



BLACK LION No II.

EDITORIAL

It has been a growing belief amongst the unenlightened and apathetic over the past year that the Black Lion is but some legendary beast no longer, if ever, of any real existence. To many it is but a dim, half perceived memory, and to some it is entirely unknown. But now to dispel at last such false and wicked rumours the legend is alive again!

The unmistakable signs of re-birth have been seen on notice-boards throughout the corridors of the school; particularly the traditional witty posters, which have, incidentally, received the traditional reaction from those at which they were aimed. Having asked a Pricean, who was at the time contemplating with rapt attention one of the aforementioned posters, if he had any contributions, he confessed that the thought had not actually occurred that the appeal could possibly be directed to him.

But no matter, we have gathered in at least some harvest and at last the beast is back in business! It is with much regret that we have to admit a backward step in printing technique, this has been our main cause of delay over the past year, and one which we hope to have, if not solved at least improved upon by our next issue, due for publication at Christmas.

But any Black Lion is a good Black Lion we always say, and this certainly is a good issue. We are a new management, but we are a completely different beast from the proverbial leopard, always changing his spots. Our aim is to follow basically the same trend as in previous editions, with a view, as we have said, to improving quality.

Neither are we a cheetah. The Black Lion remains at the absurdly low price of 3p. We could paws to write on the Black Panthers but that would no doubt draw your patience to its tail-end. However, the mane point we would like to impress is that we are most grateful for the contributions from the Lower School, whose quality was only succeeded by its quantity.

One major change in the magazine will be noted by previous readers; 'Supernude' pruned to a nonentity in preceeding editions, has finally been up-rooted by 'Gardening Hints.'

We would like to call your attention to our article in this issue, 'The State of the Artist' which, among other things concerns itself with an Arts Festival which we hope to bring about at the close of this term. One feature of this Festival will be the publication of a special edition of the Black Lion. We would here appeal for contributions of any sort, poetry, prose or even drama, from any part of the school, that we might include in this bumper issue. Contributions may be given to us, the editors, to your English Master, or handed over the librarian's desk.

We hope this issue will be as well received as those of the past; the magazine is meant as an outlet for your creative talents, and without your support we cannot even begin to expand and improve our pages and content.

Our thanks to all who have contributed to the production of this magazine in any way, especially to the office staff.

LOVE AND COLD WEATHER

Christi Erectus
String upon a beam,
Sees across the Brenwich shore
The water's burning gleam.

Christi in a call-box
While lovers lonely wait,
Bides the silence of the storm
By coffee sweet with Kate.

Christ Thy name is Love,
And I did take Thy name in vain,
The lady once impressed
Is lost and never won again.

Shocked and shattered, Laughing Boy
Returns at once depressed,
The numbness in his prayerful hands
As on her succoured breast.

Mich Binns

THE CRUCIFIXION

Part 1: The Driving in of Nails

Deeper, deeper
Joyfully deeper
Deeper, deeper
Joyfully deeper
Deeper, deeper
Joyfully deeper
Deeper, deeper
Joyfully
Deeper

Paul Gateshill

GOSPEL

"I am the light of the world," he said,
He went around preaching
'bout a life after death,
So they put him out.

K. Bundell

THE EARTH (A BRIEF HISTORY)

".....And on the seventh day God finished His work which He had done, and He rested on the seventh day from all His work which He had done"

Meanwhile, back on earth man, who was fashioned in the image of God, was NOT behaving himself. Naughty Mr. Adam and Mrs. Eve were doing all kinds of abominations, and desolating Eden, which the Lord God had so carefully landscaped.

".....And there was evening and there was morning, a seventh day."

When His alarm woke Him on the eighth morning the Lord God stretched and floated slowly out of His cloud. He washed; combed His long white beard; dressed; and folding His pink pyjamas He tucked them neatly under His pillow. He then picked up His favourite Rupert annual, and settling Himself down, began to read. However, poor old God could not relax, so He thought He would have a walk in His garden and see what Adam had been up to. God rather liked Adam who was always good for a laugh. In any case, Adam made remarkably good beer.

God was a very modest sort of chap and therefore tried to conceal that He was really quite clever. In fact, He was omnipotent, and was rather proud of having created the Universe. Being all-knowing, God realised what man had been doing - and He was very angry.

".....And there was evening and there was morning, an eighth day."

