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THE BLACK

LION

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Credo ut Intelligam

"Religion is an intellectually viable retreat from the impasse of dialectical existentialism."

Retreat is essential (Wohin der Weg? Kein Weg!)

Rather than retreat to the "salauds", we must accept "credo ut intelligam."

Only by accepting the creator (destiny for ultimate good) can we make his abstract existence possible.

To help the argument, some examples:

Existentialism: This page you are reading exists whether everything else does or not (including me).

Matter is infinite motiveless negative existence.

Religion (Christ's real message?): God exists only if I think it. Without belief God does not exist; with belief he exists in the belief (and only in the belief). Ultimate life is positive and can only be achieved through a "religious" belief.

MYTH

Once, long ago, on Mount Olympus¹ Myopus, god of sight, spied the nymph, Gladys², performing her simple nymphal chores.

Her beauty "came upon him"³ and from that moment he desired her above all else.⁴ He conspired to make her his own, and his lusts inspired an awful plan.⁵

He came down to earth in the guise of a lowly⁶ shepherd, and hoped to attract her by his simpleness.

Taking pity on him she went to⁷ him to cheer him. Seizing his chance he tried to force his affections on her, frightened she prayed to the gods⁸ for help.

Taking mercy on her, they turned her into a spider; unfortunately, Myopus⁹ had not perceived her altered situation and whilst going down on his knees¹⁰ to propose, squashed her:

Translated from the original by

C.F.J. Bard

1. See Herbert: "Greek Histories"
2. MOD. Transl. H.I.J. (of Cowan)
3. After Cotter, Pres. idiomatic.
4. c.f. ELSIE. 5. or ELEVATION
6. See Note 10. 7. or FROM
8. His phobia against spiders should here be remembered.
9. His short sightedness should here be noted.
10. c.f. Note 6.

The Nelly Belle

Hull and keel of wood and steel,
A pounding heart and a guiding wheel,
Shaped to cut the mighty sea,
To lands afar she carried me.

Through storm and tempest wind and spray,
The gallant old ship would win her way,
Angry seas would curse her name,
But to her crew she brought them fame.

But now to know her voyaging done,
Life for her will be no fun,
Lying in mud to her dying day,
Until at last she rots away.

----- D. M. Cooper -----

On Entering The Wood

The shady precincts engulfed me,
and fresh green shoots seduced and drugged me,
intricate as the wood itself,
they beckoned in the idle wind.

A spectrum of humanity carve their names
on frontier posts, then the wood leads them
to its heart, tenderly harbours them, and unfurls
their simple wealth of chrysalid perfection.

Trunks, hardened with rings, obscure
the paths of articulation; others thrust out
roots, besieging undergrowth which shudders,
and scatters gossamer jewels over the turf.

Many remain forever beneath the green roof,
trapped by a flaky grid of branches;
others run rejoicing into the sun,
to be caught by a sapling arm.

Endless wandering and observation gives rise
to intimate knowledge of the wood;
as the weaker points in its anatomy are seen,
I pluck a green leaf and strip it bare.

T.H.

I'm sitting in the gutter
drinking meths, waiting
for the end.

No regrets.

Someday they'll
look back, and
realise I was right.
Meanwhile I sit
and stagnate,
while their lives
Go on.

RJM

Parable of Our Times II: The Tower

In some different time there lived a small community of men and women, whose habitation was a dark cave, so confined as to be more of a cell. The occupants, however, were not desperately unhappy, as might be thought, because they knew no better. Fortunately the darkness was not absolute for there was a tiny opening near the roof, enabling the normal domestic processes to be carried out in a continual twilight.

One day, a man more bored than the rest climbed up on a table and raised his head up through the stone chimney. He saw a strange landscape of rolling green stone, dotted with curious sculptures in darker green. But something drew his eyes steadily upwards. His shock was intense when he saw a great yellow light in the sky, dazzling beyond imagination.

The man shouted his wonderful discovery to the others:

"Here is our object, our aim, our *raison d'être*!"

Everyone queued to look; amazement and wonder were unanimous. The ruler drew his people together and talked for many hours.

"My friends, this is surely a sign for us to follow."

"But how do we follow?" said a young man.

"We must build up, and up, with all our strength," counselled the chief mason.

And so it came to pass that the hole was made considerably larger, the cave roof was levelled, stone was quarried from outside, hauled up to the roof, fashioned into blocks, and swung into place with a pulley and tackle. The foundations were quickly laid.

Building proceeded throughout the following days and, within weeks, the tower was thirty feet high. However, it was now unstable and the placing of blocks had become impossibly difficult. A council of masons decided to demolish the tower and rebuild the foundations with double the area.

