



MICHEL LAVERDIÈRE

# THE BOPPING ELF

THE SECRET LIFE OF MARC BOLAN

*Poon's Manuscripts*

*Marc Bolan was out on a limb, destined to make weird records with weird lyrics, doing something that nobody else could understand.*

CAPTAIN SENSIBLE *of* THE DAMNED



*Books by Michel Laverdière:*

- R.I.P. (1968)  
D'AUBE ET DE NUIT (1974)  
LA PETITE BOUTIQUE DU BONHEUR (2010)  
LE PARADIS EST UN PROJET D'ANGES HEUREUX (2011)  
MÉDITER AVEC BOUDDHA ET JÉSUS (2012)  
FONTAINE, JE NE BOIRAI PAS DE TON EAU (2015)

EDGAR FRUITIER & MICHEL LAVERDIÈRE

- BACH, le malcommode au grand cœur (2010)  
MOZART, génial et... volage (2010)  
BEETHOVEN, sombre et fascinant (2012)



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*Poon's Manuscript*

*I come from a time  
where the burning of trees was a crime  
I lived by a sea  
where to be was a thing of true joy*

MARC BOLAN



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Numerous quotes used in this book were found on various websites and fanzines dedicated to Marc Bolan. Unfortunately the webmasters and editors have not specified where these were coming from and their proper source is often lost. Although I wasn't able to track them all, I am quite sure they were taken from interviews in the *New Musical Express*, *Melody Maker*, *Sounds*, the *Sun* and from various books on Marc Bolan. I wish to thank all the journalists, newspapers, magazines and writers for their researches and I hope they will appreciate the listing of their work in the bibliography.

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*Poon was Marc's muse. Marc often spoke of exterior forces governing his life, and words such as 'reincarnation' and 'destiny' often found their way into his vocabulary. By 1968, this sense of a spiritual path had been extended to embrace the idea that his creativity came to him from an icon called Poon, which was symbolised by a statue of a fairy on his mantelpiece at Blenheim Crescent. Regular visitors recall seeing handwritten notes to Poon, in Bolan's unmistakably runic handwriting, placed around the statue.*

TWENTIETH CENTURY BOY  
THE MARC BOLAN STORY  
MARK PAYTRESS

*My body is not ill, it is my soul that is ill.*

VASLAV NIIJINSKY

*A rock star is slightly unearthly...*

MARC BOLAN



## FOREWORD

I have been a fan of Marc Bolan and Tyrannosaurus Rex since 1969 when I first heard *Unicorn*. A new world of music was revealed to me. I had read a number of books about magic, witches, fairies, and elves. I had read Tolkien's *Bilbo The Hobbit* and *The Lord Of The Rings*, H.P. Lovecraft, Arthur Machen, Bram Stoker, etc. But I had never encountered the musical counterpart of these strange parallel worlds... until I heard Tyrannosaurus Rex.

Marc Bolan had perfectly transposed into music, poetry and songs, the essence of this magical universe.

I felt Marc Bolan was not really of this world, he was not your average human being. Of course this was just an impression, and when I finally met him in September 1972 during *The Slider* tour in Montreal, I could really feel he was special. But the Tyrannosaurus Rex years were already behind him as he was now totally enjoying the wind of *T. Rextasy* that was blowing over the United Kingdom, Europe, Asia and Australia. America was to be the next battlefield.

When Tyrannosaurus Rex shortened its name to T.Rex and released the fifth album, it was a lot of fun because they could finally get two major hits on the radio and enjoy performing in front of larger audiences. From a duo, T.Rex became a quartet. Then entered the *Electric Warrior*. The music and the lyrics became more urban and although it was still very good and more commercial, I slowly lost interest after *Tanx*, and just went on with my everyday life. Tyrannosaurus Rex had been a nice dream, a most pleasant and important dream.

In 1997-98, as I was now a record producer and founder-manager of the ATMA label, I felt the urge to produce *Beltane* — an acoustic rendition of some early songs wonderfully arranged by Robert Lafond and performed on harpsichord, organ, recorders, guitar and cello. Canadian early music singer Catherine Lambert provided the ethereal vocals.

When Tony Visconti, Marc Bolan & T.Rex's original producer, wrote back to tell me how much he had enjoyed *Beltane* and that Marc would have loved it, I felt at peace with my past as if I had given back a little bit of the immense joy I had received all those years spent listening to these marvellous songs.

When I joined the *Till Dawn Chat List* the same year and discovered that so many fans

around the world were still hooked on Marc Bolan and T.Rex, it brought back the sheer joy and excitement I once felt years and years ago. I wasn't alone...

The *Till Dawn Chat List* provided an exceptional opportunity to exchange views and ideas with wonderful people in so many countries. Some are musicians and record producers, others are journalists, writers and poets, many are collectors and knowledgeable experts, some are teachers or just so-called normal people who share the same passion for Marc Bolan and his works. Most importantly, all were sincere fans who gradually became true friends, some of them I have had the pleasure and privilege to meet in person, here in Canada, in the United States, and in England.

The idea for this book came to me while discussing Marc Bolan's songs and poetry with this family of friends. I once commented that it would be nice to have someone who could write a book about Marc Bolan being of elfin origin, an elf prince who wanted to live the life of a human being. In January 2000, I realized I had to do it myself for no one else would. So I began writing, assuming the character of Poon, Marc's muse – a small statue of a fairy to whom he was writing notes, and from whom he received his inspiration during the Tyrannosaurus Rex years.

All the names and characters are borrowed from Marc Bolan's songs and writings. And I owe a lot to my *Internet* brothers and sisters around the world for giving me access to innumerable documents I would never have found here in Canada.

This book has been written for their pleasure and I hope you will all share our joy.


So here is Poon's manuscript. It is he who really tells the story — I am just helping with the writing...

MICHEL LAVERDIÈRE

## INTRODUCTION

*I like T.Rex. They seem to be getting to be the new Beatles, with the girls tearing their trousers off.*

PAUL McCARTNEY, 1971

 My name is Poon of the Hills, son of Tree Wizard – Puretongue. I am here to tell our side of the story regarding the Elf Prince, Ulfín, son of the King of the Rumbling Spires and the Planet Queen.

The Prince took birth as a human being in the middle of the twentieth century and lived a short human life, a mere 30 years... You may remember him as Marc Bolan & T.Rex with his numerous hit songs on your radio charts. You may also have known him earlier with Steve Peregrin Took in Tyrannosaurus Rex, an imaginative acoustic duo singing strange songs that seemed to come from another world. And for many true fans, he was also a great poet.

At the height of his career, he was said to be the heir of the Beatles as the same kind of mass hysteria among the teenagers was sweeping England, Europe, Scandinavia, Asia and Australia.

The media called this new phenomenon *T.Rex-tasy*... And, as it is common in your human civilizations, he had to slowly and gradually fall from grace and learn to survive along the path of criticism, mockery and indifference. Finally, near the very end of his human life, a little sympathy was once again shown to the true artist.

But to us, Marc Bolan will forever be the Elf Prince. And the whole faery kingdom is waiting for him to return to Beltane.

I will do my best to tell the story as I have witnessed it by his side. Some details may differ from the official story, but the ‘material’ aspects remain the same as told by most of Marc Bolan’s biographers.

The reason why I come to tell this story so many years after his passing away as a human being is because time is not the same for us in the faery kingdom: those human years represent but a few months and we had to call upon Agadinmar of Old and the High Court, and wait for the messengers sent to the East, to the West, to the North and to the South, to know where the Prince’s soul went after leaving his human body.

There is also another reason: the Tree in Barnes, near London, was badly hurt when Marc Bolan’s car, driven by Gloria Jones, hit it on 16 September 1977 early in the morning, and the

sycamore is about to die. Even though fans are visiting this sacred site each and every year since this fatal event, bringing prayers and offerings — their naive carelessness in pinning and nailing gifts and messages to the tree, the ignorance of some employees of the company responsible for the maintenance of the location and the natural parasites helped its deterioration. Trees do have a soul and this tree had been carefully chosen for this specific duty by my own father. So I am asking you to please be respectful when visiting this site and do bear in mind that this soul is soon about to leave its material body. I would like here to pay my humble obeisance to this devoted servant of my wise father.

I was present at the unveiling of the Memorial offered by the Performing Right Society in 1997, and Marc Bolan's Press Agent, Keith Altham who knew the Prince since he was fifteen years old, gave a very touching speech. It is the perfect introduction to this book.

Wouldn't Marc have loved this... all his friends, people he loved? Marc adored attention so he would have specially liked this gathering and a tribute to his enduring fame and talent.

Even though I was his Press Agent for six years, he was really his own spin doctor, a mini

wizard of musical illusion, delusion and self publicity.

Marc knew how to *smoo* and *boo* and play to the gallery, better than any plugger or Public Relation man, and he did it with enormous charm.

He was a dream to represent. I remember one occasion following an interview with Judith of the Daily Express when she mentioned how much she admired the little feathered cap he was wearing. Marc doffed it without a second thought and presented it to her. Sir Walter Bolan...

Twenty years ago, on the morning of September 16<sup>th</sup>, at approximately 4:00 am, I was awoken in my house in Epsom by the Press Association, to inform me that the car containing my client had crashed into a tree in Barnes and that he had been killed, and his partner, Gloria Jones taken to the hospital seriously injured.

I had been his Press Agent for six years but I had known Marc since the age of fifteen when I was a young, arrogant music reporter on the New Musical Express, and he was a conceited teenager and an obsessive believer in his own talent and destiny as a superstar, even before he had cut his first record.

There was something unnerving, as people who knew him will tell you, about his conviction that he will be a huge star at such an early

age. Perhaps it was not so surprising, that a pop star who declared that he wore make-up like Rudolph Valentino — to emphasize his good points, owned a Siamese cat called Flute, drew inspiration from a fairy muse called Poon, who he claimed lived on his mantle piece, owned a white mouse called Blink, was best friends with Guy the Gorilla at the London Zoo, and broke four number one hits plus eleven top ten singles in less than three years, would become the legend he predicted at the age of eight.

Today, Marc Bolan is one of the top twenty most collectible artists in the world, and his early recordings and memorabilia sell for tens of thousands of pounds.

He notched up over twenty consecutive hit singles, twelve albums and over fifty million records world wide. Ten million album sales in Japan alone and twelve million in the USA testify to his world success.

Above all the major artists and superstars that my Press Agency represented over a twenty-year period, Marc Bolan was easily the best liked by the media and the most loved by his fans. He was enormous fun and inexhaustibly kind hearted.

During the early seventies, when I was representing the likes of The Rolling Stones, The Who, Status Quo, The Moody Blues, I was consigned to an extensive care unit at St.

Mary's Hospital in London with a suspected heart attack. I was thirty-eight years old. Informed by my office of my incapacity, one of my caring superstars reacted with, "My God, what am I going to do, my solo album comes out next month." (The crowd roared with laughter).

Only ONE artist rang spontaneously on hearing of my plight and seriously asked if there was anything he could do, even to the extent of coming in to the office and helping to man the phones. It was of course Marc Bolan.

Marc Bolan was a hugely talented, good humoured, egotistical, narcissistic, disturbing, capriciously inspired, terribly brilliant and compassionate young man.

I hope some youngsters who see this plaque and have never heard of Marc Bolan, may bother to find out about him and buy his music. He was well worth bothering about.

I MISS HIM.

KEITH ALTHAM


Finally, I beg you to forgive me if our opinions and judgements seem offensive towards some of your living customs. They have been expressed without any ulterior motive and should help you to have a better understanding of our philosophy and our own way of life.

POON OF THE HILLS

## AGADINMAR OF OLD

*We are the Children of Rarn  
We've trodden the vales of the Sun  
The child will cry, on swans they fly  
We are the Children of Rarn*

*We are the Seekers of Space  
We've seen our Master's face  
It's young and gold and silvery old  
We are the Seekers of Space. OM!<sup>1</sup>*

 Most of the elves have left and only 300,000 of us do remain on this earth to operate the proper maintenance of nature. Man has taken over the planet and soon — in approximately 427,000 years — will also have to leave the earth or die for nothing will then grow on it. The wise men from the East have also described this specific time as the end of *Kali yuga* — the age of quarrel and hypocrisy, the fourth period of the earth cycle that began long ago with *Satya yuga* — the age of virtue and goodness, followed by *Têtrâ yuga* and *Dvâpara yuga*. As the ages proceed from *Satya* to *Kali*, self-realization and the good qualities of men gradually decline. It may seem a long time for human beings but for

an elf, who is immortal — unless he is killed, this length of time represents a very near future. An old philosopher of yours, Hesiodes, once met a faery that was 933,120 years old, but Plutarch did say that water faeries rarely live beyond 9,620 years<sup>2</sup>. On the other hand, they both agree that the faery people never grow old, like the *devas* on many celestial planets throughout this universe. As for my own opinion, I cannot tell for sure. We do of course take birth as elves at one point. But where do we come from if we are eternal? And we, elves, do in fact grow old — Agadinmar is the perfect example as he is the Beginner and the Elder. But how long does it take to ‘look’ old like him or my own father? I would not know for they say I am a young elf and I have heard that Agadinmar had witnessed the birth of the first dinosaurs. As for death itself, I have seen older faeries disappear from this earth, never to return and leaving a body behind. Then again, it is a well-known fact that we can travel to other planets and solar systems if need be. And I have seen elves getting killed during wars against Dworns and Trolls. But it is said that the soul never takes birth nor dies. It just takes on another body at will. So why should we bother?

