

Welcome to

THE

BLACK

LION

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Mr. A.R. Johnson.

Ronald Smallacre once said, "Blessed are the Apathetic for theirs is the achievement of nothing", and so let it be with us.

Contributions for this magazine were few, but the standard, of course, was good. This would indicate the truth in Smallacre's prophecy, for this magazine is run by the intellectual minority, on behalf of the moronic majority.

Are you willing to be labelled one of the morons?

NEVER BEFORE HAVE SO MANY FOUND IT
NECESSARY TO CRITICISE SO FEW.

A 7/6 book token is going for the person who designs the best cover to this Mag. Entry free, give to me.

REQD. Ed. for Mag. Must have read this copy, be hard working, and fairly intelligent.

MSS. still needed for next edition, do not be shy, have a go.

NOW READ ON

The Widower

W. Cody

K. BEAUMONT

Today's the day the council men come
To sweep me away like a forgotten crumb
To be cut off from the World, in an old folks' home
Never again to live alone:
But I am sure to die!

I remember the days I lived by myself,
Still to live, but on a shelf.
Come to think I will not be so sad
In an old Folks home it cannot be too bad:
But I am sure to die!

People to talk to and care and love,
All I had before was Heaven above.
Friendly people that never groan
Oh, how I shall miss my ancient home,
But I am sure to die!

Tomorrow, I know, my house will no longer exist.
I move to the door, I cannot resist
The council men will demolish each brick.
As I round the corner with hat and stick
I think of the happy days I have led
The life in the future. Ugh. I wish I were dead,
But I am soon to die!

I walk down the street, as slow as can be
There is not much life now left for me
A life of misery, then a rest in peace
Someday to be one, of the deceased;
But I am sure to die!

I enter the gates of my brand new home,
People come to meet me, I utter a groan.
I know I will have to spent (sic) my last days
In these buildings; I stand and gaze
But I am sure to die!

Shake hands with the doctor, the matron, and nurse,
I am on my way to death, in a hearse
I know in my bones, tomorrow I will die,
I have no relations to mourn or cry;
But I am soon to die!

Then it happens as quick as a flash,
As if I have been involved in a crash
I lay in bed, no life in my body
This, is the end of W. Cody.

TODAY

While being swept
Upon my way,
My
Eye was caught
By the wizened figure
Standing
At the road edge.
She held out
A bony arm,
And stuttered
As if to speak.

But
I was gone.

cfjbard.

The paint on the window-frames peeling,
The front door brown and worn,
And roses,
Flowering in abundance throughout the town,
Here are dead,

They spoke of yesterday, today,
But they said nothing of tomorrow.
I would answer, "Yes" or "No",
Always with unconsidered approval.

The old, tall, clock,
Standing in the dark hall
Was wrong.
Not just slow, or fast,
But the hands moving at half their proper speed.

The cake I ate,
Was of the same recipe which was always here.
It was dry and tasteless,
And on every visit I made,
My piece became smaller,
And I disliked it all the more.

I left,
Remembering the crockery, jugs, the table napkins
Which I had seen in the drawer,
Which, although never had been used,
And never will be,
Would brighten their lives.

M. Seeley.

Three Little Pigs.

INTRODUCTION

Once upon a time there were three little pigs.
The first little piggie lived in a straw house.

Then one day along came the big bad wolf.
“Unless you, little piggie, come out at once, I’ll huff and I’ll puff
and I’ll blow your house down.”

But the little pig did not come out. So the big bad wolf
huffed and he puffed and he blew the house down. But the
little piggie was too quick for the big bad wolf and was able to
escape to his little piggie friend’s house which was made of sticks.

But the big bad wolf came along shortly and he said, “Unless
you, little piggies, come out at once, I’ll huff and I’ll puff and I’ll
blow your house down.”

But, again, the little piggies did not come out so he huffed
and he puffed and he blew the little piggie friend’s house down.

But the two little piggies were too quick for the big bad wolf
and they escaped to their little piggie friend’s house which was
made of bricks.

x x x x x

End of Introduction

There they lived happily for a long, long, time, well after
the big bad wolf had died.

But! The big bad wolf had an even bigger, worse and more
cunning grandson wolf. But the three little pigs felt safe in their
brick house.

But one day along came the bigger, worse and more cunning
grandson wolf, and he bellowed, “Unless you three little piggies
come out at once, I’ll huff and I’ll puff and I’ll blow your house down.”
But the little piggies just laughed. So he huffed and he puffed but
not a brick budged. He thought for a moment and then plunged a
paw deep into his pocket and pulled out a hand grenade. He pulled
the pin out with his fangs and threw it at the piggies’ brick house.
The house exploded and the little piggies were killed.

The moral to this story is, if at first you don’t succeed, chuck it.

