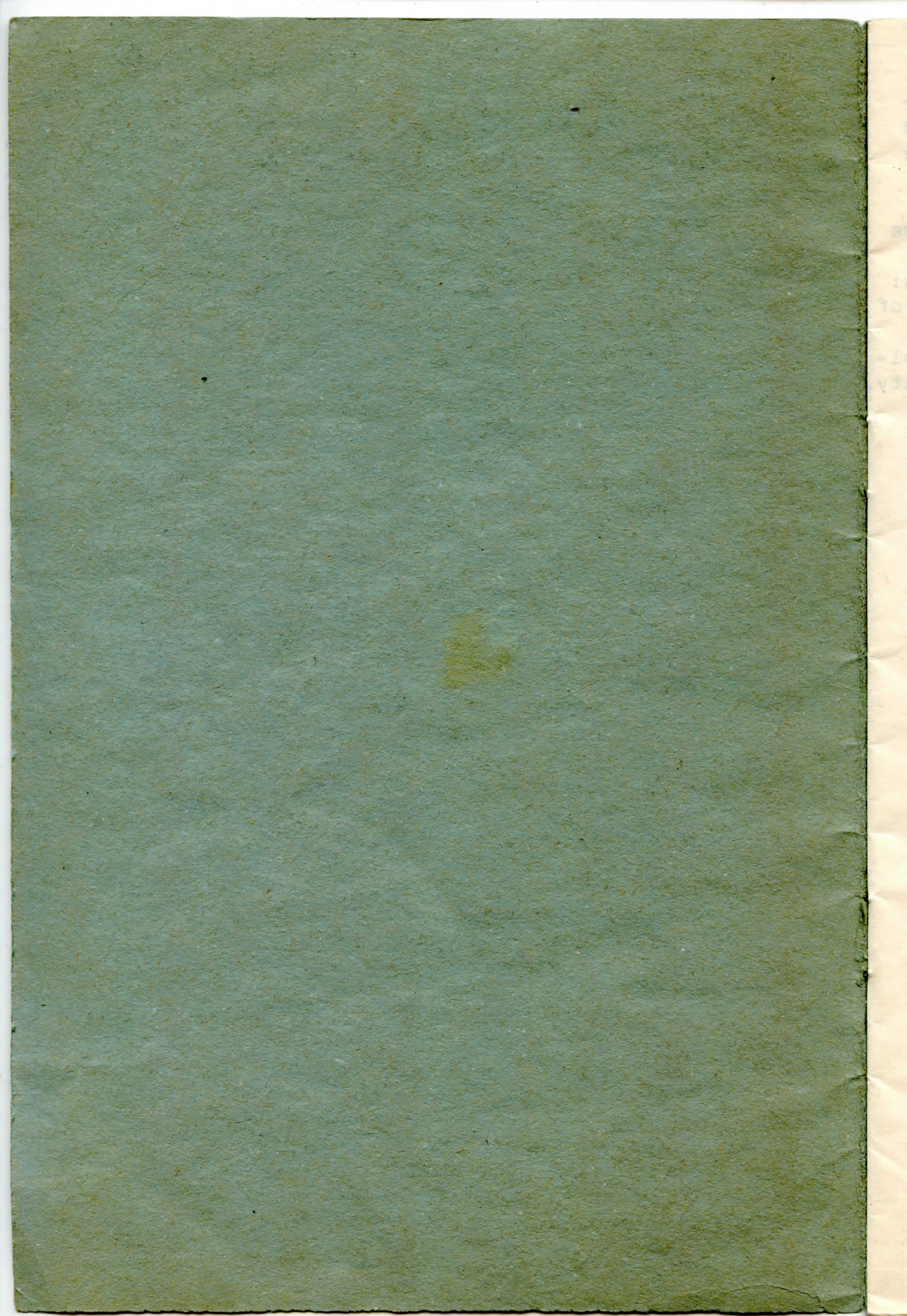


Black Lion Number Ten

1971

BLUE EDITION





BLACK LION

10th EDITION

EDITORIAL

The aim of the BLACK LION, in so far as it has an aim, is not - as was thought when the price was raised - to furnish the editors with beer money, but to provide an outlet for creative writing within the school. Although contributions from outside the school are included, it is obvious that the main onus falls on the sixth-form. So the standards of the magazine have depended, and will depend, upon the school in general and the sixth-form in particular; the BLACK LION is only as good as its contributors.

