

... BUT I LIKE THE
MEN WHO READ IT!



Lion
abolished!

BLACK
LION

Edition no: 7

6d.

THE BLACK LION ✓

At the risk of boring you, the editors feel obliged, once again, to raise the ugly, and by now notorious, subject of Apathy.

In the past, numerous pleas for material, (in the form of articles, opinions, letters, poetry, humour, quotes, stories etc), have met with scant response. The "Black Lion" has been in existence, or near existence, for two years ie six issues, so we hoped that by now its presence and ideas would have penetrated to some degree the gloomy fog of Apathy which seems to have enshrouded the young people of Fareham from time immemorial (two years). Yet once again, the editors have been surprised, or rather completely stunned, by the lack of material submitted.

We are almost driven to think that the only expressive comments made by the average local person come from those rare (or not so rare) moments of inspired intoxication, or from those longer, but equally inspiring, periods spent idling in public conveniences. However, we are still hopeful, and we feel that it is not too much to ask when we occasionally invite a little self-expression from the abundance of educated and creative young people in Fareham, particularly Prices School (where any talent seems quite muffled by Apathy.)

Any contributions for the next edition, even in draft form, will be gratefully accepted. Please have a go. This is not a poetry magazine so you are quite free to write what you like, within reason and law, and in whatever style or form you like. Articles or letters concerning any points raised in this issue are very welcome.

the imitation of poetry
(after thomas a mersey)

i saw
standing at a busstop in the pouring rain
her
she
was attractive and alone and i
thought
man
she could really turn me
on
so
adjusting my cravat with the red and gold
spots
i
crossed the road just as the bus
came

TBJ

Just as the sky turns grey
the birds fly away

Just as the leaves are falling
i am calling

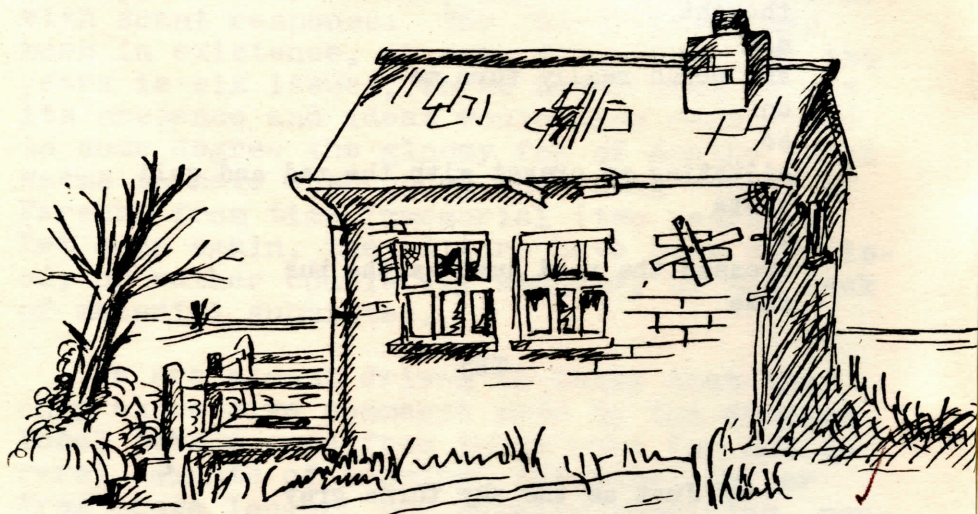
Just as the land
parts from the waves
i depart to the barren earth

A dry wind blows
among broken dreams
The sea surges
over fragments of thought
and recedes relentlessly richer
Featureless plains remain
and my empty body
has lost its tomb

RL

Long red cadillac
 Sweeps past the empty tenement
 On the corner of Canada Street
 After the film
 The misbegotten flower
 Sighs from behind the calico curtain
 And decides to end is all it ever is

JET



it seems
 strange to have
 the
 house across
 the road lived
 in again
 (it has been empty for
 so long)
 by people
 they
 have changed
 it by
 hanging
 curtains
 and
 by putting flowers
 in the window

llp

SUPERMAN?

- IN A TIGHT CORNER

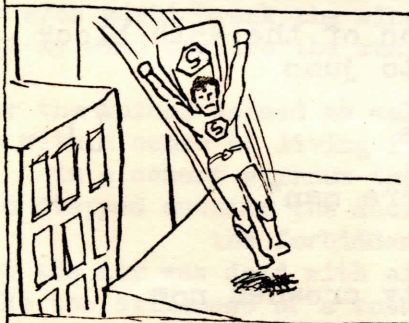
ONE DAY IN METRO-POLIS.



IT'S SUPERMAN!



