

3P

EDITORIAL

The Black Lion has taken some steps towards establishing a more Sixth Form orientated magazine in this issue. This is essential as we must prepare its identity for the advent of the Sixth Form College. We do not wish to disown the Lower School; on the contrary, we have every wish to encourage their writing since they will determine the future of the magazine. It is merely that we ask them to enter a more adult world. The immediate future of the magazine is very much dependent upon one or two responsible Fifth Formers offering their help. We would appreciate volunteers.

This edition contains a large proportion of poetry. This is inevitable due to the number of contributions. We have also seen fit to include two prose articles from lower down the school, together with an article concerned with the coming and last folk concerts. There is also a crossword puzzle for which we are offering a prize. There is no humour as such, because we feel that the contributions (few as they have been), have not been very good. Also, this in some way reflects our policy to exclude puerility from the magazine.

On the subject of contributions, two points deserve mention. Firstly, the magazine can only function on your contributions. To all those who will find that their efforts have not been printed, please do not be disheartened, and continue writing. We appeal, also, for contributions from all the school, be they prose poetry or whatever. The magazine, unfortunately, has the image of being solely concerned with printing poetry. This is not true and we would welcome any type of contribution in order to effect a balance within the magazine. Secondly, although we appeal for contributions, we also emphasize that they must be wholly original. We have no wish to, and are legally barred from, publishing other people's works. The people concerned know who they are.

Many thanks to all those who contributed to this edition and to those who helped the production.

The Editors.

Ivor Bundell, Gary Motteram and David Natt.

THE KINGFISHER

Brooding, watchful like a statue
 Waits the bird above the river,
 Like a flaming brilliant arrow,
 Strikes the water,
 Returns, flashing, glistening like a jewel.
 The silent fisher of the river.

Breathless, lest in wonder,
 I watch him leave his perch,
 Strikes again and yet again,
 Returns with full beak,
 Triumphant!
 The silent fisher of the river.

Ruefully, pick up my rod and reel,
 Leave the master in possession,
 Poised, bright-eyed and ever-watchful,
 Reflected in flowing water,
 The expert angler on his perch,
 The silent fisher of the river.

J. Richards.

LC.

TRAGIC ROUNDABOUT

Dylan, the ranch hand, was sleeping with his head propped up against the post he'd just knocked up. His trusty guitar, as always, lay over his belly.

It wasn't knocking off time, but Dylan was, as he put it, 'beat man, beat'.

Suddenly, from behind the corral fence there came a Zzzzzummm! It was Mr. Machenry's moped! Dylan awoke slowly as Mr. Machenry whizzed round the corner and stopped dead at Dylan's feet. He spoke shortly and briskly.

"Come on Dylan. You infernal rabbit. Get up and get moving!"

"O.K. man, don't get mad." drawled Dylan, half asleep still, and just beginning to nibble on a mouldy, flea bitten carrot. His guitar twanged in protest as he lifted himself to his feet.

"Well come on!" snapped Mr. Machenry. "I'm the boss around here. When I say something, you gotta jump to it. Anyhow, I'm busy now. I gotta go and treat some of them new carnations I bought yesterday. They sure smell good. Yes siree!" and with that he zipped away, round a cactus plant, twice round a tuft of grass, then round past the corral fence towards his greenhouse. As he disappeared from sight, Dylan sighed and sank down to the ground again and fell asleep.

In the saloon, in the town of Roundabout, business was going well for Edward, the bartender. He had just hired a luscious blond barmaid, Ermentrude. Folks were coming into the place just to see her.

"What would you like then dear?" she said to one of the customers. She spoke as though she was one of those kindly empty-headed spinsters but really she was a 'sexy piece' and as mean and cunning as they come!

Just then Mr. Machenry zoomed up the High Street and walked into the saloon.

"I'll have a dandelion juice." he growled.

"Whats wrong with you?" said Edward, surprised.

