

**PUNK** **GLOBE**

A Tribute To  
Jim Carroll

August 1, 1949 - September 11, 2009

*In Loving Memory of  
Jim Carroll*

*Poet*

*August 1, 1949*

*September 11, 2009*

*Lord make me an instrument  
of Thy peace.*

*Where there is hatred, let me sow love.*

*Where there is injury, pardon.*

*Where there is doubt, faith.*

*Where there is despair, hope.*

*Where there is darkness, light.*

*Where there is sadness, joy.*

*O Divine Master; grant that I may not  
so much seek to be consoled as to  
console; to be understood as to  
understand; to be loved as to love; for  
it is in giving that we receive, and it is  
in pardoning that we are pardoned,  
and it is in dying that we are born to  
eternal life.*

**Greenwich Village Funeral Home**  
199 Bleecker Street  
New York, NY 10012  
212-674-8055



Alan Lanier, Jim Carroll and Ron Kovac  
who wrote "Born On The 4th Of July"



The Original Jim Carroll Band



Jim Carroll Band On Tour

## MY DEAR FRIEND

Jim and I became close in the late 70's and remained close for his entire stay in San Francisco. We met at the now legendary Mabuhay Gardens and we began hanging out. We would talk about our lives and goals. We formed a kinship that would survive through time... One night Jim handed me a piece of paper, it was a poem he had written for me. It was so beautiful and I had no idea the impact it would hold on me. It is truly one of the best gifts ever given to me. Another night he introduced me to Keith Richards of The Rolling Stones... That was truly amazing! You would never know what to expect from him.. I had read his books, seen him read his poetry and play live with his band... I was very impressed by his immense talent but it was also his inner being, his sensitivity and kindness that won my heart...

Our paths separated when he went back to live in NYC. We did see each other in the mid 90's

when my band The White Trash Debutantes played a show with him doing poetry in Santa Rosa, CA. Jim joined us on stage for a rousing version of his hit song "People That Died." Jim contacted me on Facebook early in the summer of 09 and we both began reminiscing about the past.... He was proud of me and wrote that he loved me for what I had with my life. He loved Punk Globe online... In fact Punk Globe and White Trash Debutantes were the only groups he joined on Facebook... He was worried about his former band mate Steve Linsley and he was so very happy to find out that I was in touch with Steve and that he was fine. He also mentioned Brian Marnell. I told him about an upcoming show with The UK Subs and he told me to kick some ass and most importantly to have fun... As he would be there in spirit cheering us on! I was so very happy to be back in touch with Jim. Then the terrible news came on September 12 that Jim was no longer with us. I wanted to pay tribute to him and let all his friends and fans be involved...

In Loving Memory of JIM CARROLL

*Ginger Coyote*

I hope you all enjoy this tribute for a truly gifted man- JIM CARROLL!

A Poem For Ginger Coyote

With my love -

Jim Carroll

Poem For Ginger Coyote

I turned one night the other way, faster than I should have, and this beam of purple light shot slowly from your wrists like a tinsel layer, straight to my eyes... and dyed them blue, I swear... then I tilted back my head to suck it to my lips, and felt it melt down in layers like a plutonium coughdrop... I turned the other way, to hear the reverberation of purple light in the hollow of its flex. It was the sound that steals snow birds from the wire to sing... we sleep. we sleep without dreams, ~~the~~ distant from the mirror... imitating clarity... disquising childhood terror. I turned

the other way... always turn the other way. One night you kissed me you were drunk. I thought of Candy Darling in 1971, the back room of Mori Tenues Bar with Jackie Curtis, leading me out the back door with love, changing places in the alleyway until the circle was full and the snow turned to fire while the birds swept on the wire for the purple light to sing. We went back inside... it was empty and we didn't care, Candy was flying, and she didn't care...

Why don't you smile next time they take you or that Phil and you're so sad in each photograph?

(P.S. - If you want to, it's ok for me this in the "punk globe" just please put @ 1930 Jim Carroll / not the end or my lawyer will get on my case. If you don't want to put it in, it don't matter - thanks it just for your memory

Smile with this last time... love, Jim

POEM FOR GINGER COYOTE  
BY JIM CARROLL

I turned one night the other way,  
Faster than I should have

just like I should have  
 and this beam of purple light shot  
 slowly from your wrists like a tired  
 lazer, straight to my eyes...and  
 dyed them blue, I swear...then I tilted  
 back my head to suck it to my lips,  
 and felt it melt down in layers  
 like a plutonium coughdrop...I turned  
 the other way, to hear the reverberation  
 of purple light in the hollow of its flux,  
 it was the sound that steals snowbirds  
 from the wire to sing... we sleep, we  
 sleep without dreams, too distant from  
 the mirror... imitating clarity...  
 disguising childhood terror.