In the past the BLACK LION has suffered from the same faults as all sixth-form magazines that we have seen: over-obscure poetry, a tendency towards the pretentious and the immature, and a dearth of serious articles. Immaturity and pretentiousness - such strange bedfellows - seem, for some reason, to be the hallmark of the sixth-form mind. By careful vigilance in this and the last issue the editors feel that these defects are now far less evident. Obscure poetry is very much a child of the times, and consequently little can be done about it - we receive practically no poetry that is not obscure. However, the editors can only offer the excuse that all poetry printed in this magazine is, to them, more or less intelligible. A great deal of poetry submitted is of very little value; we feel that if contributors turned their hand to serious articles they would enjoy greater success - and indeed the magazine suffers from a lack of articles of this sort. Another blemish that needs treatment is the growing habit of signing contributions merely with initials. We feel that contributors can no longer be allowed to conceal themselves modestly in a cloak of anonymity; everything must now be laid bare with a

full-frontal signature. An exception will be made for "freaks" and "heads", from whom initials are accepted as general practice. The editors also hope to include more contributions from lower-school boys.

The magazine pursues a policy of steady expansion and improvement of presentation while at the same time making a marginal profit and thereby keeping a sound account. In this, the BLACK LION has met with success: since the magazine began, ten issues ago, the number of pages has doubled; it is now printed by Farleys Ltd in Fareham instead of on that marvel of modern technology, the school "Banda"; and it has improved in quality, not only of presentation but also of content.

*

*

*

From "4 Poems"

I once went out with a girl from a fish-shop
and, lying in her salty source,
fathom down, fathom deep,
I knew
that the cobbles under our feet were shingle,
and we gazed at the streetlight morn,
over a puddle sea,
the endless tide
of life, and death,
lapping,
at our shores.

cfjbard

La Cathédrale Engloutie

On a clear day
when the iridescent sky meets the waves
the sunken cathedral of Ys rises
from the depth of legend
through the seamist and spray
bells ringing continually
tolling with clarity of echoing water
the holy chanting of plainsong
the silhouette of majesty
stone upon stone
tower reaching towards the curtain of heaven
floating on a mystic cloud
surrounded in a brightness, gold and silver
with candles flickering

Bridget Long

Sleep

Rest now, and drowsily the fitful sleep
subsides into the rhythm of slow breath,
as if the tide of Spring declined to neap,
and showed the ribs of ships, the wreck of death,
the seaweed coils, all so far out to sea
that, drowning deep, one might forget the world;
or, spiralled down in some chill ecstasy,
might stir within the womb of sleep, tight curled,
to wake amid anemones, and graves
of ships, bedecked with weeds, beneath the waves,
where light, as green as Spring, betrays a dream,
and seaweed spirels, coiled around a mast
of some dim wreck, show life already past
in sleep, in days which drown, in worlds which seem.

Alan Hill

Letter to the Editors: THINK RIGHT

Recent issues of the BLACK LION have had a distinct Socialist flavour: various snide comments have been directed against the Prime Minister and, particularly in a re-write of "1984", the whole Conservative Party. I am therefore writing this letter to redress the balance and to check the insidious growth of Socialist propaganda.

Firstly, let us briefly examine the pitfalls in Socialist belief. The principal tenet that all men are equal is unacceptable. It is apparent that all men vary in their physical, emotional, social, intellectual and spiritual qualities. Men live in a hierarchy amongst themselves as naturally as they do so at the top of the hierarchy of nature. An equally asinine theory is that of state ownership: nationalised industries invariably become inefficient and costly because of a lack of competition.

Secondly, we may recall the political indecisiveness of the last Labour government. The Chancellor, Mr Callaghan, affirmed that the Pound would not be devalued - three weeks later this was done. Furthermore the Labour government proposed its Industrial Relations Bill and stated it to be vital to the country's needs - they abandoned it after Trade Union pressure.

On the Common Market issue Labour ministers have, over the last six months, changed horses in mid-stream and now appear in the anti-Market camp. Wilson, at the time of writing, is just beginning to totter off the fence: it appears that he will sacrifice his political judgement in an attempt to regain power at the next election.

It is easy to criticise the Socialists, but let us now see a few of the constructive measures that the Conservative government has taken, firstly in education, where priorities have been altered. Money is now being spent on building new, and rebuilding old, schools, rather than on giving milk to well-fed children (milk is still available for those in need of it).

School meals cost more, yet a greater number of less well-off pupils get free dinners. Thus, those who can afford to pay more are doing so, whereas those who cannot are being helped.