"Oh nothing really. Its just my carnations. They've not bloomed! Two dollars I paid for the seeds and....." he was cut short.

"Send us up a whiskey, bartender." A voice rang out from the end of the bar. It was Dead Shot Brian! He was in town again! Everybody knew of Brian's unlawful exploits. He was in Roundabout in '84 and he killed 12 men. He had been run out of town by Sherrif Rusty. Now he was back!

A hush fell over the room and Edward's hands were shaking as he poured the drink. He knew Brian was big trouble. He slid the glass along the bar to Brian.

Suddenly a roar of laughter broke from the door, and a voice cracked through the room.

"Well knock me down with a horse whip! If it ain't Dead Shot Brian! I ain't seen you for two years!" Brian turned and let out a whoop of surprise.

"Big Bad Florence!" he shouted.

"Why my old buddy, come and grab yourself a drink!" Florence rushed towards the bar and threw her arms around Brian and the two turned to the bar and began reminiscing about old times.

A babble of excited chatter broke out from the saloon and the atmosphere was once more calm and friendly.

But not for long.

Florence and Brian walked over to the poker table and sat down. Florence called to Ermentrude.

"Hey girl, bring us a couple of whiskeys."

Ermentrude was over by the far wall and she hurried towards the bar, picked up the drinks and rushed over to the poker table. Just as she reached the table she tripped and fell, showering Florence with whiskey. Florence jumped up and shouted.

"You stupid girl, why I ought to...."

"You ought to what?" it was Mr. Machenry.

"Why don't you try fighting someone who can fight back?" he continued.

"Such as?" replied Florence sneeringly.

"Me" said Mr. Machenry.

"You?" Florence was almost laughing.

"You! Why you old timer, I'd clear the holster and plug you before you'd even got your hand on the gun!"

Mr. Machenry was a man who hated being insulted. He knew Florence was right, but he looked her in the eye and said boldly,

"Like to prove that?"

Mr. Machenry went for his gun.

But Florence was already there, her gun levelled towards Mr. Machenry and two flashes of flame flashed towards him. Mr. Machenry, gun now in hand, was caught full in the chest. He rocked back, brought up his gun to fire, then sank backwards onto the floor. Florence put her gun back into the holster.

"Silly old fool," she muttered and sat down again.

"Hold it ma'am. It ain't over yet, there's a score to be settled." A voice floated over from the back of the room. The crowd which had gathered round the dead body, shuffled back to their hiding places behind the bar or beyond the far table.

The voice belonged to Dougall. Deadly Dougall folks called him. He was hard and mean, but he was on the side of the law. He was standing up now and he unfastened the clip round his six-shooter as he spoke.

"I said there's a score to settle."

"What?" said Florence, almost incredulously.

"You killed an old man, now I'm gonna plug you, gal."

"Big words." cut in Brian.

"So there's two of you to get now eh? Suits me, evens up the odds." said Dougall. Both Florence and Brian stood up.

"You're looking for trouble sonny." said Brian.

"That's right. Or rather, I'm aiming to give you two some trouble." Florence and Brian's hands both flashed towards their guhs.

Big Bag Florence was fast. Dead Shot Brian was accurate and deadly.

But deadly Dougall was faster, deadlier and more accurate than both of them.

His gun was already in his hand.

He fired. Once, twice, three, four, five times. Florence took a slug right in the heart and another in the shoulder. Her gun fired once before she collapsed, but the shot was well wide.

Brian was still on his feet, he staggered and fired twice.

One of his bullets hig Dougall in the leg. Calmly, Dougall stood steady and fired his last shot into Brian's belly. Brian crumpled and fell in a heap over Florence.

Dougall sank wearily into his chair. The job was done. He had settled the score.

K. Lowe.
2B

HAND

Here is my hand, familiar,
A digital complexity
That serves well to provide for me
An estimation of my thoughts.

I.M.B.