Therefore, God rose very early on the ninth morning, and after giving His Son a packed lunch, He sent Him off to earth. His Son, often called Jesus Christ by His mates, was just as powerful as His Dad and He did many wonderful things. However, a wicked group of men disliked His teaching and so nailed Him on a cross. Undeterred, God resurrected His Son, and this gave man the chance of a One Way ticket to Heaven.

But when the tenth day came, man still trolled about ignoring the will of the Creator. God was very active during the evening and night of this tenth day. He marshalled legions of angels and made great preparations. The morning of the eleventh day did not come.

Pete Hancock.

Joke:

Pricean for a job: "Have you an opening for a bright and highly qualified young school leaver?"

"Yes, but don't slam it as you go out."

Joke:

Pricean up all night studying for a blood test.

THE MINSTREL'S SONG

(Adapted from a Song)

Play your way into the day
 And warm the morning's frost,
 Feel the breeze drifting through the trees,
 Recapture the joys long lost.

Play on, minstrel, never stop,
 Sing the morning's sorrow into day.

Walk with me along the shore,
 We'll play the day away,
 See the streams and the lakeside dreams
 And snow-capped mountain's peak.

Play on, minstrel, never stop,
 Sing the morning's sorrow into day.

Sing their songs as we wander along,
 And show me what they can see,
 The sun is so bright, play on
 With delight, we'll live in each note you play.

Now I see what a day can mean.
 Escape those walls and share the morning sunrise.

Play on, minstrel, never stop,
 Sing the morning's sorrow into day.

Nick Kahn.

WILD DUCK

Twilight. Red in the west
 Dimness. A glow in the wood
 The teams plod home to rest
 The wild duck came to glean
 O souls not understood
 What a wild cry in the pool
 What things have the farm ducks seen.
 That they cry so - huddle cry?

N. A. Clark.

2A

MASTER OF A WORLD

Plunging down through canyon grand,
 His head held high with regal bearing
 Glistening back, sleek and black,
 As he stands, now a distant speck,
 Never wondering why, not even caring
 If he's seen, but knowing no brand.
 Lightening mane, curling as he speeds
 Downward, through the dust covered hills
 He canters, out, out onto the open plain,
 Then, listening, watching, he turns again
 And gallops, dust gathering where it will,
 To settle; but he knows how to be free.
 Distant hills roll into empty desert,
 Rising with majestic dignity, trying to preside
 Over all they see, and yet are they Kings?
 In their midst is another being,
 Mighty and powerful with no need to hide,
 None can claim his wandering heart.
 His hooves trample virgin ground,
 Untamed, unconquered, and free for a life,
 Of beauty, of grace, never giving in.
 King and Lord, free from any sin
 During the years when we know only strife.
 In these hills and on the empty desert
 Will his feet pound, Forever?

THE COURtenay TOMB IN WINTER

(Exeter Cathedral)

Return to the tomb of the white stone swan
 In the hoar frost: Margaret de Bohun,
 Heart pure as nenuphar, sleeps forgetful,
 Beyond the fugue of seasons. Blackened peach,
 The dark dead fruit, recalls the transept's sun,
 The velvet scales of glass upon the floor.

The brilliant, the vague, fascinates and fades,
 The concrete survives: pale mermen, frozen,
 Lie unfathomed, Hugh Courtenay chained in stone.
 Dim craftsmen threw the tallest arch above
 The flower's hope, black ink of soot records
 The briefest candle's flame: beneath the leaves
 Pale dead of summer lie, nor winter wakes
 The fountain's vault, nor fruit remains but stone.

Alan Hill.

THE WETTEST DAY I REMEMBER

The day began for me, not untypically, in the morning. The sanctuary of nature's hedgerows had provided my bed, a service, although not perfect, I was extremely grateful for. Throughout the last weeks I had spent my life fulfilling my adolescent dream, that of freedom in the only existing haven left, the countryside.

My presence there, was the culmination of many trials and tribulations, incidents which had stimulated the desire to escape. A future which offered only a job and a pension which suggests old age, and yet I was only fifteen. I have made my decision and I stand by it, the prospect of death does little to amuse me, and although I know its only a few weeks ahead, I can now look around and feel the greeness of the air and enjoy life. A life which through drugs holds no future.

