

1969

THE

Then she turned to the water and started the motor.

~~Генеральный секретарь~~

SECRET

Then, a large set of new letters, and it was shown to be

that the majority was definitely and

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1. The first step in the process of identifying a problem is to recognize that a problem exists. This is often done by comparing current performance with a desired state or goal. If there is a significant difference, a problem is identified.

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***** 05/20/2007 *****

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ALL ABOUT BUY TO SHOW **REVIEW**

No. 6

No. 2

the
black
lien

Editors: C.F.J. Bard
Mr. A.R. Johnson

Once upon a time there was a minority, a small minority, they were despised and persecuted by the majority.

Then things got worse, and seeing that the minority way was the Easy Way, some of the majority joined the minority. They were despised and persecuted by the majority.

Then things got even worse, and it was shown (by the minority) that the minority was definitely the Easy Way, soon the minority was a large minority. They were despised and persecuted by the majority.

Then things got really bad. The Place was in chaos. The minority way was shown, beyond all reasonable doubt, to be the Easy Way. The large minority became a small majority. ~~They~~ They were despised and persecuted by the large minority.

Then the small majority, which had now become a large majority decided that they were in a good position to despise and persecute the minority. They despised and persecuted the minority despite the latter's objection that theirs' was the Easy Way.

Then things got worse.....

DESPITE all attempts to by YOU to bug US we remain YOURS unbugged
WE are HOWEVER slightly annoyed that NONE of YOU morons has
volunteered to become an ASSISTANT EDITOR and we need TWO.

ALSO some more entries for our cover competition would not go
amiss. They should be suitable reproduction. for.

THE WHOLE TRUTH.

I am unashamed: I have no shame, for I have wronged no man, nor misused either beast or worldly possession. My life leads down the narrow path of true living, it never wavers from the way, nor does it hurry, nor does it slow. My life is like a piece of solid rope, it may twist or turn but it will not break, it will always remain as it was from the start: to me can no change come. Yet I know not the word of he who is called the Lord, I know neither His writing nor the sound of His voice: but am I sad, is my life lacking? Is my life as a candle without a wick? No my life is full and bears plenty. The barren wastes of many have not reached me, nor am I tempted by the flavour of their false thinking. I live my life not as a Christian, it's true: but I live my life as a human being and I live my life to the full.

My bible is the pattern of living as it unfolds before me, it's always there and always changing, yet it's truth is still the same. My cross is the sun, the moon, the trees, all that surrounds me. I appear before them all in humble recognition of their being and the part they play. My belief is one of Truth and Love and Beauty and Learning: I know neither psalms nor parables, yet are the tales of human suffering not enough for any man? One lives and one learns.

There is no hope, but there is hope in all; the world is all to me and I am a part of the chain of human existence.

To all the merry band of readers and non-readers (of which there were many) of our last publication, I am pleased and disgusted to report that part 2 of "An Untitled Protest" (which still remains untitled) was censored five times over by the Higher Authorities. It is therefore unable to appear in this publication, in person or otherwise. This has imposed an obligation to write something else just as obscene if not obscener.

NO FLOWERS BY REQUEST, PLEASE.

We could do with a good protest but I've had enough of it, 'cos nothing's done about it. So I won't protest against anything. I really mean it. That'll benefit the moronic masses who don't benefit anyway. (work that out for yourself).

What is there left to write about then? The choice is yours. Suggestions, please (preferably on a banner or not at all) to the editor of this publication. A prize of one Black Lion will go to the loser.

R. I. P.

P.S. As an afterthought think about the following quotation. It was uttered once (in the dusky past) by an eminent personage who was also opposed to the compulsory nature of various school activities. This personage was heard to exclaim:

BUY A BOOK INSTEAD OF A BAYONET!

What a quotation, man! Think about it for next time! (if there is a next time).

P.P.P.S. The author of this nonsense is nonsense. The author of this nonsense is No. 1173240. Should you find this notorious being, report him at once to the above address. He is highly dangerous and may attack because he has teeth.

(Clue: Midday Meal).

Cheerio for now. No talking in the library!
Fight for Free Radio! Support the Black Lion!

Revealed by C.F.J. Bard.

All was quiet in the garden, and, except for the scraping of a chair foraging for food, nothing stirred.