We, elves, rarely make ourselves visible to men for they get envious of our features. We do

look like humans, but our slender elfin limbs and our blue-green tinted halo make us irresistible to men and their lust — an emotion unknown in the faery kingdom. Faeries can get away more easily because most of them are very small in size. Leprechauns and goblins are too ugly and mischievous for humans to care for their company.

Long ago men were but one of the four tribes of Danaan. But their lust was so strong that they tricked the other tribes and took over the whole planet. As elves do not really care for material possessions, they did not mind. But men cannot live without wars and after the elves retired, as did the other two tribes, they started to fight among themselves and still do so today.

Being devoted to our duties, the elves appointed by the High Court to maintain the proper balance of nature finally got used to living with human beings without ever mingling or even coming too close to them — except on few rare occasions.

\* \* \*

An elf's life is busy and exciting as it is of utmost importance to the whole planet itself in the very maintenance of its essence. But the Faery Prince, son of the King of the Rumbling

Spires and the Planet Queen, was bored... A feeling or emotion usually unheard of in the faery kingdom for our minds are fixed on priorities and other important topics related to life's realities and the proper balance of spiritual energy.

Prior to his 21<sup>st</sup> birthday (approximately 7,000 human years) Ulfin, the Elf Prince, decided it would be more appropriate to take a human body of flesh and blood to explore the various aspects of life. Having been around for so long, he was able to witness different civilizations, past and present, over thousands and thousands of years.

The Elf Prince was always fascinated by human beings as he saw them inhabited by dreams beyond imagination. He saw they could feel love and hatred, pain and joy. Humans were unpredictable and could break rules, they could make mistakes but they could also win or lose. They were free... Civilizations would rise and fall, still the human heart kept on beating for more. Curious as ever, the Prince was there when the Great Pyramids were built, he knew Jesus and he saw the crucifixion happen. He was in India on the battlefield of Kurukshetra, when Krishna spoke the *Bhagavad-Gita* to Arjuna; he watched the Buddha sitting silently in holy meditation under a banyan tree and he

sat near Mozart's bed when the young composer passed away. He was obsessed with human life.

And there was this incredible urge for creating works of art. The Elf Prince had witnessed most of the great painters of the past centuries as his main duty among the faery people was to deal with colours and pigmentation. But the universe of sound and music became his one and only obsession when the baroque era swept the European continent. One specific piece of music had already awakened his interest for human music. It was a composition by Lassus to a text from an unknown author. The work was first published in 1594 in *Cantiones Sacrae* and the Prince heard it performed only a few months later. The text in Latin can be translated as follow:

*Music, the gift of the supreme God,  
draws men, draws gods;  
Music makes savage souls gentle  
and uplifts sad minds.  
Music moves the very trees  
And wild beasts.*

Although it is a well-known fact that the faery music is of utmost beauty, the Prince was fascinated by these humans who had mastered this sacred art form. He was fascinated by the emotions that were created by the human soul

and the human mind when exposed to some great music. The Prince was longing to taste the turmoil that seemed to be a prerogative of the human heart. He knew he had to find a way to cross over the boundaries of ether and material life. He had to find a way. His elfin soul would know no rest. His decision was made. Either he would find a way or simply die.

The Elf Lord could not bear to have his own son renounce the faery kingdom. What a disgrace! How could he fall for these frail human sentiments? A people slave to their own petty desires; always fighting and living as if they were eternal and enjoying less than some one hundred human years — few months if compared with anyone in the faery kingdom. How could an intelligent Elf Prince fall for such vanities when the very maintenance of planet Earth was so exciting — as well as logical, being of ultimate importance — and providing unlimited possibilities for ‘self-satisfaction’ — a ‘feeling’ or ‘emotion’ you, humans, may compare with what you call ‘peace of mind’ when one is confident one is accomplishing a duty, work or vocation, one knows one was meant to, deep in one’s soul.

The King of the Rumbling Spires knew that his son had been corrupted by this new philosophy of the ‘evolutionist’ faeries. He had heard

of their song: “*Fairies are invested with the divine human structure, perfect in its etheric patterns, which make all the fairies such a delight to behold. Moreover, they partake of the fairy joy, so it is evident that even the humblest of the fairy workers share in a spiritual awareness*<sup>3</sup>.” No doubt this was heresy coming from human beings that were able to contact some weaker individuals of the faery kingdom. Humans could create their own Gods to suit their most obscure desires for immortality — then they would fight and die for them... a strange breed indeed.

This philosophy was also inspired by the angels, those proud faeries, who would travel all over spreading their legends of being of divine nature. They would assure all beings they were in close relationship with God. They were above human beings and all other living entities on this planet. They were the soldiers of God. And always ready to make you feel useless... worthless... So much so that most faeries were now ‘aspiring’ angels.

Even the Faery Queen could not change her son’s mind and finally there was some talk about the possibility of a transition. This had not happened since the days of Merlin and Morgan Le Fay in Holy Avalon — and still, one could say there really was a need then. King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table were to go on a

spiritual quest and this king was to establish everlasting peace among all people. Unfortunately, Arthur had not foreseen that his own beloved Queen would fall for the Christian heresy that only their God was to rule over the pagan tribes and ancient wisdom.

But the Faery Prince would not listen otherwise and he was threatening to put an end to his own life, to commit suicide — a situation still unheard of in the faery kingdom. The reverse situation would have been so much easier. Would the Prince have been a human, he could have just wandered in our kingdom and never grow old, like us. Many poets and troubadours have once lost their way on our sacred lands and when they finally left our company to get back to their loved ones, they realized that many hundred years had already gone by.

The High Priest — Agadinmar of Old himself, the Elder and the Beginner, still present on this planet, had to come, summoned to the Elfin High Court to prepare the passage.

*— So be it then. Indeed my Prince you will take birth among the humans but your life will have to end before you reach thirty years of age. You will be granted one gift only, but your talent will be imperfect. And you will have to struggle very hard to have it recognized amongst your peers. And after your passing away, in due course of time, there will be no guarantee that you, my Prince,*

*will re-enter the faery kingdom, for once having been in a human body, it is said that the soul does want to go on and on, to satisfy the innumerable desires created by the human mind.*

So sayeth Agadinmar of Old, and even this monstrous perspective could not affect the Prince's decision to take birth among the human races.

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<sup>1</sup> *The Children of Rarn*, T.Rex (Brown Album) 1970, Onward Music Ltd.

<sup>2</sup> Karl Grün, *Les Esprits élémentaires*, Verviers, 1891.

<sup>3</sup> Claire Nahmad, *Fairy Spells*, Souvenir Press, London, UK, 1998.



## LEAVING THE MISTS OF BELTANE

*Every dawn of our lives a heart is forged  
And linked with lore to one so similar  
Born with blessed life dust stored beneath its soul  
To bless and pass unto its children  
Even though the wind might blow it all away  
Don't ever worry 'cause I'm your friend<sup>1</sup>.*

**B**rittany was thus chosen among the countries selected as there was this humble couple of human beings that seemed ready and fit to receive the soul of the Prince, Phyllis and Simeon Feld — for he did not want to take birth among a royal family for fear of too many rules and regulations that could be obstacles to his thirst for freedom. His knowledge of human life was vast, but the Prince would not be satisfied unless he could experiment being a human with all its possibilities. He was ready, even though Agadinmar had told him he would forget all about his origins and the knowledge acquired as an elf during all those centuries and millenniums...

Nothing would stop him.

Thus the Faery Prince, son of the King of the Rumbling Spires and the Planet Queen, took

birth on Earth on 30 September 1947 and received the name Mark Feld. Although born in a Jewish family, the religious aspect of these mortals' lives was not really important in the upbringing of the elfin soul, leaving him enough freedom to explore all aspects of various philosophies and religions without any tinge of preconceived ideas.

A happy childhood he had, and a dear brother named Harry to share family life with as well. But it was music he was dreaming of. And it was music he was waiting for to enter this exciting life. As there was no time to lose...

At nine years old, young Mark was already influenced by a strange musical trend called rock 'n' roll. Far from the intricacies of the baroque era that once inspired him, this new and exciting musical style swept the human world like the plague. Mark's father had bought him a copy of Bill Hayley and The Comets' *See You Later Alligator*, thinking it was Bill Hayes' *The Ballad Of Davy Crockett*, a song Mark wanted to have. But the sound of rock 'n' roll was nothing less than an electric shock to the brain that spread instantly throughout the whole body. Bill Hayes was immediately forgotten and Phyllis, Mark's mother, had no other choice but to buy him his very first acoustic guitar.

*At nine years old, I became Elvis Presley!*

MARK FELD

*The beast in feast of sound  
Kittened lamb on God's ground  
Ridden by the born of horn  
Jigged like a muse on life's lawn<sup>2</sup>*

Agadinmar had seen in the stars that the Prince would take birth as a strong Libra with Sagittarius rising and as such he would be shooting arrows as to reach the stars and beyond. Restless, the Prince would always be striving and searching for success and achievement. And true to himself the Faery Prince would make require of himself to produce something beautiful — works of art. Not a day would go by without the Prince being consumed by this strong desire to create something, verbal or musical.

*The only philosophy I had as a kid was that a human being is an art form.*

MARK FELD

But once again, Agadinmar had foreseen that it would be difficult for the Prince to conciliate this need to produce something concrete and, at the same time, constantly fight with the harsh reality of the material world. Furthermore,

the Prince, in his thirst to drink the existential cup of human life, would always need to know what a woman feels and to be allowed that very expression as well.

Mark's room was full of clothes. He would scour from Hackney to Soho to look for original clothes that would help him improve his look — taking into account his small size. He later said in an interview that he was completely knocked out by his own image. So much so that he was one of three teenagers interviewed by *Town Magazine* for its September 1962 issue. Mark's quick and witty replies, and his photogenic looks won him lengthy quotes and pictures in the magazine.

The Elf Lord was keeping an eye on his only son's new life. Of course he had promised the High Priests never to interfere directly as there had not been any more open dealings with the humans since a little less than a thousand years or so, except for few isolated encounters with poets and mediums.

But the first few attempts by the Prince at recording his songs were quite discouraging — it simply was not up to a standard suitable for a Faery Prince — or any other human singers I must add. However, the raw talent was there, like an uncut diamond. The Prince's first attempts were made under the name Toby Tyler

and two songs are known to have been recorded then, *The Road I'm On (Gloria)* and a cover version of Bob Dylan's *Blowin' In The Wind*. Later on in 1965, the Prince released two singles with Decca, and one of them had a song that was a description of a magical land with unicorns, very close to his native Beltane, *Beyond The Rising Sun*, and the Prince was boldly asserting he had been there. The second song related a meeting with a magician, *The Wizard*. According to Mark's own story, he had been to Paris with a friend, Riggs O'Hara, and had met a magician in the Louvre who invited him for a meal and taught him elements of magic. However, friends of Mark and his own brother, Harry, had different versions of this story.

The France trip is probably the most fascinating, and confusing, event in Mark's early life. His later manager Simon Napier-Bell recalls that Marc was there for only four weeks, met a wandering conjurer by the roadside and spent a weekend with him. However, in later interviews Marc himself was to give a drastically different version of the tale: the wandering conjurer was a powerful wizard, whom he was to spend six months with, in a large chateau by the Left Bank. Under this wizard's supervision, Mark was to learn the art of "black magic", which included reading the

works of Aleister Crowley and performing such fantastical rites as spirit-conjuring, animal sacrifice, and levitation; he also claimed to have seen UFO's. After a while, however, Mark found a distaste for the evil side of the wizard's magic and left for home.

That this story remains shrouded in mystery, and has never been proved or disproved, is what ironically lends it its validity; even if, as Napier-Bell insists, it was all simply a product of Mark's rapidly-blooming imagination, the practice of magic is a self-described product of the "dream" world anyway. That Mark could make the story seem so real — he never deviated from it or admitted "the truth" for as long as he lived — is an act of magic in itself: his own imagination being used to alter and shape the past into a new reality. Perhaps he was only with the street conjurer for a weekend but was inspired by the incident to research the topic on his own, or perhaps the conjurer really was a wizard (in which case Marc could've spent six months with him and have it go by in "our" time as a mere three days!) In any case, whatever happened in France clearly had a major effect on Mark's personality, for after the trip he suddenly displayed a new and 'very' well-learned interest in the world of magic and fantasy, as well as an almost doubled confidence in himself and the total assurance that he would so-

meday become famous, that had been totally without precedent in his tough working class early life.

