Marc Bolan's music is elementary and uncomplicated, for each song, as he once stated in an interview, can be thought of as a spell or incantation, where economy is essential to the magical effectiveness. Two of the earliest spells to weave are also the most obvious: "Peacetone" and "Magic In Black and Gold." "Go to Hell." Marc is well-steeped in the BoogieMan Marc Bolan. Lost in the studio, that he seems perfectly willing to make something out of nothing, whose product of his own imagination. That he doesn't seem to care what sounds like on stage, that he seems perfectly willing to fart for five minutes, take the money, and run, and that he goes so far as to actually warn us on his Electric Warrior album, the cut called "Ripunar!" all these things seen strange in view of the fact that his more recent recording efforts have been such powerful, enchanting, bare-assed rock. His ability to manipulate his audience is the most innate rock skill into a thing of wonder and delight is uncanny, transcending the relative success of other bands who were able to make something out of nothing, whose keynotes have been manufactured sounds like Creedence Clearwater Revival, Stooges, and Sir Douglas Quintet. Marc Bolan is a pop genius. Period. The dispensing aspect of T. Rex is their failure on stage. It can in part be explained away by the consideration that before amplification came along, music's primary medium was simply people sitting there and singing and playing. Records, first at, were a crude attempt to duplicate the "real thing." Recently, the situation has done an about face, the primary medium now being recorded music. The first band to realize this came from Liverpool and there were four of them, and it's little wonder we're still alive before a live audience. Thus, with few exceptions, and T.Rex is not one of them, then the attempt to reproduce the "real thing" is a fruitless attempt to reproduce the "real thing." Here is an absolutely impossible in most cases.

But there's more. Ultratradarism is Marc Bolan, and since Marc's way of making his audience...}

Marc Bolan is perhaps the prime rocker in England today. Together with his younger sister, his mother, his two brothers, and his father, he has put out one number, one single after another, and the level of excitement generated by his personal appearance has sent journalists scurrying to find something for the word "Hysteric." But the important thing to consider when thinking about Marc Bolan is his image, that is, above all else, an America supports her habit

The Politics of Heroin in Southeast Asia

Alfred W. McCoy (Harper and Row)

T. Rex

If anything in the world is more addictive than heroin, it's the money to be made selling it. Criminal empires have been built on the proceeds of the profitable plague, which now claims over half a million victims in the United States. But the addiction does not end with addicts and the crimes they commit to support their habit, not even with organized crime. For if there is a moral in Yate historian Alfred McCoy's painstakingly detailed account of the heroin trade, it is that heroin -- and the opium from which it is made -- corrupts almost everything that touches it or tolerates it. That includes governments, and whole nations.

The subject matter of the book is more easily described. McCoy's thesis is simple in outline: the bulk of the world's opium supply is grown in an area of the world he is unwilling to share with anyone save the clannish confidants. For it is indeed part of the ultratradarist's role to ripoff the adoring throng that come to him, to be rich and outrageous and inaccessible. It is indeed unfortunate, for the fantasy land that seems to be everywhere, Marc Bolan is an intriguing one. Marc's concept of the role and function of the rock star, as far as can be gleaned from his records, is a curious blend of the far past and the distant future. I'll discuss briefly some of the more obvious ideas.

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