



NO. 12 $\frac{1}{2}$

EDITORIAL

Being the normal apathetic Pricean, you probably will not have noticed, but the Black Lion is under new editorship. Only due to careful compilation have we been able to bring you this, unaffected by budget, 3p edition of the Black Lion Magazine. Contrary to popular opinion the Magazine does need contributions to function.

We thank you heartily, those who have contributed; and those who never managed to contribute for this issue, might well do so for the next. Any article will be considered. The new editors hope you will look on the magazine as your own and not as a 3p laugh that a group of nuts compile for their own ego trip.

This has turned into a mainly poetry issue as the lack of material, especially that of the humorous sort, has made this necessary. I hope you enjoy reading this issue as much as we have enjoyed compiling it.

EDITORS.

Shaun Asbury & Gary Motteram.

P.S. Also we would like to thank all those who helped with this issue.

oooOooo

In all, it's been a disappointing year for British popular music, as regards both singles and albums. It's been a year in which much of the better music has come from abroad, and one in which the Americans, in particular, have profited perhaps more than ever before from our record-buying public. Most of the year's biggest-selling singles have been American, and the fact that in general they have been recorded by previously little-known artists must be disturbing to the fat people who are in charge of this country's record industry. However, it is not only the singles market that has been dominated by American material; besides Presley, Dylan, Grateful Dead, Jefferson Airplane and various Tamla Motown groups who have always sold well here, Alice Cooper and Don McLean quickly established themselves as both singles and album artists and did well out of both markets. Of these people only the Jacksons had had any previous success in this country. The Osmonds and David Cassidy had at least been heard of, Alice Cooper was a name that cropped up only on live albums by the Mothers, and Don McLean really was an unknown.

Alice Cooper were guaranteed success when the music press got hold of stories, of dubious authenticity, alleging that on stage they killed kittens and smashed open chickens' heads; this was later to be found untrue, but they were all millionaires by then. They had been around for years actually, and in 1969 had been sufficiently weird to be spotted by Zappa and signed to his ironically-named 'Straight' label. After a while, in one of his rare errors of judgement, he decided that they had no commercial potential, and dropped them. They struggled on, though, and with a lot of help from the press, finally 'made it'. Musically, they were competent but hardly adventurous, and it was undoubtedly their stage act that lifted them above any other unoriginal rock band. It wasn't, of course, anything like as outrageous as it was reported to be, but apparently was fairly unusual, involving a snake, fire and a motley assortment of props. Zappa slagged them at every opportunity.

David Cassidy, The Osmonds and The Jackson 5 can be dealt with quickly. The Jackson 5 were actually quite good, or at least the public reaction to them was sickening. Suffice it to say that they were cute and cuddly and that they sold an incredible amount of records in a short space of time. Their Madison Square Gardens concert audience left thousands of little mountains of bubble-gum stuck to the floor for the Stones audience to trip over the next evening. They attracted similar people and reactions in this country and are best forgotten.

Don McLean was very good and came from nowhere with the eight-minute 'American Pie', a very good song. He followed up with a sad song about Vincent van Gogh, which again went to number one, but which I'm sure would not have succeeded if not for its predecessor. His albums began to sell well, and it was a bit strange that he was appealing to two markets with the same material. This ability to have a double appeal did much to bring two distinct sorts of people closer together. There had existed for a long time rival factions of people, those who bought albums and laughed at singles, and those who bought only singles. People like Don McLean and Alice Cooper helped to dispel the antipathy that had existed between them, and with the rash of rock singles that did well, people began to meet in the middle and the boundaries between the two parties became more and more indistinct. All of which was good, because most people began to accept that everybody had the right to enjoy their own kind of music.

Some mention ought to be made, I suppose, of Chuck Berry's worst ever recording, 'My Ding-a-Ling' which, although Mrs. Whitehouse found it exciting, was painful to listen to after the third time, but stayed at number one for several weeks, probably as a deliberate indication to the lady as to the degenerate state of the nation. It was the best selling record he has ever had in this country, which was a bit sad, when one thinks of the wealth of good material that we must have ignored, and the contribution he has made to rock music.

