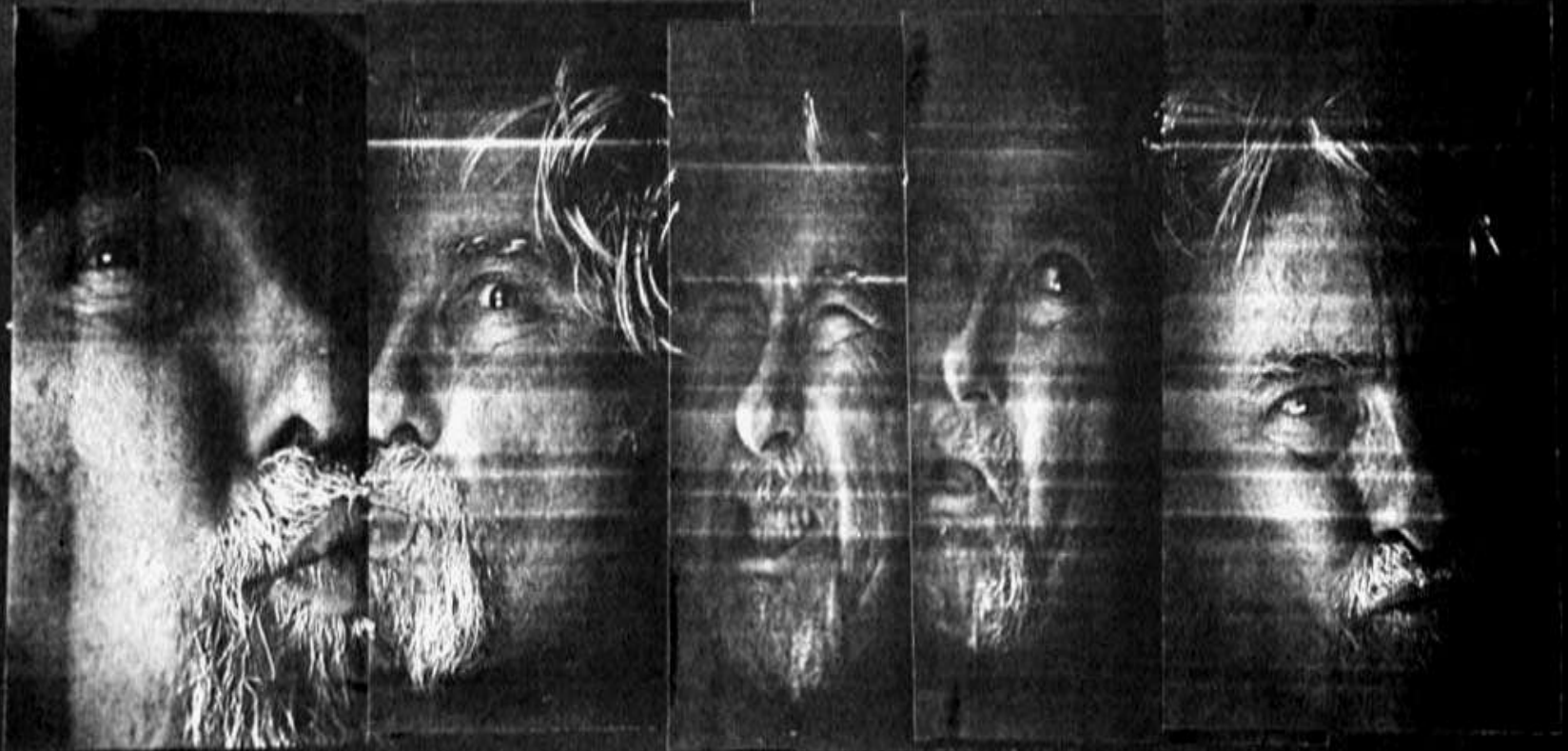




One of us was covering up more than the others.



Loving Myself Proves Harder Than I'd Imagined.



Loving myself proves harder than I'd imagined.

A collage of four black and white photographs arranged in a row, overlapping slightly. The first photo on the left shows a close-up of a person's face, looking down. The second photo shows a person's face, looking up. The third photo shows a person's face, looking to the side. The fourth photo on the right shows a person's face, looking forward. The text "I Receive a Message from the Other World." is overlaid in the center of the collage.

I Receive a Message from the Other World.



I receive a message from the other world.

Joseph Los Angeles 01-01



Every Day was a New Day. Believe Me.



Everyday was a new day. Believe me.



