



BLACK LION No 12

December 1972.

BLACK LION NO. 12.

Editorial.

In the twelfth 'Black Lion' this Christmas my true love gave to me, an issue with a difference, being generally larger and including some material of unusual length. This has arisen largely from the success of Black Lion No. 11 which SOLD OUT IN JUST SIX MINUTES, or two hours thirty six minutes if one includes the forty sold at the F.G.G.S.

No. 11 oozed onto the scene, No. 12, in contrast, has been emitted with a great rush - indicative of the wave of enthusiasm that followed the last issue. The only valid complaints we received were that Black Lion No. 11 was too scant and too scarce. These faults we hope to have remedied in this current publication which has virtually doubled in both size and number. Our task has been to compile rather than edit material. Consequent upon this the editors have seen fit to publish some longer poems and pieces of prose. Do not be put off reading these simply because they are a little longer.

Finally we draw to your attention the fact that despite this growth in the magazine it remains at the absurdly low price of 3p. 'But', you demand, 'there is a freeze on'. Quite so, but a Black Lion in winter is no less a delight to read and is surely a Christmas gift at the price.

Mich Binns, Pete Russell, Kevan Bundell.

### SANCTUARY

As I sit, I think, and as I think, I ponder, on  
how life can be changed by emotion. A feeling inner,  
yet outer, that is invisible, yet can be seen, by one.  
And, if I sit long enough, my thoughts turn to home.  
For at sea what is there but an horizon, and over that  
horizon yet another, and eventually, over hundreds of  
horizons, lies home. The sanctuary of love.

G. Pigney.

### A SONG FOR JANE

Watch the clouds go sailing,  
Past the windows of your eyes,  
Feel the morning rising,  
another warm surprise.

Watch the season changing,  
the brown leaves in the air,  
the raindrops of a dying year,  
are crystals in your hair.

You're walking down a lonely street,  
Depressions from the day,  
The wind comes whispering over head,  
and blows them all away.

And you poke your head up through the clouds,  
to see the light of day,  
And soon you're in our cornfields,  
a dancing far away, far away.

Sometimes the city smog comes swirling in your dreams,  
Sometimes the morning sun seems lost beyond a screen,  
Sometimes the one you love will seem so far away,  
you just can't show your love,  
there are 'nt so many ways.

He's probably sitting thinking just like you and I,  
of ways to love and ways to say, and how to see  
the sky.

So, Watch the clouds go sailing etc.

Nick Kahn.

### TRANSCENDENTAL OBLIVION

Swirling haze of mist, contorted figures  
Dancing on clouds, hideous faces appear  
To me from all sides, inside.  
I look to where my body was, but  
There is only an ectoplasmic form  
Constantly changing, a beautiful woman.....  
An old hag, twisted and wrinkled.  
Hands grope in the mist, trying to touch me,  
But they cannot feel. Hands inside my mind  
Reach out to them, but there is no feeling, no touch.  
Jigsaw pieces float through my body,  
Each leaving its mark in a different shade .....  
The slow, easy movements of lovers from all ages  
Swirls the mist around me, but I am an undiscovered island,  
Orange orgasms burst, forcing the mist back  
But only for a second, for I cannot feel.....  
The hate of all time tears inside my skull,  
Deforming, dementing.....  
Then sorrow, like the rain, softens the mist,  
All is seen, nothing felt.  
Darkness drops, peace?  
But a red sound fills the pall cloth,  
Screams resound in my skull, bouncing  
Off the edges of my mind, echoing, never  
Ceasing.....

By J.A.H.

### SING ME A SONG

Sing me an old song,  
One with a good tune,  
And I'll tell of the man,  
That left me at noon.

Sing me a sad song,  
Of love's long past,  
And I'll tell of the love,  
I thought that would last.

Sing me a love song,  
Which bloomed like a flower,  
And I'll tell of the doubt,  
Which grew by the hour.

Sing me an old song,  
One without word,  
And I'll tell of the love,  
Which died never heard.

Maggie Daniels.

### IN GARDENS WALK THEY STILL

In Gardens walk they still,  
The lonely and the Lost,  
Whose Love was let unto the world,  
Whose kiss the bitter cost.

And as they pass upon a bridge,  
He stares into the stream,  
Where many faces fell and lost  
Their love inside a dream.

Mich Binns.

## THE FACE AT THE WINDOW

Once upon a time, not nearly as long ago as you imagine, there was a Prince. As Princes go, he was a kind and considerate one. After all, Daddy was the autocrat of the family. But, like all famous Czechoslovak autocrats, Daddy died.

Two months passed and nobody noticed a change come over the new King. The whole court looked forward to a long reign of enlightenment under their Good King Stanislas.

Like any other year, along came Christmas, bringing with it twelve days of festivity. It was on the second day - the Feast of Saint Stephen - that the fateful event occurred.

Stanislas (according to legend) was looking out of the window onto his private garden where grew his renowned cabbages. And as he lay on his couch, looking out in pensive mood upon his immediate domain, he chanced to see a poor peasant searching among the deep snow for a few branches to light his fire. In the dark, boundless sky the silver moon shone down and illuminated the pathetic scene. Stanislas knew that although the moon shone so brightly, there was a bitter frost. So he called over a servant and pointed to the small figure groping in the snow with a faggot over his shoulder.

"Go. Fetch me that man," demanded the King.

"Yes, Sire," answered the servant obediently (he knew on which side his bread was buttered).