In housing a similar system is being operated: rent rebates are being introduced for the less well-off. A family with one child will have to pay all of a £5-a-week rent only if they earn more than £30 per week. It is also worth noting that more money has been made available to intensify the slum clearance drive.

Important steps have been taken to counter the two greatest problems we are facing: mounting inflation and high unemployment. In order to reduce prices Tony Barber has halved S. E. T. (it is to be abolished in 1973) and substantially reduced purchase tax. This has resulted in price reductions across a whole range of consumer goods and services. Various other measures have been introduced, in order to counter unemployment and encourage investment. These include an increase in the first year allowance on capital spending, and free depreciation on immobile plant for service industries in areas of development. In addition to this, three new re-training centres are to be set up to help the unemployed prepare for different jobs.

And last but not least, do not let it be said that the Conservative government is inhuman: its fresh concern for people and their environment has been amply demonstrated - the population of Cublington will testify to that.

Tim Hancock

Drunk

and there
sitting
hand held aloft
bearing and power
his majestic feet
till tomorrow
the dominant drunk

Dave Andrews

once
you asked me my name
and I said
it's the same as yours
but you couldn't
(or wouldn't)

understand
and flushed my reply
out of your head.

I saw you again the other day
and you asked
what's your name,
I gave you yours.
and then you said
I love you.
yes, I replied,
you have to.

we went out and made love in the park.

and as we parted
I said
what is your name,
and you gave me mine.

plj

In the grace of winter
I find no trace
Of the face I knew
When it was warmer.

Mary Sutton

Hymn for a Funeral

And where is a face to
remember mine?
There are so few ears
to talk to,
so few mouths to talk
with,
so many are gone with screaming.

Eyes only stare -
there is nowhere
for me to look.

Yes, the old faces are now
whitened stone - even they
lack the old individuality,
like so many mediocre Greek sculptures.

R. Matthews

*

On Being Asked to Write Poetry for the Black Lion

There once was an Ed of this mag
Who was known as a bit of a wag:
"On pages still white
Will nobody write?
Or is it too much of a drag?
So when you get home
Would you write me a poem -
Oh, could you possibly spare me a fag?"
So down I did sit
And doodled a bit,
For I didn't know where to begin.
I just sat in a haze,
Writing seventeen plays,
And then threw 'em all in the bin.
I finished a stencil,
And chewed up my pencil,
And wrote the odd novel or two.
I completed a saga
On a very small lager,
But a poem I quite failed to do...

P. Hancock

"Man, you have plenty of good things laid by, enough for many years: take life easy, eat, drink, and enjoy yourself."

(Lk 12: 19)

Sliding out from between the fitted nylon sheets, groping with his feet for the sheepskin rug which once warmed somebody's Sunday lunch, Anthony T. Smethurst starts a new day. A day basically no different from the other three in the week, though each day has its peculiarities, today's being that tomorrow is Saturday. A man of conservative tastes, Mr Smethurst has finished his home in the style appropriate to a collector of vintage cars, or to a man who keeps lions. The table is long and mahogany, the chairs are tall and mahogany, the chandeliers are large and glass. He furnishes a new room with each pay-rise: his wife and the kitchen are still waiting.

But he can't waste time admiring his wise choice: it takes nearly an hour to reach the office, whether he uses the Rover or his wife's car.

In its austerity Mr Smethurst dislikes the office: the furnishings are of wood veneer, black matt paint, and black vinyl - contemporary in design, and made to last sufficiently long for the owner to be satisfied and for the maker to earn a large profit. The telephone is the wrong colour, and so is the intercom. He has tried hanging paintings around the walls, but Constable in this office is as effective as Lowry at home.

At this stage Mr Smethurst is usually looking forward to lunch, and today is no different from any other. Lunch, apart from food, brings time for recollection, a break from work. He then sits alone in his office, and drinks tea from a china cup.

Now, as managing-director, he owns one of the larger country houses, besides a London flat, and he collects vintage cars and keeps lions. The firm's profits are increasing every year, and an eventual knighthood, so he is told by friends, is on the way.

Sitting on the beach of his holiday island in the Caribbean, or perhaps the South Pacific, Mr Smethurst takes a well-earned break from his normal position, Chairman of the Board of Computer International, a consortium of three larger world computer companies.

Alone, but for the sand and the sea, he thinks about
his firm, as the deep blue stretches away before him,
and little red crabs scuttle beyond his feet, only to
be caught in the surf and absorbed into the waves.