The beginning of the day brings with it the sensation of birth, christened by the dew it takes its place alongside its predecessors, a new phase in the history of man and his life.

When I awoke I was greeted by the slow nonchalant fall of the rain, the water, its flow seemed to fill my eyes, each having its own impact, its own feelings. I was being bathed in the font of the world. I was its child and its life, the raindrops burst and bounced on my skin, I felt like standing up and telling everybody how happy I was, but I remembered I was alone.

My childhood was now distant, I'd grown up in a world which tolerated evil; killers and thieves around every corner, their actions never questioned, just punished. The world holds no answers or solutions, just continuation; the cycle of birth and death, the building of houses and the destroying of slums. Here in which money's its key, it opens its doors and it arms the nation, guns to fire and bombs to explode, well there's plenty of people, so why not?

The rain opened my mind, its wetness jolted my feelings, it was rain, rain like the sensation of drowning, water splashes, it moves, it covers, dampness, a feeling of drowning. Death and life were the axis of my thoughts, my life moved around them. Day in, day out, I thought about them here in my garden of Eden, but yet it was the rain which held my answer. It was tearful for me, it sadly lamented my position of planned obsolescence. But from each drop, spilt a freshness, hope contained in the blissful air which carried its darts to the lustful soil, it kindled the bulb and it flowered the petals, here in the rain was answer for living.

As far as I could remember it was the wettest day of my life, it was not that it rained the hardest or the longest, but for the first time I felt its beauty. Being drenched was not so bad after all, the act of wringing out one's socks contained its humour, waiting for the rain to dry passed the time, the damp moisture composing stories on my jeans, that day was quite a laugh in fact: its a pity there won't be many more.

Rain is the stimulant which urges and forces continuation, it heralds the growth of life, it produces the petals and the poppy, it fertilises the earth and its children, it drops from the clouds. The sky and its universe wettens appetites for adventure and exploration, to discover its power, the power of rain.

Yes, it certainly was the wettest day of my life, it woke me up.

I AM

Right now, in this instant,
 The knowledge that I am is special to me.
 It means so much, perhaps too much,
 But I am and that's not to deny.

I look up and see the chair,
 The fire, the door,
 And I am here amongst it all,
 Conscious, fully aware,
 That I, now the overseer,
 Am being watched, by myself.

Paul Gateshill.

Joke:

On hypochondriac's gravestone: "I told you I was sick!"

A POEM FOR YOU (MY BATHROOM) NO. 7 : MY HOUSE

My house
 Is just
 One big
 Bathroom

P.J.L.

PRAYER OF THANKS

(Read it aloud to a friend, a furry animal,
 a stranger in the street; or an inanimate object)

You share my happiness when all the world begins to pass me by
 You take away the pain when I have reason to cry;
 You understand me when I have no words to say;
 You heal my wounds, and give a purpose to my day;
 You rescue me when I am lost in loneliness and sorrow.

I give my thanks, my love, and my tomorrow.

Dave.

Joke:

He: You've been unfaithful to me hundreds of times.

She: No. Only twice. Once with the milkman and once with the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra.

Joke:

Price's teacher: "Who was the luckiest man in history?"

Price's pupil: "Newton."

Price's teacher: "Why?"

Price's pupil: "It might have been an elephant!"

A (NEUTRAL) OLD PRICEAN REPORT.

The Old Priceans' intentions to play open, clean football were thwarted in the opening minutes by the ale-house tactics of Price's centre-destroyers and midfield players. Only their extra size, and superior natural talent enabled them to keep a full team.

Cunningly, the School Captain had employed a double-tailed coin for the toss-up. The Old Priceans had had no opportunity to train, and the call forced them to kick uphill for the last forty-five minutes - this was the first of several Pricean ploys to try to achieve parity with their more delicately-skilled opponents.

Sensibly the more ample, less fit O.P.'s allowed the boys to play their own game. Sportingly the O.P.'s applauded with the crowd at their amazing aerial acrobatics and pretty interplay - one O.P. was moved to suggest that they give up school and take to giving countrywide shows like this.

The older team's patience was understandably limited, however, and after 30 minutes then took the ball to go off and score a goal. R. Long overcame a blantant shove from his aggressive brother to head a simple goal. The Old Priceans then resumed their banter laughing and joking among one another. Their goalkeeper, still chuckling at the earlier antics of his opponents, was shocked to see a mis-hit cross from a diminutive Pricean hit the back of his net.

