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THE BLACK LION

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& Mr. A.R. Johnson

FAUST: Wohin der Weg?
MEPHISTOPHELES: Kein Weg! Ins Unbetretene

Each time we call for poems and articles we are swamped with War and Death. It has become increasingly obvious that one of the dominant psychological influences, perhaps even the basic motivation of our generation is the thought of Death — death by Atomic Warfare.

Never before has so much been known by the masses about the weapons and consequences of War. Previously war meant heroic men grappling in some far off country, or the threat of a system that would be different from the one we know — and love?

However, we will still fight, we will not object, because we are cowards. We are afraid of the Unknown.

Heroes have always had death as their ultimate comfort; we have no such comfort, for life under an unknown system could be worse than death.

Whether any alternative to our present system is better or worse we cannot tell. This fact is exploited by those in power. We are allowed to know a considerable amount about atomic warfare because politicians know that such weapons are useless. *The real enemies are our closest friends and the weapons they use are ourselves.* When we fight it will be with our bare hands; the old concept of two inhuman mutants fighting over some ashes is now an out of date and irrelevant picture of Warfare. It is the Unknown that we will be sent to fight, because it is the Unknown that we psychologically oppose.

Editorial Continued

When we examine our so-called educations, we will discover that we know as little about other people and their situations as we did in our infancy. As soon as we leave school or university we will be pushed into a job that is as irrelevant to living as is having a high I.Q. is to a dustman. We know nothing: the little we are told is carefully vetted and censored by our forbears. The hope is that we will have the same outlook when we succeed to the system. When one is outside the system one cannot change it, and when one is part of it, one does not want to. It is this fact alone that the system must ultimately rely on. When you are given the vote you are given it in the knowledge that you will vote exactly like, or opposite to, your father. We must therefore demand to be given true facts about other people, other countries, other situations, other religions. We will not get them, but it is only when one knows the facts about anything, and can see things in their proper perspective, that one can reject it. Do not, as we are told, reject a system on the grounds that it is unknown.

Therefore, unless there is a mistake we will survive the cynicism of our parents.

Unfortunately it is their fingers that are hovering over the button

SHAGGY DOG

Huge black swans
Beat down on me
In my womb
Dripping with blood

And great green things
Crawled
Across my face.

Mirrored
In the pools of glass

Stagnated
In my eyes

Reflecting the grease-tears.

My teeth
Drip
Into their empty cavities
As my melting body
Climbs into the deodoriser

And dies.

HAIRY

Is this the greater part?
This the bold consummation?
Then love is done.

PMWH

TOUGH LOVE

If you ask me whom I love most
I would answer not the host
Of men I see in the street
Who are incapable of loving me
But my children, my wife
Who are, to me, my life;
Yet if you ask "Is this enough?"
I will admit it is not tough
Love.

If I ask you how I can love
Your odd ones who do not move
A lazy finger to help me
I would have to keep asking
For without any reply
How on earth can poor I
Love.

If I admit I do not need
Help or reply: I can feed
Myself, I still need to be told
Where on earth to have bold
Love.

If I confess I know how
And where and whom I can now
Love.
Love.

A.R. Johnson

SOUTHAMPTON LOVE POEM

high street/
saturday afternoon/
cars everywhere/ arent there always/
then her/
everything but her disappears.

tranquil thoughts flood my mind,
of her and a drink on a stick,
lying on the grass in the middle
of those great big, wide open spaces
known as the common.

but she walks past/
unconquered/
its the same every minute.

nick manley

A RIDE IN THE COUNTRY

a ride in the country takes you through
roads which wind and twist round fields.
the built-up banks with foot tall grass just miss.
red, yellow, blue flowers perch precariously
on lumps of earth which hang,
ready to drop on the grit road
where cars rush by to flatten and kill.

they stop, seeing flowers, and pluck
every one from its roots of life.
they kill, not caring for life, these poor flowers at their youth.
within days they are without life.
this harsh reality brings me back now where i am.
those dead flowers are boys,
boys who are plucked from their youth,
flattened or killed the red grit roads now are mud. mud which
stretches for miles with shell holes dispersed at random.
this is a war. where man kills,
not caring for life.
when will they stop and see the murder of these flowers.

