

THE

BLACK
LION

No. 3

THE
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LION

Editors: C.F.J.Bard.,
R.Ward.,
T.Burchett.,
N.Manly.,
W.Mahy,
& Mr.A.R.Johnson.

.....so we have decided to start this new Religion.
It is wholly original, or would seem to be from the evidence we
have collected. We are using as our mentor a fellow who lived
about two thousand years ago, and are basing our teachings on
humility. The beauty of it all is that it is applicable to all
people, and whenever a few of us are gathered together we can
rejoice in the sight of He that we call God. SEND NO MONEY, just
help others.

We do not think that this religion will be popular
as one of the things Christ said was that nothing justifies the
killing of one human being by another. As most of this country
has been trained expressly for that purpose this Christianity
will not be popular, for you know how the Church of England despises
pacifism.

Yours.....

PLEA FOR EDITORS . Luckily we now have enough editors to suffice
but this section is so popular that we have decided that it should
have one LAST AND FINAL appearance. Three cheers. Stop. Read on.

CONTRIBUTIONS. As always we need contributions, if possible they
should be typed or printed on QUARTO paper. They should be complete
with name and form and a sample of how you would prefer it signed.
ANYONE may contribute but they have to be GOOD. If you feel you
can do as well, if not better, then HAVE A GO.

THANKS. Our thanks is given to Mrs. Entwistle who typed the last
issue, and A.Neal and B.P.Cariss who helped type this. If anyone
else could also help please inform one of the editors.

APATHY DAY has been cancelled owing to lack of interest.

A SONG FOR YOU

The sun a conversion to a whole
 Persuades the body, captures the soul,
 and moves the sand, and shines its light,
 Reflections of the sun in the hot summer night.
 The sun in yellow orbits wings,
 A passionate flame, a fiery wings,
 And the sea reflects the shimmering star,
 And the innocent movement in green it star,
 Till tears fall in anger or cold prison bars,
 Like the song that I sing for you to share.

NOCTURNAL JOURNEY

Down among the snow-white sheets,
 Under blankets I squirm.
 Falling into semi-consciousness,
 Subconscious ramblings reveal themselves.

I make my way through the lonely forest.
 Suddenly, all the trees are gone.
 I am alone, unprotected, uncovered:
 A long, piercing wail.

I would turn, all the trees are gone,
 All around me is frightening.
 I am running, leaping, and falling,
 Falling, falling.....

Now I am in a crowd.
 People surround me, looking, wondering.
 A mystical crowd indeed,
 No one dares speak.

A crevice appears in the ground,
 Swallowing up the trembling nation.
 I myself am falling, falling,
 Falling back into reality.

A. Smith

1	2	3	4	5
2				
3				
4				

CROSSWORD.

Across:

1. A drink.
2. A tool.
3. A blow.
4. You see him at the
sea-side.

Down:

1. Found in a pod.
2. You ... a hammer for
hitting nails.
3. They lay eggs.
4. Ships sail on them.
5. You drop them.

FOR SOLUTION SEE PAGE FOURTEEN.

By Kevin Day.

But why did we queue, My Father ?
 Why did we queue ?
 On the roads of stone.

Before the dust, my son.
 Before the dust.

Did you know here before, My Father ?
 Before the fields of grey.
 Can you remember ?

Before the Dust, my son.
 Before the Dust.

But who shall we blame, My Father ?
 Who shall we blame ?
 Now we have no god.

You must blame us, my son,
 Blame us.

cfjbard.

The Effect

Strumming of deathbeats
 Agony, pain,
 The bomb has dropped.
 Horrible tunes fill heads
 People dying on deathbeds
 Heat waves of dust
 Radioactive killer
 Streets littered
 Death smelt here.
 Lungs torn out,
 Coughing, splutter
 Staggering wildly
 On and on.
 Clouds of black
 Floating around
 A dog dying
 Baby crying
 Dying
 From the bomb
 The hot, sickening effects
 Of the bomb.
 Skeletons bedraggled
 Dust particles gather
 To eat away
 And leave you
 Fleshless.

I. Bundell

WAR

We are taught that war is not glorious,
 That it is stupid,
 futile,
 wicked,
 and yet;

We are taught to shoot.
 To pretend to kill.
 To cause misery, death, hatred,
 To ourselves and to our enemies.
 And all our love is hopeless
 While we are fighting against our prayers.

We are told to fight all evil
 And that war is evil,
 And so we should fight war,
 But they tell us to fight in war.
 Thus we return an evil for an evil,
 A reviling for a reviling.