MICHAEL TOPPER

This writer is not very far from the truth as the Faery King had effectively sent a messenger to ask one of the Elves' devoted human friend — whose grandfather, Robard de Font Le Roy, had studied under Agadinmar himself during men's first world war to learn the art of Spiritual Astrology, to invite the young Elf Prince in his castle outside Paris. Actually, the Prince was then taken away, among other places, to the Elfin High Court to be interviewed by the High Priests who wanted to make sure his memory was free from any Elfin political knowledge that could be stolen by Dworns and Trolls. After all, he was the son of the King and as such could have retained a certain amount of information. When satisfied with the naive answers of the human Prince, the elves brought him back to Paris and made sure his memory would only keep a vague impression, a blurred souvenir like a shady dream without any precise details whatsoever. Even the time factor was subject to uncertainty.

*I am interested in fairies. Fairies who are very strong beings, elemental, of the powers of nature-*

*spirits. Fairies have a certain kind of magic. My chance meeting with this black magician certainly sparked off my strong interest in this kind of thing, and I began to read many books. I can't tell you who he is because he's involved in other things, including politics. He was wise but like most magicians, a bit self-indulgent. Personally, I don't want to be a magician. I don't want to practice. As I said, a magician is a self-indulgent person. I want to become a sage, a wise elderly man expressing wisdom to help people.*

MARC BOLAN, RAVE - APRIL 1969

So the very choice of topics in the Prince's songs, and the way the Prince was telling these stories was enough to convince the King that it was worth providing his son a little help by sending one of his assistants to inspire the Prince in his creative process. More songs were recorded with the help of manager Simon Napier-Bell but none were to make it on the charts and secure a major album deal with an important record company. Finally, Simon Napier-Bell suggested to the Prince to join another act he was managing, John's Children. The Prince became lead guitarist and composed some songs for this band. Not a very good band of musicians or singers, I must say, but this band was making up for this lack of talent by offering a so-called

violent show, pretending to fight on stage.

*The stage wasn't capable of containing the fit of raving madness of these ecstatic musicians. Amps fell down, making nerve-killing sounds and the stage lighting also collapsed. In addition to this, the drummer stoically kept on drumming. So these are John's Children. Poor John!*

VOLKER EINBERGER, MANNHEIMER MORGEN

The Prince's talent was obvious but there was a need for a man of vision to help the Prince's potential to come to full bloom. And it was evident as well that this John's Children band would not be of great help in doing so. The King had made his decision final: he would send someone to accompany the Prince on his journey through human life. After all, and above all, he was the King and a king is indeed above the elfin law.

The Prince was very beautiful and began to grow his hair into a massed crown of corkscrew ringlets. These dark curls cascading around his smiling face and his short stature only served to confirm the impression that he was in fact coming out of the mists of mythical Beltane.

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<sup>1</sup> Marc Bolan, *A Daye Laye, A BeardOf Stars*, 1970, *Lupus Music Co. Ltd.*

<sup>2</sup> Marc Bolan, *She Was Born To Be My Unicorn, Unicorn*, 1969, Onward Music Ltd.



## POON OF THE HILLS

*I come from a time where the burning of trees was a crime  
I lived by a sea where to be was a thing of true joy  
My people were fair and had sky in their hair  
But now they're content to wear stars on their brows<sup>1</sup>*

I, Poon — for it is I who was to accompany young Mark in his new incarnation — appeared in the Prince's life as a small statue of an elf. Of course I used to travel a lot with the Prince when he was still among us. We were 'friends' — as you would say in your language. We had long conversations regarding saints and philosophers, and India had no secrets for us. The Prince often wandered in the holy cities trying to understand the motivation behind self-realization and he enjoyed discussing it with me.

I had previously been trained in human mind reading and suggestion by the faeries assigned to human subtle bodies. You do know that your physical body is composed of the elements of the earth, but you also possess finer bodies for your thoughts and feelings composed of the etheric essence of these same elements. These

specific faeries — close to the Eastern concept of *devas* or the Western concept of *guardian angels*, have full access to them so they can lend inspiration to your mind and soul, creations like music, art, literature and dance, as well as scientific and medical discoveries. These ‘spiritual’ faeries allowed me to understand the mechanism of the human mind. Needless to say the Prince already had these gentle faeries helping his subtle bodies, like everybody else on earth, but the Elf Lord wanted me to be constantly by his side.

I, Poon, soon found some earthlings sympathetic to the cause of the young Prince turning into a singer. I, Poon, first made sure that the recent musical adventures among this barbaric John’s Children band would be over very fast and that his then manager would lose faith in the Prince’s singing career and let him go. A young dreamer had already come along to play various instruments and percussions, and give the Prince a sound familiar to the particular musical universe of the faery people. The young man even bore the name Steve Peregrin Took. The faery world was fond of this human writer, J.R.R. Tolkien, who was writing a fantasy saga about the Middle Earth Wars of Old. The elves and faeries were delighted by those stories learned by the reading bards of the faery king-

dom who were spying the human libraries for any knowledge linked to the faery people. Steve and the Prince were now an acoustic duo with a very powerful name, Tyrannosaurus Rex. Simple music, simple instruments, they were ready in their raw and honest innocence.

Soon again, I, Poon, found two other human beings to help the Prince. One was a man who could speak and address himself to many humans at once by using electronic devices — he was hosting a regular radio show and his name was John Peel. *“Marc came round to my flat and sat down on the floor and sang some of his songs. I must say they registered immediately... I knew deep down inside that he was something special... I liked him as a human being and I liked his music. From that time on, whenever I had a gig anywhere, I would ask Marc and Steve to go along and play.”*

Then a pirate DJ with Radio London, he took upon himself to champion the duet and its ‘strange-voiced singer’. John Peel’s last show broadcast on Radio London included six of Marc’s compositions and his recent move to the new BBC Radio 1 helped introduce the repertoire to a wider audience.

John Peel finally arranged for Tyrannosaurus Rex to appear on his show, *Top Gear*, and five songs were performed on November 5<sup>th</sup> to be re-broadcast several weeks later. Further

sessions were booked as well as a deep and joyful friendship was established.

John remembers his close friend Marc being a strong influence when he gave up meat: *“A lot of the people I was with at the time were vegetarian, and they convinced me. We used to dine together in the evenings at a macrobiotic restaurant in Paddington.”*

The second one was a musician producer, Anthony Visconti. *“One night I went into the UFO club in London and saw Tyrannosaurus Rex on stage. There was a very bad PA system but the thing that cut through was Marc’s very, very unusual voice... Marc was so weird and strange looking and his singing was so odd; he really did look like the ‘bopping elf’. I was afraid to approach him.”*

Sensitive, poetical and imaginative, this man recognized the Prince’s talent immediately. So much so that within a few days, Tony Visconti was able to have the young Elf Prince do a better recording of his songs. He was the man who would at last provide expertise and help the Prince develop his unique vision, a musical landscape that would be a fertile soil for his songs to come to a full bloom.

The Prince was so receptive to all my suggestions that many of the Prince’s new songs were related to Beltane people and the faery kingdom, Avalon and other mythical topics so dear to the Elf Lord and his subjects. The

first recording by the Prince's new duet — TYRANNOSAURUS REX — was titled



MY PEOPLE WERE FAIR AND HAD SKY  
IN THEIR HAIR, BUT NOW THEY'RE  
CONTENT TO WEAR STARS  
ON THEIR BROWS.

*Tyrannosaurus Rex's first LP shows off beautifully the many talents of the gifted Marc Bolan... the strength of the album lies in his excellent, totally individual songs of love, beauty, fantasy and nature.*

UNCREDITED, DISC AND MUSIC ECHO

The press were intrigued and curious. The journalists may not have all been very supportive

but this new duet was interesting enough to be worth following from a distance. So much so that by the end of July 1968, this album was outselling new releases by musical bands such as Pink Floyd and a strange extra-terrestrial named Jimi Hendrix. The hippy movement was flourishing, young men had long hair and wore colourful clothes, girls were daring and sexy. Tyrannosaurus Rex became the perfect symbol of the British underground, always looking toward inner truth at the expense of material so-called realities and as John Peel had written on the album sleeve: *“Tyrannosaurus Rex rose out of the sad and scattered leaves of an older summer. During the hard, grey winter they were tended and strengthened by those who loved them. They blossomed with the coming of spring, children rejoiced and the earth sang with them. It will be a long and ecstatic summer.”*

Marc Bolan’s name — as the Prince had long changed his human name to Marc Bolan — had now spread in the musical circles and the music industry could see that there was now a powerful music publisher behind him, along with a successful production company, a good producer-arranger named Tony Visconti and finally, a new management company, Blackhill Enterprises where Marc met June Child.

One thing must be stressed here though, I,

Poon, had nothing whatsoever to do with the meeting between the Prince and the young lady called June Child who fell in love with him. For love was something outside my jurisdiction. This happened as naturally as can be, for the human heart and soul do work in strange ways. Nevertheless, my duties were thus made much easier as love between humans does favour the poetical activities.

*Swans do fly high above you all the time  
Prince of Sun from his pavilion makes you shine  
Come within my garden Lady Love  
Maybe I can hold your gold hand  
Glide within my gold grove Lady Love  
Know the earth and you'll understand<sup>2</sup>.*

As an elf, I am not qualified to tell you anything about this relationship and this strange sentiment humans call 'love', and I guess it would be as difficult for you to try to explain to me how love can be possible between two sea horses; how they are attracted to each other, so much so, that they remain faithful until they die. I could discuss philosophies and religions, even arts and wars, but when it came to sentiments and emotions, it was the Prince who had specific ideas about those strange topics. I could understand his explanations but it was hard to grasp the purpose behind such illogical

behaviour. What humans call love is a mixture of many different emotions, sentiments and social patterns whereas in the faery world, 'love' takes on a friendly and practical purpose devoid of what humans call 'passion'. And this lack of passion does not prevent the elves from finding your equivalent of 'pleasure' and 'satisfaction' although your definitions of these concepts seem to expand and differ with each situation encountered during one man or woman's life. I think that the main difference lies in our mutual definition and implication of the concept of desire - but please allow me to end here this superficial comparative study of my people so I can go on with my beloved Prince's story.

The second recording,



## PROPHETS, SEERS & SAGES, THE ANGELS OF THE AGES

represented another step further from the urban immediate preoccupations. The songs, very pastoral in their simple and acoustic arrangements, are elegies of the mysticism of the East and the innocence of childhood.

*Innocence is what (Tyrannosaurus) Rex is all about, innocence mixed with a search for ancient wisdom... It could be so pretentious except when it's in the hand of a genuine bopping imp, Marc Bolan, aided by sprite Steve Peregrin Took... A mere acoustic guitar jumbles merrily, while bongos plink and plonk like gnomes tap-dancing on flower pots...*

MELODY MAKER

The Prince told the press people that he was not really comfortable with cities and the artificial modern way of life. Tyrannosaurus Rex concerts became reverential events gathering the United Kingdom's flower children. Marc Bolan would sit on the floor, cross-legged on a mat, playing his guitar and Steve Peregrin Took would sit on a stool with his bongos between his knees. It was most unconventional and certainly different from any rock concerts going around at the time. I, Poon, finally influenced Marc and

June along with John Peel and his girlfriend Sheila to visit the Glastonbury Tor in Avalon and make trips to Stonehenge. We had been wandering in these sacred gardens so often together and I knew the Prince would benefit from these powerful telluric centres. I must admit that, secretly, I was hoping that he would recover his past memory. Of course I had heard Agadinmar's advice but I couldn't refrain from hoping against all hope. He was my friend and I had never encountered such a feeling before. I missed his friendship, his conversation, his enthusiasm.

However, there was a unique relationship between the Prince, as Marc Bolan, and I. He was open-minded and his human mind was grasping all the images that were sent to his imagination. Sometimes, being after all in an imperfect human being's body, his 'receiving' was not quite accurate but his creativity was so rich that it nevertheless fit as in a modern work of art.

*My Guardian Angel does all the writing. I'm sure it's not me. I write words that don't even exist but to me, I understand them... I get streams of inspiration and my hand writes away, and the words don't always make sense. They fit like an abstract painting.*

MARC BOLAN, 1968

Although his father, the Elf Lord, did not really like the reference to this breed of proud angels in the title of this second recording, he was nevertheless satisfied with the poetical work of his son.

*The flowing mane of pain dwells on Trelawny Lawn  
 Stark handsome eyes decide the unicorn  
 Is a beast of borrowed wisdom  
 Like a thrush in the yielding harvest field  
 The prophet deems snow<sup>3</sup>*

The year 1969 was thus a busy year for the Prince, so much so that in March of that same year, he published a book of poems called *The Warlock of Love*. The Prince's poetry was everything but boring. Once again, critics were not really sure if they liked it or not, having no references to judge its style and contents; but the fans did and the book became the best-selling book of poetry in England.