W. Mahy

FRIDAY NIGHT BLUES

except for a person or two
the street is
deserted.

car door loudly slams
shoes trip towards nearby pub.
stilettos chink along pavingstones
boyfriend's heavy sueded scuff
desperately trying to keep upright
obviously his mind is blown.

hot fishandchip sizzle follows me
empty bus passes
ill-lit
heavy blue smoke.
beerbottle smashes in gutter
swearing
obviously someones mind is blown.

stagger into park
nearly midnight
cold greymarble bench.
wind shivers through trees
autumn leaves rustle
replacing footsteps.

feeling sleepy
past midnight
stars twinkle no more.
pearly mist falls amid dimming of sodiumlamps
settles
envelops surroundings.

old sunday newspaper lies across my face
droplets descend onto newsprint.
i feel the nights sad loneliness
take to my refuge
in deep
peaceful
sleep.

Rward

THE FIRST

Let us stroll through life.
Let us take our time
And take no heed of the price
Of passing hours of fine
Weather or rain.

Anarate

PORTRAIT OF A SCHOOLMASTER

Inside the room is a riot,
Not one of the boys in his seat.
Cones fly, boys shout, lookouts wait,
Then one hears the echo of feet.

"Shh! He's coming!" they whisper,
Heavy silence, like a mask, is pulled down.
Sir comes in through a door in the corner,
With the same old suitcase and gown.

He places his case on the desk,
Then inside his great head disappears.
"I believe I gave you some prep,"
Each boy quakes in his own private fears.

"Is it neat enough? The right essay?"
They can see by his face he'll find fault.
They wonder what pain they'll soon suffer,
But that's locked in their master's brain vault.

Like a lighthouse his gaze on the boys
Warns off, for today, foolish pranks.
"For this lesson you'll read chapter thirty!"
The scowls of the boys show their thanks.

Like a butterfly basking in sunlight,
He opens and shuts his black gown.
From the back desks boys mimic his accent,
They can see he's annoyed by his frown.

In a few decades hence these young rebels
Will look back, and then they will know,
How much of their wealth and their power,
To this man, whom they feared, they now owe.

R. Nobles

black within black

O hate that burns my mind
kindling a sick imagination
and dashing the chalice of dreams
of freedom and unchastened fire
from lips of cool and ice despair
which cry the lonely cry of youth
that soars like twisted wreathes
of smoke from a burning eden
O frozen tears that hang
like this golden grey autumn
upon the minds of frustration
that with pen of fear
scratch out the message of anarchy
across the finite skies of thunder
we stand inarticulate
with bloody hands of wrath
that break those brittle nails
on the blank wall unreceiving

A. Hill

FRAGMENT: III

the last whisper of his sardonic voice
fades into the background
and i am at peace at last

all of lifes knowledge has escaped my mind
and i am alone with myself
and the dank taste of uniformity

the sense of loneliness and unsuitability felt in life
goes
for i at last have discovered myself
and the situation i have been striving to achieve
and i am satisfied.

nick manley

MAN STEALS GAS

By C.F.J. Bard

Some time ago there was a report in the local newspaper with the intriguing headline: "Man steals Gas". The man was convicted of stealing 85,100 cubic feet of gas from the Southern Gas Board.

The gas was worth £56 12s.

How a man could plunder 85,100 cubic feet of gas had me worried for some little time.

Although coal gas is reasonably light (the amount in question would have weighed, very approximately, only four tons) it is quite bulky and would have to be carried in a plastic bag which, if square, (and, let us face it, if a man could steal that much gas, obtaining a square plastic bag would be nothing) would measure 44' x 44' x 44' or roughly the size of a row of terraced houses.

After many enquiries at the Gas Board I discovered that the man had been more cunning than I imagined. It transpired that he had persuaded them to lay a pipe right into his house! I can imagine your expressions of amazement! Oh, folly, folly, Gas Board!

It also transpired that the man had been burning the gas. I feel sorry for the poor labourers, and gas miners, who had to see the fruits of their labour, this most expensive commodity, go up in flames.

Unfortunately, this was not all: on looking through my copy of "The Boy's Mammoth Book of Trials, Murders and other Miscellaneous Atrocities" I noticed the notorious case of Rex v. Hardbasket, which shocked the world and completely dominated the newspapers in 1939.