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This is not to say that there was nothing to emerge from Britain during the year. Several groups rose above the general garbage level of pop rock music and made a name for themselves. Among those who did appear were Lindisfarne, Slade, Hawkwind, Roxy Music, Lynsey de Paul and David Bowie, of whom only Slade had had any hit singles before.

David Bowie had made an album for RCA as far back as 1967, and followed it 'The Man Who Sold The World' which was nothing short of excellent, but ignored. With the release, in 1971, of 'Hunky Dory', interest began to be shown, and when he started to wear dresses on stage the matter was settled. ("You must appreciate that this isn't a woman's dress I'm wearing. It's a man's dress", he is reported to have said.) If anything, perhaps, 1972 was the year of 'camp', and Bowie fitted in exactly. Image became more important than the music, but although Bowie's music was always good, I can't help feeling that he wouldn't be where he is now if the press had not made such a sensation out of his sexual ambiguity.

As far as any one group could stand out above everybody else, the Slade did. In 1971 they had threatened to strongly challenge T.Rex and in 1972 they actually did it. Technically, they were really awful, but were a good stompy band. They weren't at all pretentious, though, so it's hard to put them down. They are a poor man's Rolling Stones and little more.

Definitely the most surprising success of the year was the Hawkwind single. They had made a couple of albums of fairly spaced-out rock, which appealed to few but Ladbroke Grove acid-heads. The first wasn't too bad but when they got involved in Space rituals and the like it got a bit too much. 'Silver Machine' was a very simple record that slowly climbed up the singles chart. It made a change from the usual rubbish and they soon were 'superstars'. Hardened Hawkwind freaks were not pleased that they had a hit single but I don't think they've made another one. The extent of their success can be gauged from the fact that W. H. Smith & Son began to stock their albums.

Roxy Music were a strange blending of fifties rock-n-roll and modern electronic techniques (courtesy of Eno), which actually did turn out very well. They were the only band to rise from the lowest depths of obscurity to small fame, but again it was the image that appealed to many people, and I wouldn't be surprised if some people bought the album because of the cover alone. They are the best of the new bands.

Lindisfarne had always been a nice band, and had received minor recognition for 'Nicely out of Tune' and 'Fog on the Tyne'. However, it was the singles, 'Lady Eleanor' and 'Meet Me On The Corner' that did it for them. Sales of the second album picked up and it even reached number one.

Gary Glitter was a retired rock-n-roll singer who made a comeback with some lousy songs, £300 sequined suits and a face like Frankenstein's monster. A lot of people liked him; he was funny anyway. Mott the Hoople did quite well with 'All the Young Dudes', and Family even appeared in the charts with 'In My Own Time' and the excellent 'Burlesque'. Apart from these, there has been little new or interesting in the charts. Best singles of the year were 'Burlesque', 'American Pie' and The Kinks 'Celluloid Heroes' which has yet to get anywhere.

The Albums weren't much better. People like Emerson, Lake and Palmer, Deep Purple, Black Sabbath, Led Zeppelin, John Lennon, The Faces (and Rod Stewart) Free, Yes and Wishbone Ash continued to sell, but it was mostly rubbish. Jethro Tull's 'Thick As a Brick' was good and Family's 'Bandstand' was the best British album of the year. Family remain the country's best band and one of its few truly progressive ones. Pink Floyd seem to have run out of ideas, but the old things are enough to keep most people going. Rory Gallagher came into his own during the year and made a fairly nice live album.

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I was glad that Genesis finally gained the recognition they had long deserved. People began to take notice of them at various festivals during the summer, and although their albums didn't sell brilliantly, they will do this year. They deserve to be really big. Gentle Giant are a similar group in so far that they have got where they are on merit. They are far more popular on the Continent than in this country, but their albums are excellent and sooner or later they will be noticed on a large scale. Other nice bands who should, or at least deserve to be successful during the coming year are Babe Ruth, Man, who have made six albums and are currently exciting people all over the British Isles yet never really seem to get anywhere, Stealer's Wheel and The J.S.D. Band, who are making a small impression already.