The King watched from the window. A few moments later he saw the servant run across the snow and talk briefly to the man, who looked towards the Castle. The King, forgetting his position for a moment, waved. The man walked up to the window and looked in. The King beckoned to the man. The man, however, spat on the casement and walked calmly away. The obedient servant tried to stop him, but the man just snapped his faggot band, selected a stick, and tapped the courtier firmly on the head with it.

Seeing all this, Stanislas jumped up and ran outside. Waiting only momentarily for his servant to recover his wits, Stanislas ran after the insolent man. His faithful servant ran behind, cursing the peasantry under his breath.

For hours they followed the man's tracks, past the famous fountain, until near a cave the King decided he could walk no further. He uttered as much to the servant, unfortunately rather loudly, for in that very cave lived the much sought-after man. The man made the fatal mistake of showing himself to find out what all the noise was about, for the King seized his chance and ran a dagger through the poor peasant. But the King had walked far that night and, collapsing into the crisp snow, he died.

Slowly the servant walked home. Obedient and faithful he may have been, cunning he certainly was. For as soon as he arrived at the Palace he made for the dead King's sister, alone in her room. He told her what had chanced to happen, and tried to make a bargain with her. This was that he would concoct a story which would make Stanislas seem a her, instead of the villain that he undoubtedly was. In return he asked to be made Chancellor. Princess Margherita had a much better idea. Calling her guards, she claimed that the servant had deliberately killed Stanislas while they were searching for a poor man whom the King had wished to console.

The "wicked" servant was duly dealt with, and Margherita became Queen. Now Good Queen Margherita sits on the same couch as her hapless brother and looks out on her garden. In the cave, a new family tries to keep warm. Outside, a sickle has grown from the poor man's remains. Over the King's rotting body, there has miraculously grown a hammer.

J. Death.

I held a tiny hand last night,  
A hand so smooth and neat,  
I thought my heart would burst with joy,  
So wildly it did beat.  
No other hand unto my heart could  
Greater solace bring,  
Than the hand I held last night -  
Four aces and a king.

"No!" said the centipede, crossing her legs,  
"a hundred times no!"

A.M. Burns commenting on "Black Lion" No. 12  
"We want to get a big one out at Christmas".

P. Whitby: "Today we argue on trivialities such as free school milk. Frankly, I find this hard to swallow".

## A DAY IN THE LIFE OF THE G.O.O.F.S.

For me, Fred Cole, May 28th was supposed to be a normal working day like any other. I was head of the Group Offices for Other Foreign Services (G.O.O.F.S.), for short) of the British Anti-Smuggling League, and expected to do no more than keep track of Amsterdam's drug pushers.

I arose from my bed at 7.30 a.m. and, half asleep though I was, washed, dressed and shaved. By 8.15 a.m. I had halted the main flow of blood from my chin and, now quite sure I was, awake, I ventured out of my basement flat, and strolled down the Avenue de la Vie to a small 'patisserie' where I ate my fill before going on and arriving at my office at 9.30 a.m.

It was at that period that my whole day altered. I knew immediately that something was wrong - everyone in my office was working. "Morning", I said in doubtful cheeriness. Immediately sixteen blazing eyes shot vehemence and I hurried into the small room, that acted as my personal office, without more ado.

Awaiting me in there was Bob Lewis, my ice-cold assistant. Nothing could change him, he was totally callous, always informal and straight to the point; but with all that he was reliable and indispensable. "This came through from our man in Ankara," he said, thrusting a sheet of paper under my nose. "Do you know what it means or whom it's for?" Written on the paper was: "May Crowther River 8002022".

It meant nothing to me, but it was my job to make sure that it also meant nothing to anyone else. "Did Ankara say where he got this?" I asked.

"The stupid fool was trailing a pusher through the street, and when he finally got the cops to arrest someone, he found he had picked up the wrong bloke. It just happened that he was carrying some drugs plus that message," replied Bob cynically.

"Have you asked the 'Deaf Man' what it means yet?" I inquired.

The "Deaf Man" was the nick-name given to the decoding machine, so-called because it never uttered a word as reprisal to Bob's constant outburst of oaths and curses. I knew the answer almost before I asked the question, and I also realised that Bob would resent being asked about such an obvious course of action.

"Of course", he stated, with an air of bored superiority, "the damned metal contraption could only blab 'No recurring pattern' or 'Insufficient evidence' . A three year old kid could do better ....."

"Or a twenty-seven year old woman?" asked a cheerful voice behind us.

I swung round and found myslef facing Christine Murphy, my personal secretary, and one of our best, not to mention prettiest, undercover agents.

"We're trying to solve this," I replied - tactfully leavinn her question unanswered - handing her the sheet of paper.

"Oh goodo!" she said happily, "I'm quite good at anagrams and the like .....Hm....." She muttered incoherently to herself for awhile, and then - "Ah! Take away the first and last letters and numbers, then turn the numbers round and you get 'Row the river CR 28th May 0200 hrs.' !"

"How?" Bob and I cried in unison.

"Well," laughed Christine mockingly, "you could put it down to one of either sheer brilliance, woman's intuition, or the fact that Big Brother Interpol had half of Amsterdam's Police Force out arresting everybody within a stone's throw of the Constance Riedler - note the CR - warehouse, and also the crew of the barge 'Cornelius Rose' - also CR. Take your pick," she concluded triumphantly.

"You should have told me," I scolded, in a hurt tone.