Florence decided that it was a good day to paint a picture: "I've decided that it's a good day to paint a picture", she told an unmoved Dougal, who was hunting for sugar.

"Oh! have you?", he said, unmoved.

"Yes", she replied.

"Oh!", he said, and left.

At that moment Brian walked by, looking for his mate Dougal.

"Have you seen my mate, Dougal"?

"Yes", she said, "I..er..I've decided to paint a picture", she said, non-committingly.

"Yes, nice. Which way did he go"?

"Who? Dougal"?, but it was too late, Brian had gone.

Florence sat down with a bang, but it was such a nice day, that soon, even the bang left. As she was sitting, watching the slow progress of some jumping beans, a rabbit walked by. He was musing on a guitar.

"Muse, muse, muse, like, muse, man, yeah, "he mused and went.

Just then one of the boys came. He was the apple of Florence's eye, and she was the apple of his eye, yes, they made a lovely pear.

"I've decided to paint a picture", she said, "and I've decided that it will be a picture of you".

"Oh! What do I have to do"?

"Well, first you take all your clothes off".

"Oh!, well, goodness me, Oh! gollygosh", said the Boy, innocently.

"It's alright, it's Art you see".

"Oh!, in that case", said the Boy, and he started to undress.

Just then a rabbit walked by musing on his guitar, "Muse,muse,muse,like,muse,man", he mused, and left.

"Disgusting", said the children, who had come to watch the boy posing, "that rabbit and his guitar, disgusting".

"It's not even Art", said Florence, loftily.

Just then Dougal and Brian arrived. "Oh!" said Dougal, noticing the Boy, "I hope we're not interrupting anything".

"Yes, I do hope we're not interrupting anything", said Brian.

"It's art", the Boy confided.

"Yes", said Dougal, knowingly.

Just then a rabbit entered, musing on his guitar, "Muse, muse, like, muse, man, muse". He looked up, "Man what a scene", he said, and walked over to them.

Just then three more rabbits came in, musing on their guitars in triplicate:

"Muse, muse, like, muse, man".

"Muse, like, muse, man, muse".

"Like, muse, man, muse, muse".

"What a scene", they said in chorus.

"Who", asked the Boy, "are these"?

"Like they're an integral part of my scene, They're my backing".

Three more rabbits entered, they were dressed in grey suits and bowler hats: they were industrial rabbits.

"Are they your backing too"?

"No, like they're my backers! Gannell, Macker and Toots, the names in textiles! The three industrial rabbits smiled, looked at each other, and ecstatically happy walked out.

"Like, easily pleased. Like bourgeois capitalists. Where do you keep the Pot round here"?

"Under the bed, why"?

"Oh! Man!" cried the rabbit.

"Oh! Man!" cried his backing, in triplicate.

"It's not even Art", said Florence.

"I knew", said Dougal, who did not.

"So do I", said Brian, who did not either, but was easily led.

"Why are you here"? asked the Boy.

"It's our farewell concert. We're breaking up".

"Good", said Florence.

"I'm sick and tired of your damn insinuations. You insult my art".

"Prove yourselves!" said Florence.

"Prove yourselves!" said the Boy.

"Prove yourselves!" said the children.

"Prove yourselves!" said Dougal.

"Yes!" said Brian.

HERE ENDS THE FIRST PART

Oh!
Happy Days.
Warm times at the love-in
Salvation in the hyperdermics of the World
Say after me
Love Love Love

As the effects wear
The words
Become sour.
You spit them out

BUT WHAT DOES IT ALL MEAN? MASTER.

Here
On the sugar cube
Life begins
And ends.

You have four minutes.

cfjbard.

DILLON - THE FACTS

PART II

The Hall was packed.
Young bodies streamed into the aisles.
The place was loud.
The Paws are about to give their farewell concert,
The group enter
Paws pause for applause.
They get it.
Dillon walks to the microphone.
Hello cats.
Screams.
My name's Dillon,
I play lead guitar and sing.
More screams.
On drums we have Blackie Butcher,
Base guitar; Kit Carrots,
At the organ like Roland Smallpiece.
More screams.
They begin.
The music hits,
Dissects, soothes,
Soon the hall is converted from the realms of sensibility
To an erotic frenzy.
A girl rushes at the group
She is knifed before she can reach the third row.
The music stops.
Dillon
Poet, philosopher, wit,
Is asked.
Say Dillon, what do you think of God,
Twenty thousand people await his reply,
Well, I. Well what does anybody, I mean...
But he is drowned out by the screaming minions.
The noise gets louder
The people scream louder.
Outside their parents sit in their Rolls-royces
With smiling Harley street Ear doctors.
The concert finishes
The end has come
They Paws are no more
All is gone.
In a quivering heap on the floor Tony Palmer
Quietly weeps.
Hmm thinks Dillon we must do the same next week.
The poem's finished
Like I can't go on.