I quote here the climax of the trial, when, after two hours' cross-examining, Arnold Hardbasket confesses:

Def. "..... I was for sometime an employee of the Gas Board, during which time I stole the gas. My income was only about £12 a week and I could not support my wife, and car, and mortgage, and 52 inch colour radio set, and my mistress in the manner to which she was accustomed. Then a friend told me that in winter, at peak periods, gas was scarce and not all that cheap; so I took some from the gasholder, intending to go round from door to door selling it, during a gas-cut.

When I discovered that I could make a sizeable income from the illicit gas I thought I would try my hand at electricity.

At that time the Electricity Board was in a shocking state, with power cuts and failures, and I thought I could do something about it! I constructed a huge battery charger and connected it to the national grid. The neighbours had always considered me to be a live wire, but news of the charger soon spread and the air was electric with the current news.

continued

Pros. How did you take the gas?

Def. Under the ladder there's this tap. . .

Judge. A gas tap?

Pros. Quite so, m'lud, but I wish to know how the defendant carried the gas!

Def. In a plastic bag, but at first I did not expect to get away with it.

Clerk (making frantic calculations) But in that case

Def. No, plastic bag.

Judge Order, order!

Clerk In that case the bag would be roughly the size of a terrace of houses.

Pros. Did your employers not notice it?

Def. No.

Pros. But how?

Def. It was a transparent plastic bag.

At this point war was declared and Arnold Hardbasket became a national hero by stealing the Nazis' poison gas, thus ensuring that during the course of the war they could not use it.

Quotations of the Term

Simmons, 6 Lower, at a debate in the library on 23rd October:-

"This holy of holies, this paradise for the workshy."
(of Price's School)

Bard, commenting upon the debate on the motion: The majority of Priceans are faceless, complacent materialists:-

"We have seen, or missed, if we blinked, the arguments on both sides."

Binns, commenting on "BLACK LION" No. 4:

"Well, it takes one to write one!"

Suburban Evening

Where rivers red run roses
in the gardens of plasticene
I watched the sun stalk shadows
with the silky afterlight,
and let my ears be dazzled
by the children calling mother
or the bonfires burning blossom in the dusk.

See the light reflect balloons
dancing Tantalus in gardens
where I cut the fallow stalks
from the fire of the flowers,
and sleepy were the evenings
when the streetlights flickered flashing
through the swishing of the quiet suburban blind.

But with scissors of your eyes
cut the paper people hollow
by your mind demolishing
in the houses of their cards,
and through the printed pattern
perceive the symbols of their suits
when the hands are gathered in amass the score.

A. Hill

AFTER

We crawl out of the shelters
Our homes desecrated
Our nerves in shreds.
The nuclear attack has passed,
Leaving desolation and death;
Stark death roams the landscape,
Bones are bleached.
Fire runs rampage,
Sickness,
People cry out for relief
From this living death.

Paul Goffin

HEADS:

One and sixpence worth of beef curry
Rumbled reluctantly
Like an active volcano,
Raising eyebrows and welcomed distraction
For twenty five satellites of dissatisfaction.

Pages eleven to twenty seven
Were all about heaven:
Conkers in vinegar.

The sun set fire to woolly-grey backs
And minds were taxed
While Sir relaxed
Against the black of a whitened board,
Temperatures soared _____
Young minds roared _____
The old ignored _____
The white print glared
Children stared _____
Sense impaired _____
Thoughts unshared _____
While Master dared _____
_____ A volcano erupted _____
_____ Sir was disgusted. The bell went.
_____ W.I.K. _____

LIMERICKS

A magician who lived in Shanghai
Found his magical lamp had run dry,
For the genie popped out,
Through the hole in the spout,
And gave him a sock in the eye.

There once was a happy young Rajah,
Whose tummy grew larger and larger.
The increase in size,
Was through eating pork pies,
While galloping round on a charger.

John Homer.

DREAMISM

Find ourselves a million miles from reality,
And never try to fight the feeling.
But being English I fight to win but lose.
The black man, whom call my brother, comes to the door
And I give him the last of my sugar;
We float in still time.

nick manley

WORLDS APART

We were here, and they were there.
We shuffled slightly.
They coughed apologetically.
We sat on uncomfortable
Wooden seats and adjusted postures.
They did likewise.
Hearts beat in unison
Minds strove to close the gap
But it was useless.
There was no communication.
It was not meant to be.