TRAIN WINDOW

I took up my fancy
 With a lady on the train
 Who sat alone
 Chewing some inconsistent bone;
 Her knees propped high -
 An edifice on her lap
 As she watched her face weave some expressionless trap.
 Her hands tangled with a clasp
 A golden muddle of amorphous grief
 Had she perceived some picaresque thief?
 Something 'ultra vires' appeared in her glance
 And someone spoke of sin
 As she smiled 'delinquent' at the Narcissus twin.

r.a.k.

FEBRUARY SUNDAY MORNING PAPERS

Twigs of crane-fly delicacy
 Embody all memory and longing,
 Assuring yesterday shall come once more
 As tomorrow.

Deeply bells distant tolling.
 Half-heard church words, half-breathed humming,
 Like summer.

The frost: hedgehog sharp,
 Sleepful, waking with the sun,
 Stirring to the maiden morning.

All is distance and nearness;
 The quiet touch of far calling, far.
 It is the death of all old age for age - old's rebirth,
 All that was forgotten once, returns:
 Sunsets serene,
 Bidding peace, and warm slumber
 With dreams, boundless,
 Of Harvest Festival,
 A Noel; and Christmas Trees.

David Natt.

JOURNEYS THROUGH THE FIFTH

Falling,
 Sleep, for voices are calling,
 Dreaded bells pealing
 Dreaming.
 Wait, for silence is golden,
 Stopping the unstopped from
 Floating
 Down, movement suspended
 Relative to the unrelative,

6
Diving

Through towards the infinite,
Reaching nothing beyond

Nothing,

Changing the unchanging,
Momentarily wandering,

Glimpsing

The unglimsped centuries,
And reeling, shocked

Twisting

In wonder of the wasted land,
Void upon void

Imagining

The inconceivable fifth of
Dimensions in dimensions,

Plotting,

Our own worlds together,
Bond beyond previous bondage,

Streaming

Across the vagrant lands
Of the minds, of mindless man,

And his maddening

Threefold interpretation
Of eternal paradise.

Only the individual can
Screen his five senses to see alone,
And create a new, equivalent dimensions,
Carrying his world beyond worlds,
In his mind;
And wise old men
May do well to remember
That there may be no meaning,
-No none, of its kind.

Sense the surf across the shingle,
Skim the mirror's surface:

The effervescent ridges
Rise as mountains of sheer bliss,
Enveloping each valley.

Stumbling horses stretch rolling moodily
Across a strange endless open sea,
The chosen medium, pure and careless.

The summits of each fiery rage
Crash into the urgent suck
Around the coral shelf.

Flowing white, majestic, curling peaks -
The breaking waves crush folding, crumbling
Tumbling in the living somersault -
Awakening the foam fresh sparkle
On the eversifting shore.

Serene, the albatross soars
 Above where the surging sea dream
 Breaks upon the rocks,
 Each single personal idea
 Smashing against each hissing crevice,
 The flagrant spray spouting
 Vengeance through the sharpest stone.

The screeches of the weathered sea birds
 Swooping and diving,
 Echo from the cliffs,
 And the restless seas below
 Pound merciless
 The pure walls of the fifth.

The governing moon reveals
 The upturned pebbles tossed
 By the retreating tide.

Take my hand...

The fifth sea's never sinking sunset
 Shimmers on each romantic ripple,
 Gliding towards,
 And with a touch of the wind
 Almost kissing
 The edge of the sands.

CONTEMPORARY MUSIC WITHIN THE SCHOOL

This will be by no means a comprehensive study, and will deal only with the last Folk Concert and those appearing in the coming one, as they are the only people on whom we have any information.

First, a few words about the last Folk Concert at the end of the Winter Term. It was organized by Andy Morley and proved to be quite successful. Missing were such talents as Tarsus and Lonere, but, nevertheless, the evening's music was of quite a high standard and people generally enjoyed what was offered. The music on the whole was totally acoustic, though perhaps at times the title of 'Folk Concert' was somewhat a misnomer. The amplification equipment was supplied by Mr. Freeman, to whom we extend our most cordial thanks.