Martin Seeley

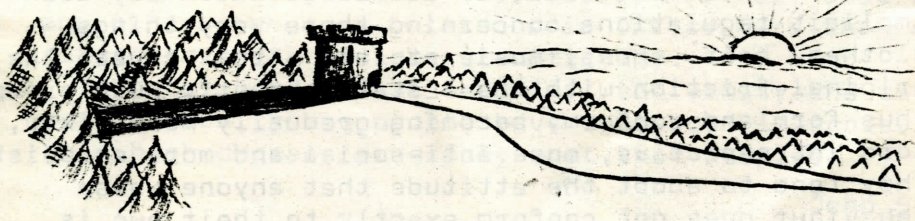
Excerpt from "Forest Days"

Drifting Back

The sun drifted hotly down
And the road was up and down.
Warm and welcome,
The walking came away through trees.
The straight trunks of the trees
Weren't grand enough to hide the blue
Seen through them.

And the castle.
A strange and solitary tower,
Standing in the surreal summer sunlight
Which sank in the west,
Having scorched us
And warmed the trees.

C. Starr



INTOLERANCE - a viewpoint

Young people often complain bitterly that their parents, teachers or bosses are unnecessarily harsh in the standards which they demand from those in their care. Whether the authority in question is parental or "in loco parentis" the likelihood of friction - from clothes, hair, shoes, records, smoking, companions etc - is not lessened.

But these matters are, despite the intensity of feeling often displayed when discussing them, not at all fundamental to one's life. Most are trivial, and however attached you may be to your hair, and whether or not you regard Frank Zappa (or Desmond Dekker!) as a legitimate art-form, you would still find it quite possible to live a full and useful life without them.

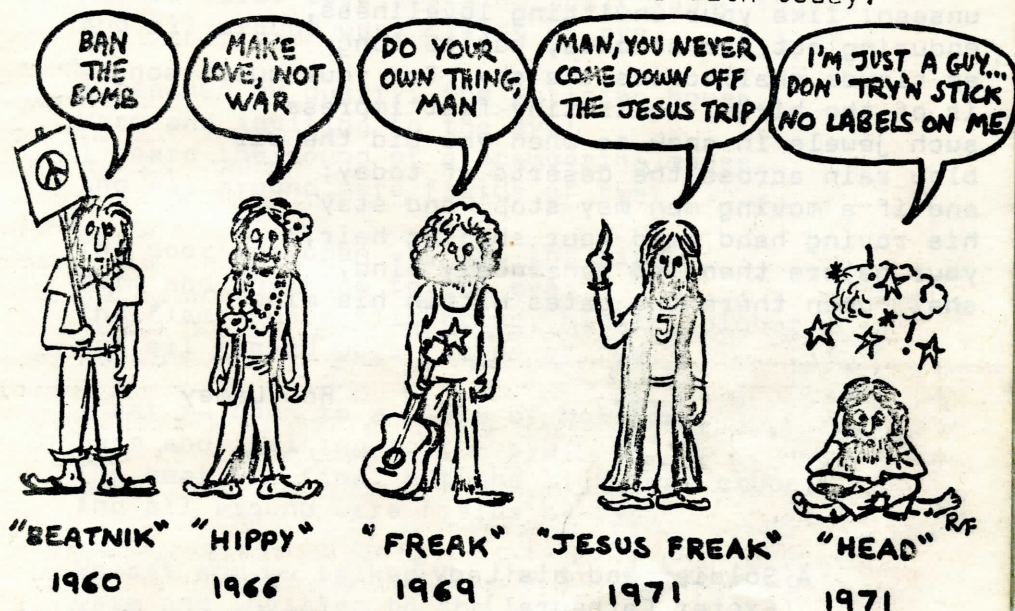
Moreover, on the other side of the coin, many young people display a considerable lack of consideration and understanding toward older people, and their "resistance" may make unreasonable demands on society. The fuss made when Authority behaves in a questionable manner toward a "figurehead of youth" - for example, "Oz", or Frank Zappa, or Rudi Deutschke - is always out of all proportion to the "offence" or to the importance of the "victim".

But this article is not intended merely to be a comment on the mutual intolerance of Youth and, for want of a better word, Authority. It is my view that much of this intolerance appears insignificant beside the gross intolerance shown by young people toward one another.