I turned the other way... always turn  
 the other way. One night you kissed me you  
 were drunk. I thought of Candy Darling  
 in 1974, the back room of Max's Kansas City  
 with Jackie Curtis, leading me out the back  
 door with Lou, changing places in  
 the alley-way until the circle was full  
 and the snow turned to fire while the birds  
 wept on the wire for the purple light to  
 sing. We went back inside... it was  
 empty and we didn't care, Candy  
 was dying and she didn't care...  
 Ginger, why don't you smile next time  
 they take your picture? Why are you  
 looking so sad in each photograph?  
 © 1980 Tim Carroll

**Brew Kerr**

**I'm not big on poetry, but THIS... this is why Jim Carroll always stood above the rest. A true original, and a TRUE poet.**

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"Sweet Jane" Video with Lou Reed

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Jim Carroll and Ginger Coyote  
Photo: Stanley Green



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Jim Carroll

**I found The Basketball Diaries at Moe's Books on Telegraph Avenue in Berkeley. I was 14 and I remember the cashier saying "You know this isn't about basketball, right?"**

For the next two years I read it over and over again. I read it through once and from then on opened it to random entries. It offered a vision of doing the wrong thing that was beyond fascinating. I loved his story, the dope story, the story of the fix and of Juvenile Delinquency. He references his Catholic upbringing only as a preamble to his long season in hell but somehow the book had a perversely twisted Christian vibe to it: the cross (junk) the light (the nod) the martyr (the narrator) and all of it going down in the holy land (New York City). That's how it felt when he would lapse into poetry at certain moments in the book- like he was writing a kind of sacrament for atheists. Instead of pure redemption the stories offered pure transgression. For a square middle class kid like me it was totally irresistible.

After first reading the book I heard Carroll's music. I didn't care for most of the songs back then (I was onto the Ramones and lacked the patience) but I instantly recognized a pure rock & roll instrument in his singing. To this day I think that Jim Carroll had one of the very best voices in Rock & Roll with his only peers being Jonathan Richman and Lou Reed. Magnetic, street-smart and animalistic, and like his writing, there was something sacred about the way he went into the dark.

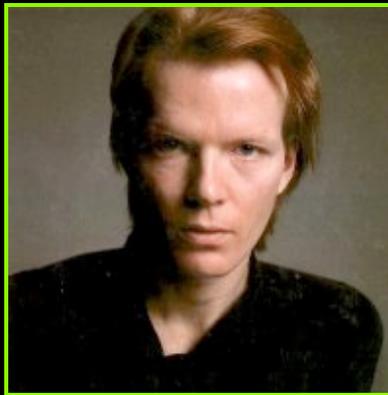
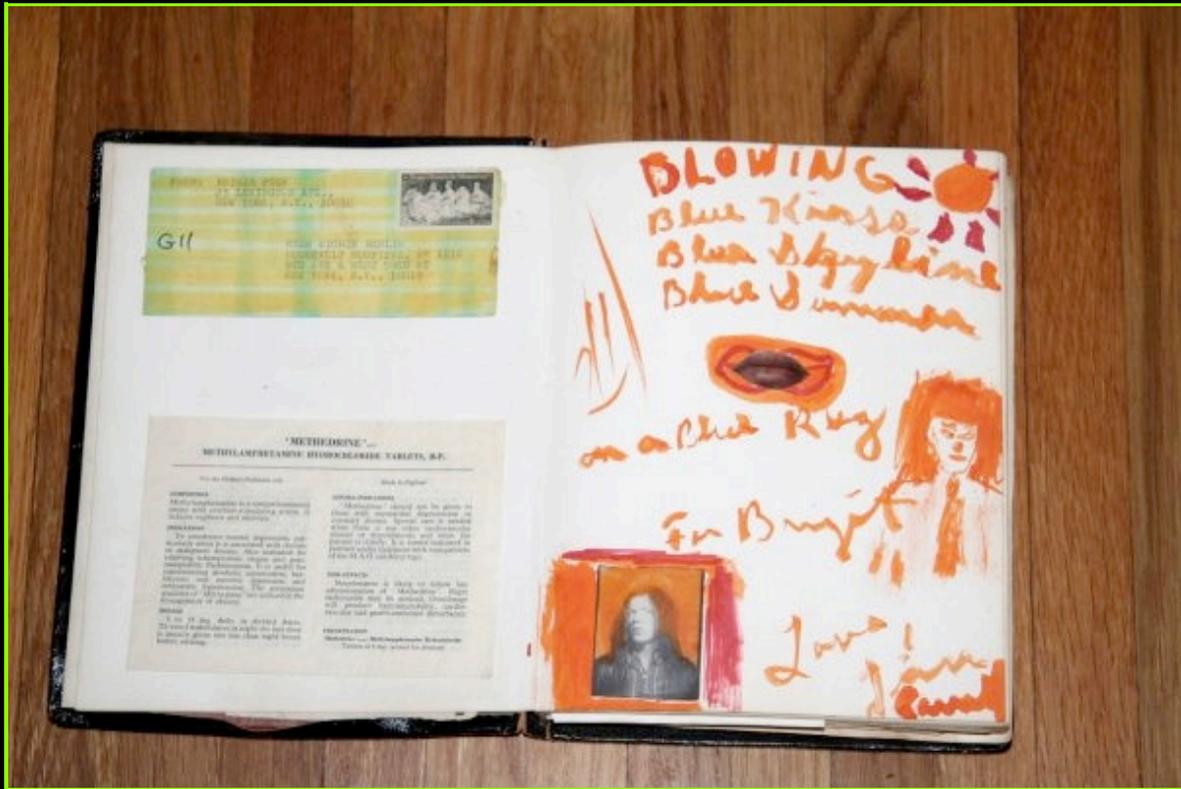
*Jesse Michaels*