As regards American albums, 'the Last of the Red Hot Burrito's' was really superb country rock, the only thing disappointing was that it was their last album. Still, Country Gazette, a splinter group, promise to be very good. For me though, the best American album of the year was 'The Eagles' which contained some fine L.A. Rock-n-roll. The Byrds, I think, finally did break up, but it's hard to be sure the original group reformed to record an album. We had some amazing new music from Frank Zappa, who just never stands still. He came over in the summer with a band comprising of about twenty-six people, mostly from the Los Angeles Philharmonic, and got involved in traditional jazz. The new album, which is called 'The Grand Wazoo' is excellent. He remains completely unpredictable and one of the great humorists of rock.

The Jefferson Airplane made 'Long John Silver' which was good and little more. They still haven't equalled 'After Bathing at Baxter's'. The Allman Brothers Band were again hit by a death. This time it was bassist Berry Oakley who was killed in a motorcycle crash almost exactly one year and only a few miles from where Duane Allman was killed in the same way.

Santana, Zappa, Beefheart and the Grateful Dead came over during the year, and all seemed surprised at the reception they got. Personally, I'm not worried about the 'better' English groups going to America. We're getting better ones in exchange.

Perhaps the greatest remaining injustice in British musical circus is the apparent ignorance of the existence of the Kinks. That well-known pop group of the Sixties, who are now as good, if not better, than they ever were. They captured the mood of the Sixties like nobody else did, and Ray Davies, the best lyricist in the country, is still turning out lovely songs. e.g. 'Celluloid Heroes', which, it seems, isn't commercial enough to be a hit single. I think that 1968/69 was a much healthier period for both pop and rock music, and that the best groups around today are those that survive from that period and before. The Stones are still the greatest rock-n-roll group in the world, and the Kinks, Who and Family don't look like splitting yet. Nor do the Grateful Dead, Airplane, or the Mothers. In the Sixties groups were made to last and the Pretty Things, despite being grossly underestimated for about eight years, are still going. Even the Troggs, the definitive 'punk' rock group, are attempting a comeback. Who can match albums like 'After Bathing at Baxter's', 'Music in a Doll's House', 'Arthur', and 'Beggars' Banquet'.

'Where have all the good times gone?'

oooOooo

LOVE IS AUTUMN

In woodlands have I walked alone,
While all around me stood,
A cast of shadows set in stone,
And locked in leafless wood.

And when the dead of night was none
But deep undreaming calm,
Then I alone saw boughs of bone
Rise from the broken palm.

As sunlight broke the shell of night
And dawn delivered shape
To rounded trees who reached for light
But burned beneath its drape.

When thus the morning shapes the trees,
As fingers of a hand,
Then Angouleme returns to me
As colour to the land.

And Angouleme like Autumn weaves
Her hair within the skies,
As red beneath the falling leaves
And brown within her eyes.

But beauty in the Autumn leaf
Must ever crush and fade,
And so I turn in sunlit grief
Upon my Autumn maid.

And evermore lock hard the fists
When life and death are born,
Last fingers split the bloodied wrists
To feel of flesh thus torn.

For every Autumn morning, dawn
Spreads little warmth between,
The golden leaves whose frail form
Is less than summer's green.

So, though our woodland walk be brief,
My body you may see,
Hung high beside an Autumn leaf
Upon an Autumn tree.

For love is Autumn unto me.

Mich Binns.

oooOooo

WINTER KISS

Unmoving in the silent freeze
Two combine ^{their} memories
Of warm summers

Ivor Blundell.

SEQUEL

Last night your hand was mine,
And together we held forgotten summer;
Bright was the ^{face} beneath your mask,
Shining for your spring - hearted lover.

Dave Natt.

