Poems by Jim Carroll. Inside, on the back of the outside cover, there was a brief note, handwritten. 'It said: “Please reply, I'd like to know more.” And then: “Fuck the spelling in this book—it was printed in New Jersey.”

ORGANIC TRAINS is a tremendous experience. Most of the poems in it were written when Jim Carroll was 14 and 15 and 16. I've never seen anything like it. I can say Rimbaud, but that doesn't bring in how American Jim Carroll is, and a critic might, and probably would, say, O'Hara; but Frank O'Hara never wrote anywhere near this well until well into his 20's. The poems in the book are new, and they are now (still). If there is to be another "New American Poetry", and there is, as the fine dust settles over the "New American Poetry 1945-60", Jim Carroll is the first truly new American poet. His imagination is as natural to him as the evidence of his senses, and, in fact, his light transforms that very slightly belated information directly back into right now; no greater pleasure!

Jim Carroll is beautiful. He says, “I was forewarned about the clocks falling on me, so all I felt was 6 colors as my wrist flew into the sky’s cheek. Watches are very symbolic of security; they remind me of Frank O'Hara. Frank O'Hara reminds me of many wonderful things, as does the vanilla light...”

It's 20 years old, stands 6'4", and has a body like Nureyev (or would have been Nureyev's). Easton was. Across a pastry, or a poetry-reading one sees above a black swatch of leather, Jim Carroll's brilliant red Prince Viliar. He's so tall and beautiful, and he probably knows a lot. I love the way he talks.

“1 could listen to him for days.”

“You're in a house. It's a good house. Breathe in this is 'Go to the mirror. Comb your hair down straight. Put on The Velvet Underground... Put on my silver ring... everything fine... Check to see how much is left... Giant beds with everyone I know. No sex.”

“1 am not searching for blind significance, only a sense of things.”

“On a day like this, I feel like I'm indoors,” says Ron, walking to the subway.

Jim Carroll first appeared in my life as a huge white paw hanging purposefully from near the end of a long brown corduroy arm. It was late one Wednesday evening, in front of Gem's Spa, the corner at 2nd Avenue & St. Mark's Place, in the Spring of 1967. A slight grey rectangle blocked my further view. I was stopped, and I couldn't have cared if this was the least bit unusual at Gem's Spa. But the giant who masculinized behind it certainly was unusual. It seemed to be saying, "I'm just a giant," and I did so. "I'm Jim Carroll," the giant said, bowing me under the most interesting person. "He had just this book of poems published, and I'd like to give you a copy to read." "I'd love to read it... (I never said that! What I actually say is...) So, I took the small pamphlet of Jim Carroll's. poems home to read."

"I'm indoors," says Ron, walking to the subway.

"Jim's poems really move me—it's as if Jim were right there, wishing me to explore his place together."

"What can you say," Anne Waldman would say, "Jim has that real desire to be loved, to have his hand placed at once gives you a real buzz. A little buzz as Jim would say." "Right now I'll settle for you, with your bra unhooked (under a tree) on the Staten Island ferry..."

Once, when we were walking in Julian's Billiard Parlor Jim said to me, "When I was about nine years old, I realized that the real thing was not only to do what you were doing totally great, but to look totally great while you were doing it."

Jim Carroll has been an all-star athlete since he was seven years old. He pitched a no-hitter..."It makes me feel was 8 colors as my wrist felt was 6 colors as my wrist flew into the sky’s cheek. Watches are very symbolic of security; they remind me of Frank O'Hara. Frank O'Hara reminds me of many wonderful things, as does the vanilla light...”

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THE MAN WHO LIES, which played at the Evergreen Theatre as a part of the Grow! Press International Film Festival, is an exquisite black and white film which should not be missed if it is shown again in New York. The film, conceived for its star, Jean-Louis Tritignant, who won the Best Actor Award of the 1969 Berlin Film Festival.

Writer-director Alain Robbe-Grillet is France's foremost author of the "new novel". He has published nine books, including The Voice, Jealousy, and La Maison de Bérande, and is famous for his film. LAST YEAR AT MARIENBAD.

THE MAN WHO LIES takes place in a small village in Czechoslovakia, during the resistance to the German occupation of the Second World War. Jean-Louis Tritignant is neatly dressed in the midst of a forest surrounded by the German army. The army, equipped with hunting dogs, appears to be run-ning after him, and he appears to be pursued. At this moment, Tritignant speaks, "My name is Boris Variga." He hangs desperately, to this name, until, later in the film, he "leaves, on" a gravestone on which it is written. A shot is fired and Tritignant falls to the ground, but he is cut through by a saw, and descends to the earth. A brilliant light streams into the clearing, Tritignant awakens and brushes dust from his suit with a brisk gesture which he repeats throughout the film. Has Tritignant been killed and risen from the dead?

Robbe-Grillet creates a high level of emotional suspense in his audience by building up sequences to which one expects some rational conclusion. Instead, he alleviates the suspense by a distraction which builds up another anticipation. As if over-shadowing the links of a chain, he entwines us in the enigma which is the essence of experience. The audience, like Tritignant, is continuously disappointed. As Tritignant's anguish increases, we are kept from boredom as we begin to identify less with his hopeless quest, and more with the sheer lust of his effort.

After his ordeal in the forest, Tritignant walks to the village and goes to a café where he overhears the story he is about to tell. He claims that he is a friend of Jean, who is the town's star. He is guarding the next night. The man I'm guarding happens to be Alain Robbe-Grillet, a cousin of Elgin Baylor, who happens to be my favorite player. Mike says the guy drives a lot and I should keep one leg in his crotch just before he starts to drive. Mike demonstrates and rubs his knee against my balls.

After Mike has demonstrated on every player on the team, someone discovers that Luther Green, a center from Clinton, has incredible amounts of very up pills. We all go to practice stoned. I hit incredible amounts of jump shots in practice and assure myself of guarding the next night. I practiced passing off because I figured I'd be a playmaker if anything. Jean Meninger hurt his leg and is out for the whole tournament. I read in the Washington newspaper a story about me entitled "Basketball Player" telling all about my shoulder length hair and my strange hobbies off the court. What the fuck is this all about? I get great urge to nod outside, the pills. I'm about to go into the room when Joe Slapstick stops me and tells me that I should run the offense because Ball is too, dumb. Bellum and his old man are in the room as I get there. They're probably talking about the story in today's paper. I'm sure he hates the idea of a creep like me starting in the game. Bullshit, I sweated my ass off for that spot so he can go fuck himself.