As you should know, another such evening is being staged on Tuesday, 2nd April. Mr. Freeman, to whom we are again very grateful, is supplying the amplification equipment. The evening will again mainly consist of acoustic music, though this time a definitely electrically orientated group is appearing in the form of Grimsby Fisch, who are also responsible for supplying another system of amplifiers, etc. Many thanks. They deserve mention alongside Harlequin and Gary and Clive who are all making their debuts in this type of concert. Grimsby Fisch are predominantly a Lower Sixth based group, Harlequin originate from the Fifth Form, and Gary and Clive the Upper Sixth.

Our information on the concert will be limited here, as we hope to be producing a programme to be given away at the door.

Apart from those already mentioned, at the time of writing, appearing are:

Ros and Jan (and Kathy?)
 Pint
 Chris Nash and Andy Sandham (of Tarsus fame.)
 Nick, Mick, Jacqui and Andy.

John Cammeron (ex. Andy Vores troupe)

Orpheus

Andy Vores supported by a cast of thousands, with Liz dancing.

Please give us your support. Proceeds to charity (as always.) Other credits must be given to Gary, Clive and Brian who are in charge of the lights; Martin and Stuart who should be compering; and anyone else involved in helping with the arrangements.

The Organizers.

Carried upon the breast of Spring Tide
from a corner to the scythe
by the whispering mountains of millions
who vomit their goodbyes.

Witness the shadow of a petal
in the hair of the wind
as it shares, staring
the daylight.

The crag
shelters the silent
and the grasses, listening,
and grave flowers, glistening,
dew painted mourners
no tears are owned.

Towers, ravines and black coffee
on the pavement.

Des cafes.

Summer wine stains
a folksinger with earrings, Levis
and a girl from Provenco.

Across that slake river
weeping for the fun
visiting the main street
when the months
of sun depressed
wash the meadows green.

The footbridge wears diamonds
a tiara to the moon
at sunset time
when morning comes too soon.

Perhaps she worked the barges
walked, or came by train.
Sitting on a bench
watching the afternoon,

A little further on and you see
how the river is
seven miles away.
Near a hotel, an island
standing by a chateau.

The first fresh wind
cuts the valley floor,
the grain is stoked
in the fields where
the cattle aren't
the forest is creeping
back from the hills

and the days have left
with a barge
on the river.

In a few weeks, it may snow
she tackles the road
returning
past promises of winter
the cathedral
against the castle
grey,
closes its eyes
to the sky
the rain
walks by
in slow sad showers.

Dreaming of Don Quixote
face pressed against
the window
slowly the mist
is distressed
by a tear.