AN INTRUSION

Rosebud sky dims again to rest.
Enclosed to sleep Once more;
Leaving only the murk and gathering gloom,
For now the life to sleep is pressed.
The rooks and hawks no longer soar,
Their nests now lighted by the moon.
Bats fly out into fruitful dark,
For now they seek their lively prey.
Life, for them, begins when once the dusk
Has left, to leave a burning arc
Of light, that aids others on their way
As they search for life amidst the murk.
Badger's nose searching, away from dazzling sun,
Finds the night an ally in his quest,
Snuffling through the trees and shrubs,
Crashing down his well worn run,
Pushing on, driven by a hungry zest,
Seeking, for his wife and cubs.
Leaves begin to shake and slowly fall
From trees, gently swaying as the breezes ride
A more furious road as night grows fast.
The trumpets sound through owl's call.
Signalling the voles and rodents all to hide
Beneath the leaves, among the wayward grass.
Rain begins to soak the upper branches.
The trees now being stripped of foliage coat,
Feel the ale of Adam on naked bark.
Looking up they see the moon's caresses
Upon their heads, and a tune of mellow note
Is played upon the ground; but hark!
Is this a sound of another world?
One not yet seen by these untamed wilds.
Eager eyes peer from behind each vantage point.
The owl, his wings he now unfurls
To see more clearly this visiting child,
But the rain is the first to seek and anoint.
Brock stops his careless lumbering trot,
Sniffs the air, smells and hears
Sounds which are new and so he stands,
Watching, waiting, as in another part
The birds awake, and through the night they peer
To see, who comes upon their lands.
Night-life stops and all stay to watch,
Listening, watching, eager to glimpse the
New arrival, who, so suddenly, has dared
Boldly, without shame, their ground to squash
Beneath their feet, but can they guess
Who it is comes here, their wood to share.
Soft as the gently falling leaves,
Sweet as the honeysuckle that surrounds her,
Warm as the badger cubs in their set
She stands, she lives, she breathes.
Alone in the wood, for her heart yearns
To be left, in a life without regret.
Watching they wonder why she has come,
Perhaps to ease an aching heart,
Or to dwell on a love yet to feel;
They watch and soon they resume,
For they can see she wants no part
Of their lives, and so away they steal.

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Left alone now, by her new found friends,
 Dreaming of a beauty she can behold:
 The beauty of her life, of her love.
 She dwells on thoughts that never end.
 Fluttering down, wishing to be told,
 Soothing comes the gentle dove.
 Eastern sun begins to rise,
 Softening the dark with loving caress;
 Finding a wood, quiet and undisturbed.
 Owl returns and is caught by lightening skies,
 Fox returns, his weary legs to rest.
 No noise of rain can longer be heard.
 Rook's call rises, stark and raucous,
 Farmyard rooster crows his waking call.
 Young girl in her bed now, hears no sound.
 Her mind is eased, the wood her heart has blessed;
 Purified and cleansed is her soul.
 Dawn brings life to the dampened ground.

R. J. Payne.

oooOooo

DOMINATION

Will everybody in the world ever be the same,
 No?
 Then what is the use in trying to make them,
 If God made leaders to command,
 And kings to rule,
 We shall be dominated.

As lions and tigers the lords of the jungle,
 Kill,
 Animals who live in fear of death by their hunters:
 As large plants steal nourishment
 From the ground starving other plants.
 And so are these dominated.

People become like sheep, and obey in
 Fear,
 Then groups break away and revolt:
 "Are we to be persecuted all our lives?"
 I want to be free,
 We will not be dominated.

Resistance to power mounts and
 Mounts,
 Guns appear and fighting starts,
 Soldiers use terror to quell the mobs,
 The leaders are scared, then overthrown.
 And no longer are we dominated.

The weak have grown strong, and the leaders
 Fallen,
 Amongst the victors some gain power.
 And in this everturning human cycle,
 Those will grow into leaders,
 And again we shall be dominated.