YES, IT'S SUPERMAN, SPEEDING HIS WAY ON AN EMERGENCY MISSION



BUT WAIT, WHAT'S THIS?

WHY HAS SUPERMAN STOPPED?

OH DAMN!
I'VE LADDERED



A-POEM FOR YOU (MY BATHROOM) 1 the shaving mug
Dieu et mon droit June 22 1911
you are the queen
smiling
on the coronation mug
and i am the king

lln

Dream II

Eight of the clock
And conversing lips fall silent
At the striking of the grandfather coffin
The bell at the front of the house is cracked
But the witch and her manservant must yet be found
For time will limp when the bell tolls
The rusty swing dies
And the daughter of satan crumbles
As the bell sounds its solemn note
Voices come from within the house
They're getting out the peppermint creams
But history does not relate
What became of those

JET

audience participation

& i was standing on top of the 45th block
waiting for a chance to jump
& in the avenue below
there were 4350 people
& i shouted
"hey you stop right there man"
& there were
4351 people
& it was getting pretty crowded now
so i shouted out again
"and you can stay right there lady"
that made 4352
& i thought that was probably enough
'coz i was bound to squash somebody

the room adjoining

and sitting alone in my room,
the drab wallpaper papering my mind
with the faded flowers of a paper garden,
through the windows always bolted up with dirt
and locked with the key of lassitude
i see the light congealing on the roofs
and the grey trees hanging naked in the wind,
so i sit here in my slumement,
eating the sandwiches yesterday failed to consume,
while the staircase up to heaven
offers incense of the dust to the carpet's threadbare
altar

and the door loves only its hinges
for the littered streets, the brewery smells and the
number ten bus

hold no attractions for me

but in the garden's anaemic silence
and the apartment's lifelessness
i hear a strange sound -
almost like knocking - from the other room,
a sound growing like voices, or even singing,
so in a frenzy of excitement i lean against the wall,
straining my ears

to hear people laughing without caring -
speaking without thinking -
living without knowing -

and of a sudden my heart was glad,
feeling, that by leaving solitude,
my eyes might break the window
and my mind declare the sun

for the voices seemed me calling to the room,
so with a sense of living i arose

in a moment without thinking,
and stepped outside the door as if to enter
the forbidden room adjoining,

but the air was dead with silence
like the stillness of a tomb,
and on the wall was scribbled by a hand
which seemed to l i n g e r -

Life Was Here

amah

James (dunn james) Dunn



ont' road wi' a carpet bag/:

mind

trod by a thousand souless feet

wearing half pint hats

and nout inbetween/:

it

✓ hind a wobble

eye sharp

wangling mind

shy/ :

thinks

(plunkyiteven
✦ nowesee
himinalandof
spirilee)



+ But yeats' swans fly across his mind

and have wakened in his heart

a sadness that may not die..

Well, it wasn't much to ask, he thought, slipping on his raincoat. He put his hands deep into the well-like pockets, hands displaying evidence of breadcrumbs and custard.

"Could have been a better pudding - wasn't much to ask, was it?"

"No dear." The voice came, emotionless as ever. His wife had dined with him today. She usually stayed at her mother's when he went into town on the train, but today he'd gone up by bus.

"See more of the country," he'd said.

"I'll come with you, if you like - haven't been to town for ages."

"All right, yes. Could do with someone to talk to - make a change."

"Change? All right, won't be a minute."

She'd come down in her wide coat, flared to the ankles, concealing a tapered pair of legs.

"Too old to dress up like I used to," she'd sniffed.

"Ready?"

"S'pose so; nothing I've forgotten, is there?"

"Given the cat his food?"

"Yes - I'll ask Mr Gibbons to give him his tea. We won't be late, will we?"

"No, not too late; early bed tonight, remember?"

They had been gone long since, and now were coming out of the restaurant.

"Want an ice-cream?"

"Don't mind if I do - haven't had one for years... always used to like raspberry flavour."

"Fetish?"

"Could call it that."

He lifted his head towards the clock on the edge of the main store's roof.

"Better be getting home," he said, "got the shopping?"

"No, I thought you had it."

"But I thought you had it."

"Well, didn't we do any shopping then?"

"Couldn't have done."

"Well, we'd better come again next Saturday then."

"All right."

"Nothing better to do."

"No."

"Wasn't much to ask, was it?"

"No - still, it was a nice bus ride."

"Hope tha cat's all right..."

Fareham - Spiritual Slum of the South

Fareham: 73,250 pop... But where is it? What happens there? Fareham is certainly a large town (and growing all the time) but there is virtually nothing to warrant its inclusion in any guidebook or survey besides the dull fact of its existence as town and minor traffic-problem. Important? No.