"I couldn't," she countered skilfully, "I didn't find out until half-eleven last night, and by the time I could have got to your flat, it would have been half-twelve - and what would the neighbours have thought?"

That last remark hurt most, and I had to take it with an extra large pinch of salt to recover my composure. Even so, it was only with a meek nod that I consented to her having the day off to make up the 'lost sleep'.

M.A.T. SMITH.

### Blue Lobelia

The cold and glowing crown of blue lobelia  
Lay still amid the petals closely set;  
As fading fell the flower of Ophelia,  
So radiant rose the bloom of Juliet.

Mick Binns.

P.A. Russell: "We would like to apologise to those who came in late that this debate started on time".

## DIRTY POSTCARD

The Drovers  
They came in two by two,  
Packed in polythene-wrapped saloons;  
From Stoke to Margate stretched the queue.  
On Canaan's side the ashen Jew.  
O, Bingo in the highest!  
Tarmacadam bubbles bursting,  
Rolled up sleeves and flustered faces;  
Knitting needle fingers twitching,  
Radio One and twisted braces.

The Car Park was full but they were brought  
Unto a vacant lot.

"Grab a sandwich, hit the beach!  
Buttocks Carribean peach?"  
"Oil in Y'Navel  
Floating in m'beer,  
Up Y'leg and ont'y'toe,  
Bu'where d'we go from 'ere?"  
"Erected deckchair on the sand,  
Wobbled, toppled, Crashed me 'and.  
Luv Eth."

Tip-toeing over pebbles,  
Turn-ups to their knees,  
Julian toddles off to play  
And piddles in the sea.

Corner-knotted handkerchief Upon a silken head,  
Four corners of the world I see unravel from the stress.  
"I did not make the seven seas or light the sky, "He said,  
"For sand to fill the hearts of men with offpeak happiness."

Mich Binns.

## POTTY POETRY

When I was a lad and terri-bily small  
I wrote opus after opus on the toilet wall  
With all-Bran regularity my verses would appear  
In spite of all the whitewash they expended every year.  
I started in a smallish way with just a verse or two  
(Not to use up too much wall-space in our tiny household loo)  
But now I'm getting older and I'm up into my teens  
I can manage thirty verses (and on just one can of beans)  
I thought the wall sufficient for the verses I would do  
Then I started on an epic poem based on World War Two  
Which I wrote on the door 'til there wasn't any more  
So with effort and contortion I continued on the floor.  
Unlike myself, Mum and Dad did not approve  
So they figured out a sneaky and a mean parental move  
They bought a yard of carpet (sparing no expense at all!)  
And now my shining verse is covered up from wall-to-wall.  
(Chorus) Vive graffiti ! I hope they'll rue the day  
- I can't write a bloomin' thing on BMK.

### THE GHOSTS I KNOW

The ghosts I know are really fun,  
Even though they frighten one;  
They clank and creak about a room,  
Wheezing slightly in the gloom.  
Their hideous laughter shakes my bones,  
They sob away in desperate tones,

I laugh.

One I know spends all his days,  
Opening doors in passageways,  
Another has a tidy mind,  
So padding softly up behind  
He closes them.

I laugh.

Chill breath of those aeons dead,  
Cool my hot and fevered head,  
Or then again if cold winds blow,  
One of them will quickly go  
Through the castle, swim the moat,  
Returning with an overcoat.  
One skeleton is awfully thin,  
His face is one perpetual grin,  
All night long he lies awake,  
Groaning till the dawn doth break.  
Insomnia? Indigestion? Who knows?  
We play at cards to pass the night,  
If they don't win they get uptight,  
So when they lose, they cheat and shout,  
Or even blow the candle out.  
My mind is blown out.

I will laugh no more.

Pete Hancock.

### A POEM ??

#### BEGINNING OF TERM

The alarm wakes you promptly at quarter to eight  
You look at your watch which reads five to nine - late!  
You let out a curse, and then leap out of bed  
(A good time last night means a pain in the head)  
You stagger to school, with sleep in your eyes;  
You see nobody there and then realise:  
It's a quarter past nine, (you start cursing again)  
But it's FIRST DAY OF TERM and the school starts at ten!

#### MID-TERM

Your heart is just beating you're barely alive  
The maths master drones like a bee in a hive  
Your mind has gone numb now, your energy's gone  
Two two's are five?! well I'm sure that that's wrong  
The bell rings for break, you walk down to the yard  
And into the form room, get beaten at cards  
At five in the evening, with eyelids like lead  
You finish your homework and stagger to bed.

#### END OF TERM

(Nobody with any sense goes to school on the last day.) M.  
of term, anyway) M.

Imagine yourself a chrysalis. Some chrysalis are never freed; they hang on their cabbage leaves because it is comfortable there and they are afraid of what may be outside their cases.

They remain there until they drop off and rot.

If the being inside stops restraining himself, however, he expands and splits his case. The instant that the ethereal airs touch his body it is transformed into a wonderful creature who flits among the flowers in the paradisaical garden. Often it alights upon a bloom and tends it; and this is the purpose for which it exists. The angelic being is constantly refreshed in his purpose because his God is in him, in the flowers he tends and in the air which he sucks from the garden's breezes.....

L. Brown.

#### THE ANTHEM OF THE BUTTERFLY

See how lightly bright  
She flies in grace  
For my delight.

Paul A. Gateshill.

#### THE SPIDER

Sun-soaked garden in the fall of the evening  
Wrought thread of the Spider's web spanning.  
Silently in the corner of his handiwork webbing  
Lingers the Spider.