D. M. Cooper. 3B

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MEPHITUS

- A: Sir, if I may speak plain to you,
I find that this place perturbs me.
If what I imagine holds to be true
We're in such a place as a hazy
And smokey dream may recall.
For at the end of the hall
We'll meet the man whom, in thrall,
We must be for an aeon and more to.
- B: The answer, I think, may lie with the bull
Who, with his great horns, killed the shrew.
Remember you the story, the dream in the school
Of darkened magic?
The tragic,
The diabolical plot
Was not
Just a simple matter for all to rescind
For few, very few, even knew
They tampered and played with one
As elusive as the mighty North Wind.
Elementary it was to be true.
- A: I comprehend your allusions, though subtle they are
- For you too are afraid of the end -
We walk on black charcoal beneath the white star
In Valhalla
- B: No! you miss my trend,
We are in nothing so parochial as Valhalla.
The meaning of this, if I'm not much mistaken,
(Mis-taken I was if I'm right)
Is that soon we will meet with such fury -
Which at least will brighten the night -
That will leave us in pain; in a fiery
And forbidding tempest of light
Darker than the darkest night.
- D: Sirs, if I may intrude. You will soon learn the truth,
I might say you may stake your life on it. But
In my haste to make with the pun, did not welcome
My latest friends - Perhaps the mistake was
The 'R', for you see, do you not, that Balshazar
Was right. But do not let it your ambition mar
Armedzar.
As far
As Balshazar
Goes with you.
- A: If your intention be what I now do most fear
Then I curse you and lay claim to the wooden cross
To
- D: Perhaps more appropriate's the Woden cross
I confess I am at a loss
To understand why you still appeal
In a hopeless cause.
The life force
In you is too late
There is the gate
Welcome to well, I won't its name spell.

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B: By the rhyming I guess that it's - - - - .

A: Of course, the shrew!
If but I knew
Of yore, I might have been saved.
But now -- I give myself up to be maimed.

D: 'Tis sure you're too late to be tamed.
We escaped the fold
And now that we're sold
We must take our chance
With the horned ruminants
Without a second glance
We're not innocents.

A: We should have been shrewd
And recalled our dream
And foiled again
A certain one's scheme. oooOooo

D: Do not place on me
What on yourself you should blame.
I am but the keeper
Of the bright, dark'ning flame.
Now, Sirs, will you hasten
To come through the gate?
There's a barbecue to-night,
And you mustn't be late.

John Death.

oooOooo

THREE POUNDS OF POTATOES FROM LYONS TO MARSEILLES

You need better excuses
I need the money

Firemen extinguish fires
Some people are lazy

Tell me something interesting

The harbour is full of mud

Do you know any one nice
A hill covered with old oaks

Explain it to me
I wanted to do it

G. Motteram.

WITCH OF DAWNING

Your hand came from the darkness of my heart,
 Darkening my dreams,
 Whispering desire in silence,
 Your eyes held such gentle embrace,
 As you caressed my face,
 Seduced my heart and cast off my frosten cloak,
 'Twas then I saw your thorned hands
 Who had drawn blood from my brow
 And tears from my heart,
 I was forbidden to kiss you, dark love.

I was cursed
 Lest I could keep you there
 'Till the sun rose and magicked away the chill
 That lay upon my heart,
 I knew you as a child,
 Riding a banshee wind,
 Bringing your laughter to me,
 Hiding in the air.

I gazed upon your face and you smiled,
 You smiled on me in kindness,
 For you are kind:
 I believe I love you.
 I kissed you again.

The stream with joy mirrored the rising sun,
 Frail shining, frail shining you rose,
 And the cloak fell from your shoulders
 And I learnt the secrets of your morning dew;
 You were a child of dawn.

You are my golden bloom
 You breathe the breath and sweet perfume
 Of mornings far.
 Be my bride of flowers
 For the sun will pay your dowry
 And I will clothe you in flowing white,
 For you lay a smile upon my heart.

Dave Natt.

oooOooo

"I didn't write anything for the Black Lion because I thought you'd just laugh at it."

S. G. Collyer.

Editors: "Ha ha ha."