If you (who presumably live here or near) were told that Fareham has twice the population of Basingstoke, twice the population of Salisbury, two-and-a-half times the population of Winchester, would you believe it? Not really credible, especially when you try to imagine "twice as many" as meaning twice as many, not just a few more.

Perhaps the frightening thing about Fareham can be called quite simply: Growth. Particularly in recent years, Fareham has witnessed the rapid and alarming growth of huge and monstrous housing estates: from Heathfield to Maylings Farm, Orchardleigh, West End and others. To sit back and complacently mumble "dormitory town for Portsmouth and Southampton" is to deny Fareham its fundamental right to exist as a community - in the "News", a reporter, probably under the delusion he was writing a Noddy book, decided to call Fareham (and others I believe) a "dormy" town: follow that!

But to some extent the complacencies and insults are true: dormitory towns are unpleasant places usually, and Fareham has almost lost its links with a more honourable past. People who have described the latest housing ventures as "holiday camps without the amusements" are uncomfortably near the truth. Prisons and public conveniences have been slightly less kind comments. Standards of building and design are not high: estates have been built as stagnant cul-de-sac-complexes with often only one exit, all houses in a particular road usually look the same (we have more or less reached American box-culture standards), and, incidentally, builders' paint wears off very quickly, leaving a dirty or flaky exterior decoration. The 1.87d. "town & country planning" entry on the rates sheet must surely be a council joke?

These estates really are the bane of Fareham. It is not being over-cruel to compare them to cancerous lungs, wheezing out a foul breath of workers to Portsmouth or

Southampton (where is there large-scale occupation in Fareham?) in the morning, and wheezingly, with a coughing of car exhausts, to breathe in again in the evening.

This dormitory aspect of Fareham (worsened by the migratory nature of the Navy families) is largely responsible for the lack of community in Fareham. There is NO community, NO involvement. In the day, the husband works elsewhere, the wife stays at home on the estate or has a local part-time job; in the evening, everybody sits round the television, the husband might go out to the pub. How recognisable is this pattern? Recognisable to you? Fareham lacks any central interest, any community spirit, any desire to go out and help other people or participate in things with other people. Nobody wants to express, experience, react. All is stagnation, all is apathy. This is Fareham; comfortable, respectable, middle-class, suburban, I'm all right Jack, Conservative Fareham. Fareham (and Gosport)'s MP must have one of the safest seats in the country - he need hardly bother to campaign. Nobody thinks of ever asking What has he done for Fareham? What has he done for anyone?...Nothing?...No, I tell a lie, he did change the House of Commons' wine list after the election, and he has been given some control of the House of Commons' catering department... three cheers, burn the red flag...

Seriously though, what Fareham lacks is a focus. This is perhaps surprisingly important in a town. You probably haven't thought about it, but if you do, Fareham swells up in the mind and gets quite out of hand: it is just a long, busy road (congested trachea?) with horrible, shapeless lungs sprawling out across the countryside - drastic words, yes, but Fareham has no heart, no centre, no point of identification or gravitation, either for the planner or for the individual's need for community and belonging. Fareham is superficial and respectable; there is no contact or movement of ideas.

Fareham does not have the identity which many smaller local communities have managed to preserve. I have been told that something of this togetherness can be found in Titchfield, Wallington, Funtley, Stubbington (although new estates are now destroying the original "village" pattern) and Wickham (incidentally Fareham used to have a similar square which is now no more than a dual carriageway).

Not enough has really been said about the need for a focus, or what a focus is, but I hope the general idea of what is wrong with Fareham has been put across sufficiently to proceed to something practical.

Fareham has grown, amenities have not. This must be the start of any practical comment, away from metaphorical waffling.

But can we blame the council? I think to a large extent we can. Most of the rates, of course, are spent on necessary public services, but it does seem that a certain amount per year could be spent on amenities - surely the council has a responsibility to direct growth and integrate growth. Those two words ("direct" and "integrate") are the important ones - the council of any town like Fareham must pay attention to the right kind and magnitude of urban development and must provide the amenities to integrate development within itself and within the town as a larger whole.

But now some suggestions:

Recreation areas:

Fareham, of course, has its parks, but the new estates often have an alarming lack of facilities for play and exercise. Only a short while ago the field in Blackbrook Road was converted into a recreation ground, but this was after literally years of inaction and stalling - in fact, fourteen years without play facilities.

The council seems to have devoted most of its efforts towards new flower-beds and seats, a notable example being the area opposite Jack's, which serves little useful purpose except for dithering hygiene fanatics.