A remarkable characteristic of young people, which is especially noticeable today, seems to be a "flocking tendency", whereby groups congregate together and desperately attempt to associate and identify with one another by dressing and behaving alike, by conforming, as far as possible, to standards which lay down implicit regulations concerning those very things - clothes, hair, shoes, music etc etc - that caused the original friction with the "Establishment". Such groups thus form and conform, becoming gradually more fixed, more introspective, more anti-social and more escapist. They tend to adopt the attitude that anyone whose behaviour does not conform exactly to their own is

ignorant, intolerable and intolerant.

If the "teenage" cult, so very much a post-war phenomenon, was the beginning of the assumed breakdown of good relations between generations, then the phase of "Mods" & "Rockers" was the beginning of an equally alarming disintegration among the young. The Beatnik, always connected with C. N. D., belonged to the same generation, and, of course, has been followed by the hippies, freaks, Jesus freaks, heads, Hell's Angels, skinheads etc, which we are familiar with today.



Such groups have evolved and, in their present form, exercise a segregating and internally regulating rôle. Even locally, in Fareham, there are discernable groups: you cannot help but notice the difference in clientèle between the Wimpy Bar and Frank's.

This segregation and mutual intolerance is, to me, a clear sign of weakness and insecurity. Freaks often seem to claim a monopoly on tolerance, but only because of their willingness to tolerate each other; what they, and others, know as tolerance is little more than a disregard of theatrical eccentricity.

In rebelling against security, conformity and social segregation, young people have succeeded in achieving, to a high degree, precisely what they despise.

John Scott

Sonnet

We move upon the axis of the world
that is unknown, and shall forever be
misunderstood, for wheeling ways agree
to only ignorance; petals unfurl
unseen, like your unwitting loveliness,
enduring not for seconds, but as long
as clouds shall cross the sky, for your quiet song
is of the birds; their tiny feet impress
such jewels in snow as when you bid the air
blow rain across the deserts of today;
and if a moving man may stop, and stay
his roving hand amid your shining hair,
your nature then, so generously kind,
shall open there the gates within his mind.

Rob Lamey

A Soldier and his Lady (Exeter Cathedral)

Side by side they lie, he and she,
Named and anonymously there -
She, a sad swan chained throat and wrist;
He, bound in his stone mail
That did not keep him from the dust,
His dagger hands thrust
Still to heaven; her hands in piety
Rest close on her heart.
The angels at their pillows
Grin, perhaps a little sadder for her,
As children do at grown-up games.

Jill Hastings Rackham

The House of Eternity

I viewed the house from the lonely moor,
Warm and inviting to the eye;
Many years old was the ancient door,
And all around were fields of rye.

I approached it slowly - the sun was high,
Warm and inviting to the eye;
Mother birds were teaching their young to fly,
And all around were fields of rye.

I reached my quarry, the enticing house,
Warm and inviting to the eye;
I heard the sound of a scampering mouse,
And all around were fields of rye.

The door was open - I saw the fire,
Warm and inviting to the eye;
The flames were flickering, higher, higher,
And all around were fields of rye.

I sat me down to a plate of hot food,
Warm and inviting to the eye;
The heat was fine, but the light was crude,
And all around were fields of rye.

We sat and we talked in the bright firelight,
Warm and inviting to the eye;
We stayed there drinking most of the night,
And all around were fields of rye.

I lived and I died in this house of ours,
Warm and inviting to the eye;
I was laid to rest away from the cars,
And all around were fields of rye.

Colin Fricker

*

*

*

The Journey

As he shut the carriage door behind him, he turned to meet the array of faces displayed around the compartment, and acknowledged those belonging to people who usually travelled the same route at this hour.

Moving across to sit down beside an older commuter, with what he hoped to be the minimum of fuss, he trod liberally all over the man's size 9 feet. The incident provoked a flurry of stammered apologies, which were, in fact, rather wasted on the man, who seemed far more concerned with the condition of his feet than with Stanley's ineloquent remarks that the compartment was too small and that, had the man not spread his legs so mindlessly across the floor, he might have escaped from being trodden on. This did little to soothe the irate gentleman, who muttered a few cryptic words about the floor being there to put one's feet on, and then retired to his newspaper crossword, armed with pencil and frown.

Stanley turned away. He was clumsy by nature and he knew it. It wasn't as if he didn't try to atone for his mistakes, or indeed to make himself less likely to knock over vases and cups, or tread on people's feet. But by now, at his time of life, Stanley was almost resigned to being both awkward and irritating. He was the sort of man whose sweeping gestures always connected with a precious ornament on the shelf in some maiden aunt's drawing-room, or whose weighty feet sent the family cat scurrying into its corner, nursing its scraggy tail.