FREEDOM

A herd of zebras graze upon
Free land, not yours, or mine or theirs.
A million creatures that are all one,
Away from the rest of the world and its cares.

People who live without a script
To control their lives, your life, my life.
From the Land of Bondage to Egypt.
Out of hunger, out of strife.

Equality throughout the earth,
With peace, good will, and happiness.
Do away with today, for all its worth,
With imprisonment and hopelessness.

No more detentions, no more rule,
No more help from anyone else
My hand will be my only tool,
No more slavery, I shall rule myself.

R.W.S.

FREEDOM

To children it means growing up and escaping parents,
To adults it means being a child and escaping worry,
To younger ones it means getting away from school,
To older ones it means getting away from work.

The grass is always greener on the other side,
But your own side is always weeds, not grass,
And your efforts as a gardener have been fruitless,
Because you are shackled to society, and to its laws.

You cannot escape even at death,
For you are contained under six feet of earth,
In a box.

C. Williams.

- OPINION -

Sir,

It has, for some time, worried me. It is, I feel, a cunning plot to undermine my efficiency. I begin to wonder who are the simple, short-sighted individuals who condone such a farce.

I am speaking, of course, of the cycle park door, which is always locked when I need it. In an interview with an eminent (sic) person I learnt that it is locked to keep the heat in, and I feel very sorry for the person who knocked the hole in the wall for it. As a door it is officially doomed to failure.

By locking it when the cycle park is in use, if I might offer my humble opinion (for what it is worth, and what good it does) is surely defeating the whole purpose of it. The whole purpose of the exercise was, after all, to provide an entrance.

Surely, cannot moderately intelligent boys be trusted to close a door, and if not will those in the High Places fit a spring, so it may close itself.

Yours
Late.

Sir,

Vietnam, Biafra, sex and the cold war.
Poverty, black power, food for the poor.
Death in the dark, the Pope and the pill.
A junkie's experience, the ring of the till.
A suburban someone is killed by ahear (sic),
A public convenience, with colour bar.
Two psychopaths start a world revolution,
A modern M.P. condones prostitution.
A happy haemophiliac dies through a bruise,
Pythagoras' Theorem and his hypotenuse.
One social scientist, a mad statistician,
Trying to work out the country's position.
A man with a button, a nuclear war,
This synthetic world needs me no more.
Just one escape from this living bastille,
A pause, flash of light, and the feel of cold steel.

Yours
T.S.B.

This poem will be discussed in Late-night Line Up - Ed.

AN UNTITLED PROTEST

a condemnation of the plastic people
all of whom shall remain nameless
(n.b. part one will be followed by part two)

six years its been now
time to do something about it
so here it is.
read it.
you might just feel the same way.

it really gets you down this place
reason: the childish dictatorship
which you bust yourself up trying to fight.
and to h*** w/ the plastic people
(all of whom shall remain nameless)
who ram the so-called traditions
down your gullible little throats.

you the plastic people
if you can't get this place run properly
w/ a decent set of rules and things
then burn it down and trample it to the ground
like I wanna.
and chuck out the idiots who just waste their time
getting more and more plastic and rotten
even if they don't want to create
then at least give me a chance.

all this makes me feel very paranoid
I hope it does you: for your own good.

Anon.

In a frenzy
like floral lust
The drop-outs
Flunk
Upon the stage.
Their naked bodies
Looking as out of place
As Coventry Cathedral
Or the sky-scraper they built at Aber-fan.
The people watch
Their eyes clearly defining
The two meanings
Of £sd.
Surely here, on the stage
Lust and profit
Can walk together
To the same ending
Of Superfluity.

cfjbard.

And He appeared in a crowded subway.

And He appeared
In a crowded subway
And declared
The world had had its day.
They took no notice
Except one
Who said:
"Mummy, who is that strange man
With the holes in his hands?"
But she replied;
"Turn away
For it is rude to stare."

And
He wept.

cfjbard.

The Fly

A fly transfixed upon a wall,
An idiosyncrasy of fate,
The spindly legs snapped
Like brittle things in winter,
The delicate spiracles crushed,
Forbidding the vital air,
That complex mechanism of eye,
In its last grotesque animation,
Those finely veined transparent wings,
Now irrevocably creased,
That gossamer membrane,
So unnaturally contorted,
Now those tender feelers
Feel the agony of death,
The shrivelled, lacerated body,
The scales' brilliance dulled,
A fly transfixed upon a wall,
The anguish of a human soul.

A. Hill.

About 100 Price's boys,
Sitting down to lunch,
Gobble, gobble, glup, glup,
Munch, munch, munch!

K. Giles.

MY FAVOURITE THINGS

Ten spuds at dinner and two lots of custard,
Half term and Christmas and plenty of mustard,
Short skirts and blouses, held up by string
These are a few of my favourite things.