Youth facilities:

These have been improved, of course, by the Youth Centre, but, in some people's opinion, this is little better than a discoteque, and it does certainly seem to lack the full resources to draw the young together, although a trough in the support graph may be to blame.

Significantly, the Centre was built largely from a fund with only a small council grant.

Private enterprise is also behind the discoteques (which are pretty limited in support anyway) and youth clubs, the latter being church-organised, which entails insidious religious affiliation.

Swimming:

Fareham needs a swimming-pool: a town of its size

must have one. Here again, however, it seems to be left to private enterprise in the shape of the Splash Organisation, to raise the necessary money. This is a typical example of the hard work necessary by the responsible individual citizen against the opposition of both organisation and apathy.

Car Parks:

Fareham is definitely a traffic problem, and so, naturally, money has been poured into road schemes. However, very little seems to have been done about car park facilities: they may just be adequate but nobody could ever call them good.

Community centre:

Fareham is in the privileged position of having a Community Centre which some people have not even heard of and which the majority of people cannot place. For those of you who do not know the answer to this intriguing problem, the Community Centre is, in fact, between Hartlands Road and Queens Road. But it does not really work as a Community Centre: it has poor premises, poor funds, and poor publicity (did anybody see one of those leaflets in the holidays?). Clubs just use the premises, there is no community feeling. Only money and large-scale council support can really help.

Entertainment:

Fareham has doubled, cinemas have halved. Is this a reflection on apathy again? Fareham certainly needs facilities for drama and music - a stage and hall integrated with a new Community Centre would do wonders (at present, school halls have to suffice for too many worthwhile schemes).

Library: The facilities here are not especially good: an art exhibition room could be usefully accommodated in a new Community Centre, and a completely rebuilt library on the original site would be a tremendous improvement. Too much to hope for though.

Hospital: Fareham, or any town of its size, needs a hospital. This would be a valuable addition to the community. Of course the critics say, "no site, not enough money, not enough staff, adequate facilities in Portsmouth" but Fareham still deserves a clinic and a casualty ward.

✓

"Today's skinheads would have been the Battle of Britain pilots of the last World War"

-quote from a popular daily newspaper.

.....It was September 1940; a new day, yet not new, for once again the youth of England had to sail the skies to avert the Nazi menace, now only a few miles away across the English Channel. "Jim the Skin" (as he was known to the rest of his squadron) hitched on his braces and flying-boots, and started to stroll across to the airfield canteen. The radio was playing the soothing tones of Vera Lynn, singing "The Israelites" to keep up RAF morale. Suddenly, a newsflash crackled across the runway - it was only our gallant wartime leader, Enoch Powell, denouncing Hitler's policies of racial minority persecution.

High in the sky, a Spitfire patrol was returning to base, yet another valiant mission completed.

"Aggrobaby to Red Leader, Aggrobaby to Red Leader, are you receiving me, are you receivin....."

His message was never finished - a Heinkel had blown "Aggrobaby" clean out of the sky. Yet another had perished, defending King and Country.

Down on the runway, "Jim the Skin" watched his comrade's death with tears running down his face. He watched the Heinkel recede into the distance, quivering, shaking, unable to speak. At last, shaking his fist at the now almost out-of-sight German bomber, two strangled words came from his mouth:

"Yeh, B-B-Bovver!"

RJS

POLO MINT BLUES

Well I went into the sweetshop,
For something good to eat,
I was feeling mighty hungry
And I needed something sweet.
 Oh baby I'd only threepence to spend
 So I had to buy some Polp mints
 To make my troubles end.

Well I took those Polos outside,
One seemed to ease the pain,
Oh it tasted so good baby,
That I popped one in again.
 Oh baby that chalk seems to fill my head
 And I kept buying them Polo mints
 Till I done run out of bread.

Well I was uptight on those Polos
And I hadn't got no cash,
And I reckon my friends got tired of me
Sayin' "give those mints a flash"
 Oh baby you know I sucked till I felt like a prince,
 But I got to scoring on the real hard stuff,
 And you know that means Trebor mints.

Well now gather round you children,
And listen what I say,
Never go out buyin' them Polo mints,
Cos they'll send you to your grave.....

plj

Mists driven by a storm
Entangled in them
The light is already shining. ✓
Visions of
St John the Baptist
Getting high in Manhattan Park
When he thinks that no-one's looking -
How wrong could he be?
They are all there
On a sea of glass and fire,
Burnished Bronze,
Calling to the mountains and the rocks:
Jesus, remember me.

