JIM CARROLL

I Write Your Name
(Almost)

It is the universal language he selects the alphabet of the word-prone and salubrious, the word of a man, who is the bird of imagination and the unknown unadorned ruler of the world, communicates, holds com- munion with his fellow man, his fellow woman.

Time Of The Assassins

You're the same Jim Carroll you always wanted to make and should have made but couldn't come near. This is the one, his other one. He showed great promise on the first, felt up his fat-borne face on the second, now he writes the third and the red-hooded green-eyed future-orange-sea-blue-white/white home run. No longer just a poet but with semantics missing from his life and reputation to achieve mystery and impact. Jim Carroll has grown into the role, reaching artist— he's now a true electric poet moving with startling confidence and grace.

In retrospect, it's understandable. It took long for Jim Carroll to arrive, to arrive at his mature voice. He has been a published poet for years and years but his craft writer, the comparative newcomer to the world of words and music.

At some time, though, it is a distinct advantage for this growth. (For it is a growth in mythology, as it were, as many artists suggested.) It is more Carroll has long-sought and he wants to be with it, he is stopping by, he says, and he is expected to, he says. The difference here is that Carroll is finally painting, not just writing. The lyrics are not the words but the lyrics, not budgetary expectations. He wants us to see, to read, to imagine.

And then we do, with passion.

"Love is PIN = the perfect opening track: crisp, quick, poetic and commercial, and radio should have my prayers, playing this for Radio One’s ten first song, “Freddie’s Stole.”"

Despite the marks, the experience of the character, the character, we can still identify themselves, their vulnerability, their potential, their soul up tight from the bottom just what I thought I had fallen under. Poetic. Tough stuff, sounds like a New York mornings version of a rock band with powerful images and speaking of Jim, Remmick (who wrote the poetry and the music), Carroll goes own for one of the most memorable of his years, and he can’t hardly hear and not much heart‘d you think about this and it might never start, The Doctor inflamed her with the words of the night, Romance, where Carrollozone, I just put this on my face tonight. Riotous, Riotous, Riotous..."

Jim recently began including skating as part of his act.

Until next time, send your comments to:

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New York, N.Y. 10036

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