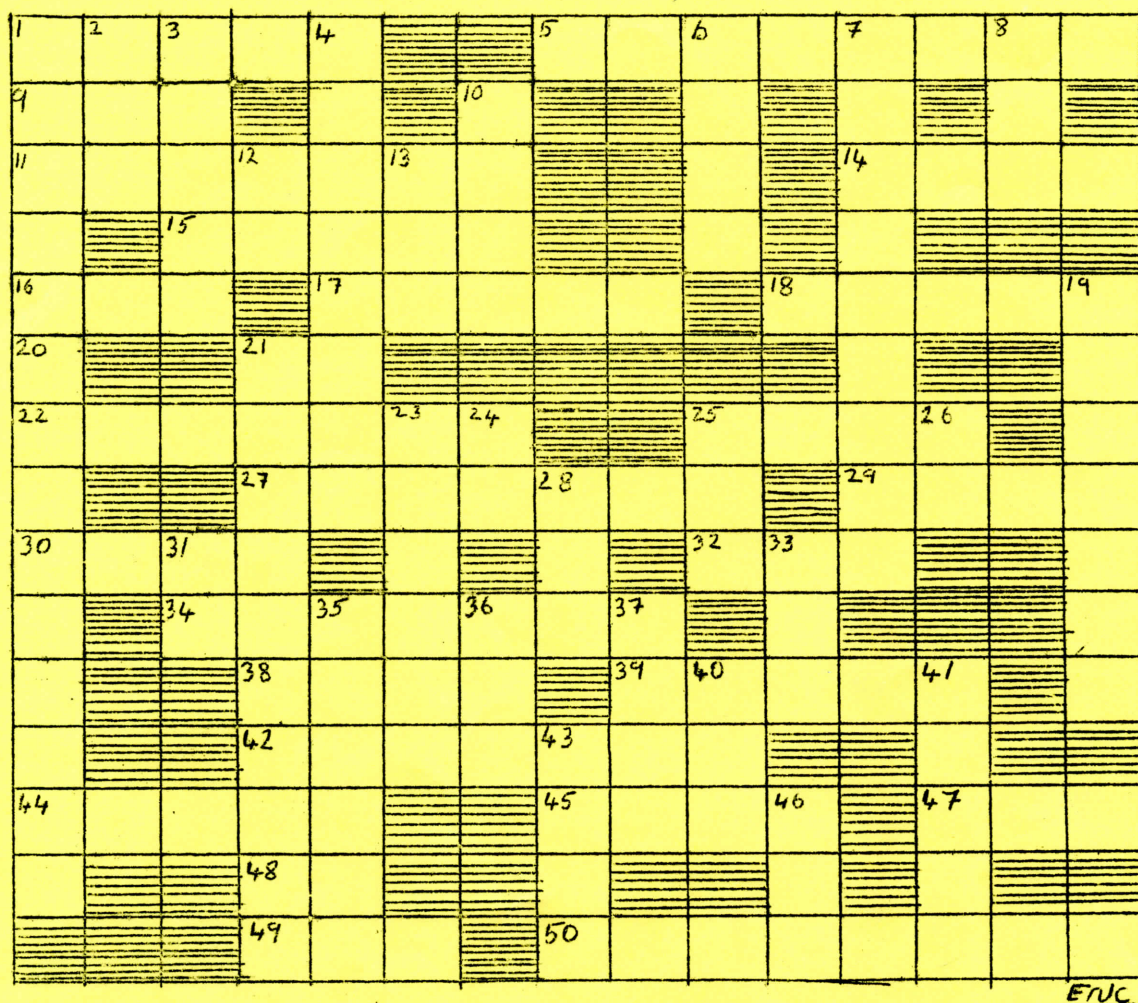
Robin Smith.

Flying to the old country,
Where thoughts come unbidden,
Where meaning is conveyed in a look,
and beauty is a flower opening,
To greet the dewfresh smile,
Of the new morning.

Snowdrops! white, growing in the crevice
Of the dry-stone wall
Topped by the golden brown,
Gently rustling,
Beech hedge,
Through which the children scramble
Overwhelmed.
Celandines! gentle yellow flower,
Closing as the sun goes in,
Opening,
Shyly,
Stretching petals to capture the warmth.
And the bees, buzzing idly from plant
To plant - Lazy
Smooth, round shouldered hills,
Unmarred by scars,
With peaceful grey/white sheep
All tatty haired
Drinking from the lichened trough.

Through the fields I wander,
Restored.

B. Skinner.



ENUC

The Black Lion is offering a £1 prize to the first correct solution examined after the closing date of WEDNESDAY, 5th JUNE. All entries must be given to BRIAN SKINNER (6ScL3).

The judges decision is final.

This competition is not open to members of the Staff or their families. Neither is it open to any of the Associates of the BLACK LION nor the compiler of this crossword.