JET

parousia

or as JC answered the virgin ✓
my time hasn't come yet baby
(I am still far young
and my mind is churned with dreams
of impractical schemes
to write
and be the messiah
of a dying generation
to found a new salvation
that my word
should be the word
and i would be the revival
a literary gestation
spinning miracles of words
in allegories of praise
so singlehanded
i will change the world
tear down the urban facades
and paint in flames
of fury
the hidden life within
for this would be my dreaming
till the shadow at the gates
shall call
and ask me why

I cannot go on

Chips with Everything? ✓

As everyone knows, newspapers have two main functions: reading and wrapping fish-'n-chips in. Which is the more important? Some newspapers seem to definitely expect more than a cursory glance at the TV page, whereas others seem to cry out for the greasy solace of chips from the moment they leave the press. Undoubtedly the second function is important...but how do the newspapers compare in this nationwide chipshop battle?

Daily Mirror:

staunch friend of the small-time fish-'n-chip shop; easy storage; small format for single wrap; cover leaves characteristic red ink mark on chips.

News:

sometimes preferred by the local shops; comfortable double wrap; bulky to store behind counter; somewhat anaemic flavour.

Daily Mail: popular; good wrapping capacity; supplement

Daily Mail: on busy days; moderate flavour for the Conservative taste.

Times: rarely met; some shops consider it an expensive luxury - often reserved for scampi-'n-french fried; in local shops look out for "please return Times after eating" signs.

People: excellent double-wrapper; difficult to store; football page in demand on Monday dinner-hours; leaves a nasty taste in the mouth.

Daily Telegraph: big sheets for the long-distance wrap; does well in good suburban shops; society photographs usually cut out to impress customers.

Sun: not often met; chipshop owners may well be hoarding back copies until the Sun collapses (when they will be sold to American chip connoisseurs for enormous prices).

Daily Sketch: economic sprint-wrap for the urban chippy; hilarious bus-stop reading; rather superficial flavour for the experienced customer.

News of the World: "all human life is here" and quite a few chips; good value; really strong flavour; preferred by the clergy.

Daily Express: heavy-duty wrapper for the manual labourer; amusing reading in a long vinegar queue; very strong flavour - sometimes sold without chips.

Observer: something of a luxury; tends to repel grease; good colour photography will lessen unwanted interest in a week old cod.

Guardian: generally accepted to be a Fleet Street hoax; as it does not actually exist it has no noticeable faults and so has considerable intellectual support; a good shield for readers of the Daily Mirror, Beano etc.; beware of fishshops advertising the Guardian.

Financial Times: makes only rare appearances over the counter; reserved for Radio 3 canteen and commuters' lunch breaks; delicate pink flavour.

DLj

MORE SINGULARLY SENSATIONAL SUPERTHRILLERADVENTURESERIAL

As I sat in his rooms on 221st. Avenue, I noticed a sudden change come over my friend and mentor, Mr Edwin Clood.

"Nodaughter," he said, his pointed, demonic features agleam with soft light, "Nodaughter, we must expect a visit from a Mr Hermann Gland, editor of the globe and a tough newspaper magnet" (with newspapers adhering to his body).

I was aghast; not since my exploits in India had I heard anything so bizarre and fantastic.

"How on earth-" I began.

"Quite so," he finished, "but very elementary. Whilst standing here at the mantle, fingering my violin, I could see, quite clearly, the mirror. Through the mirror, I saw, just a moment ago, Hermann Gland, carrying the appointment card I gave him, his appointment being for about now."

At that very moment, there came a knock on the door, and Mrs Quiff (our benign housekeeper) entered.

"Excuse I," she stammered, "b-but ther's a gen'lman to see you."

"Hermann Gland," said Clood, dashing the visiting card from her hand, "and," he announced triumphantly, "on time!"

While Mrs Quiff was fetching Gland, Clood injected himself with opium, and, refreshed, he pushed the syringe into the Toby Jug.

"Clood," said Gland, almost before he had entered, "I want you to find - **SUPERNUDE!!!**"

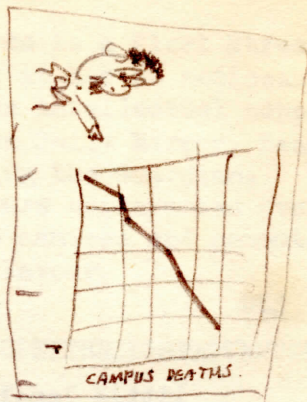
Clood winked at me, and I returned his sign of discretion, for little did Gland know that Clood was **SUPERNUDE** and I was his assistant - Dick.

WELL, DID YOU REMEMBER?

✓
little lonely police cadet -
dufflebag man
raincoat hand -
walking by the traffic lights

Oink!

SUPER
SPIROGRAPH



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