We are attacked.
 They tell us to defend.
 It was said, 'The best form of defence is attack.'
 We attack.
 And many are wounded, or killed.
 By this our left cheek may be saved,
 But our right is torn to shreds beyond recognition.

M.A. Seeley.

There he lies;
Lost in the frigid waste
His papier-mâché body
Honeycombed with metal;
A human sponge
For the waters of lunacy.
Ten thousand drops of blood
Now warm, later to congeal,
Run slowly down his hands
And tortured skin,
To fall upon the ground
In silent tears.
There he lies;
Sprawled across the mud
In starfish fashion.
His waxen eyes,
That once did truly see
The rising glory of the sun,
Now only view a hollow moon,
Sailing over a blistered sky;
And his shapeless lips,
That once did kiss
The singing flower girl,
Now kiss instead the angry earth
And taste its sanguine ware.....

The major shouts his orders
To the rows of wire puppets,
With their freshly laundered uniforms
And their brightly burnished brass:
Carefully planting in their neutral brains,
The growing germs of putrid hate;
And welding their starchy sinews
Into the wheels of revenge.
No longer will they thirst,
For cool fountains of peace,
Warm gardens of mercy;
For their hands are like scalpels
That will keenly cut the enemy's skin
And dig the marrow from his bones.
Quickly they yield themselves
To this straight-jacket of fear,
To this vast, rigid empire
Of cold, cathartic orders.
(Accepting the measured falsehood
Like welcome shelter in a storm).....

Among the mud and yellow slime,
Soldiers grope in semi-darkness;
Trying in vain to follow
The tiny pin-points of dismal light,
Randomly scattered across
The cratered-fields of broken bodies.
Their mouths burn and their throats choke
With the poison fumes of vitriol,
That angrily spill
Across the naked hedgerows

And so the man-made tiger advances
With growing momentum,
Towards its fruitless goal.
Deaf to all requests,
It rapes the towns;

It murders the countryside

The savage chords of human suffering,
Scream to the passing wind for mercy,
They cry to their unseen leaders,
Lying in their wells of indifference,
Yet they go unnoticed,
Blanketed by the noise
Of rivetting guns
And hammering shells,
That are the psalms of futility,
The canticles of pain

Nine hundred killed this very morning;
Fell like wooden dominoes
Out of their ranks,
Instantly released,
From their claustrophobic chains,
Their secret labyrinths of despair;
They lie unfettered on the ground
In glorious multitude

The guns render the landscape obscene;
Annihilating its past
With grave simplicity,
Leaving the trees like naked statues,
Bare monuments, carelessly carved
By the dancing bullets
Of a myopic gun-man;
Violently scared
By the waves of scorching wind,
Twisted, torn and weeping,
They languidly mean,
Beneath the mildew clouds,
To the clam-shut ears
Of those sad-faced men,
Who sound the molting bugles
Of nemesis

There he lies;
An epitaph to the foolish world,
Forgotten by the crowd
Of angry men,
Whose feet are synchronised
To the beat of drums,
Whose arms embrace
Their sacred guns,
Purged of any want,
Drained of any desire,
His body is limp and unwarded,
No longer a man,
But not a saint,
The flies surround his cardboard cheeks,
His slowly sinking eyes,
No longer a man,
But a distant shadow;
Who gently sang
In his short, unbuttoned youth
Those blessed words,
'Pax vobiscum' !
No longer a man,
But a black and white photo;
An unmentioned name
At the end of a litany.

BIRDS.

The heron stalks among the reeds.
A frog or two upon which he feeds.

The kestrel hovers in the sky.
Looking for mice who cannot escape his beady eye.

The curlew potters among the stones.
Knowing that worms are afraid of his tones.
The sparrow hops upon the soil.
Searching for insects his appetite to spoil.

The fish eagle circles in the air.
Diving upon fish to take back to its lair.

All these birds they all know this.
They owe their life to smaller things for without
them they would not exist.

by JOHN NEWTON.

FRIENDLY RIVALRY.

"Fore!" The open countryside.
A golf ball in the air.
Green tableau on the fairway.
It is a clear sunny day.

Iron on their shoulders;
With perspiration on their brows.
Softly rolling towards the hole;
And a cry of exultation.

A cow in the field enjoying the grass.
It stops just short. The cow moos.

Out with the putter, and with careful approach
A strike at the ball sends it home.

Bushes and trees with birds who sing
Admire the man who played the stroke.

by BRIAN P. CARISS.

The Tenable with Beauty is that it Cannot be Switched Off.