Into the trap flies the long-legs blundering  
Shaking the twine with fine wings shuddering  
Spurning the Spider.

Tightly the tiny body gripped by the killer  
Shaken the fine-twine by the wings' whirring  
Shattered the peace of the still summer evening  
Spiderly poisoning.

A.R. Johnson.

#### FRATTON YARD

The click of the wheels on the long steel track,  
And the whistle of the diesel,  
Both take me back.  
To when I stood looking at the engine's facades,  
When my dad used to take me to Fratton Yard,  
And let me be dwarfed by the giant machines,  
That every boy thinks he can drive,  
When he dreams,  
Of standing on the footplate high as can be,  
A privilege my dad saved only for me.  
But now with the era of the engine gone,  
And the passing away of steam,  
Only my dad, the driver, and myself really know,  
What the memories of Fratton Yard mean.

## AUTUMN STONE

### Corina's Theme

And we grew as young branches upon young trees,  
From winter's cold memory, we stirred.  
You were but a tree amidst the darkened forest,  
But I thought you my dream.  
When in starry realms I strayed; I did not go far,  
For when in darkness, all trees are tree-like,  
Voices are a voice, faces are but one,  
And hearts are stolen in starlight.  
Beauty is the day of your being,  
You are the face framed in sky.  
Memories of added delight, I'll bring to you,  
The sons of earth, I pray,  
Will bring you blessings of this year.

### A crown of flowers

We are the hands of summer,  
We caress the air upon the trees, crowned with tiny flowers  
Your tears are truly beautiful,  
Your tears are truly true,  
They will be the falling leaves,  
Falling, your face to stone to hew.  
Crowned you are in sadness,  
Laurel leaves echo the sentiments of a thousand voices.  
You wear pure cherry blossom,  
At your heart, a stone of autumn.  
A song of sorrow wells within the eyes of the forest.

### Prelude

We grew as leafy tears in your ashen face,  
A face of stone, as hands of once-loving  
Your aged memories efface.

### The Wreath

She, is going to the ball tomorrow,  
Her petals clothed in dew soaked white lace,  
To hide the sorrow,  
Showing in her face.  
She, her flowered lace dancing on the breath,  
Love's white angel Venus princess,  
A wreath before death,  
It is you we bless.  
She, closed her eyes and laid alone to die,  
Her final crown a wilting leaf,  
We the mourners cry,  
The slow tears of grief.

Dave Natt.

## THE FACE AT THE WINDOW

There he walked amidst Napoleon, Caesar, Zeus and God. Yet they were all Gods in their own right, every one of them. He walked through the dimly lit corridor lined with faces, they were all one face. He knew them well; they all had minds that had ceased to be inquisitive many years ago. His feet wandered idly across the stone floor and his thoughts wandered idly through his head. Like the wind, he supposed; that was freedom. "A house with no doors," he said aloud. At least, no doors that opened out into the mystery that many morning mists and many years had striven to conceal from him. He had been out into the yard before and breathed the damp air; even that was free, it roamed on the wind. He was allowed outside every morning and evening, he remembered. He like the evening. "Last night," he said "....." Nobody was listening. Anyway how could they understand. He thought of the sun, sinking in a confusion of indigo and crimson?" I believe," he proclaimed "that the sun has sacerdotal powers." He knew what that meant, but doubted very much if the others did, even if they had been listening. He went into his room.

He preferred to call it his room; it made it more homely. One of his 'friends', mysteriously called a warden, entered. The three birds chattered noisily in the corner. "Welcome, and enjoy the sparse comforts that are in my power to offer you!" he exclaimed. The Warden hesitated for a second and then posed the inevitable question, "Who are you today?"

"I am who I am! And who are you?"

The Warden shuffled uneasily before adding, "Yesterday ....."

"Yesterday is past and today is the father of tomorrow."

The Warden couldn't understand, he didn't know why and left in a troubled state.

The three birds were silent in their cage. He approached them and spoke to them softly, saying, "You are my thoughts, for after all, the body is but a cage." He sat down in the corner and scratched at the stone indifferently with his shoe. He was worried about his 'friend' the Warden. For one with the freedom of the world he had little understanding. "No words, no images conveyed any meaning to him," he thought. "Pas de mots, pas d'images," he added. Now where had he learnt that? He stroked his silver beard and came to a decision, but that could wait until the sun was setting.

Many hours passed. Nobody understood, perhaps him least of all. "The stars will welcome my thoughts," he thought. He pushed his arms through the bars and fumbled with the catch, the window opened. The breeze blew into his face. He opened another door, just slightly. "The cage within the cage within the cage is open," his voice said.

He walked to the window, "Let the world know my darkest secrets", he whispered in words unsaid.

The face at the window looked out and saw the three birds flying into the darkening sky. It smiled. The room was strangely silent.

David Natt.

Polygon - dead parrot

Detest - M.C.C. v West Indies

Hamlet - probably a little bit of bacon

A POEM FOR YOU (MY GARDEN) NO. 1

MY GARDEN

IS JUST

ONE BIG

SWAMP

R.B.

A REPLY TO P.J.L.

P.S. THIS POEM HAS A LOT OF DEPTH.

ADORATION

I placed a crown upon your velvet head  
And the Gem  
It was so lovingly enchanted by your brow  
That I did not dare to speak  
Nor breath the stillness  
With my song.

Paul A. Gateshill.