CLUES DOWN:

1. 'Merely corroborative detail intended to give artistic -----
to an otherwise bald and unconvincing narrative.' (14) Gilbert.
2. Increase occurs in this normally as we get older. (3)
3. If you've got any, you would be doing this puzzle - and that's
irrefutable. (5)
4. Title of a Scott novel: 'The -----' (8)
6. See clue 41.
7. Don Quixote's mount. (9)
8. Definitely not original. (3)
10. If only we'd been informed at an earlier time! (4)
12. Not B.C. (2)
13. Changed particle (3)
19. Author of a vicious regime in Ghana. (7)
21. Diamond like - positively brilliant. (10)
23. Formosa. (6)
24. A French addition? (2)
25. Organ which enables you to look both ways at a problem? (3)
26. Hawaiian name for black lava? (2)
28. Get it out - ie. don't stick it in! (3)
31. Lazy man's alternative to (28). (2)
33. Fringe, especially of spectrum? (3)
35. Lack of Iodine. (6)
36. Measure of resistance. (3)
37. Famous dynasty, but often breakable! (4)
- 41 & 6. If Alec walks as far along the Chinese Wall as Richard,
the relations might be strengthened! (5, 4)
43. U.S.A.: State North of Missouri. (4)
46. A kind of mixed up dishonesty produces a shorter Elizabeth,
(but not by a head!) (3)

CLUES ACROSS:

1. Personal Male attendant. (5)
5. A maiden in such a state would surely rouse you to action! (8)
9. Consider the other one - that which is concious and thinks. (3)
11. Regal trappings in U.S.A. Corn Belt? (7)
14. Blue-White metal resistant to corrosion. (4)
15. Dostoevski's is the most famous by far. (5)
16. As in the original. (3)
17. "The Hunting of the ----- " by L.Carrol. (5)
18. Mixed up charge within the United Nations could cause labour troubles.(5)
- 20, 21. Descartes: "I think, therefore ----- " (1, 2)
22. Right to act in name of another. (7)
25. Angry Mountain? (4)
27. Study parts of body, especially by dissection. (7)
29. Main Tanzanian political party. (4)
30. Weaving machine coming up from background. (4)
32. Beforehand, either way of looking at it. (3)
34. Fishing bait. (7)
38. The original escapist? (4)
39. Country of monsoonal climate in Asia. (5)
42. Well, they've got to get tin from somewhere! (3, 4)
44. It might be part of the Queen's motto, but really it's yours. (5)
45. Window form shaped like boat keel. (4)
47. A large African antelope. (3)
48. I'm sorry, I can't think of a clue, but you won't be far off! (2)
49. This slippery fellow can be reversed in shelter. (3)
50. Stibium?

LIMBO

And standing between
 The unbalance of power
 Like a marionette
 On a tight-rope
 Swung a cat around
 With uncertain malice
 Within dimensions
 Insufficient
 To escape
 Inhibition--
 With tall stories
 On either side
 Set my stool
 High to sit
 In a Promethian wilderness
 Of vulturine politics -
 So walked on stilts
 Past my mind's delight
 To see the world
 Cut loose its sisters
 Within a verbal blitz.

r.a.k.

THINK BUBBLES

"Where's my comic?" asked Tommy. "Oh, on the mantelpiece," replied his mother, waving a hand towards the lounge. Tommy entered the lounge and picked up his comic off the tiles. He looked blankly at the front page for a few minutes, then his eyes sparkled as he thought of a terrific new idea. "I wonder if it would be possible to see people's think-bubbles like you can in the comics," he thought.

He immediately climbed the stairs and went into his brother's room. "If you try hard, can you see people's think-bubbles?" he asked. "What?"

"Think-bubbles, you know, what they draw in comics."

"Stupid idiot," said his brother, "of course you can't." Tommy wandered into his bedroom. "Perhaps he's right," he thought. And then he saw it as he was passing the mirror. A large white bubble was de-materialising above his head. "What was that?" he thought. And there it was again, with the words "What was that?" in it. The words changed again when he realised what it was and showed "A think-bubble." After that, every time he thought something new, so the bubble would change to mirror his thoughts.