As the last hippie
Takes off his clothes
And injects himself
The people
Turn in disgust
Thankful
For the salvation of the Car
And the originality of their boxes.

As the last poet
Lies in a field
Breathing butter-cups
The people
Turn in disgust
And
Killing him with their fumes
They drive off
At the speed of sound
Neither seeing
Nor caring.

As the last composer
Listens to the simplicity
Of a bird
The people
Turn in disgust
Thankful
That the row will be killed
By the song of the piston
And the harmony
Of the till.

offbard.

YES I AM (A song of physical love)

Yes, mamma, i'm lonely,
Yes, i'm sat here on my own.
When the sun goes down i'm lonely,
Jessie Leichstipx, won't you please come home.

PROBLEM CORNER

Mary Nekklis answers queeries.

Sir,

Two of the reasons that I purchased my Rolls Royce were the immaculate wings. Now, however, I am rather worried as it has migrated South for the Winter.

Cross-moto

Dear Cross-moto,

Big deal.

M.N.

Dear Mary,

My friends sister is going out with her brother's cousin, but he prefers my uncle's daughter to her, so she also dates Jim, (I am left-handed) who also used to go out with me and is my step father's uncle's brother in law. On my last date my boyfriend did not kiss me. Why? X

P.S. I have known him for five years and he is a stepple-jack.

Sue, Worthing.

Perhaps, Sue, the reason why Jack did not say 'goodbye' to you in the way you would prefer was for psychological reasons. Being a stepple climber he would not be scared of heights, but if you are smaller than him it might create nervous disorders. Next time ask him to bend his legs and then standing on his knees see if he will kiss you.

M.N.

Dear Mary Nekklis,

Just lately I noticed two large lumps on my son's head. At first I thought they were ears, but not I am not so sure. Could it be over eating.

AN anxious mother.

The most likely illness that your son has contracted is Pipreams. Has he been down a minekately eating pickled grapes? This is the main cause and can be detected by largenlumps on the h ad.

M.N.

Dear Miss Nekkles, husband

Recently my has been on the bottle a bit. What should I do.

Worried

Try and keep it on your side of the bed.

M.N.

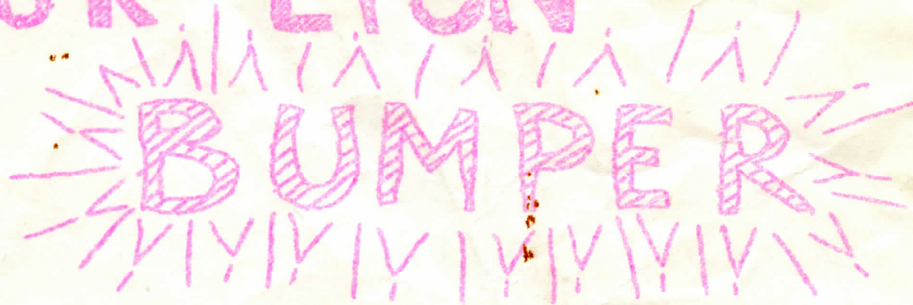
Next issue: Pet's Corner, contributions please.

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### CROSSWORD SOLUTION

|   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | P | 2 | U | 3 | N | 4 | C | 5 | H |
| 2 | P |   | U |   | N |   | C |   | H |
| 3 | P |   | U |   | N |   | C |   | H |
| 4 | P |   | U |   | N |   | C |   | H |

# BLACK LION



## COMPETITION

1st. Prize: One Bumper.

2nd. Prize: A cardboard replica of Mr. H. Wilson, for two.

3rd. Prize: A weekend in Brighton, for one.

ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS:

Spot the Rubber Falsie, having collected 37 packet tops.



### RULES

- 1.) No person who has read page 15 of the "Black Lion" magazine need apply.
- 2.) The competition is not open to the editors, or their wives, children, mistresses, etc. etc.
- 3.) The decision of the judges is final and only monetary considerations will influence them in any way.
- 4.) The competition will be judged by a distinguished panel of experts:  
Roland Smallpiece J.P. & V.C.  
Ronald Smellacre M.A., B.Sc.  
William Smelly-Rudcliffe V.C., C.D.M. & Bar.

### Entry Form.

Name.....

Address.....

Answer YES/NO

(Delete where applicable.)

WRITE, in no less than words:

I THINK THE BLACK LION IS DYNAMIC BECAUSE.....

I ENCLOSE MY SISTER AND A POSTAL ORDER TO COVER HER.

Normal signature.....

Abnormal signature.....