*We hide behind the masks of the Orient,  
 because the sullen lumbering shapes of  
 the Western world strike fear and terror  
 into our limbs, and all is ungrown.  
 Legends we long for and legends there  
 are in the east of our heads.  
 So perchance Gods dwell unseen in the east of the world<sup>4</sup>.*

Marc was much influenced then by Eastern philosophies and he was probably one of the first pop-singer with Beatle George Harrison to include a *Sanskrit mantra* in one of his songs. In *My Frowning Atahuallpa (My Inca Love)*, the Prince introduced his listeners to the Hare Krishna *Maha Mantra* - *maha* means 'great', *mana* means 'mind' and *tra* means 'to free' — a *mantra* known to the mystics of the East for thousands of years as a secret powerful mantra. But 500 years ago, a Bengali saint, Shri Chaitanya Mahaprabhu, took upon himself to spread the *mantra* freely to all human beings. If this mantra was to bring liberation to the soul, there was no reason for it to remain secret. Furthermore, it was written in the *Vedas* that in the age of *Kali*, started 5,000 years ago, this chanting would be the only way men could attain self-realization. During the *Kali yuga*, human civilization would become a slave to excessive materialism and men would become so fallen that they would often indulge in intoxication. They would be meat-eaters with no compassion whatsoever for their fellow animals. They would be gamblers and would strive for unlimited sexual intercourse; so much so that they would not be attracted to spiritual life at all. Chaitanya Mahaprabhu — who is said to be an incarnation of Krishna and his beloved Radharani — travelled all over Bengal and India

to spread the chanting of the *Maha Mantra*, bring peace to the mind and liberation to the conditioned soul. Five hundred years later, in 1967, his followers had just arrived in London from Montreal (and would soon open a temple with the help of George Harrison), met Marc on the street and given him some books about Hinduism. Marc was ever curious about philosophies and sages; anything that could improve his possibilities in tasting life's experiences.

*It was Lord Chaitanya's mission that He teach the path of Krishna consciousness to all men and thereby enable them to partake the immortality of spiritual life. From 'Chaitanya-Charitamrita' we learn how Chaitanya taught people to become immortal, and thus the title may be properly translated as 'the immortal character of the living force'<sup>75</sup>.*

A.C. BHAKTIVEDANTA SWAMI PRABHUPADA

I, Poon, remember Chaitanya Mahaprabhu because it was one of the last saints the Prince had followed and studied before the baroque era brought a new musical flavour into the Western world. We, elves, do know about the power of mantras as we also use some as weapons against Trolls, Dwornes and even... cruel human beings. One of our powerful *mantra* is also called the 'dragon's breath' and, in writing, reads like this:

*Byrnan Nith!* It does not really matter if you do read it aloud as only an elf can give it its deadly power by singing the proper notes. When used by an elf, this mantra lights up the fire already present in the enemy's body — in the stomach — and the creature burns from the inside.

Many humans were enjoying the Prince's songs and the duet's success was humble enough not to disturb the peaceful life of the young lovers. Prolific as he was, Marc recorded another album of songs entitled



## UNICORN

which really brought pleasure to the faery kingdom and the intelligent human beings. For the

first time in the Earth's rather short history, humans were able to recreate songs so close to the unique musical melodies of the faery troubadours.

*Unicorn* is a unique and precious work of art. Although many complained that most of the lyrics were impossible to understand because of the Prince's way of singing, these songs give the perfect illusion of being written and sung in the faery language.

Numerous listeners from many different countries have expressed their love for *Unicorn* because it opened a door to another musical dimension. Those humans who had insights about the reality of the faery kingdom were finally having a 'musical' proof that there was such a parallel world existing in another dimension. The production itself was more elaborate — not to mention that Marc had also bought a new and better sounding guitar. Considering that the first album was recorded with a budget of less than £500 — *Unicorn* is a jewel of a recording, full of sound, colours and poetry. The melodies are magical and the lyrics should convince you of the unique writing talent of Marc Bolan. Indeed, I, Poon have helped the Prince, but my duty was mainly to help him use his muse more freely by suggesting images and general impressions. He had to do all the

creative work by himself as I am not allowed to interfere directly with the actual act of creating.

I got the record to a turntable and it billowed open with *Chariots of Silk*. I remember straining for the lyrics (in North American copies these appeared on the inside of the gatefold) right away because the vocalist appeared to be singing in runes. (Whenever I've played *Unicorn* for friends since then, the favourite remark has been that the singer is unintelligible or they ask what language he is singing in.) I hypnotically listened to the rest of the record while following this lyric sheet. The ingredients for the magic were all there right from that first cut. Wonderfully hooked melodies, mythically charged lyrics, and a layered production that afterwards made me go out and buy every Tony Visconti produced record I could find. I have always considered Tony to be the third member of Tyrannosaurus Rex and credit the enhancements and subtleties that Tony provided for Marc's songs as invaluable in creating the mythically potent aesthetic that Marc's music gave us. Marc had created a mythic reality in his songs.

By using the word 'myth' I don't mean the common, pejorative use it has in our society today to mean 'false' as in when we say, for example, that the Loch Ness Monster is a myth or that the pot of gold at the end of a

rainbow is a myth. No, mythic reality is a reality that modern Western man has genuinely forgotten. It is a time and space of a different order from the mundane world. It's a spiritually charged world where souls and matter and energy are all linked together around a common axis. It's a world filled with labyrinths, shamans, and avatars. Everyone here wears many masks. Here this energy animates stone so that '*...the toad road can lick my wheels like a sabre*' or make '*shells grow on nut trees*'. It empowers and allows all poetic metaphor.

North American Indians, the Eastern Religions, all mystics, and all young children know this reality. Marc opens us another door into it.

IVAN KOCMAREK

Steve Peregrin Took, this human friend who was accompanying the Prince in his career, really had understood the essence of this music. He was a creative musician and his percussion playing was colourful. His voice fitted really well with the Prince's own strange way of singing. Unfortunately, he was indulging in absorbing too many dream related substances and his attitude often disrupted the fragile balance needed to function on this planet. So much so that, at one point, upon returning from the new

continent, the Prince had to dissociate himself from Steve, who also wanted to go his own way, do his own songs and go on with his own singing career.

*When we did the album, it was very obvious to me that it was going to be the last I did with Steve. In fact, we both knew that at the time. We were living in Cornwall and Wales, and I was very close to the earth... It was a period of clarity and purity — and Unicorn was very much into my soul; it was all me.*

MARC BOLAN, ZIG ZAG, MARCH 1970

*This is a mutual thing. There are no bad scenes, Steve just wants to do his own thing.*

MARC BOLAN, MUSIC BUSINESS WEEKLY, OCTOBER 1969

I, Poon, had to once again look for someone suitable to help the Prince but before I could interfere, a beautiful young man by the name of Mickey Finn was introduced to Marc by his photographer, Peter Sanders, to replace Steve Peregrin Took as the second half of Tyrannosaurus Rex.

The Prince was assuming his human life very well and he could manage his career quite professionally: *“I wanted to keep the duo format, so Mickey Finn joined. Right away it was far more musical and far more relaxed... we are not a folksy little duo any-*

*more. We are putting a lot of energy out, and that's what we want people to realize."*

Marc was intelligent and his living habits were refined. He was a vegetarian and was concerned with the welfare of his peers. He was curious and was open to all kinds of philosophies and traditions that often found their way into the Prince's songs.

But he had his own plan...

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<sup>1</sup> Marc Bolan, *My Frowning Atahualpa, My People Were Fair And Had Sky In Their Hair But Now They're Content To Wear Stars On Their Brows*, 1968, Onward Music Ltd.

<sup>2</sup> Marc Bolan, *Pavilions Of Sun, A Beard Of Stars*, 1970, Lupus Music Co.

<sup>3</sup> Marc Bolan, *Trelawny Lawn, Prophets, Seers & Sages, The Angels Of The Ages*, 1970, Lupus Music Co.

<sup>4</sup> Marc Bolan, *The Warlock Of Love*, 1969, Lupus Music Co.

<sup>5</sup> A.C. Bhaktivedanta Swami Prabhupada, *Teachings of Lord Chaitanya*, 1981, The Bhaktivedanta Book Trust.



## THE DARK SIDE

*Tall bowman from the burnt pastures  
Saw Champer and he bowed ground kissing to his Lord  
Strange beastie from the legend lair:  
Sire, I can master with the aid  
Of this skull powdered chord<sup>1</sup>*

**F**or the next recording, a new powerful instrument was extensively used by the Prince. Unlike the acoustic instrument normally used by Marc, this time the same stringed instrument could be amplified to alter the ‘normal’ sound so particular to the guitar usually known and used by humans over the last few centuries.

*The fourth from T.Rex marks Mickey Finn’s debut as sidekick and percussionist and young Mr. Bolan’s emergence as guitar star extraordinaire. In fact, it’s Marc’s string bashing that makes this their most distinctive and perhaps most successful album so far.*

NICK LOGAN, NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

Although using this dangerous modern device, the new recording —



## A BEARD OF STARS

dove deeper into the folklore of the faery kingdom with direct references to Old Agadinmar and the King of the Rumbling Spires in the liner notes. A picture of a faery faun — the Poon statue I used — too close to my real appearance to please the High Priests - was even printed on the inside sleeve.

*There's gold in the mountains  
And a people living in the sea<sup>2</sup>*

This was too much. The High Priests could not stay silent anymore. The Elf Lord had gone too far and it was now becoming a dangerous game. Too much information could open a door

through the time and space continuum and create a situation similar to the troubles once encountered during the Merlin days in Holy Avalon. The Prince was in no way supposed to remember his past incarnation or anything else from the faery kingdom. He was to live a simple life as a human being. The King should have foreseen that all these images I was sending to the Prince would awake his memory somehow or other.

*My head is full of names and places I have never seen or heard of. I think in a previous life I was probably a Celtic bard or a magician.*

*This is printed in my mind now.*

MARC BOLAN

The new recording and the new refined electronic sound produced by the Prince and his friends were really exciting. Tyrannosaurus Rex was enjoying a success that was finally reaching a wider audience. Marc Bolan and Mickey Finn would start the concerts with a highly polished acoustic set, as usual, and then quickly switch over to electric guitars. The presentation had changed. And the audience was thrilled. Of these concerts, a British music newspaper, Ray Nortrop of the New Musical Express, wrote: *“The atmosphere the duo creates is fascinating and the*

*effect is startling, they really make you feel as though you were actually in on the act.”*

But this was before the forces of the Dark Side decided to get their share of the deal.

One must remember here that the faery kingdom has to deal with the dark forces and that wars do happen at times to finally create a natural balance among the people of the Middle Earth. At times, there are wars between faeries and goblins, elves and leprechauns... but these are more like battles over a particular disagreement of existential nature, honour and philosophy. During these wars, only minor changes do happen like twisters, droughts, floods. On the other hand, wars against Dworns and Trolls are matters of survival and often end with major earthquakes and tidal waves when water faeries are involved. The whole faery kingdom is constantly being over-cautious with these ‘mistakes’ — and this is part of the reason why elves and faeries are usually hesitant when referring to God as a supreme and perfect being. After all, he did create those species.

Tales and stories were spread that the Elf Prince had taken birth among the humans. What first brought smiles and laughter among the Dworns and the Trolls soon instilled a curiosity that could no longer prevent some of these beings from coming and checking the scene in

Brittany. Unlike elves and faeries, some Dworns and Trolls can take the shape of human beings and dwell among the human race without being recognized as such. And that is exactly what the High Priests were afraid of. What if those evil creatures were to kidnap the Prince and start a new war? How could anyone trust this Dardena, the Black Queen, who hates our wise and beloved Agadinmar?

*We are Dworn  
Devil-born  
Swords of steel will deliver us  
On our steeds of solid wind  
Machine God Kings We are Dworn*

*We are Lithons, old as Earth  
We knew no death and we knew no birth  
We are Lithons, the dragon breed  
At noon today on flesh we'll feed*

*We are Trolls from Marrow Mound  
We live on bones where bones are found  
Underground our lairs are wide  
If you want bones please come inside<sup>3</sup>*

Anywhere you see a Dworn, you can be sure to find a Troll as well. Although they hate each other and constantly fight, they survive by eating one another — it may seem contradictory but they cannot exist without one another.

Lithons are a different breed and rarely mingle with the two others. They have been said to be eternal and nobody would ever dare to contradict their beliefs. Dragons are special and it is said that even though they look cruel and act as such, bringing fear in the very soul of all living beings, a dragon is of divine nature. I must add that angels do not agree with this and it is probably the only thing the King will concede to these arrogant beings.