Stanley avoided the remaining undergrowth of feet on the compartment floor and sat down quietly, glancing out of the window at the grimy suburbs. The sky had clouded over since he had left home, and he now felt rather depressed. Thinking he'd open the window, he got up suddenly, and had the misfortune to bang his head very hard on the luggage-rack above him. This itself would not have been so bad, but for the fact that he knocked a small parcel of papers from the rack onto the very same man (with the size 9 feet). Stanley stood still, rubbing his head and looking rather dazed, while the older man rose and rebuked him in no uncertain way. To hide his embarrassment at this mishap Stanley dived down into the steeplechase course of legs beneath him, retrieving papers and screwing them up into the parcel,

much to the disgust of the well-dressed person sitting opposite, to whom, apparently, both parcel and papers belonged.

Stanley sat down, still rubbing his head, and looked out of the window. Then, aware that people were staring at him, he turned to face the eyes of his persecutors. One or two people were vaguely amused, or so it seemed, but the rest greeted him with derisive glares. Stanley faced the window again - it was the only escape from them and, though but temporary, it was the best retreat he could find. He felt as if he were in a goldfish-bowl of clear glass, with everyone surveying its contents: himself.

The city became denser now: red bricks, concrete, and adventure playgrounds filled with shabby children. The train slowed down and Stanley regained confidence; he moved round to face the people in the compartment. They were no longer watching him, no longer icily staring. Stanley sighed. The day seemed a little brighter now.

The train drew in to platform 2. Courteously Stanley remained in the compartment until last - that way he would tread on nobody, and would have no worries about making an exhibition of himself in front of people. He alighted and wandered along the length of the platform to the barrier. As he showed his season-ticket, a small man brushed past him, knocking Stanley's case from his hand; it fell open, revealing folders and papers. The little man bent down and picked everything up, handing it back to Stanley and apologising profusely.

"I - I'm so sorry," he stuttered, "I don't - I just don't know how it happened - it was very clumsy of me."

He walked off and Stanley stood upright, smiling. He felt ten feet tall now. He watched the man's retreating figure and breathed wistfully, "Clumsy? Oh no, my friend, not clumsy at all."

S. R. C.

The Bridge (H-1)

When the train goes past,
Shall we wave?
Shall we sit upon the parapet?

amah

Winter Song

From Samothraki down to Andros -
were you nascent from those waters?
Heard the wavebeat far from Smyrna,
saw you rising like Selene,
deep sea, wine sea,
Aphrodite!

Frigid moonlight is your symbol,
and the sun is then a sad ship,
sinking westwards with the autumn.
Fallen is the topless tower,
turns Odysseus to the sea:
floating flowers,
cold sea grieving,
wake of whiteness,
always leaving...

Virile rivers end in death, then,
sunken ships in reefs of winter,
lotus bearers to a dark sea,
vinous womb of Aphrodite,
periodic as Selene,
tide of light and shore of darkness...

Aegeus stands and gazes seawards,
fears the blackened pall of greeting;
Aeneas wanders far from Ilium,
knows at last the dark sea meeting.

Alan Hill

OBSCENITY TRIAL SENSATION

Jailed for three years and ordered to pay £15000 costs - that was the verdict of Felix Radcliffe on the extraordinary case of the "BAR & GARTER", the ninth edition of the Legal Profession's unofficial magazine.

Mr Radcliffe, wearing an Old Etonians tie and smoking a reefer (marijuana cigarette), told me in an exclusive interview in his Notting Hill flat, "I think this kind of thing has gone far enough. I'm all for permissiveness but, I mean, one can't just let these damn judges get away with this. No-one, not at any stretch of the imagination, could call me a prude, but some of the drawings in this magazine were, for me, going too far..."

A close personal friend of Mr Radcliffe is Basil Smallacre, sometime Regius professor of Transcendental Philosophy and Pharmaceutical Chemistry. He commented, "I entirely agree with Felix: we thought it was high time to make a stand against the depravity of the "Underground Press". Respectable people, especially retired lawyers, cannot be expected to listen to barristers and judges prattling obscenities."

The three judges who edited "BAR & GARTER" are all expected to appeal against their sentences.