He walked through to his brother who was doing his French vocabulary. The bubble above his head showed a single foreign word. He saw it change to "Oh crikey, here's flea-brain again." "I can see his think-bubble," thought Tommy, "I wonder if he can see mine."

"What do you want?" asked his brother.

"Can you see anything above my head?" asked Tommy.

"Of course I can't, apart from hair, you stupid fool," his brother replied.

The next day in the playground, Tommy could see white bubbles above everyone's heads. It was exactly the same in the classroom. The teacher gave out the English books, "Edwards! Smith!" "Yes Sir," answered Tommy. In the bubble over the teacher's head, Tommy saw the words, "Clever boy, that Smith."

In the next period, which was German, Tommy saw similar words over the head of the German teacher's head.

"Bad work Lyntot," said the teacher; "Good work, Smith." Tommy looked at the large black think-bubble which was materialising over Lyntot's head; "I'll get that creep" it said.

At playtime, Tommy was cautious, and did everything in his power to avoid the dreaded Lyntot. But the inevitable happened. Lyntot appeared round a corner, and as Tommy turned to run, in his panic he collided with the Art trolley complete with guiding Art teacher. The trolley was unstable at the best of times, and with the added momentum of the panic-stricken Tommy, it capsized with a messy crash right in the middle of the corridor. The polite blue tiles became a kaleidoscope of living colour; thirty-two carefully selected squirrel-hair brushes intended for the delicate hands of prodigious painters successfully danced the Light Fantastic to the accompanying clamour of cascading water-pots. Lyntot surveyed the scene with deep contentment. "But Sir, he was going to get me," began Tommy. Lyntot's face immediately registered a mixture of surprise, innocence and contrition. Tommy dared not even look at the teacher's think-bubble.

Needless to say, clearing up the mess took rather a long time, and poor Tommy was more than a little late home that evening. To add insult to his already injured spirit, he had had to pay for the paints and brushes which had been lost. On the way home, Tommy had contemplated deeply upon the future of the think-bubbles. Whilst there were many advantages to be gained from being able to see what others could not, the disadvantages far outweighed the advantages, as he had already proved. He had tried hard not to see any think-bubbles, but he just couldn't do it. What on earth was there to be done? As he sat dejectedly in front of his mirror that evening watching his thoughts turn over, it came to him. Of course, it was obvious. Jumping off his bed, he ran to the cupboard and got out his toy gun. Looking into the mirror once more, he pointed the gun directly at the think-bubble over his head. He thought a dart into the breech of the gun, together with a suitable charge and pulled the trigger. "Bang!" went the gun. The thought - dart went straight through the side-wall of his think-bubble, and his troubles were over.

M.Rice. 3D.

All along the space spun hours
 In tones of choral multitude
 Myriad shimmering leaves of time
 Light-animate a primal mood

Amidst this wealth of beauty
 I stand and breathe prehistory
 The scent of years o'erwhelming
 Swells in my heart to spellbind me.

When life sighs from my being
 And moves on a more peaceful plain
 I shall then as a tree
 To dwell amongst my friends again.

Ivor Bundell.

The Editors and Staff of Black Lion Enterprises
 Hereinafter called "that magazine again" would
 like to take this opportunity of thanking
 the ubiquitous Bob Gilbert for his valiant
 efforts in attempting to type the latter half
 of "that magazine again". He, in his part,
 would like to take the opportunity afforded
 him by "that magazine again" to inform the
 Editors and Staff that he is a shareholder
 in DD Ltd, and Havana Cigars Ltd, hereinafter
 called "typist's perks."
 The Editor and his Staff would also like to show
 their appreciation to the school office, for
 their kind offices.

BLACK LION ENTERPRISES

Any reference in any article contained in this magazine to any person living or deceased, fictional or non-fictional is purely coincidental and no liability is accepted for any such reference by Black Lion Enterprises or any of their associates.