BY BOB CRAFT

Last year, a P. R. sheet for Family Records, called Family Scandal, published a picture that it said "seemed destined to reach the public."

The picture was of a bosomy young woman with her velvet shirt opened and nursing a lion cub at her right breast. The woman was Lynn Carey, lead singer for a group called Mama Lion.

A few months later came a copy of Mama Lion’s lp. There, once again, was Lynn and Baby Simba, but this time in living color.

Mama Lion’s style as a group is plastic-big-city-decadent look-however, we are hard rock, not as good as early Alice Cooper although not as bad as Five Dollar Shoes or any of a host of others.

Lynn Carey's voice has, a Circus Magazine reported, with presumably a straight face, a "semi-organic style."

The numbers on the album are keyed for Lynn Carey's delivery. The beat is hard and the lyrics suggestive. "You don’t want a lover, baby—You just want relief—I give it to you!" The songs are sexually oriented and there is one ode to lesvianism "Sister Sister (she better than a man)". All this plus gasping and moaning.

Recently, Lynn Carey popped out again, this time in the pages of Penthouse Magazine, where she in December's "Pet of the Month."

What seems to be developing here is a grab for the title of sex queen of rock, a title Grace Slick never wanted and one that was never hung on Joplin because she was the Queen, no qualifications in front of it.

There is little doubt that before long Lynn Carey will split from Mama Lion or either it will be "Lynn Carey and Mama Lion" on the album cover. There are too many precedents, Gayle McCormack, David Clayton-Thomas and even Joplin.

It will be hard for Carey to attain the mystique of Joplin because she is immersed in such plastic ventures as posing for Penthouse.

Carey’s singing also paints the picture of a somewhat cold and unfeling sex maching, a one dimensional character from a dirty book.

Her appeal is basically sexual, with very few traces of things such as loneliness, sadness, happiness, the things that Joplin was able to deliver with such power.

Lynn Carey will probably enjoy a flash of popularity, maybe do a spread for Playboy, appear on Johnny Carson and will be hailed by people who don’t know any better as the new queen of Rock ‘n’ Roll, but unless she makes herself human and comprehensible as more than a mere sex object, she will fade...