## INTERLUDE

By midday they had reached the top of the hill, Juliet stood, her hair and arms glowing from the sunlight which froze her for an instant, like a bee in amber. Around her feet grew a delicate swaying sea of buttercups. The wind floated over the flowers and she stood, the lone island in an ocean of jasmine.

In the depths of the valley a wood pigeon cooed. Juliet turned to Robbie, her brother, three years her junior and small and frail.

"Come along, Robbie, the least you can do is try to be pleasant".

He said nothing, but continued to look onward into the glade. Nothing was said for another ten minutes whilst Juliet busied herself by collecting the buttercups and plaiting them into a garland, as frail as the bond between herself and her brother.

"You know the sacrifice I'm making, don't you?" said Juliet presently.

"Yes. Look at the sky."

"The least you can do is try to be pleasant".

"My dear sister, it appears that we always try, as you said, that is the least we can do".

For one moment Robbie's leaflike form seemed to resist the pressure of an unseen wind before he ran to a nearby hollow. Juliet ran after him, her feet naked.

Robbie was still, a tree stripped bare with his beauty at his feet. Behind him the sky had turned from perse to almost an electric blue. Juliet approached him softly, her hands held out before her as if to receive his blessing.

The view from the top of the hill was cold, as cold as the fingers of deep green trees would allow. To the right of the forest in the valley was a thin stream, spilling through on its course, as the fish in its belly were. A shaft of sunlight, crisp and clear, pierced the dense gloom which bore down like sea-mist on the crest of the hill. The horizon appeared as anaemic against this one beam, an angel escaped.

Following the path of the skyline, traced in the distance was a faint orb from which the beam of light emanated. The fire was attended by nebulous maidens clad in fine white garments. The monad left as these maidens passed from sight, the shaft was drowned by its mother, or rather it mingled with its own source. She burned the fields, and the hill shed its skin in sacrifice to be filled with flame. The nuance was dead.

Andy Votes.

## BEWARE THE JABBERWOCK

Look between the stars tonight,  
In the blackness behind the sun.  
In the cold, heartless world outside.  
You're warm in your house, you're safe.  
No dark hands grabbing at your soul.  
For me behind every star is a face, a hand, Reaching

Out to take my mind away.  
And every sound is a voice,  
Telling me, you're not wanted!  
You're a fool!  
Shouting like a choir, at me,  
Can't you hear them?

No of course you can't, you're safe.  
Safe in your house.  
But think of me, when you see me smile.  
And if you can, take my hand,  
Just to show you care.  
For I can never show my fear  
Of losing, leaving all I know,  
All I care for.  
And if you're still awake now,  
Watch the blood red sunrise  
Flood the sky and land,  
Like a mighty river.

Look behind the clouds,  
See it?  
The sun playing tricks, or more?  
For they want to take my mind my friend!  
And I can't stop them.

Anne Caborn.

## 2 of "Us" Unlike the Rest

In a world of their own,  
Expressing their feelings,  
Ignoring who or what was the rest.

Laughing, kissing, joking, singing,  
Happy together,  
But forgetting the rest.

No one loves them,  
Except each other,  
So who needs the onlooking rest.

Making love to each other,  
In public, it doesn't matter,  
So why bother about the rest.

But who is alike,  
Everyone is different.  
Including these two girls who have left the nest.

F.G.G.S. anon.

A NEUTRAL REPLY TO THE EXTREMIST PROPAGANDA  
OF THE OLD PRICEANS' CAPTAIN

Having read the match report for the first eleven's game against the Old Priceans' (as written by the O.P.'s Captain) I felt it my bounden duty to put forward the real case and erase any slur that may have been made on the first eleven's good name.

The first point which must be raised in defence of the 1st XI concerns the initial tossing of the coin. The 1st XI's captain strongly denies that the coin was double-headed and, even if it was, the call was with the O.P.'s captain. Moreover it should be mentioned that after the toss neither the referee nor the 1st XI captain set eyes on the coin again.

The tactics employed by the 1st XI were wholly innocent of the nasty accusations made by the O.P.'s. Indeed it was the aim of the school team to play clean, skillful, football. Unfortunately this noble sentiment was thwarted by a number of "brutal" tackles by the O.P.'s defence; had the refereeing not been up to standard then a body-count of Price's players would have shortly been necessary.

Furthermore the "banter, laughing and joking" referred to in the report could, I feel, only have resulted, not from the innate spirit of the O.P.'s, but probably from a crate of embrocation which was smuggled into their changing room before the match. Either the crate did not contain embrocation or the "For external use only" label was ignored.

Half of the goals in the match were scrappy, poorly planned and unconvincing. The two 1st XI goals, however, came as a result of selfless hard running and sheer skill on the forwards' part.

Admittedly the 1st XI were by far out-classed in some respects but then they have never held any pretensions to being good doggers and hackers. The O.P.'s' lack of true footballing skill was emphasised when Alex "Volleyball" Allen punched the ball into the back of the 1st XI's net and then tried to pass it as a legitimate goal. The referee, obviously in the pay of the O.P.'s at first wanted to award the goal, but when the crowd turned quite ugly at this he (quite rightly) decided to award the defending side a free-kick. He later declared that he was unsighted at the crucial moment (but wouldn't say when that moment was).

On the basis of this report, and on the lack of verisimilitude in the totally biased report of the opposing captain, it can be seen that the 1st XI (as they have done in every match since) completely outclassed their opponents - allowing them to take part in the game for only short spells.

The 1st XI's superiority was obvious right from the kickabout, only the score (incongruous as it is) makes this apparent only to spectators of the match as, indeed, many members of the O.P.'s were.

