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

## THE

Charley, they were despised and persented by the majority of the majority was the majority of the majorit

men come more entries for our competition would not go

the black lien

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Once upon a time there was a minority, a small minerity, 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 oven werse, 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. Magama 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 morens has volunteered to become an ASSISSTANT 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. Ify 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 nonsence 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, min", 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, mowingly.

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 nuse mise".

"What a scene". they said in chorus.

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

"Like they re an intergral 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! Gannel, 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 bourgoise capitalists. Where do you keep the Pot round here"?.

"Under the bed, why"?.

"Oh! Man!" cried the cabbit.

"Oh! Man!" cried his acking, in Triplicate.

"It's not even Art", maid 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"? saked 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 PARM

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 MEANS MASTER.

Here
On the sugar cube
Life begins
And ehds.

You have four minutes.

ofjbard.

If you have not already been psycho-seduced you are probably in the process of being psycho-seduced. You may not be aware of it; and even if you are you may find the experience not unpleasant. However, do you know where it is all leading? Let me tell you.

Many intelligent and unintelligent adolescents are straid of not being accepted by their fellows, for to be excluded from the group to which you belong can be excluded from the group to which you belong can be excluded, you run the rich of being bullied both mentally and physically by the herd. Therefore you will even pretend to like something you do not like in order not to be excluded from the group. The instinct which leads you into this state of mind is a very primitive one; it is exactly the same instinct which led our primitive forefathers to conform to the needs of the tribe in order not to be left alone as straggling outsiders to be picked clean to the bone by the wolves. The psycho-seducers know this.

Many unintelligent and intelligent adolescents are uncertain of themselves; which leads you to be gauche, rude and aggressive; Acute self-consciousness can also lead you to be shy, morose and taciturn, especially of you are spotty. In view of this it is not surprising that many adolescents are fumbling and uncertain in their relationships with others. Whilst on the one hand you feel the need for spiritual and sexual communion with another human being, you also suffer from the agonising fear of rejection so that you feel acutely the tension between those forces driving you forward and holding you back. In order to ease the adolescent through this period, society has evolved a traditional mating ritual known as the dance. Here the adolescent can make contact with a member of the opposite ser and take the first halving steps towards a deep and lasting relationship. (Because of the excruciatingly long period between the onset of puberty and marriage it has become customary for society to be prepared to condone a cartain amount of "snogging" at these dances). The psycho-seducers know about this.

Many intelligent and unintelligent adolescents are also rebellions. This is perfectly normal and you have no need to worry since it has been going on for a very long time. The rebelliousness stems in part from a peculiar love-hate relationship with the parents; which manifests itself during adolescence. It is very simply explained: you desire to be independent and free from your parents and yet you are aware that you are not ready for independence or freehom. The result of this painful emotional tug-of-war is that you hate yourself for not yet having the courage to be free, which you instinctively realise places a burden of responsibility upon you that you do not yet want, and so you blame it all on your parents. The psycho-seducers also know about all this.

Some adolescents also possess reasoning powers, which are unfortunately often swamped by the previously-mentioned gamut of emotions. The psycho-seducers know about this too.

For music is big business. Those who wish to sell a product must first select their market. With unerring accuracy the psycho-seducers realise that a comparatively crude and unsophisticated commodity requires a somparatively immature and unsophisticated market - you. With disbolical cuaning the psycho-seducers cut off their prey from the main herd by persuading the young of the numan species that you are, in fact, a different species altogether by inventing the generic term "teenager" for you in fact, teenagers are human). The next step is to reassure the grawing and fragile uncertainty of the adolescent by herding you into this new bribe, teenagers, completely cut off from the main herd so that the product it regarded as "our music". (1.e. your music). Then the pay he beducers create an sura of rebelliousness around the product, your music, in order to identify with you. You rebellious adolescent, you. Then all that is necessary to lull to sleep the reasoning powers of the burgeoning adult by a little flattery or empolery and you are completely in the power of the psycho-seducers.

However, in order to make sure that the adolescent does not escape from the fangs of the psycho-seducers certain precautions must be taken. On no account must the pop muste appeal or satisfy the spirit or you will be in danger of maturing and consequently of outgrowing the most for the product. Rather the manufacturing process must reduce music to its lowest common denomination so that there is no danger of this happening. Indeed it will soon be possible for the machine to ensure that those few soilescent-units of consumption hitherto lost to the ladurary through maturation will no longer be lost. Even if this machine failed or stopped (unthinkable!) it would be a simple matter to instruct agents to create the faciled output affectively prevents human conversation and thereby prevents you from developing deep and lasting relatiouships. Speech seperates us from the beasts. Also high decibel output gradually kills the hearing buds (if you will forgive the expression) so that as you grow older you become increasingly deaf so that you can hear no other music but pop music because no other music is played loud chough for you. The logic is inexorable; you are a captive audience: you are slaves to the machine.