I am confident that the Prince realized that some of the human beings around him could recognize him as being from the faery people. It was becoming too obvious. I, Poon, personally think that it is probably at that time precisely that the Prince began to think things over and change his mind. I first thought it was impossible that Marc Bolan knew anything for sure about his original personality as the Elf Prince, son of the King of the Rumbling Spires and the Planet Queen. But he had such a strong intuition, being a poet, a musician and having received so much information from me, Poon of the Hills, that I should not have been surprised. From then on, he really made his choice. He became Marc Bolan, born Mark Feld. And soon I was to slowly and gradually witness this existential choice. As he was asked about elves and faeries by journalists, he began to change the

information. At times Marc liked to make up funny answers as if he was quoting some Ancient Archives as well as playing a game. It was impossible for any journalist to know if he was serious or not. He said: *“I believe elves existed. Not as elves, but as strong, wise people, like the Atlanteans. People will mock of course, but they are only capable of violent emotion, which is easy. But it’s harder to feel tender and affectionate to others. I believe in the magic of life. The Earth is a house for us to live in, but people put up fences and pay bits of silver and say: ‘This bit is mine – get out!’ But the elf people have died out or walked off the earth into a rainbow. Only the people who wear metal underwear or have black blood are left... Elfin creatures are not two-inch fey creatures — they’re very scientific sorcerers. They’re not around much now because they can’t survive in this atmosphere. Who can? Only beasts. Which is what we are. So to me Tyrannosaurus Rex was never a lame, camp, faggy sort of number, it was a very powerful prehistoric force.”*

Once again a new recording of works was being produced and more references to the Children of Rarn and Beltane were used and even the secret name of Lithon The Black was uttered by the Prince at the end of a song, along with my own father’s name. He would even add and mix some strange titles although none of them were really relevant. He started playing games with us too.

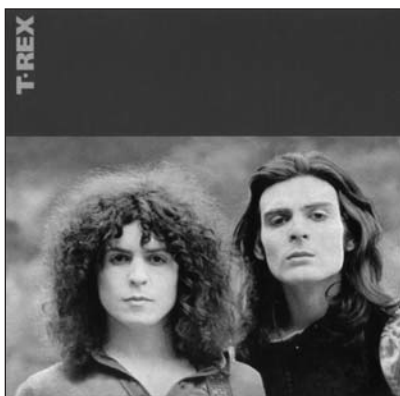
*Tree Wizard Puretongue*  
*The digger of holes*  
*The Swan King, the Elf Lord*  
*The eater of souls*  
*Lithon the Black*  
*The rider of stars*  
*Tyrannosaurus Rex*  
*The eater of cars<sup>4</sup>*

But all this would not have been so important had not the Prince composed a song, *Ride a White Swan*, that suddenly found its way on all the radio waves to become an overnight success. The Elf Prince was no longer an ‘underground’ sensation as he used to be. He became a rock star. No one among the faery kingdom had ever thought that such a situation would occur. Old Agadinmar had even warned the Prince that his talent would be ordinary and that it would need a lot of struggle to be recognized by his peers. And now, suddenly, the Prince was a rock star, a teen idol like The Beatles before him and the old Elvis Presley.

The Prince had shortened the name of his duet to T.Rex and the new album of the same title was a great success.

T.REX

*also known as the “Brown Album”*



*The Children of Rarn... is possibly one of the most beautiful songs I've heard this year. It's a flying number, hovering over history and yet flying towards a scientific dream — spun by Bolan and executed with tact and mystery... I can't help thinking that T.Rex and Bolan especially, are going to be exceedingly big in 1971.*

ROY HOLLINGWORTH, MELODY MAKER

So much so that almost immediately the Prince released a new song entitled *Hot Love* that reached the highest position on the radio charts. Things were really getting out of hand and the movement seemed irreversible.

The Prince became a regular guest on television — a device that entitles someone to see people from afar, in their own homes, like a

window to someone else's life. The female human beings suddenly fell in love with the Prince and within a short time, he could not go out unnoticed by the peasants on the streets of the cities.

As the years went on, the Prince could not forget that his days as a human being were counted. He did not have a fear of dying as such but he often had visions about dying in a car crash and he was also afraid of dying during his sleep. The Elf Prince was always carrying a little piece of paper with this prayer handwritten on it:

*Thou shall not be afraid  
of the terror by night  
nor of the arrow that flieth by day  
nor of the pestilence that walketh in darkness  
nor of the destruction that wasteth at noonday*

and then, before finally going to sleep, he would add: “*God's love on the room. Amen.*”

Sometimes, the Prince would spend numerous nights in a row up with June playing all kinds of games with her like Scrabble or Backgammon, or playing guitar and singing songs on tape, or writing poems that June would read for him afterwards. And if it did happen that Marc would go to sleep, he would have June promise him to wake him up half an hour later to make

sure everything was alright. Then he would go back for another little sleep. The Prince was not afraid of dying as such for, when he was in the faery kingdom, he had witnessed so many reincarnations among the human beings. There was never any doubt about that as he always believed his soul would go on living forever.

*I do believe very much in the immortality of the spirit. I believe — I know it's real for me — in reincarnation. I know this is only a lifetime for me to work out the karma. It's a thing I've got to do...*

*I still think it's an achievement to wake up still alive every morning. Now more than I ever did before. I don't think I'll live to a ripe old age at all... I don't care, it's preordained. My body isn't important. My spirit is fine, that's what's important.*

MARC BOLAN

But he was afraid of dying during his sleep in an unconscious state of mind. He wanted to face death with a clear mind to grasp all the implications tied to this unique event.

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<sup>1</sup> Marc Bolan, *Great Horse, A Beard Of Stars*, 1970, Westminster Music Ltd.

<sup>2</sup> Marc Bolan, *Organ Blues, A Beard Of Stars*, 1970, Onward Music Ltd.

<sup>3</sup> Marc Bolan, *We Are Dressed, The Children Of Rarn Suite, Words And Music* 1978, Westminster Music Ltd.

<sup>4</sup> Marc Bolan, *Suneye, T.Rex (Brown Album)*, 1970, Westminster Music Ltd.



## THE HIGH COURT

*Shallow are the actions  
Of the children of men  
Fogged was their vision  
Since the ages began<sup>1</sup>*

**P**art of what the High Court had foreseen was the evil influence of some Dworns and Trolls that came into the Prince's human life. Everybody knows the only three things Dworns and Trolls think of are: drinking, drinking and drinking... that is when they are not absorbed in chasing women and taking drugs.

Soon the gentle influence that I, Poon, was having on the Prince's songs would gradually start to fade away and more 'urban' and materialistic topics would find their way into his writings. References to cars and finally sex games would become a familiar subject. The Prince would slowly drift away from vegetarianism and come back to meat-eating — forgetting his once passionate attitude towards the planet Earth and its beloved animals. It was as if the Prince was turning away from his native Beltane once and for all, after a last glance.

For the first time in my long life, I could understand this very basic principle about our music. For it is said that humans who listen to our music become haunted by a profound mystical nostalgia. Men thus lose all desires and normal life becomes unbearable. Marc — being in a human body and dealing with a human mind — knew he had to get away from this music and switch to a more contemporary and ‘earthy’ music. He realized he had to turn the page and close the door to his past elfin existence. He did not come in this modern world just to remember the sacred land where he came from. He came to experience life as a man: human music, human pleasures and pain, human passions and he was willing to pay the price, at all costs.

The Prince would become very rich and fame, his new daily reality. His band was now performing in front of thousands of screaming fans and sex life was but a normal reward to stardom. Slowly, the unique relationship he was sharing with the lady June Child - to whom the Prince was now married - would soon lose its sweet flavour against the strong taste of alcohol and cocaine.



## ELECTRIC WARRIOR

the new release, became the bestselling album of its time and the Prince's life was nothing less than an endless exciting whirlwind. A new obsession was taking roots in the Prince's now weakening elfin mind - to conquer the world, starting with America - the materialistic promised land on the other side of the dark cold ocean.

I, Poon, was sad for I was attached to the service of my Prince. And now I could witness the crazy rhythms of decadence taking its toll. Nothing is free and the laws of karma are part of the deal when the soul takes on a human body. How could I, Poon of the Hills, son of Tree Wizard - Puretongue, have overlooked the simple

rules of nature? Very often I was wandering in the Prince's apartment but the little statue I used as an antenna was no longer effective. How could I contact the Prince when his mind was wandering in the labyrinth of alcohol and drugs? Why could not I have some powers like a stupid Troll? That would have made things so much easier.

I, Poon, was very puzzled for, on the other hand, the Faery Prince was saying to Zigzag Magazine in 1971: *"I'm no longer interested in abstract thought — I'm now living my fantasy... I am what I used to write about on those old albums... I now live that incarnation."*

The Prince once and for all wanted to live as a human being and I guess he later got rid of the Poon statue on purpose. He knew that if he kept this link between us he would have to always remember he was an elfin soul in a human body. And he wanted to be human and live like a human, taste life like a human being, make mistakes, make abuse of forbidden substances and even get sick... like a man.

*Is it wrong to understand  
The fear that dwells inside a man<sup>2</sup>*

Old Agadinmar once again summoned the High Court to try to reassure the Priests of Peace and Shepherds that the Trolls, once

having taken a human body, were of no real threat to the faery kingdom. They usually forgot the reason why they did so in the first place and would just indulge in intoxication. I, Poon, would warn the High Court of any danger that could result from the dark forces of Dardena the Black. Once again, Agadinmar confirmed that I, Poon, was appointed to this holy quest and that I was fulfilling my duty to the best of his knowledge. The faery kingdom was perfectly safe — so to speak — while the Prince was dwelling in a human body and mind.

I, Poon, could see that the Prince was still using some references to the faery kingdom in some of his songs but most of the time these were quoted wrongly and mainly used for the sound of the words only. What once was a sacred opera project titled *The Children of Rarn Suite* was now a long forgotten dream on a demo tape. Even Tony Visconti, the producer, was very keen to work on this magical story - but Marc had now envisioned his life as a full-time human being with fame, riches and pleasures of all kinds. “*Marc recorded a demo of The Children of Rarn in my music room sometime in October 1971. Every time we started a new album I asked him: ‘Is this going to be The Children of Rarn?’ He would reply: ‘No, this has to be a rocker. I have to give the kids a rock album this time.’ When I left Marc after Truck on*

Tyke in 1974, The Children of Rarn'album never materialized."

I am sure this was one of the tricks of these evil Dworns and Trolls to make sure the Prince would not make any more references to their enemies and 'this ugly name of Agadinmar' of whom they were really afraid. Prior to the first two hits on the radio charts — *Ride A White Swan* and *Hot Love* — the Prince's life was totally music. Success and the awareness of how nice it was to see his face in all the papers and magazines each and every week gave these horrible creatures the perfect weapon to have the Prince concentrated on the urban material side of music. Although Marc always wanted to be part of the music scene, it suddenly became an obsession leaving the artistic aspect aside to reach his goal at all costs. Marc Bolan was determined to become the biggest star ever out of Britain. He wanted to be bigger than The Beatles and in doing so started to neglect the musical side of his career. Marc and Tony were suddenly just being busy making singles — "*instant singles and instant albums, which didn't take very long to make.*" They never did get to finalize this project.

The Prince's choice to finally become Marc Bolan was irreversible and it was now becoming a reality. As I, Poon, had foreseen earlier when

the Prince realized how much he was being recognized as being of elfin origin, Marc Bolan was taking over and claiming the ownership of this human body's soul. He wanted to live his life as a man following the strong desire he had when he was the Elf Prince dwelling in the faery kingdom and watching these strange creatures in their strange world. And time was running short. In fact, there was no time to lose. He realized he was still being an elf in a human body.

*A lot of people think that because I've got away from long visual descriptions that I'm no longer a poet, but what I'm writing now is poetry of the heart really, and I'm much more interested in that now...*

*Two years ago I was very into being a poet and I'm not any more because I'm a poet... I've now become Marc Bolan, in fact, which I never was before.*

MARC BOLAN, ZIGZAG, 1971

Of *Electric Warrior*, Marc Bolan had said to the newspapers that as far as he was concerned, it was the first album he had ever made. The others were just 'ideas'. In this one, Marc felt he had spoken about himself, about his fans, and everyone else.