Alone  
Comforting the dark  
Waiting for the day glow  
Sitting, silently  
While my thoughts  
Drift in lifes  
Tranquil past  
Voices  
Calling  
Crying  
Tormet my tortured  
Mind  
Believe, they plead  
Believe.  
And from  
Life's mist of ages  
Appears a hill  
On the hill an  
Ancient warrior  
Standing majestically  
His sword  
Raised  
Piercing the  
Canopy of ever darkening  
sky.  
His armour  
Glinting  
Giving light to the world  
The giver and  
taker of life  
and as he  
disappears into the mist  
I turn  
And cry aloud  
I believe, I believe.

Andy King.

## PILGRIM IN THE LAND OF GOD

Awakening from the dreams of light sleep I lay awhile, realising the hour, letting my consciousness adjust to reality. Time was young, I refreshed with the air of early morning, ahead lay the bright prospect of day.

As the sun began to rise above the dark line of distant hills I left my shelter and strode purposefully on toward the sun. The world was new to me, I felt able to start afresh my life. The breeze bore to me the fresh salt air off the sea, filling my lungs, as I drew deep breath, with the essence of life.

Seeking to be accepted by the world I walked through, I humbled to the life around me, seeing it as something more wonderful than my own existence. I halted and stooped to see the sunlit dew upon the dangling fine lace of gossamer, amidst the intricacy of pattern sat its maker. The tiny spider stood out against the red earth background, clear to see but for her size. The grasses wore their own web around the silvery cords of spider's web, holding together the written threads of the day. Here this spider, so little and helpless before me, knew not of man as some of her bretheren did, she had life without his open influence.

I lefther, to venture on, making for the sea which ahead stretched on seemingly endless. Coming to the crest of the hill I looked down along the meandering tract of the valley, leading seaward. The contrast between the dark, tree covered hillside slopes and the bright green grasses of the valley path provided the beholder with the most beautiful of views.

It took me another happy hour to reach the sea. Scrambling down the steep cliff path, tumbling with the stones I loosened, I at last came to a halt upon the beach. The waves rolled gently onto the sand.

Here I had reached the waters of life, a step in the divine plan of evolution, a tide in the story of life.

I looked out onto the waters and saw the splashing light upon the sea. Far beyond the expanse of sea lay my image in a distant land. At my feet the ripples lapped, beckoning me to enter into their game. A wave fell and sent a pluse of water rushing toward me, I jumped aside, replying with laughter to the sea's request.

I ran, unhindered, unconscious of any but myself, leaping over black rocks, racing upon hot white sand, and I felt as if I flew, so free was I from myself. Upon the clifftop I caught sight of a solitary figure, looking down to me. I called with joy, my words echoing back to me. I picked up a handful of fine sand and ran it drifting through my fingers, seeing it blow into the light air.

In that instant the figure had vanished, and I saw only the brightness of the sun against which it had been silhouetted.

Overflowing with life I felt ready to burst and spread my joy unto the ends of the tired world, but there was no other to share my joy with, no-one but God. I lay down upon the sand, and fell asleep. God was my dream and my reality.

The sun blazed down, and I left my sandy bed to enter the cool sea, to soak up the life within the waters. I sensed the touch of the sea's cold fingers upon my face, she held me close, and her blood flowed through me.

Distant the gull cried, and I slowly withdrew from the arms of the sea. Reluctant I climbed the cliff path, led by his hand, knowing that He led my way in love. Now I was content, together we had lived the day as One, God and I.

L. Bundell.

#### SEXTON

Soft, palpable, red earth,  
Like sodden brain beneath the spade:  
Some pale gravedigger's made  
Green memory know rebirth.

Alan Hill.

"Are you filing your nails?" "No,  
I just throw them away after they're cut".

Definition:

100 - a fear of Germans.

S.G. Collyer: "Last year's 1st XI stood on the brink of our abyss. But since then we have taken a decisive step forward."

## FAREHAM TODAY

by

R.W. Goddard

None but the brave could describe Fareham as a showpiece of urban development. Indeed, some would regard it as a mere appendage of either Portsmouth or Southampton, or rather the link between the two - a vast sprawl of housing estates with no individual character - a huge dormitory growing yearly and thereby squeezing out more and more what remnants of industry and agriculture there are. Where now are the brick kilns, the tanneries, the flour mills? All gone, and in their place another featureless drive. Where is the thriving part of old - not quite gone admittedly, but now only a very few valiant hulks haul their way through the slime of the creek (which we shall euphemistically describe as mud, although those who have been downwind of it on a hot day could no doubt think of other names).

And what of the heart of Fareham - Already the market seems doomed and with their usual concern for logic, the powers that be, now see fit to erect huge multi-storey car parks on the site of former lots so as to force the car users to pay to park in order to recoup the losses no doubt entailed in building these imposing edifices. If all is a maze of mud and girders immediately north of West Street, one has only to look away to the south-west to find more chaos, where a new highway is carving its way through some comparatively new houses in Western Road.

It is likely that some would prefer to forget the fiasco of the local sewage disposal problem. One could be excused for thinking that when a ban on building was imposed, it would have some effect, but this seems far from the truth, for apparently certain contractors, with little resistance from the authorities, are hellbent on infilling what few tawdry remains of surrounding farms still exist until the final glorious end product of a totally built-up Fareham Urban District is achieved. What these valiant public servants will then occupy their idle hours with (if it is not counting their fortunes) is left to one's imagination, which fairly boggles at the prospect.