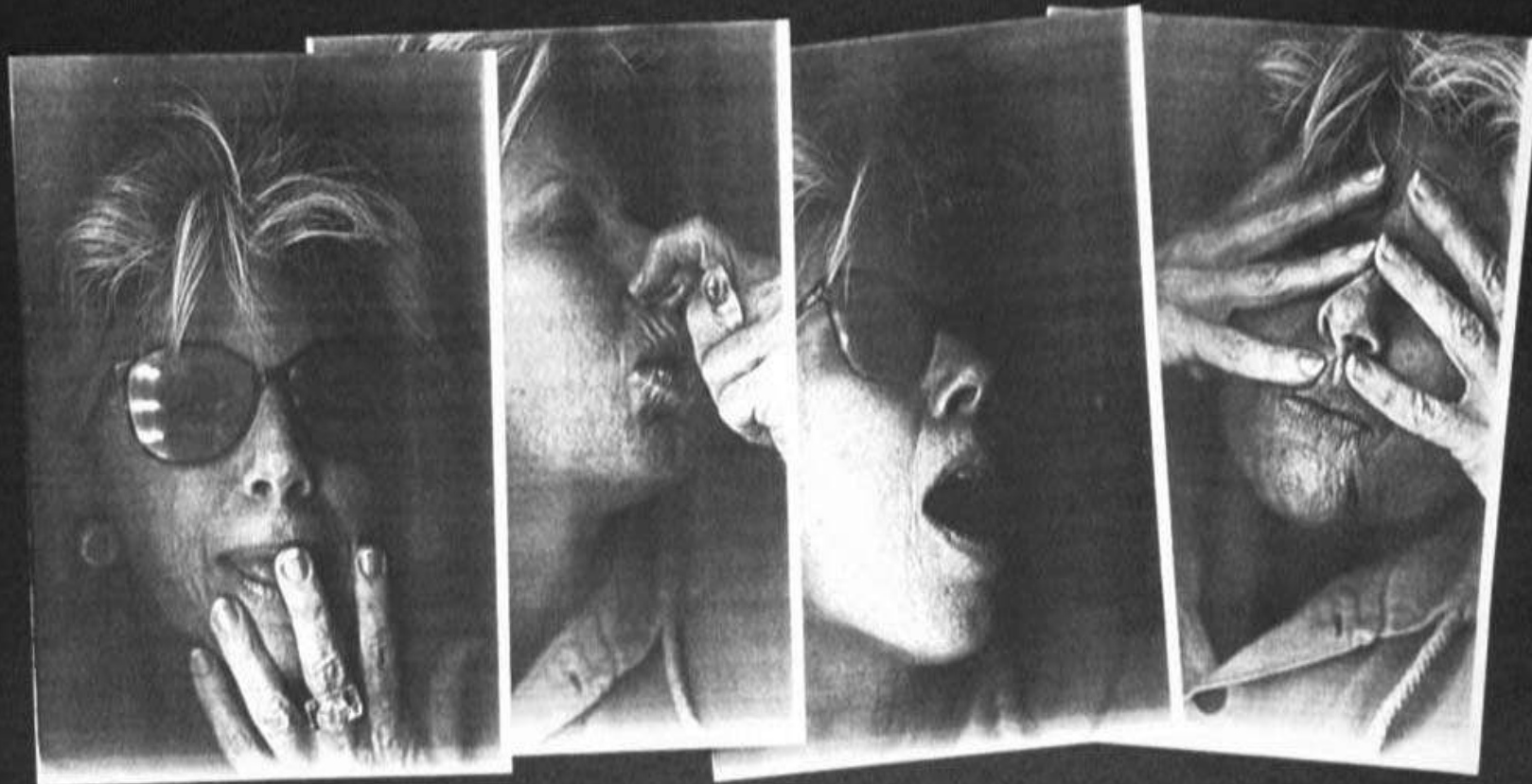
Suddenly, Again, I Am William Holden



Suddenly, again, I am William Holden.

Carol Gillespie

I'm traveling through the ranches in Myakka,
and the dust and the heat and the humped-back brahmas
are starting to get to me, so I pull off
at some windowless, cement-block bar,
but no one's there except the bartender
and a young girl on a stage in the corner,
singing country-western, blues. Her name's Carol she says,
she's a music major at FSU, making some extra money
for herself, for her little baby girl Cheryl,
and I know this sounds like I'm making it up,
but when I tell her my name, she looks at me
like my hair's on fire, says she's read my poems,
Well, some of them. Not bad, she says,
Especially the one with the small boy,
and I'm wondering whether she's putting me on
or she's crazy, and then she tells me



I'm wondering whether she's putting me on or she's crazy.

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