Anon

LIFE 1

The youth that once was part
As a limb
Is now lost in embarrassing still;
And the light before fades into insensitivity.

The inexplicable rage of childhood
Now reasons,
And lies dormant:
And the brilliance is fading.

Now this Pandora's casket,
No longer with vitality;
Now the mind is chained,
And wonderful childhood is incarcerated.

The ageing cask, greying,
Now cools;
The inner fire burns low,
The will to live effaced.

M.I. Luckham

17th October 1969 (A song for Christine)

alone we walked
behind the crowds
my arm gently round you
fingers stroking
your soft brown hair
your soft face
your soft body...

and then
we stepped inside
and we were
away.
your lips tasted so - - -
in the darkness
crowds laughing and singing
all around us
but we didnt care.....

we'd made it
after years of searching
but our lips parted
too soon...

too bad it couldnt last
for ever
i wanted it to
but you changed your mind...

goodbye darling
goodbye...

Rward

IN THE MORNING

in the morning
i think of you
the night before
your pleading leading eyes
in the morning
i think
i think of how you said
'goodbye'
thats all no
forced exasperated sigh
to quicken our parting thoughts
and i think of you so easily
in the morning.

PMWH

end without world

what is there left
darling
for money will turn to dust
and run as sand
through bones of coral white
and coins will lie like stones
where silent towers stand
and armies fall as leaves

what is there left
darling
for ink will fade like memories
and ashes dance as fireflies
in the smoke of burning tears
and the last kiss will wither
when rain wets your lips
and the grey fungoid grows

what is there left
darling
for the fragrant blooms will die
and their petals fall like snow
on seas of broken reeds
and this hand will shrivel
where leaves lie as blood in the gutter
and the iron wheels thunder

what is there left
darling
for religion has lost a meaning
and our eyes are stagnant
now that we have no god
and rigid bones are clasped
while hair burns like grass
and teeth crawl black with ants

what is there left
darling
another injection

but what is there left
darling
the point of a needle

but what is there left

A. Hill

FANGORN

If nature were fast
What threat we would see in these groping limbs.

Youth sits about
Intolerant of Age.

Euthanasia.

Is there a place
For our decaying parents.

Euthanasia.

But Youth grows old
While making Law.

Euthanasia.

And when it is
There is no rejoicing
Jubilant success.
We sit around
In our armchairs
In our clubs.

Waiting

Euthanasia.

Waiting.
for the men in white coats, and nurses.

Euthanasia.

cfjbard.

NO I AM NOT — a song of intimacy

oh yeah
thats just fine
come on boys
just one more time

words by *Rward*
music available on request

MORE SUPERTHRILLERADVENTURESERIAL

The Nudemobile's turbo-props throbbed into life as Dick started up. SUPERNUDE clamped himself into his seat. At that very same instant tough, hard, hard-boiled, grisly newspaper magnet, Hermann Gland appeared from the Gland Building, with newspapers completely engulfing his body.

"Hi! SUPERNUDE," he ejaculated.

"Hi! Gland", retorted SUPERNUDE.

"Farewell and adieu."

"Adieu."

"Adieu."

And with no more ado they were off. Some time later SUPERNUDE and Dick departed, and in doing so inadvertently knocked a packet of cornflour into the garden.

The Plot Thickens

Suddenly the Nudemobile came to a halt.

"I'll catch the train here, I think", conjectured SUPERNUDE, pensively. So saying he pushed his way through the Orchestra seated in the Nudemobile and leapt out.

Quickly donning his Doris Day Glamor Mask he began his ingenious plot to impregnate the evil SMOKER'S den as Harold Silwon, well known T.V. comic and J.P. impersonator.

Covering the legend, "SUPERNUDE" emblazoned on his breast, with an old astrakhan bootee he inconspicuously entered the SMOKER'S den. Suddenly he found himself face to face with the SMOKER. The SMOKER snapped his fingers.

"Ow! That always happens if you bend them too far back."; and out of the gloom came two of his evil henchmen.