The solution to the sewage problem should I suppose have been obvious. Build a new sewage farm and then replace it a few years later with an even larger, more expensive plant, as part of a regional scheme.

Naturally, Fareham has much to offer in terms of sporting facilities - there is, for example, the magnificent Cams Alders Sports Centre - years in the making, and to show for it a half-built pavilion and a few football pitches - nothing of the fabled swimming pool. The most recent news of it is that the money proposed to be spent on this is instead to be used to returf that focus of spartan activity, the bowling green (The editor is considering offering a substantial cash prize for anyone who can guess correctly where this is situated.).

That then is Fareham as it is now - the town that lost its way. A brief mention can perhaps be made of the Fareham yet to come. What better to turn to than a guidebook for 1999 ? -

"Fareham is usually seen from the air by tourists roaring overhead on the South Coast Surge-way, which uses what used to be Portsdown Hill as a ramp, before leaping off in a magnificent arch towards Southampton. Towering above the smog below are imposing spiral-pattern multi-storey car parks, to which slip-roads descend in pleasant curves. Beneath the smog are the domains of quaintly gullible natives who pursue a number of enchanting customs, notably wearing attractively patterned gags when venturing out. They are mostly employed at the nearby Hampshire Wastes Disposal Plant, and their principal aim in life is to save up enough money to gain entrance to one of the car parks. Perhaps of the most notable features of the town is its dynamic new policy of erecting landscaped slag heaps to add an eerie touch to the nearby creek when bathed in moonlight shining through occasional gaps in the smog."

Yes - it is rather unfair isn't it? But as the old adage says - you've got to be cruel to be kind. What Fareham needs is forenigh, thought and purpose. Inter-part y bickering will not get anyone anywhere, and Whitehall chicanery should not be allowed to play any part in what few remaining efforts are to be made to save the face of a near faceless town.

What's round, got teeth and bites?  
A vicious circle.

Doctor, Doctor, have you got anything for wind?  
Here's a kite.

What do you call a pig that's lost his voice?  
Disgruntled.

A.M. Binns: "Price's School was built on a hill so that its pupils might develop diplomatic stoops".

Pink bodies under a steaming shower, proud of bruises, cuts  
and scratches,  
Cleaned of wayward blood and mud; revealed, a fleshy  
tenderness.

A picture of Brigitte shows her firmly rounded shoulders,  
with light, fair hair, in carefully cultivated wisps,  
drifting down,

A body to excite! Slender legs, slightly bronzed, a  
soft covering of silver.

Delicate skin with blood to flow, to sense, a light touch?  
a close breath?

These you all have seen

Skin which moves in gentle curves, supported by firm red fibres.

Fingers which grasp and feel freely with no need of grace.

Mouths which speak and kiss so gently.

Legs which move (Obey!)

Eyes which see.

But who has seen the old man? The old dying man?

Who knows the pain he feels and suffers silently?

His body is grey, his skin a dirty handkerchief upon which  
the ages of his time have coughed and sneezed. He lies in  
bed,

Behind the door all day, filling the room with the presence  
of his conspiracy with death.

Drugged and drowsy, too weak to move, too bored to think,  
too old to live.

"Oh chintzy chintzy cheeriness," half dead but not alive.

And looking at that door, looking at that poorly covered skull

He has no padding with which to smooth his rotting frame.

You will be afraid. For behind it lies a man who will:

Turn your strength to water.

Shrivel your firm breasts to sagging sacks.

Gouge lines deep deep into your rosy cheeks.

Break your back and not your joints.

So you can turn your eyes to heaven and cry

"Oh Lord, why hast thou forsaken me?"

Paul Whitby.

#### POSTHUMOUS ADMIRATION

Now the bony finger

Has wept its flesh to the worms,

I am admired.

But when my flesh

Clinged with life to life

I went unnoticed

In a freeze of trees

Unstapled to a capricious breeze --

Unlike you --

But though my senses have remained unchanged

Your eyes,

Shewing in different light,

Flatter the lifting of my tomb.

R. Kenway.

## THE DARTMOOR ROCK FESTIVAL

The recent rock revival has reached its peak in the new release, through "Fissures Inc." of "the Dolomite Rock", written and recorded by Molten John. This is his sequel to "Pheno-Crist Superscar" - the hit rock musical. "The Dolomite Rock" is just one of several songs staged at the Dartmoor Festival, along with "Schisting the Night Away", "Muddy Old Flow", and "Those were the Clays". Apart from Molten John, the Festival will also feature Gary Clitter, the Rolling Keystones, Jethro Till (with Ringo Scar on the drumlins), Greta Gabbro, Screaming Lord Sludge; The Greiss, The Tor Tops; Chalkwind, Dyke and Sina Turner; Erosion, Lake & Polder; Rocksy Music, T. Rocks, and Mica Jackson - in fact a Karst of hundreds. Here is just one of the numbers -

"If I had a hammer" -

If I had a hammer,  
I'd hammer out a phenocrist  
I'd hammer out some mica Schist  
All over Dartmoor.  
I'd hammer out dolomite,  
I'd hammer out trilabite,  
With my geological hammer,  
All over Dartmoor.

Chorus. Scree-ee. Scree-ee. Fault & Fold.