Electric Warrior is the record where Marc — the bopping elf climbs up on the brick wall

which separates the land of the unicorns from the ‘urban jungle’. He sits on the wall, and senses the pulse of the big city, — streets, cars, neon lights, lovers in the night —, he hears the sound of blues and rock ‘n’ roll. And he turns his head and he looks back at the landscape where — ‘if the moon is low at night, you see unicorns in silhouette on hill-tops and elves play by the river streams’. On *Electric Warrior* — Marc visits both these worlds, — a year later he makes his ultimate ‘urban jungle’ record, - and the land of the unicorns, the elves and the wizards, is out of sight... forever. And, by turning into a 4-piece rock ensemble, with additional musicians and singers, the innocence is gone forever. Some of the charming naivety in Marc's electric guitar playing on *A Beard of Stars* and on *T. Rex* (the *Brown Album*) is gone. Marc has become the *Electric Warrior!*”

SVERRE KNUSTAD, TILL DAWN - NORWAY

Intelligent and clever, Marc Bolan, now firm about his convictions, followed his **ELECTRIC WARRIOR** masterpiece with a strong follow-up entitled

## THE SLIDER

and with the help of ex-Beatle Ringo Starr, filmed two historical concerts at the Wembley



Empire Pool for the *Born To Boogie* movie. Ringo Starr became a very good and close friend of Marc Bolan as he himself had lived through the various advantages and traps of stardom with The Beatles and was able to help Marc understand the heavy weight of fame. As June once said, Ringo even had a fatherly feeling for Marc and many times lovingly advised him to go easy with drugs... but not with alcohol which he drank a lot himself. Ringo was really concerned for Marc but he could not live this human experience for him...

Fame was slowly becoming a burden and the Prince was paying the price of stardom: *"It's becoming almost impossible. One more tour, I should think, and that'll be the last... I haven't been out of my house for two weeks. It's just like living in a goldfish bowl."*

The British media loved to contribute in the making of someone's success. But after the so-called goal had been reached, journalists then took great pleasure in knocking the same artist down. The media suddenly pretended to be shocked by the artist's attitude and dealings with fame, fortune and credibility — getting 'bigheaded' — which unfortunately did happen most of the time. So when the inevitable momentum stopped, the press got vicarious pleasure from witnessing the slow downfall... Hence the delight in most newspaper and magazines when *The Slider* peaked at No. 4 and the singles *Children of the Revolution* and *Solid Gold Easy Action* stopped at No. 2. For any other artist, these results would mean tremendous success, but because it was Marc Bolan & T.Rex, it had to be different... It had to mean his time was over...

When Marc Bolan left Fly Records to create his own label, Wax Co., Fly reacted to the situation by creating another problem: re-releasing everything almost simultaneously. Thus, from January to July 1972, when *The Slider* was released, T.Rex were enjoying a No. 1 hit with *Telegram Sam* as *Jeepster* was just sliding out of the Top 5. The *Bolan Boogie* anthology was No. 1, along with the double release of *My People Were Fair...* and *Prophets, Seers and Sages...* Very soon,

the single *Deborah* was in the charts at No. 7 and *Metal Guru* at No 1... So much so that when *The Slider* came out, Marc himself said that “there was too much bloody Bolan all over the place!”

Although disgusted because of this conflictual commercial situation, and tired by the craziness of his new life, another album was recorded and released under the simple title :



## TANX

Very British — and even Beatlish — in its musical direction, this album unfortunately failed to impose the Prince’s band on the American market and barely kept T.Rex on top of the British charts. Although all of the songs were not

the best Marc could write, Tony Visconti's arrangements and production gave the album a lushness that was most pleasing. I, Poon, must admit I enjoyed it very much as the Prince had put lines into his songs to remind human beings — and himself — that their bodily features are not eternal. Human life is so fragile and only lasts but a whisper. In the days of old when we were wandering together in Holy Cities, the Prince was always conscious that time on earth as a human was so short. He knew also that nothing could ever save humans from old age, disease and, ultimately, death itself.

*Jason Wind, as a boy, was a spacious sexual toy  
But baby now he's a toothless baggy man  
When the hills of the sun  
Make you feel that you are young  
Get good now and face your face into the wind<sup>3</sup>.*

But I hated the cover with the picture of my Prince, a drunken look in his tired eyes, a feather boa round his neck and a suggestively placed toy tank between his legs with its gun barrel pointing upwards as to suggest an erection. Marc Bolan should have been more confident about his music instead of playing the game of the media, always in need of a shocking image. Humans indeed act very strangely at times...

\* \* \*

*...and the private descent into an existence where cognac, cocaine and champagne began to oust Poon, Marc's totemic well-spring of creativity, from his mantlepiece.*

MARK PAYTRESS, TWENTIETH CENTURY BOY

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<sup>1</sup> Marc Bolan, *Monolith, Electric Warrior*, 1971, TRO/EssexMusic International Inc.

<sup>2</sup> Marc Bolan, *Cosmic Dancer, Electric Warrior*, 1971, TRO/EssexMusic International Inc.

<sup>3</sup> Marc Bolan, *Broken Hearted Blues, Tanx*, 1973, Wizard (Bahamas) Ltd.



## LOST CITIES OF THE UNDERWORLD

*O heal my sorrow  
Weareth my arms like a charm  
Through the dales of your doom  
Our lives are merely trees of possibilities<sup>1</sup>*

I, Poon, remained faithful to the Prince and stayed by his side during the long nights filled with nightmares, bad dreams, nervous breakdowns and so many unconscious periods. Too often Dworn and Troll in spirit tried to fight over the mind of the Prince but the sight of I, Poon, son of Tree Wizard – Puretongue, was bringing fear to their weak minds.

Still, at times they succeeded in provoking some anger crisis that seemed impossible to control. I could see the Prince becoming Dworn-like with eyes blazing like the fire of hell. From a gentle and peaceful elf, Marc Bolan had suddenly been transformed into an alien crazy monster inhabited by anger and fear.

I, Poon of the Hills, could easily imagine what would have happened if the dark forces had been a little more intelligent and influential philosophically. It could have brought havoc and

disturbance on the whole planet and beyond. Thanks to the Creator that these beings were not born intelligent. There was an order after all within this creation.

The new album, although interesting and witty, could not convince the media that Marc Bolan was more than just an ex-three-minute hit wonder on the wane.

The Prince once told the press that if he was to meet success, he would change his name to *Zinc Alloy*. He felt the time had come to do so, at least with this recording being released, but the idea did not please the record company at all and they shamelessly added a flash across the corner of the sleeve stating this was a 'Marc Bolan & T.Rex' recording thus ignoring the original concept. They thought it was too risky a tactic considering the recent T.Rex falling record sales of *Tanx* compared to the previous *Electric Warrior* and *The Slider* albums. The album peaked at 12 in the UK album charts and it was not released in the United States.



## ZINC ALLOY AND THE HIDDEN RIDERS OF TOMORROW – A CREAMED CAGE IN AUGUST

still pleased the true fans but left the general audience puzzled. *Zinc Alloy* was pronounced a fake by the media, too happy to declare that the so-called new identity was not even assumed... Confronted with this cold reception in his own country, the Prince decided he should concentrate on the 'conquest' of America once again.

At times the Prince was confused and he would contradict himself. What he had declared to the press before no longer stood. He felt he was losing his grip on reality and he needed to find a true meaning to all this rock 'n' roll circus.

*It was fame I wanted — an illusion — like James Dean. I mean I never thought it would be real. Marc Bolan is an illusion. I'm Mark Feld...*

*Marc Bolan and rock 'n' roll are unreal. I'm Mark Feld. I'm not Marc Bolan, I created him. He's a poster person. He's nothing to do with me... I don't have time anymore to think: 'Wow! I'm Marc Bolan!' I honestly don't know what it's like to be Marc Bolan.*

MARC BOLAN

Nevertheless these lower forms of life, Dworns and Trolls, were having a lot of fun quarrelling and were able to bring disturbance in the Prince's mind. At times, he became violent and treated everyone around him as being simply disposable. They particularly loved to induce Marc to beat up his wife and insult his dearest friends. But he knew there was something wrong. Witnesses, and I, Poon, have heard the Prince complain that *'he was being chased by the demons that lived in his mind.'* He felt he was going crazy. Dworns and Trolls were constantly playing games with his imagination, using it as a battlefield for their own private wars, and fear being one of their best weapons, they had an easy prey in Marc's intoxicated spirit. Alcohol and drugs made their task so easy it was a winning situation from the very start,

without any effort whatsoever. It was sad as I could still hear the Prince quoting one of his favourite verses by the Buddha when, on our numerous journeys, we would witness human beings fighting with each other: *“Life is fleeting like a rainbow, a flash of lightning, a star at dawn. Knowing this, how can you quarrel?”*

So much so, the American tours of 1973 and 1974 were under the full control of Dworns and Trolls. There was nothing I could do as the Prince’s mind was lost in the dark thick woods of intoxication and was easily fascinated by the artificial colours of his own stage, dreams and nightmares — not to mention that Marc Bolan had put on too much weight. These sub-beings were enjoying themselves as they knew the King of the Rumbling Spires and his wife could not help but witness the strange and painful metamorphosis of their son into an egoistical, pedantic alcoholic and drug addict. I was nothing more than a silent and passive witness.

In 1974, Marc Bolan’s life, his health, his career and his marriage were in awful shape. There was only one thing he could concentrate on and it was his possible success in America. But many errors were made by those who were supposed to be promoting his career — his then manager Tony Howard, the public relations people, booking agents, record company em-

ployees — too many people to blame to pinpoint one in particular but the fact remains that they — willingly and unwillingly sabotaged Marc's only concrete dream. Marc enjoyed his success in England, Europe, Scandinavia, Australia and other places around the world, but he wanted America as he thought only America could give him back the sheer sentiment to have succeeded for real! Real success like The Beatles just before him. However I must honestly say that Marc Bolan himself is also to be blamed to a large extent.

Although I never really understood love as conceived by human beings, I, Poon, felt really and deeply sad when the lady June Child left. Marc had told her of the love affairs he had during his numerous trips in foreign countries the last few years. She was able to overcome the hatred and the pain in the early days as Marc was sincerely concerned about her and he really cared. But with his new attitude, strong drinking habit, and violence taking over his mind at times, he left her with no other solution but to leave him. June could not cope with that situation anymore because he had done it too many times. I understood that she had to finally get back to her own life. She said herself that she would have died if she had stayed.

In 1974, Marc went to America mainly for

touring and recording. But I saw him fall in love with an American woman. Marc was not faithful to June. She knew it because she had lived so close to rock stars to forget about the power of fame and fortune over young girls and women. But June was also angry with Tony Visconti, because he was the one who introduced Marc Bolan to two women with whom Marc had a love affair. One was a black singer named Marsha Hunt who recorded some of Marc's songs, and the other woman was an American painter. So, the demise of Marc and June's marriage had already been prepared.

*You see, it was the third time he's had an affair: He couldn't just go off and have a quick scene. He had to fall in love. I'd been through it twice already; once it was another singer, once a painter, and I knew the signs.*

JUNE CHILD

Another woman, Gloria Jones, previously hired as a back-up singer for the American concerts, had now entered the Prince's life. I can testify that Marc and Gloria were acquainted for a full year before they became romantically involved during the 1973 US tour. Moreover, that Marc had listed Gloria as a beneficiary of his will — as his “secretary” — before their

relationship officially began — was, to June, the extreme limit Marc should not have exceeded. It was too late. For her own sake, she had to leave for good.

Although Gloria seemed a stranger at first, she was nevertheless a faithful princess that over the next years really prevented the Prince's mind from drifting into insanity.

*The vicarious thrill was seductive to the point of insanity and my world was a total delusion, but when we hit the stage in a packed house, under a rain of confetti and glitter, I felt like I had napalm in my veins. I lived the culture to the hilt and beyond, and hardly noticed when the party was over...*

MARC BOLAN, 1974

After Steve Peregrin Took had left Tyrannosaurus Rex, it was John Peel's friendship that had to be set aside because he dared to question and criticize Marc's new musical direction.

*The reason I hadn't seen Marc for five or six years was simply because, when he released Get It On, he brought the record along to John Walters (who produces my BBC programme) so that we could play it on the radio, as we had done with all his previous ones. We listened to it and thought, well frankly, if this was Marc we wouldn't play it because*

*we wanted to remain honest to our listeners and to myself. Marc saw this as a betrayal and from that day I have only met him once.*

JOHN PEEL

And again, just prior to June's leaving, Tony Visconti and Marc Bolan parted company. In 1974, after *Truck on Tyke*, it became impossible for Tony Visconti to continue working with Marc who now wanted to control each and every move and keep all the credits for himself as to prove he was the sole creator of his success. I cannot really explain what I felt exactly, for as an elf, I am not used to feeling such emotions. Around the time June left Marc, Tony Visconti could not but witness that the Prince was *'coked out of his brain a lot and he was drinking.'* Marc used to think it was immoral and unhealthy to eat flesh from a dead animal — but drugs keep your body and soul so dense that it becomes difficult, if not impossible, to think properly. For most of his career, Marc Bolan was *'super-conscious'* and now Tony could see that *'he was a step away from being asleep from the booze, the coke was tampering with his nervous system and he was talking gibberish. There was no capacity for subtle thinking anymore.'* I guess I can say that Tony Visconti's departure really 'hurt'. He was a vegetarian and he studied Buddhism, he was peaceful and gentle. Dworns and Trolls

won but another game as Tony was probably the only human being along with June that seemed to understand who Marc Bolan really was. As for Gloria Jones, she knew the man but seemed to have never got acquainted with the Faery Prince.