SCOURGE.

The sea rose, heaving and rolling,
Like an old man, careful not to fall,
The sea broke out of its traditional boundaries,
Which caused many to curse and shout
But the sea was too big,
And all their efforts were in vain,
For the sea was checked,
But found a different way
To roll down the high street,
Liberating dead fish, sausages,
And human cast-offs, floating rubbish.
When the sea had rid the land
Of everything it didn't need
The waters rolled back into their decent and proper place,
And the bad things started to creep in again.

Cummins. 6 Arts Upper.

THE ENDING.

Today - as dawn approaches fast
Is the ending.
In the windswept streets of London,
There is silence.
Loving couples walk, for the last time.
Already sentimentality is taking over.
Fifth Avenue night clubs blare out
half cheering Schumann symphonies,
in repentance.
Hiroshima tram cars clang their way
through the half deserted streets,
This was it,
The Ending.

Thomas DuBoyce. 1A.

TREES - a passing thought.

The poplars and birches of the field
Do not fall into the class of glass and steel.
The ash and oak will die each year,
But buildings will remain the same till demolition
squad appear.
For trees were not designed to fit
Into an age where concrete makes the streets,
And the time-withered fig.
That grows amongst the crushing stones,
Will one day feel the axe of change,
Rasping on its time-honoured bones.

MORE TREES - a coming-back-the-same-way thought.

THE SONG OF THE WOODCUTTER.

As i lay in the coffin trying not to laugh
I recognised the wood - it was from a tree
And as i climbed out from the wood that hated me
I felt a trickle of sweat run from under my arm.

AND ME.

Ghosts in the morning-
While i'm still in bed they thump, and bump,
And make themselves a cup of tea,
And sometimes bring one up for me,
And playing ghostly waltzes on their
Creaking, cracked ghost violins,
And sometimes when i go downstairs
I see the ghosts-
A shivering quivering memory
Of how everything used to be
A photograph of you
And me.

Cummings. 6 Arts Upper.

WHY.....SHADOWS.....WHY..

What are these shadows
on the wall?

WHITE shadows on BLACK backgrounds
HUMAN shaped shadows
on all the walls to the north.

Yes and all these houses, why
are they all lying flat?
pointing
North?

And all these...er - bodies that strew the ground,
why so hideously mutilated?
And heads pointing
....North

And what is that foetid smell,
smelling of cheese, and leprechauns, sorely in need
of bathing---
---Decreasing
towards
the
North?

And why is everything so different
to all I knew before?
(But not so much so towards the North)

Because man's vanity exploded
40 miles to the South.

Oh!.....

..No wonder....Shadows....shadows...shad--

But

WHY?

P.N.W.R.1/69.

THE BIRD.

Sitting on the wall out there,
You can see her
Deep in thought
As to why
She sits there so
On her own, watching the world.
If you watch, you see her stare
At all she meets
Before her;
Reflecting
On what she thinks
She could have done with her life.

Hours pass and still she waits
All on her own
On the wall -
Then at last
Reluctantly,
She flies into the evening.

JUMBO'S SEED CAKE.

So you made Jumbo a cake for tea!
But you didn't think about me.
Jumbo was killed brutally. Yes, I know.
Why, then, waste such a delicacy on him.
When I love you so.

Seed cake you made; which was his favourite.
You realise how I can't stand it.
Alright my case is packed if you're
Ready to sulk and be a bore.
I'll leave, though I love you so.

I bless the car which knocked him over!
Not a nice thing to say; well I'm callous. Okay?
And who has made me a seed cake; so who else is
Lacking in thought for others? Eh, miss?
Miss, I love you so!

BRIAN P. CARISS.