Thereafter, the O.P.'s had respect for their opposition's talents, and decided to dispatch a player to restore their lead. M. Allen drew the shortest straw, but even his delicate skills seemed to have no chance when, eighteen yards out, a shove from a pursuing Pricean gave him enough momentum to outdistance the rest and slot home. Again, demonstrating the bonhomie emanating from his side, he thanked the obliging defender afterwards.

A goal up at the interval, the Old Priceans felt comfortable, but were unprepared for the shock to come. Their captain had previously bought a pair of boots for a song from one of the Prices' camp. (Admittedly he should have suspected then, but one does not enter a friendly match prepared for such dastardly tactics). He found the sole of one boot to be partially disintegrated and dashed off to effect repairs. But he could not return before the resumption of the match and returned to find that Prices had equalized. Even their limited skills had been sufficient to take advantage of the gap they had so cunningly created in the Old Priceans' ranks.

Shocked and disgusted the O.P.'s at last unwillingly adopted foul tactics after extreme provocation. M. Allen handed the ball in on the blind side of the referee. Admittedly it was illegal but the referee could not see it. Yet he disallowed the goal proving, by penalising something he could not have witnessed, that he was in the pay of the side who should have conceded the winning goal - Price's. Further supporting evidence on this matter is the referee's frequent penalising of fair tackles made by Old Pricean players throughout this match.

Understandably, the old Priceans felt that their chances of scoring against such biased odds were few. So they lost interest and decided merely to maintain token strength on the field. They were substituted at intervals and played out the match.

THE FAREHAM YOUTH ARTS FESTIVAL
as advertised by Mich. Binns.

1. Art In Society.

Whatever Art is, its importance to a balanced society is plain. Science and Art have always been inter-dependent in the main structure of society. Methods and approach to Art are largely influenced by new developments in media. Early man had only a bit of blood and some stone; Michelangelo worked in an age of sophisticated building methods; to-day, the camera and other new techniques have greatly influenced us. This is but a scattering of examples but we can see that while science is the bone of society, Art is the flesh.

Both may seek truth as part of the great quest to discover just why we exist at all. The attraction of science to many is its assuredness and exactness; whereas Art appears mere speculation. This also implies a freedom of approach, however.

The components of this "quest for truth" are evident in man a 'nerves of discovery' between his three basic natures: the physical, the mental and the spiritual. Our senses form one set of nerves connecting the physical body to the brain. Science is the expression of this nervous system. Another nervous system, perhaps an extension of the first, lies between the mind and the spirit. Art is the expression of the experiences of this system. Graham Greene implies this when he writes, "I wonder how all those who do not write, compose or paint manage to escape the madness, the melancholia, the panic fear that is inherent in the human situation". However, to quote A.E. Housman, "poetry is more physical than intellectual". In other words the body responds directly to the spirit through the sensual nature of its artistic expression. The Art of humour commands a similar physical response in laughter. Here then is Art an essential bond between the component features of the individual and society.

2. The State Of The Artist.

So much then for Art but where is it hiding? So much for the Artist; but where does he hang out? In all the wrong places it seems, singing Genevieve at midnight, while spiralling down the very lamp-post he dismisses as a technological eye-sore; hunting hypodermic needles in a Wickham hay-stack. Unable to see the writing on the wall which calls him to action, he just sits there in an inspired constipation. The circles of the Artist seem reduced to B.B.C.2, mooncloud nine and the dole queue. While the scientist picks the lock of his mental cage, the Artist enjoys a freedom of thought, the benefits of which he denies to society. The reduced state seems to be forever that of the Artist: penniless in a Parisian backstreet, recognized only posthumously when the rest of the world finally catches on. Certainly Art lives on to-day in Pop culture. But it is widely divorced from the foundations of society. The concert orchestras of Britain exist hand to mouth; architects design to accommodate not to accomplish. Art to-day is the pet of society, taken out every now and again to smooth, feed and water. The effects of this contemporary emphasis on technology could be catastrophic to our environment and mental conditioning.