The next effort,



### BOLAN'S ZIP GUN

recorded in America where Marc and Gloria were now living full-time, failed once more to rewind the time machine to better times. In this recording, Marc simplified his lyrics to the bare minimum and was mainly singing about his love for Gloria. Choruses were limited to one-liners and repeated numerous times. England,

and America as well, just ignored it. Things had reached a new low. *Bolan's Zip Gun* was the most disastrous Bolan album in sales terms. Although Marc wanted to drift towards contemporary black sound for T.Rex, he really failed to reach his goal.

Dworns and Trolls were slowly getting bored. After all, there was nothing to be achieved by harassing the Prince. Except for my presence by his side, it seemed that there was no real plot from the faery kingdom against their people. Moreover, the Prince did not really need them to get intoxicated. He could well manage by himself. Their mission was thus over and they could safely go back to their usual everyday underground tasks with gems, stones, rocks and mountains, an activity actually much more fulfilling than playing with human beings. This was fun for a little while but nothing could replace home, sweet home.

Depressed and unsatisfied with his own life, Marc was missing his native country. He wanted to come back to live in England. The failures did not seem to be of any importance anymore.

Upon their arrival in England, and prior to the UK release of *Bolan's Zip Gun*, the newspapers printed stories about a film project with David Niven in which Marc Bolan would play the part of a psychotic killer with sexual pro-

blems. The film was to be called "*Obsession*". Unfortunately, the project never materialized and no one could really explain the reasons why.

The Prince being freed from the evil influence of the Dworns and Trolls, it was easier for me to send him some positive loving vibes. So much so that in an interview regarding the same film project, Marc declared out of the blue: "*I think my music is getting back more towards the Tyrannosaurus Rex days.*" I had been working in close collaboration with the faeries appointed to his subtle mind to gradually clean away the residual artificial thinking that had been accumulated uselessly and the space and freedom that resulted from the cleaning reminded him of the clear reception that once was his natural state of mind.

The Prince and his beloved were happy to finally be back to the old continent and Marc was really keen to start a new tour with the release of a new album. The Black Princess' love being true and sincere, she finally gave Marc Bolan a son. The Prince was now a father. A new light was lit and a new dawn was approaching. The dark memories of long lost cities of the underworld were starting to crumble under the heavy weight of real love. He said: "*I delivered him myself. Very expertly too. This baby's made all the difference to my life. I was nearly over the edge. I'd had*

*five nervous breakdowns and gone crazy about eight times.”*

My duty was once more made easier with Gloria and the Prince's love for his newborn son, Rolan Seymor. Slowly, the visiting Trolls and Dworns soon found his company boring and prepared to return to more exciting activities.

Marc had very personal ideas about raising his son and the press people were more than happy to print the story of how he envisioned the education of Rolan. The Prince could still make the news. *“I want Rolan to be prepared for anything — for the Clockwork Orange world of violence-for-kicks that he will grow up in. So right from the cradle, I am exposing him to the media, to sound, to noise. Like Gloria, and me, he's a Libran. His charts read like mine - and I'm tough, but with a small soft centre. He'll be like me. I want him to grow up away from the drugs scene — because drugs nearly destroyed his Dad. Drugs screw up your body and change your entire mind. I want him to have no barriers regarding sex. I experimented. There are no mysteries about the human body. I go about in the nude, and I won't change because he's around, and I shall encourage him to experiment. I will warn him of the drawbacks, like pregnancy and VD. It's a myth that chaps go around having sex with everybody in sight. It is very unsatisfying and empty making love to five different girls everyday. But I want him to live with his girl for a year*

*before he gets married — if marriage still exists. I don't agree with marriage. School is out for Rolan. I didn't learn anything after I was eight. My education began at eighteen in public libraries. I'll teach him until he's three. Then I'll hire a tutor for basics like arithmetic and history. I think I'm more equipped than teachers to understand my kid. A child must be allowed to be responsible for himself, and live in his own funky way. As a child and as a man, he will grow up in the streets, not in great luxury. I don't live a flash life. Lots of my friends don't have money. I want him to learn not to be destructive — of things or people. Hopefully, he will be more stable than me. Not as selfish, temperamental or unthinking. Not such a lunatic. I feel he will be artistic, following his Libran parents. Perhaps something in the media, like television. Or maybe a movie director or poet. But I don't mind if he's a dustman, so long as he's happy. I am not a pacifist. But he will I hope, fight for his friends and, in a crazy way, for his country. Be it the country where he lives or the country in his head."*

UNDATED ARTICLE FROM THE SUN NEWSPAPER - LONDON, UK

So, seeing the future through the eyes of a father, Marc Bolan climbed on the back of a



## FUTURISTIC DRAGON

— the new recording — to make his musical comeback in his native land. Marc Bolan reintroduced references to the lost kingdom and played with the idea of high contrasts, as if to create a link between the ancient knowledge and a futuristic world — *Futuristic Dragon*, *Jupitar Liar*, *Chrome Sitar*...

*Futuristic Dragon is, by no stretch of the imagination, a great album... Myself, I can't help but like the LP, can't help but enjoy Bolan's vocal inflections, his alliterative, if puzzling lyrics...*

GEOFF BARTON, SOUNDS

Although the Prince did not meet the success once tasted, he nevertheless enjoyed the new ride — still influenced by ups and downs, and heavy drinking as well. However, wisdom was slowly filtering back into his more sober nights and days. Marc was toying with many ideas again and even if two major projects did not fully materialise — the *London Opera* and *Billy Super Duper* — which was also supposed to be turned into a film, still there was real creative activity along with new projects for the television.

*1976 is going to be a clean year for me. I'll be getting my kicks from playing to the kids again for the first time in three years. You could say I've rediscovered my original dream again.*

MARC BOLAN

People were nice to him once again and life was quieter and pleasant. Soon a new album,



## DANDY IN THE UNDERWORLD

— a European tour and a new series on television called the MARC show were to bring back the fun of music making once again to the now happy father.

I, Poon, think that with this album the Prince finally came to be at peace with himself. He was able to have a lucid look on those lost years. He could look back and realize he should consider himself quite privileged to still be around:

*At an old eighteen exiled he was  
To the deserted kingdoms of a mythical Oz  
Distraction he wanted, to destruction he fell  
Now he forever stalks the ancient mansions of hell<sup>2</sup>*

He was conscious that nothing changes just because one realizes he made some mistakes. Marc knew it would be hard work. But he was sincere enough to know that he was heading toward the truth — a truth he had so many times tampered with to suit his own purpose:

*He cries in the dungeons and tries to repent  
But change is a monster and changing is hard<sup>3</sup>*

And the Prince was wise enough to understand that he had received a priceless gift: peace of mind that allowed once again a clear vision to grasp the simplicity and honesty of his own life. Time was going fast and he knew he had not a second to lose and there would not be another chance.

*God of truth returned just once  
and made my prison homely  
Don't make my life so lonely<sup>4</sup>*

The Prince no longer wanted to be in the same position as he was at the height of his success — then called T.Rextasy — in 1971. Of course he loved adulation, but the hysteria was such a burden that it was not worth the price to pay. For he had to pay with his own life and his

own mind. He had to forget his soul and consciousness for the weight of stardom and the responsibility of his status were too heavy to carry on his shoulders. He was ready to go on with his career but under specific conditions only. “Dandy In The Underworld *is a retelling of the old story where Orpheus goes into the underground and then returns to the light. That’s been true of my life sometimes.*”

Once again Marc stated that being a father was now his happiness — it had changed his whole life for the better. He even declared that he felt like being Rolan’s brother instead to get even closer to his son. He was indeed a new Marc Bolan. Another book of writings was planned to be published in 1976. But *The Wilderness of the Mind* was never completed. Once again it seemed Marc was still unable to pursue this idea beyond its original conception. Like *The Children Of Rarn Suite*, it would have taken a personal investment of time and effort that his easy attitude of ‘*going with the flow*’ kept him away from. I tried my best to help him but his mind had long lost the ability to grasp and decode the images and concepts I was sending him. He mainly could feel general impressions and perceive a vague positive impulse. But at this point in time, it was enough to pacify his mind en route to a clearer vision of life’s mysteries to come.

Sensing it was time for a change of direction, the Prince was keen to open new horizons in August 1977. In addition to writing a weekly column for *Record Mirror*, he hosted his own variety television show, *MARC*, featuring guest appearances by artists like his old-time friend, David Bowie, Generation X and many other new upcoming artists. *MARC* did in fact help restore Bolan's hip image among the media, the people of the music industry and the general audience.

After signing a new recording contract with RCA Records, the Prince formed a new band with bassist Herbie Flowers and drummer Tony Newman. Unfortunately, Marc was never able to record with his new group...

On the 4<sup>th</sup> of September 1977, a few weeks after Elvis Presley's death, Marc gave an interview in *News Of The World* and ended the article with this very touching testimony about his personal family life and the importance of his beloved son and girlfriend: "...Then I was warned by doctors that unless I laid off drugs and drink, I'd be dead within three years. And I decided to change my whole lifestyle. Remember, I knew Elvis, Jimi Hendrix and Brian Jones of the Rolling Stones. They were all great guys and they all cracked up. I feel I owe it to Gloria and my son not to go the same way. We're so happy together now that if I never had another hit record, I'd still consider myself a very lucky man."

I, Poon, would like to underline here that it was quite obvious for me, as an elf who had in fact known the Prince in his previous life, that Marc Bolan was a stranger in this human world. I have known many human beings of alien origins that were perfectly adapted to this new human body and spirit but Marc Bolan never quite forgot, even if only unconsciously, that he was not really a part of this society. On the other hand, I am sure that this was also the essence of Marc Bolan's appeal to the music lover in search for something different and unique in this vast world of rock 'n' roll where futility often rules.

The Prince tried his best to be a normal human being but his past experience and vast knowledge, although supposedly forgotten when he took this human body and mind, were so real that he had to push the limits of his human experiences to the extreme. He just could not be satisfied with a so-called normal life. He had to explore at all costs. The Prince may not have always made the best of choices but he never compromised about the total dedication required to do so. His success was grandiose as were his failures. For the Prince, there was no in-between. On his last tour, he was sharing the stage with a punk band called the Damned, and its lead singer, Captain

Sensible, once said: "*Marc Bolan was out on a limb, destined to make weird records with weird lyrics, doing something that nobody else could understand.*"

Biographer Mark Paytress later added that: "*few have managed to bring that sense of not quite belonging, of estranged Outsider-ness, to the pop mainstream.*"

I should add that it was effectively a stronger feeling with Marc Bolan. I remember a young British writer, Colin Wilson, who had published in the late fifties and early sixties a series of books on the subject, the first title being *The Outsider* followed by *Religion And The Rebel*, *The Age Of Defeat*, *The Strength To Dream*, *Origins Of The Sexual Impulse* and *Beyond The Outsider*. Colin Wilson studies through literature, philosophy, sociology and spiritual science how some individuals are in fact strangers or aliens in this society, trapped in this foreign world, and that no earthly desires could compensate for this existential nostalgia of not belonging to this universe. Indeed the Prince had himself decided to take birth among the human beings but, being an elf of the faery kingdom, it was obvious that his legacy was to affect his human mind. The Prince was able to cope with it early in his adult life by creating songs close to his origins, thus finding a fragile equilibrium. It is only when he tried to 'slide' away from it that he created the

turmoil that provoked his artificial needs of alcohol and drugs to pretend he really belonged here, not to mention the bad influence of these Dworns and Trolls, curious to learn the real purpose of the Prince's sudden birth as a human being. What a paradox it was: taking drugs and alcohol to forget about one's origins to try to grasp a real sense of belonging to this body and mind, when alcohol and drugs in fact alter our perception, creating a false reality preventing one from coping with the so-called real world...

Agadinmar knew about this situation from the very beginning but could not then explain to the Prince the scope of this dilemma. The Prince would not have changed his mind anyway for his desire was too strong. Agadinmar had foreseen that this crisis would be anchored deep in the Prince's heart and he thus made arrangements for a short human life of thirty years only hoping that the Prince would sense the urgency of self-realization or at least, coming at peace with himself. The Prince being aware of the limited time he was allowed and the importance of being conscious when Death would occur, did in fact succeed in finding back his equilibrium.

It has been mentioned at times that Marc had once sold his soul to the devil in exchange for fame and fortune, and selling millions of albums. This is true in part only. This was once

again a trick of these Dworns and Trolls. Marc really attained success by his own means and talent. While recording *T.REX (the Brown Album)*, Dardena's servants were able to convince Marc that it would be a very lucrative deal. I think the Prince needed the confidence he was lacking after many of his early singles had flopped on the radio charts. As success finally manifested itself in his life, Marc just enjoyed the ride for a while but soon, and true to their cruel intentions, the Dworns instilled a strong feeling of guilt that would later influence Marc's spirit and soul, and create an alternate mixture of paranoia and recklessness, drowned in vapours of alcohol and cocaine powder.