## MY SWEAT AND I .....

"When the fould fiend hath led through fire and through flame, through ford and whirlpool, o'er bog and quagmire .... Bless thy five wits, Tom's a-cold. O,do,de,do,de,do,de." - Shakespeare (King Lear")

From my pinnacle position as an Editor, I noticed the need for a more serious article in this issue of "Black Lion" than had already been presented, and what more serious subject to write upon than the fabric of society itself - my underwear? To what greater heights could one perspire than my sweat? Thus I have taken the opportunity, with the most serious intent, of answering, once and for all, the criticisms that have been levelled at my underwear and perspiration over the years. To name but a phew: the remarks passed on oil slicks in the swimming pool with veiled reference to my hair; Mr. M. Burden's similarly referred comments on American Lard, ~~muscle~~ and mucus, and more recently Mr. Whitby P's, not to mention his dubbing of myself as Mr. "Sweaty Vests" Binns, as included in the Debating Society Minutes.

The fact is, I admit, that I may be prone to the odd emission of salt water, which, coupled with a strong wind on a summer's day can give rise to some displeasure.

But then there is the question of my underwear, which seems to be a mere chrysalis to my flesh. The ever-increasing list of undergarments, either missing or killed in action is as follows:

One vest, mysteriously emitted from coach window in the vicinity of Warminster, subsequently strangling passing cyclist. Then market value 52p.

One pair woolly jodhpurs. (sentimental value) - fate unknown. Last seen in plastic carrier bag in the possession of "Jim", landlord of the "New Inn" public house. (How this garment came to be in a plastic bag in the possession of the said Jim is another story. This involves Kevan Bundell's horse with which I anticipated sharing a stable, having missed my last bus. However, I was saved this further embarrassment by a certain brand of oats which promote indigestion, so I am told, and which carried off the said horse for some distance).

To continue: One vest, flayed at Tamps' Ball while undergoing acidic decomposition by perspiration arisen from over-zealous dancing and attempted rape. Market value 56p.

One vest, burned at stake during particularly sharp night on Brenwich Beach. The substance of my perspiration may be appreciated when it is noted that the vest burned for some fifteen minutes under its own resources and received coded replies from a Russian submarine thirty miles offshore.

One pair underpants found in possession of mother,  
cleaning windows. Badly wounded, required nineteen stitches  
in the seat and are currently under recuperation.

The total cost of these periodic stripteases and  
nonchalant bonaventures, if such they can be called, has  
been estimated at £2.47p, taking fuel counts into consider-  
ation. However, the cost to my reputation, damaged by  
several scandals involving plastic bags, horses and houses  
off ill repute can never, I fear, be evaluated. I shall  
always insist that my purity is as untarnished as a  
vestal virgin's.

N.B. If found, would finder kindly return pair of size  
34" untreated afghan jodhpurs to Mich Binns c/o "Black  
Lion", Dept. of Memesis.

Mich Binns.

STOP PRESS: One vest: sacrificed on barbecue during  
fertility rite at Shedfield. Probable destruction at  
school dance of .....

#### BACK TURNED

He wrote his sorrow  
On my back .....  
I could not read it.

R. Kenway.

All of the  
Loves that  
I know  
Seem to be  
Only images of  
Nothing

Pete Hancock.

## GARDENING HINTS

by

### CLUBROOT ARMITAGE

(Gardener on the estate of Sir Tancred Fidgeon.Bt.since 1919).

The editor, being the wise fellow he be, has asked me to record for posterity a few more tips for the green-fingered fraternity (to check this, I advise using Cutbath's Anti-Fungoid Cream, which should also be applied to dibble and secateurs).

I planned to wish all my readers a Happy Christmas, but don't quite feel in the mood. Last time I started off in the seasonal mood, I ended up letting Sir Tancred as is, persuade me to play Santa Claus to deliver presents to his grandson. I should have known taking that narrow chimney with my dear wife's spotted dog inside, one was a bit of a risk, but it b'ain't my fault that in trying to get out once stuck in, I demolished the whole chimney stack (which was how I came to spend Christmas Day bricklaying).

Now to business. December's the time of the year to give the lawn a final raking and then prong it for ventilation purposes. (I might add that if you had a boss like mine, you'd have to be careful with this part of it, because Sir Tancred as is breeds toads:- dirty great big green brutes who spend their time lazing in the most awkward places. Last summer, I nearly lost me job when bits of toad started flying out of the mower blades, and the winter 'afore that I impaled several on me prong - I also impaled me foot but we'll forget that - nasty beasts, toads - not long ago a pair of wicked-eyed 'uns went for me throat when I cornered 'em in the cucumber frame).

Now, readers' letters. Mr. Foghill, of Peterborough, complains about my advice to him regarding the poor state of his lawn. When I said he should roll it, I didn't of course mean him to wrap it up in a coil and take it to the vet. I would like, I think, to thank Mrs. Gateshead of Skegness, for those strange reeds she sent me though I must admit I'm beginning to think the plant's never going to stop growing., and those pincers are definitely developing a rather nasty tendency - I can't get into the potting shed now without them snapping at me, and a few days ago I was trapped in there until nightfall, when the thing went to sleep.

And finally, a word on - yes, you guessed it - Dutch Elm Disease. This, as you know, is spread by a nasty breed of beetle which embeds itself in your elm. The cure, obvious you may think, is to warm up this 'ere elm and start poking a spike into the beetle holes. Don't, whatever you do, make my mistake - I didn't realise how far gone my elm was, and down it came with me clutching onto it, straight into the greenhouse.

Well, that's about all for now. Have a Happy Christmas & New Year, and goodbye for now.