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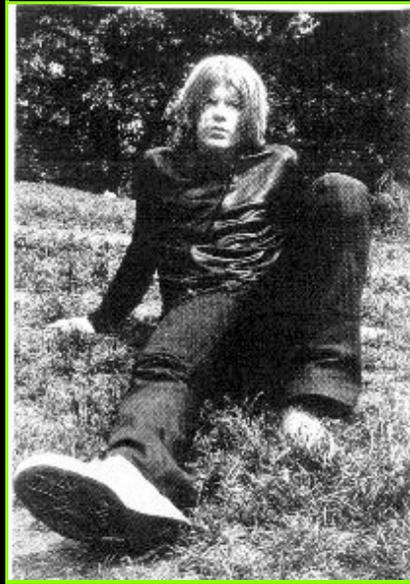
"Gravity" By Jim Carroll Band

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From Jim's Private Collection



A Young Jim Below



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### **Dark Diva**

**It's breaking my heart...We're losing some of the most beautiful people left and right. rest in sweet slumber, Jim and hugs to you, Ginger.**

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### **Luca Cirillo**

**Jim Carroll was a writer/musician and a musician/writer at the same time; his books where "musical" indeed and his songs could be considered real short novels. Jim's grandeur as a writer was celebrated worldwide, but we also want to remember Jim's importance as a musician, even though unfortunately he wasn't so popular in Italy. After "Catholic Boy", Punk went through great transformations, lyrics especially, and that's why all of us, as musicians, will always be grateful to Jim. Myself, I will try to tribute Carroll in my concerts so that Italy doesn't forget him. CIAO JIM!**

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### **Louis MacAdams**

**<http://www.latimes.com/entertainment/news/arts/la-et-carroll16-2009sep16,0,1608675.story>**

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### **~Trash**

**Jim Carroll was a mainstay while I was growing up in New York. I can recall many times singing his tunes walking down the street in NYC, throughout High School, or simply playing in the soundtrack going on in my head. A wonderful artist and**

**poet, he will be sadly missed.**

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Lenny Kaye and Jim Carroll

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*Colin Brunton*

## Here's my Jim Carroll story.

In the early eighties, I was Associate Producer/Production Manager on a film called Listen to the City. It starred some local Toronto musicians, with appearances by Lenny Kaye, Rosemary Carroll and others. Jim played the lead.

We had to bring Jim to the Addiction Research Foundation each morning for his medicine. (This was a bugger to organize, btw.)

We're shooting a scene in a grade eight music class one day. When we scouted it, I started looking at some of the kids' bristol-board projects that lined the walls. One that caught my eye was on The Rolling Stones. But what made it awesome was a picture of Keith with Jim, and the thirteen-year-old who made it labeled it "Keith Richards with NYC Poet Jim Carroll." I was impressed. A 13-year-old kid who was aware of Jim Carroll. Cool.

Two days later I'm driving Jim to the location. As he liked, we shared a joint on the way (actually, he smoked most; I was working.) I told him I had a cool surprise for him.

We get there, and I show him the project. He beamed. Then looked mischievous.