Of course, in view of the diabolical cunning of the psycho-seducers behind the pop scene it is not surprising that many adolescents are as effectively hooked on pop music as if they were hooked on a drug which can neither slake hunger nor quench thirst.

As I walked on the beach on the Saturday afternoon following the "sixth form" dance, I saw some young boys pottering among the flotsam and jetsam at the water's edge, alive. And I felt thankful that I had escaped from the night before from the zombie dead and dying teenagers in the phoney psychedelic flashing light swaying and swinging to the dead beat of the group. But I was full of frar for you, you young ones...

#### 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 coverted 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.

#### PROGRESS.

The group plays,
The crowd sings,
And all the parents stare;
The boy twists,
The girl sings,
Their young are dancing there.

"Such short skirts!"
"Would they dare?"
Remarks flow thick and fast;
"But mother you...",
"It's his hair...",
Our youth will always last.

All must change, We move on, A better world is near; Our swear words, The pop-songs, A simple phase it's clear,

### MAN ALONE MUST TAKE THE BLAME.

Slums and sluts, And queues and queers, And everywhere a feeling of decay; I looked around this paradise, With a sense of deep dismay.

Bespattered walls,
And dingy basements,
Signs exterior of another life;
The fleeting glance of drunken sots,
And tarts just like your wife.

They start at nine,
And end at six,
For five days of their week;
So a third of life is spent at work,
And a third just fast asleep.

If God did make this wonderous world, And does have eyes to see, Would he sit there so unmoved By such squalid misery?

Name of the State of the State

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Andrews to a more than the common the base was the base of the base was the base which is the base was the ba

iplimase Relies of a past mystical and still

Quiet we the grave That gave birth to these The make.

fina parci 701-mae 12. July marvivers,

Goardians of a past No man can brick

heave my head a cases files crosking halo to can-

A.N. Reid. 3A

#### THE PORT INE

They and started to the power of the tamble spring. A come final of light and a tany flame littled up.
The constr blazed furnishing flame littled up.
The constr blazed furnishing flames littled up.
The constr blazed furnishing flames littled up.
The constr blazed furnishing flames littled up.
They again the other, but to sould never quite but the out the flame sturrying they may then the other, but to sould never quite but their out aligns, so they accured the land for salerial. Some things would not burn and were discarded.
The men's pale flaces were reflected in the brilliant cranging flow. It the outside, tany wellow flames dended go ly while the starte, the inferior raged. A burn of green blue, red, but principally, arange, strown craselessly to attain granter beights.
The men became excellented at the sight of their divention.
They should not maked further and further affield to find that first. Even the light of the san and moon core obliterated by the first. It was no lateral and not make any about a tree flames to save the first the flames.

The men of the flames is not be a sould not the same died then the first the flames are not longer tony. The three same can be a sould not save save and the flames are not longer tony. The same died then the flames are not longer tony. The same died then the same and the same a

#### 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
squads 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,

In men gazed

Is a figure transfixed.

While he watched, the ground shivered

A small, timorous aremble

The rich, red ear in gave way.

A small, lush green shoot appeared

seefully it rose

thapered to an indefinably small point.

The watcher was separated from it.

Is if by glass.

Two delicate leaves parted.

The main stem released a bud.

The sepals gradually opened.

A snow-white flower.

Beautiful, petals folded.

Was seen to rise...

And everything around dimmed

Under its contrasting beauty.

The petals fell into place.

Forming an object of snow-white simplicity.

As she flower excelled in its magnificence

The air fresheaed with a sweet fragrance.

The alien man

Turned away.

T. Hancock, 2A

#### From: Poems to justify the Bomb.

Monday's Child
Was a bastard
With three legs.
Tuesday's Child
Arrived early
And didn't stay.
Wednesday's Child
Had been taken
Care of.
Thursday's Child
Was left where ae
Dropped.
Friday's Child
Had no head
Chily.
Instead.
A stump
Saturday's Child
Was black.
Charcoal black.
Sunday's Child
Had been before

There was no the else

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

Morth?

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.

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

But

WHY?

P.M. W. H. 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!

Local Co.

are profitting them payone enduction? May lask a few periodent questions through your columns.

Firstly, who were the andimiduals in the Sixub form has organized the dance on 20th December, 1968 in Price a School?

Secondly, now many piocets and how much money

the organisers published a balance

Fourthly, did the trgenisers have to pay for the

price of the track to scill for the Price's School cancer by used for the best of Frace's school cancer by used for the best of Frace's schoolboys. It may be seen about the brought literally, to book.

Temen Sir.

Yours farthfully,

VICILANTE