C.C.F. lectures and waiting for "seconds",
Slipping away when a prefect's hand beckonds (sic),
Leaping up, joyous when ten to four rings,
These are a few of my favourite things.

Going to pictures with short skirted girlfriends,
Football and records when I'm home at weekends,
Looking at birds too, but not those with wings,
These are a few of my favourite things.

When the cane swoops,
When the hand stings,
When my backside's sore,
I simply remember my favourite things,
And then I don't feel so bad.

R. Long & G. Martin.

HER FAVOURITE THINGS

Spiders and cobwebs are creeping and crawling,
Bats that fly round, squeaking and squalling (sic),
Under the moonlight a ghostly bell rings,
These are a few of her favourite things.

Frog's legs and pig's eyes, poisonous berries,
Mauve deadly nightshade and crab apple wherries,
She sits by the fire stirring her brew,
She calls this, her mixture, her love potion stew.

Broomsticks and black cats,
Two foot long brown rats,
Goblins and trolls who squabble and fight,
Black evil things that go bump in the night.

When the sun shines,
When the ghosts go,
When she's feeling sad.
She simply remembers her favourite things
Then once more she feels bad!

K. Bundell.

NIGHT SKY

The sun and the sky
And me:
People passing by.

The road and the tarmac is free
And why:
For people to pass by.

A dentist's chair ...
He cuts my hair...
A dog on a lead ...
And soldiers bleed ...

The sun and the sky
And me.
And me and my life.
Cut me with a knife
And I bleed.

The sun and the sky
Is gone from me.
At last I am free
And why. And why!

BRIAN.P.CARISS

The sun comes up over the horizon, and you look at it, feeling sick, because you have stayed up all night. The stars went out five minutes ago. The moon still shines, palely and fading now as the pink glow spreads slowly along the clouds on the boundary of sea and sky. It is dawn and the tide is in. You rise, to ease your cramped muscles, slip on the stones, and curse as your shoe fills with water.

The sun is overhead, and time has ground the pebbles to sand. There is a little boy running along the beach; his shoe too is full of water, not because he has slipped, but because he fell, in the way children do, twenty times a day. There is no dilemma: he runs straight to his mother.

You smile in the darkness. You are some yards now from where you sat all night.

Short interlude for education.

You smile again - a quarter of a lifetime lies in that brief muscular effort.

You're a man! (they said). Intelligent! (they said). Here's three thousand per annum, go forth and multiply. You did.

The moon is still there. Nearly full. You look at it, and remember how you remembered Earth when you got there.

You move to the edge of the sea, pick up a pebble, and throw it in.

T minus 23 years.

There was this girl you see, no not afterwards, there could have been thousands then, before.

You met her, and you loved her.

Then you discovered her, and her purpose, and having done so, fled, on a trajectory at 180° to the vector she had assumed.

You stand knee deep in water.

You return, as you knew you would, as she knew you would, to find her still there, walking in a circle now. Again you flee, as directly as possible from the object of her desires.

Working it out now that is 90° nearer to her.

Waist deep in water.

You are back again, staring down at the circular trench she has worn in the ground with her walking. You fall, no you slide, no you step into the pit. You smile at her, she smiles at you (they laugh). You walk together.

Twenty seven years.

If you hold your arms out you can float. Man! Was that a deep pit, some climb!

You laugh.

Strange that it took you fifty years. Still, you are here now. Taking a deep breath of sea water you shout your answer to the sun.

The sun makes the only answer possible.

Six fathoms down, you nod silently, in agreement.

Chris H. Retzler.

The Strange One

The lion walks out of his den,
The birds flutter in and out of the trees,
But they are scared of the same thing,
A new creature in the land.

The lion calls it "the pink devil",
The birds call it "the featherless one",
But it calls itself, "man",
A creature with strange powers.

All the man wanted to do was,
Kill the lions, kill the birds.
That is why the lion is scared,
And the birds flutter about nervously.

Grant Blakely.

REVIVALISM - a means or an end.

The word Revivalism, and all the excitement and intrigue that is connected to it, have, for some weeks, been echoing throughout the School. The Great Price's Revival has begun.

People in all walks of life: parents, masters, priests, magistrates, soldiers and others have all been asking the same question: "What are they?". Even the recently liquidated Friendly Society and Prisoners Aid Committee have felt the first twitches of Revival. For, as the dark cloud of apathy disperses, slowly, the School is seen in a new light. Even the Ordnance Survey people, with whom we are mis-registered as a "Borstal", are looking twice. The Revivalists have extensive plans for: The Church, the Bible, Education and the Country as a whole; we will be publishing White Papers periodically.

For Revivalism can only stand for the Future.
Revivalism is now, and evermore shall be.

By order of
The Dynamic C.F.J. Bard.,
& C.H. Retzler.
Vice-revivalists.