I grabbed the Polaroid camera; Jim changed the kids mark from a C+ to an A- (I can't recall what exactly he said, but it was something like "Hey, I can't give him an A+, he'll get a swelled head.")

I took a pic of Jim pointing at the new mark, and we pinned the now-autographed photo to the board.

Pretty sure we made that kid's day.

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"People Who Died" New York the mid 90's

## PEOPLE WHO DIED LYRICS

Teddy sniffing glue, he was 12 years old  
Fell from the roof on East Two-nine  
Cathy was 11 when she pulled the plug  
On 26 reds and a bottle of wine  
Bobby got leukemia, 14 years old  
He looked like 65 when he died  
He was a friend of mine

Those are people who died, died  
They were all my friends, and they died

G-berg and Georgie let their gimmicks go rotten

So they died of hepatitis in upper Manhattan  
Sly in Vietnam took a bullet in the head  
Bobby OD'd on Drano on the night that he was wed  
They were two more friends of mine  
Two more friends that died

Those are people who died, died  
They were all my friends, and they died

Mary took a dry dive from a hotel room  
Bobby hung himself from a cell in the tombs  
Judy jumped in front of a subway train  
Eddie got slit in the jugular vein  
And Eddie, I miss you more than all the others  
And I salute you brother

Those are people who died, died  
They were all my friends, and they died

Herbie pushed Tony from the Boys' Club roof  
Tony thought that his rage was just some goof  
But Herbie sure gave Tony some bitchen proof  
"Hey," Herbie said, "Tony, can you fly?"  
But Tony couldn't fly, Tony died

Those are people who died, died  
They were all my friends, and they died

Brian got busted on a narco rap  
He beat the rap by rattin' on some bikers  
He said, "Hey, I know it's dangerous, but it sure beats Riker's"  
But the next day he got offed by the very same bikers

Those are people who died, died  
They were all my friends, and they died

Teddy sniffing glue, he was 12 years old  
Fell from the roof on East Two-nine  
Cathy was 11 when she pulled the plug  
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They were all my friends, and they died

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## JIM CARROLL RIP

It wasn't back in the day. It was back in the night. In the night and Jim Carroll was actually what he never, ever wanted to be to someone like me: a role model. To every dope doing punk rock guitar slingin' street wise smart ass kid like me. To every mundanity hating, punk rock salvation, New York salutation kid like me. To any of us who ever got busted getting high in the park in the snow kid who said they were sledding when they didn't have a sled. To anyone who loved hoops and rock and dope. To any of us Catholic boys who wore three-quarter sleeve baseball jerseys (!) and loved Television, Richard Lloyd, Ramones, Pistols, Clash, Dead Boys, Patti Smith and Jim Carroll he was the shit.

I remember when I saw that Catholic Boys tour. I remember saluting the people that died. There are so many more now...Sadly, including Jim Carroll. I loved his writing. Hell, I loved his writing when he was 12 years old! Concise but dreamy, funny but real, tough but sad. I loved his music and his persona.

He was us. To those of us who still play it and those who still see it and love it. To those of us who made it and those who didn't. To those who lived and those who died. To Johnny Thunders and Keith Richard. To Steve Jones and Tom Verlaine and everyone in between...he was them and he was us.

*Pauli Gray*

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*Carl Snarl*

Interesting that you mentioned Jim Carroll, I was thinking about his death and about my time in Manhattan--all the friends made in an intense environment in the Village. One friend, who at the time was a freak but helped me get a job in printing, is now an owner of a major Architecture firm. He is Jim Carroll's age also. Of course, when I lived on E St. Marks, Jim Carroll had moved to No. Cal., or maybe had moved there and returned.

People along the way go through many changes, let's hope that we survive and gain some understanding and happiness.

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*Gary Heffern*

I did shows with him in San Diego in 80's and Seattle in the 90's...The first time I met him he was doing the Catholic Boy tour and he was like a deer in headlights, so didn't really talk to him, but in the 90's he was much more in his skin...my manager at the time was the stripper in the film Basketball Diaries so we had something more in common to... Read More talk about...she would tell me great stories about the filming of that, and all the actors trying to get in her pants. He thought quite highly of her...and he had the most beautiful translucent skin.

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Here's the link to my photos of Jim: He was a good friend of mine in SF..