3. Fareham Youth Arts Festival.

The coming Arts Festival is designed to help redress the balance. It presents a programme of Art in its widest context: both physical and spiritual. It may accurately be described as an experience that you may well wish to repeat. But then suicide is also an experience and if you enjoyed that the first time its just hard luck. The Season begins with a drama society production in November, as yet unheard of. In close pursuit will be a musical contribution in the form of a folk concert. Following this will (probably) be a Victorian Melodrama; a most sinister theatrical mess-up. By now boggling with spirituality, you may descend from the Astral Plane to the physical exuberance of the Sixth Form Dance. Unlike previous dances it makes no particular "costume" demand although men's shoulder bags may be prohibited as well as carelessly close-fitting trousers. However in view of the Christmas flavour of the dance you may come as Santa Claus, a treee or a plum duff if you want to. Ranged at roughly weekly interludes the Festival will also include a pantomime for the benefit of our Senior Citizens at the F.G.G.S., a Christmas Debate, Art Exhibition and a further musical contribution in the hands of Mr. Gilbert. Not unfortunately Nana Mouskouri, but probably a Carol Concert. At some time during the Season a Black Lion is likely to appear from his lair, for once foregoing hibernation. It is likely to be a Bumper Christmas Annual for all the kiddies to stuff in their Christmas Stockings or whatever else they get for Christmas. However, this will only be possible if all those little kiddies get off their big stools and contribute. A Leonine effort is called for, and toothless though the Lion may be to encourage you, his suck is notoriously painful.

We have then in store a month full of meditation, inspiration, suffocation, mental deliverance and absolute pleasure. Any further suggestions or contributions to make this a fuller Festival, and this includes all age groups, would be most welcome. After all its the fewer at home that counts.

All events are to be co-ordinated with the Girls' Grammar and all the appeals and credit in this article apply to them, equally.

In as far as it is a Christmas Festival it would be as well to foster some Christmas spirit. If possible any profits will be directed to a charitable cause and any efforts you personally could make this Christmas to a similar end would not, I am sure, go amiss.

Joke:

Price's teacher: 'What do you find in ancient Greece'?

Price's pupil: 'Ancient fish and chips'

Joke:

British impartiality suspected in Ulster when the cease-fire was called in Latin.

Joke:

Car stuck in stream:

Driver:- 'I thought you said it was shallow'.

Farmer:- 'Well it only comes about two inches up my ducks!'

GARDENING HINTS. by Clubroot Armitage.

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

My boss, Sir Tancred as is, 'as a foul temper I can tell you, leastways he has when when he's riled, which brings me to the subject of lawns. Whatever you do when rolling a lawn make sure your roller's dry. That way you'll avoid finding a strip of turves wrapped round your roller when you've finished: - and that's what set off Sir Tancred.

He is very concerned about his garden looking good is our Sir Tancred, - and that reminds me. Would whoever dumped that old Ford Popular down behind the potting shed please remove it, - its stunting the growth of me hardy annuals.

Now readers' letters: I suggest that Mr. Hoad of Lanchester tries watering it. As for Mrs. Arrowroot of Littlehampton, I advise her to contact the Ministry of Defense should the offending Aspidistra get any further than the scullery.

Well that's about all for now, except for just a few seasonal tips. First and foremost get them dead leaves cleared away. I found they filled up our well, and Sir Tancred's likely to be a bit narky about it when he leaves hospital.

So goodbye for now.

Clubroot Armitage.

Joke:

'Baby monkey's got no knee caps. Mother to vet: "Have you got two ape-knees for a penny"

Joke:

Kipper sees 'Smoking can damage your health' poster. 'Funny', said the kipper, 'smoking has completely cured me'.

Joke:

Rough sea crossing: 'Weak stomach, eh?'

'What do you mean? I'm throwing as far as anyone else!'

12.

'When is a peach a martyr?'

'When it's stoned!'

"Did you pinch my bottom?"

"No, I just drove the car"

"Do you have a street trading license?"

"I'm not selling streets".

"Do you sell stationery?"

"No! I prefer to move about
a bit".

"Pass the cannabis...." says freak.

"Aha! drugs, eh!" says policeman.

".....scuits." say freak.

Can a brassiere firm go bust?

A gentleman steals from old ladies,
but waits to see if anyone else
intends to first.

HORROSCOPE:

Aries: - a rash complaint leads to skin trouble.

Cancer: - heed another's warning.

Taurus the bull: - Do not believe all you are told.

Leo:- things are not as black as they seem.