They are:



Manolo Neville
LL.D. (Sevilla)
"Jeremiah"



Wayne Anderson
G.F.S. O.N.O.
An "Aussie"



Dennis St John
R.N.V.R. l.b.w.
"shock tactics"

Lord Justice Neville said, in his own defence, "I think it most unreasonable that we should have been treated so callously. We are old men - surely, at our time of life, we should be allowed to freely express our views. I still believe in "BAR & GARTER" because there we gave expression to an "alternative society", a society confronting the debased morality of our times. I felt it my duty to propagate such views, whether or not I contravened public dignity in so doing."

Lord Justice Anderson told me, from the comfort of his Holborn apartment, "We had a message - I cannot see that we were obscene. People claim that our cartoon of Che Guevara reading the Daily Telegraph was disgusting, a direct affront to what has become known over the period of the Hearing as "freak culture", but I feel that the Legal Profession had, as an inherent privilege, the right to publish this. We have become the martyrs of Temple Bar, and the intolerance shown to us by the younger generation proves our point that we face a "Deaf Generation". This is only the first stage in the long battle to achieve freedom."

After the controversial Hearing Lord Justice St John commented, "We judges were appalled by the ignorance of old people today, and consequently we felt that something had to be done to make them realise how completely how completely they were paralysed by the "silent majority" of hippies, acid-freaks and Oxford dons - we had to act, we had to create awareness, if necessary we had to employ "shock tactics" to make old people see the truth. But we have been sentenced, savagely enchained by the intolerant young, the "Re-establishment". And we were first offenders..."

All three judges were found guilty of "Publishing an obscene article with intent to corrupt the elderly, behaving indecently in Quarter Sessions, sending women's underwear through the post, and using language of a seditious nature". In his closing remarks, Mr Radcliffe referred the guilty trio to his favourite poet, William Blake, saying, "You hold obscenity in your palm, and three years in an hour."

The sentences of the three judges have provoked comment from all over Britain.

Mrs Mary Lighthouse: "I think it shocking that these dear old men have been subjected to such hideous degradation." (All three judges had their wigs shaved off, and they appeared at the Hearing handcuffed together with Woodstock head-bands).

Miss Bernadette Drivlin: "Hurrah for Basil Smalacre! People are sick to death of dirty old barristers and the "BAR & GARTER". Unmarried women can't walk alone through Lincoln's Inn Fields at night - it's quite outrageous!"

Several old men displayed their war-wounds outside the Hearing and burnt an effigy of Mr Smalacre. They will appear in Court tomorrow charged with contempt of Court and behaviour likely to induce mutiny.

Lord Justice Gavin Pornfuttock, strongly rumoured in legal circles to be the new editor of the "obscene little magazine", commented, "Somebody has got to bring society to its senses - nobody or nothing can stop us publishing "BAR & GARTER" and I'd like to see them try!"

A Poem for You (My Bathroom) 4: The Faucet

Whilst lying in the bath last night
I noticed that the hot tap
was dripping cold water onto my toe
and it reminded me of
the way you
drip your cold love
onto my hot desire

plj

SUPERTHRILLERADVENTURESERIAL: SUPERNUDE RETURNS...

The story so far: Mrs Emelda Groggins leaves her downtown apartment and proceeds with her daughter to the shopping center of the town. The prem was cumbersome on San Francisco trams, but this was New York and she, like all New Yorkers, didn't give a damn! Now read on.....

Tough newspaper magnet Hermann Gland (with newspapers adhering to his body) pressed a button on the console that, to him, was home.

"Clood!" he bawled. "Come in here, now!"

Even as he spoke he noticed the anaemic figure of two-of-clubs reporter Edwin Clood, supporting himself on a rusty baked-bean can.

"Stop playing with the art-work!" yelled Gland, struggling to remove the newspapers from his mouth.

"Come over here!"

Dutifully Clood crawled over the desk and sat waiting at his master's feet.

"Stop grovelling, Clood!"

"I'm not grovelling, sir, I like it here, really, sir..." whined Clood.

"What year is it, Clood?"

"Why, sir, it's 19**."

"Right. I want you to find Miss America 19**."

"But that's not for another ** years, sir..."

"Right again. The "Daily Glob" gets there first! Now get going!" He spat out the last words with such force that his cigar became entangled with newspaper.