"Bring me my Hench, men," he coughed.

WILL SUPERNUDE SURVIVE? WILL THE SMOKER BE FAGGED OUT?

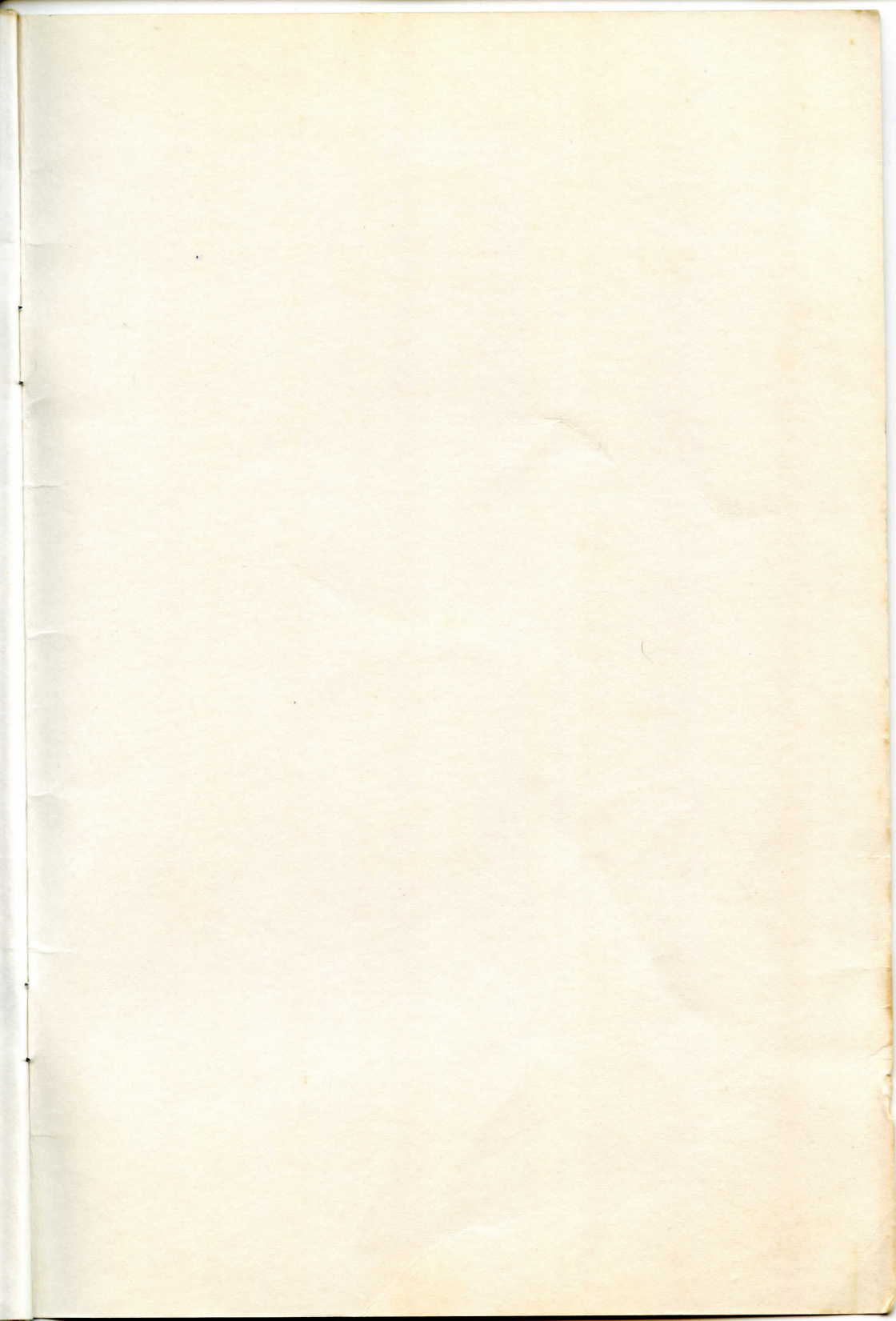
For the answers to these questions and many more read the next issue of The Black Lion.

P.S. For those people wanting the answers to last week's questions they were as follows: "No."

Well, did you spot the deliberate mistake?

To be continued...

T H I N K



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