<http://newfineartprints.com/2/d951/#/gallery/jim-carroll/>

*Chester Simpson*

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A Jim Carroll Reading

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**Pat Duffey**

**"I saw him so many times back in the day. The Stone or the Mab - always a great experience. He will be missed. He brought out the art in punk."**

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**luv to you, dear Ginger Coyote, both us parts of Moira Scar (Roxy as Saphoid, LuLu as Pelvis) dug, dig, and will keep digging outta our Corpse graves for you and all that you do. Lost another one huh? Jim Carrol, a great poet. You hung and hang with so many of the greats, being one yourself helps.**

**xoxoxoxoo Moira Scar**

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**I AM ALONE**

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**TERRY HAMMER former Soundman For Mabuhay Gardens**

Well another good friend leaves us. he was truly a great person.R.I.P. Jim, we'll all miss you.

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**Diane Pop**

I also did a show with him in 1986. Was a lot of fun. A hectic time. I even picked him up at the airport! lol. He was really sweet, even tho I was a bit late, and couldn't find him. He was soooo tall! xoxoxo.

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**ADAM BECVARE**

Day 4 and I'm just devastated because I really expected Jim to pull a Burroughs and live forever. Especially as a kid, Jim represented all things "invincible" to me.

His words created a world without gravity and his voice assured me there was a place for mine in Rock n Roll.

I'm so grateful that even after all these years, I never took Jim's talents or appearances for granted.

Those moments were always honest, vulnerable, empowering and priceless. I knew this then and I am forever in his debt.

Jim was more than just a survivor, he was a fighter. Anyone can throw their life

away to drugs. Jim instead wrung life for every minute of it. Every part of life was an observation for him. In any scenario, Jim could rattle on meticulously at length about the seemingly endless and unrelated. He would ditch you in a thought only to wind around from behind and inevitably stick you in the side with some brilliant dagger.

He was in awe of his own intensity and wonder, which he selflessly expressed like no other. The humour in this, humbled Jim and lent only to his ever endearing charisma and nature.

In all of this and Jim, the result was a voice so true and pure, it pierced all life's noise and nonsense. It is that alone which has inspired me for so very long and now it is gone.

Jim Carroll,  
Rest in peace and love.  
09 11 09

Devastated,

Adam Becvare  
LustKillers/BlackHalos  
Lords of the New Church

P.S.  
I SALUTE YOU BROTHER!  
-PEOPLE WHO DIED - LustKillers Live in Hells Kitchen  
April 9, 2009 at Bar 9 NYC  
featuring Kitty Kowalski  
POSTED NOW at LustKillers MYSPACE  
<http://www.myspace.com/lustkillers>

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*Eric Johnson*

I'm including a link to a short film I made using Jim Carroll's spoken word of his story Tiny Tortures. I'm truly sad at his passing.

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**ROTTEN**

**R.I.P. Jim Carroll, great artist with so much talent. He will be missed**

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**Sharla Cartner**

**An inspirational human being who will be an inspiration forever!  
R.I.P. Jim Carroll.**

**"Conscience is no more than the dead speaking to us."  
- Jim Carroll**

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**Jake Jack-Off**

**Growing up a rebellious loner with a penchant for drink I followed and admired many writers. Rimbaud, Nietzsche, and Morrison, to name a few, but what set Jim Carroll apart from those is that he was alive! He had made it! He had looked his demons in the eyes and embraced them, head on, only to get back up and walk away; a stronger person at that. To me Jim was more than a junkie poet, he was strength and courage. Without his influence I may have never ventured into my own odyssey my own private hell and bliss. In homage to his Basketball Diaries i called it "The Cobalt Memoirs" ..**

**The Cobalt Memoirs. log 1.  
moved to Vancouver with a five grand inheritance and a desire to die, "a prickly pear if you will". Arriving at the train station I was quickly satisfied with my**

deathbed, yet the grim reality of it all struck me with an enlightening fear. Perhaps one of these very bars and seedy motels which welcomed me to this night light city would come to harbour my vacant soul, and lifeless corpse. One in particular caught my eye and enticed my lust to descend into the underbelly of midnight retreats. I didn't catch the name but the flashing neon of girls, girls, girls was enough.

It would be about two weeks later that i would discover this bar to be the cobalt. Looking through the venues in a local paper i would see that the Black halos were playin a bar called the cobalt, having seen them in Toronto at the Government I knew this is where i wanted to spend the night and essentially a good part of my inheritance. I don't recall much of the night, no encounters with Wendy or LeBlanc, in fact most of the night was spent making out on the torn leather couch with "some chick" who happens to be (3 years later) my girlfriend.

I did however strike up a conversation with the one and only Johnny Sizzle, something about him shaving his scrotum and talking to his rubber ducky, but beyond that I told him I was a fresh writer to the city, in which he told me to contact Wendy, this would become a crucial turning point in my life.



WE ALL SALUTE YOU..... MY BROTHER

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