*A successfull rock and roll record is a spell...  
There are words, there are spells and rites and  
masses to conjure up or call down elemental forces  
and beings and even gods.*

MARC BOLAN, ROLLING STONES 1972

This was once again typical of Dworn and Troll's behaviour. So much so that when the spirit finally leaves the human body at death, the soul is still under the influence of this spell, which in fact, is just an illusive world created by one's own guilt. The illusion can thus last numerous years after death has occurred. The soul really thinks it is kept imprisoned by

demons that seem to have an independent life of their own. This curse is very powerful and one should not take it lightly.

Time on earth goes fast, as fast as eternity. So much so that when Death calls for its toll — it is always too soon and never too late. I, Poon, knew all along that the end was to come as the Prince had reached 29 years of age. And I, Poon of the Hills, would have to play the part of the messenger of Death. I was to end the journey. At least I was at peace for I knew the Prince was in a better state of mind and would be conscious when the Guardian would open the door.

So one very early morning on 16 September 1977, when Marc was returning home after a pleasant evening and a late-night party with his loved one, the car driven by Princess Gloria crashed on a tree, a sycamore, chosen by my father Tree Wizard – Puretongue for its wisdom and knowledge of the human soul. The Elf Prince was killed instantly, two weeks before his 30<sup>th</sup> birthday – as predicted by Old Agadinmar.

When the car approached over the hump-back bridge along Queens Ride, I materialized myself and appeared as this dancing child, playing my flute, right in the middle of the road. A good driver, Gloria Jones made sure not to hit me and this is how the car was to crash on the tree. During her first night at the hospital, I

asked the faeries of her subtle bodies, her guardian angels if you prefer, to erase this vision forever from her memory. But the Prince saw me and he recognized the same Poon statue he had on his mantlepiece — alive and happily dancing for real, and he smiled at me...

In his poetry book, *The Warlock of Love*, the Prince had written eight years earlier:

*Sycamore of sorrow, pray I'm swallowed  
in the swell of your leafy breast.  
My crippled bended chest is shamed  
through flaming crowfeet, soaring nouns  
of norse confessions,  
dark earth gremlins, rootlegged, hobbling  
in the cryptess of my turned wound.  
Ill-famed fair prince, steal my lightning,  
stake me with steel, for my haughtiness.  
Straddle my storm head with your abyss shroud.  
Call me harlot.  
Call me wormywordler.  
Everso, but out loud.*

MARC BOLAN - THE WARLOCK OF LOVE,  
LUPUS MUSIC PUBLISHING 1969

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<sup>1</sup> Marc Bolan, *Dragon's Ear, A Beard Of Stars*, 1970, Westminster Music Ltd.

<sup>2</sup> Marc Bolan, *Dandy in the Underworld, Dandy in the Underworld*, 1977, Wizard (Bahamas) Ltd.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>4</sup> Marc Bolan, *Pain and Love, Dandy in the Underworld*, 1977, Wizard (Bahamas) Ltd.

THE TREE

16 September 1977  
Sycamore of Sorrow

*I was waking up, silently,  
in the early hours of the day  
It was still dark and I was  
watching the stars fade away  
The breeze was fresh and  
I could feel its soft caress  
I was meditating as life around  
seemed so helpless*

*I was counting the molecules  
of hope trapped in space  
When a chariot of steel suddenly hit me,  
ending its race  
Humans are fools drinking speed  
as if everything was late  
They should know by now that  
time is but a whisper of fate*

*A poet he was  
as his soul was smiling to me  
Between souls there ain't no difference  
such as human or tree*

*He said he was a singer,  
I said I was a guardian  
But I knew he was the Dreamer,  
the Prince from Beltane*

*- So this is death, he said,  
aren't you afraid too  
I said I was dying  
from the moment I grew  
- But where is fear, he asked,  
is it the end  
I said it's just a ghost,  
trapped inside all men.*

*It vanishes as fear cannot go  
through the door  
Only you, my Lord,  
is he who must fulfill the lore*

*- So you're the Guardian,  
I have finally met you  
Then I guess I must go  
and do what I have to do*

*- But let me give you, he said,  
something in return  
Thanks, my Lord, but men will cut me  
and I'll probably burn  
- I promise you my people  
will take care of you  
You'll always be the tree  
and they'll protect you*

*Such is their love for me,  
don't worry my friend  
They'll know you were the link  
and the guardian  
They'll come to see you  
and offer you prayers  
From now on, you and I  
are linked together.*

*A real Prince he was  
for he knew all along  
That life and death are like  
verses of a song  
The whole creation  
is like a symphony  
And the soul but a simple musician,  
like you and me*

*Will you be returning to Beltane,  
I said  
As the night was over  
and the sky had turned red  
- I will surely go back,  
you can tell the High Priest  
But I will first go seek more wisdom  
from the East*

*Many humans came  
and started to wonder  
How Death could be so cruel,  
a real monster*

*I was now alone and I could feel  
the wounds on my body  
As the Prince had silently  
and discreetly vanished away.*

In his relatively short life on earth as a human being, the Elf Prince was able to leave a corpus of songs that covered many topics. He wrote books and he inspired many true music lovers. He gave them the possibility to taste and hear the unique and magical music of the faery kingdom. He started the glam-rock movement, previously referred to as 'glitter-rock' and became a rock star, a teen idol and a living legend in his own right. He went visiting the dark regions of hell and like Orpheus, rose from the dead before leaving this human body and go on with his quest... He had tasted and experienced human emotions, sentiments, love, joy, success and failures, sadness and pain as well...

As once foreseen by Agadinmar, the Elf Prince did not come back to his elfin kingdom after leaving his human body. He decided to go on with his quest and there were rumours among the devas that he was now on a celestial planet devoted to music and arts, a planet known in Sanskrit as Apsara Loka and described in the Hindu Scriptures as a planet of infinite beauty where the inhabitants are said to

be the most beautiful beings in the universe.

Others have said that he simply took birth one more time on this earth as a human being.

*Two weeks after Marc's death I suddenly conceived. I've no idea why. Marc always had this Marc always had this thing about reincarnation.*

JUNE BOLAN, NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS 1978

June Bolan gave birth to a baby girl. I, Poon, would not be surprised as I think the Prince would naturally have followed his experience of human beings by taking a woman's body. Already, when he was alive as a man, he was always keen to know exactly what women were thinking of and how they felt about everything. It was as if he was only able to experience half of what human life was all about. Well, that is my humble opinion but I cannot prove it. On the other hand, the angels were spreading the news that the Faery Prince had become one of them and that he was now elevated to the kingdom of the celestial militia to help the angel warriors fight against the evil troops of Lucifer, one of their breed who supposedly went out of his mind and decided to take over the earth by influencing the humans to forget about spiritual realization and simply enjoy a normal life full of earthly pleasures... but who can trust the sayings of these pretentious angels...

But then again, who really knows for sure? Meanwhile, Marc Bolan's ashes are buried at the Golders Green Cemetery, North of London, with T. S. Eliot, Sigmund Freud, Rudyard Kipling and George Bernard Shaw.

Finally, Agadinmar of Old has read in the stars that the Prince will definitely be back to rule the faery kingdom and that he will be a very wise king. His father, the King of the Rumbling Spires and the Planet Queen, his beloved mother, are proud of their son, but there is a constant sadness in their faery eyes...

*'A man must cry, Like the sky weeps rain' is an old Beltane proverb, long repeated by the warriors of Beltane when their eyes weep and their hearts bleed in great grief and sadness, perhaps at the loss of a companion or Lady Love.*

MARC BOLAN, THE KRAKENMIST

**I**, Poon of the Hills, son of Tree Wizard – Puretongue, now leave this human world to go back to the faery kingdom. My duty is over. By taking a human body, the Prince has opened the door to freedom and he can now wander freely wherever he wants in this vast universe. Once he had left the body of Mark Feld, better known as Marc Bolan, which was specially prepared by Old Agadinmar, it was no longer possible for us, elves, to interfere. It is now up to him alone to decide whenever he will come back to Beltane. Time is on our side and our love for the Prince is unconditional. Moreover, the people of the faery kingdom agree that it is the duty of a Prince to learn about the secrets and mysteries of the universe. The Prince's experience is thus making him the perfect King to come.

It was indeed a strange experience to witness the Prince's journey as a human being. From childhood to teenage life I saw him grow into a mature adult with one thing in mind: creating a unique character, an alter ego that would be known all over the world as a great

musician and songwriter. Agadinmar had indeed read in the stars that the Prince would be fully absorbed in such a creative process. He had also foreseen the difficulties that would be encountered by the Prince as well. Such an ambition bears its load of sacrifices and the pressure is very demanding.

It is much easier for me to evaluate the early Tyrannosaurus Rex years as I think they were definitely more creative and fulfilling. They seem quite exceptional in the human musical landscape. I do not want to make a specific comparison here with the later works. I am just underlining the fact that these songs and recordings were really 'original' whereas the T.Rex years, from *Electric Warrior* to *Dandy In The Underworld*, are more in line with the actual rock and pop movement of your musical tastes. Of course I cannot keep from looking at this career from an elfin point of view, having been directly involved from the early days.

The Prince's early songs were tales and descriptions of a parallel world that were probably closer to the actual universal human soul. The later works were more influenced with your everyday concerns and emotional relations between yourselves. Still, I believe I was able to give the Prince some genuine inspiration and, although the musical style had changed over the

years and he got involved with drugs and alcohol, a lasting inner knowledge about a higher dimension and eternal life values that were to remain an essential part of many of his later songs.

I have learned to find your company quite interesting although I find your attitudes and reactions quite bizarre at times. Life as an elf is so different and much more simple. Emotions are stranger to our judgement and our mind is usually free from the intricacies of sentiments and feelings of possession.

Once again, I beg you to forgive me if our opinions and judgements seem offensive towards some of your living customs but you must agree with me that it is quite difficult for us, elves, faeries and even Dworns and Trolls, to understand what is exactly your duty here on this earth. In the faery kingdom, it is quite obvious: we, elves, do keep busy with the basic maintenance of nature. Faeries deal with flowers, trees and all that grows, their life and characteristics. Dworns and Trolls are appointed to rocks, mountains, jewels, gems and precious stones; water faeries and sirens live in lakes, streams, rivers and oceans to supervise the basic order of this world. But what is the exact duty of mankind? It seems to me you don't even know the answer yourselves. Which is quite

difficult to understand. You kill animals to eat them, you destroy the forests to build huge cities. You are polluting the air, water and soil with your over-production of luxury items that are not even essential. You reproduce yourself without a specific plan as to maintain a proper social system, and your faith in God varies according to your place of birth. Among yourself, you also make differences as to colour and sex and one's possessions seem to allow a higher position in your society and access to more riches and privileges. Yet, you proclaim that men are intelligent beings of divine nature and that only in this human form of life can a soul go back to Godhead. Moreover, prior to taking on a human body, the soul has to transmigrate through 8,400,000 species of life, the human body being the ultimate life form in this world and the only stepping stone to your concept of paradise, or heaven, and the eternal kingdom of God. In your cities, most of you are busy working at odd occupations to earn a living and barely enough money to survive in an artificial and fragile environment. Over many millenniums, in our wanderings on this planet among your people, in many different countries, the Prince and I have discussed this topic extensively and have never found a satisfactory answer. Even angels and archangels cannot

explain your purpose on this earth except by stating that God had created you for a specific reason of higher nature. Strange as it may seem, neither they can tell what it is, nor can you...

But if you allow me, I would like to give you some simple advice: please do not judge wrongfully the fellow that crosses your path for you may not know who he or she really is. He may be an Elf Prince, a Faery Queen, a proud angel, even a Troll or any other special being coming to taste but a glimpse of the eternal life's possibility. So, please, have a little of your human respect and love for there must be a universal love common to all species on this earth and in this universe. I mean unconditional love — if indeed, as most of your religions claim, the human body and mind is the stepping stone to self-realization and the link to Godhead.

So farewell dear humans. I do hope we will meet again in this vast universe as free beings to share what the Indian Vedas describe as satchid-ananda — knowledge, eternity and bliss.”

*'Belle Isle' (a song by Bob Dylan) brought to my memory all the moments of tenderness I've ever felt for another human being and that, within the superficial landscape of pop music, is a great thing indeed.*

*Please, all the people who write bitterly of a lost star, remember that with maturity comes change, as surely as death follows life.*

MARC BOLAN

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MARC BOLAN  
[1947-1977]

I believe elves existed. Not as elves, but as strong, wise people, like the Atlanteans. People will mock of course, but they are only capable of violent emotion, which is easy. But it's harder to feel tender and affectionate to others. I believe in the magic of life. I don't think I'll live to a ripe old age at all... I don't care, it's preordained. My body isn't important. My spirit is fine, that's what's important.

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