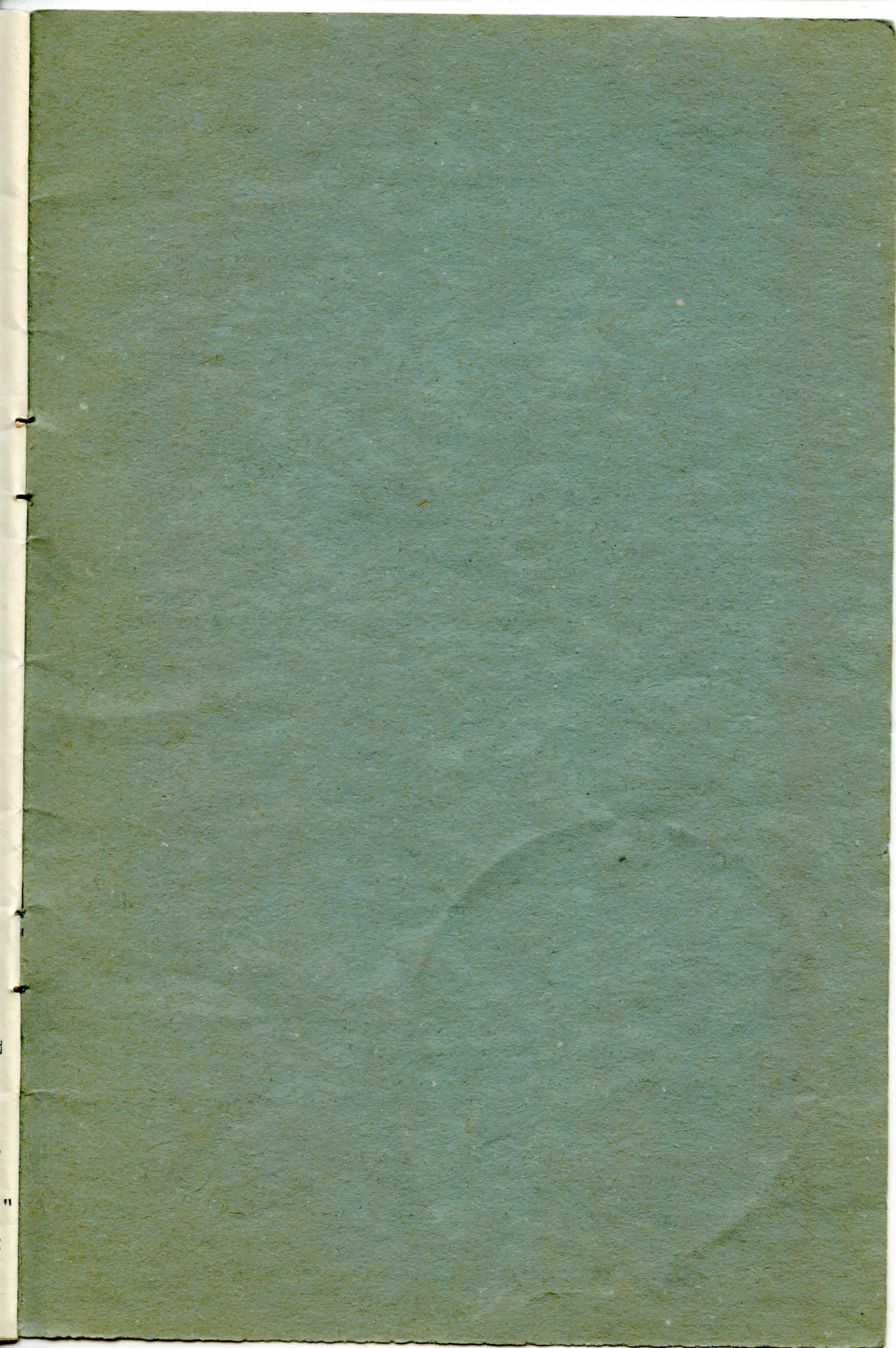
Later that same evening, whilst idling on the sidewalk, Edwin Clood was brushed aside by a heavily made-up peroxide blonde, pushing a pram which exuded the odour of Heinz "Fish & Macaroni". Undaunted, Clood approached the pram. Looking inside, he realised that this was what he had been looking for.

He began to undress. Mrs Groggins began screaming hysterically.

"Fear not, madame, all is well, for I am none other than..."- he tore off the last remnants of clothing...

"..... SUPERNUDE!!!!*!!!!*!!!!*!!!!!!!"

Will SUPERNUDE be left holding the baby while Aardvark Man destroys the world? Don't miss the next episode!



Published by BLACK LION ENTERPRISES

Printed by Farleys (Fareham) Ltd.

179b & c West Street, Fareham, Hants.

Edited by Robert Seath: Contrib.

& Alan Hill: Print. & Pub.

Acknowledgements to John Scott,

Steve Cawte & Roger Ford.

September 1971.