Over half the community was engaged on this tiring labour but all were equally zealous and enthusiastic.

One young girl was fascinated not only by the magnitude and aim of the task but also by the fresh air and strange creatures which seemed able to levitate at will. There was great beauty in the sounds produced by them, and the girl was exceedingly attracted. On one occasion the creature landed on the masonry and commenced these beautiful but indecipherable noises. She called to her colleagues who came to listen, fascinated but puzzled. After a week the elders had become rather annoyed, for much work had been lost by listening to the song. The flying creature was killed by the throwing of a stone, and the workers were forbidden to talk about it or even to whistle in imitation.

Such was the tempo of work that all were now concerned in the project.

Then came a tragic collapse: standards of building had become slack and cracks had been found in the foundations.

(Parable of our Times II)

The council met for a long time, trying to produce a solution without causing a rebellion among the discontented workers. Complete demolition was impractical, likewise a direct continuation. The final decision was one of compromise, a using of old materials to some extent but on bigger foundations with a view to structural strength and unlimited upward expansion.

The community's every asset became linked to the new tower; all life and conversation was bound to the ideal of the tower. New discoveries in constructional methods led to more efficient and rapid building.

Many of the inhabitants had grown to accept the great light and no longer wondered or dreamed; the tower was so high that workers felt themselves quite detached from the ground and their old environment: if a mist gathered the green plain was invisible and the great light rather fainter, which strangely caused a frantic intensification of energy as if the dying light filled the slacking workers with self-reproach.

The general enthusiasm of the chief masons though, reached far above that of the workers, and fresh plans for strengthening, reinforcing and even elaborating proceeded at an ever-increasing rate.

One day, a young man, the brother of the girl who had first heard the flying-song and who had since become very reclusive and taken to long meditating, called the attention of his sister to the fact that the great light had diminished in brightness. The matter was brought to the elders:

"Rubbish! Our aim is still as clear as ever!" they replied.

And so the building went on, everybody busy and careless of their former life in the cave, all hauling and chiselling stone, all sweating hard with never a glance to the green below and fading yellow above.

Within weeks the more astute masons also saw the fading of the light; all precautions were taken to ensure that the workers were not alarmed, but anxiety and tension ebbed like a mysterious unknown force. Working was actually increased to cancel fears of failure, but it was only too easy to see how dim the light was growing.

Many of the elders, who controlled the tower, were secretly perturbed about the fruit of their labour and the results it might bring.

The light dimmed further and further, but the tower had nearly reached the height estimated months ago by the community's leading mathematicians. Still the frantic building went on.

At last, when the light had finally disappeared from their eyes, the tower was ironically completed.

All were mystified and disillusioned; idealism had perished, leaving them hollow. And the young man looking up, saw nothing.

Except a mirror.

R.B. or A.S.

DOLPHINS

A song from the dolphins,
Calling you to the sea,
Calling you; come, come.
And you rise from your grave,
Your very own grave;
Walk into the sea,
and drown again.
For the dawn is here.
I have sat by your window through the night
Waiting for the sign, the first appearing light.
I watched you, and touched you, many years ago,
And the dolphins also watched,
Ready to sing to you.

Clem Fancey

SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE

I planted an acorn a long time ago
But sadly forgot it before it could grow.
I thought of you often but thought it a joke,
That my little acorn could grow into a larch.

And as I recall it your garden was green,
Your soil was fertile, your habits were clean.
So why did we plant seeds of primrose and oak
When we knew that our flowers would choke
In the turmoil
Of your virgin plantation.

D. Smith

PERHAPS I MIGHT BE

(The lament of estranged lovers.)

I love you in the morning,
I love you in the evening,
I love you when the sun goes down,
Green.

Words & Chord progressions
available from Jess Fancey on request

NOSTALGIE D'ECOLE

IF on a warm summer day i close my eyes, and lay back on my vacant lot, i can picture the playing-fields of the old school.

.....The grass is warm under my back, and the larch trees above me cast shadows on my eyes. Away in the distance a solid English crack of a cricket ball on the bat can be heard, dulled by the heated, vibrant air. On the pavilion the staff, and the parents of a few boys, not to be mistaken with the few parents of the boys, applaud in dry withered bursts of clapping, and utter words of praise and consolation to the gallant batsman.

"Jolly good show, thompson," they say.

"Thank you, sir," says he, "sorry about the first ball in the thirteenth over and all that."

The grass was mown that very morning; green patches stain his white flannels.

The last year for thompson. A-levels are almost upon him; the scimitar of approaching manhood hovers above his duke of edinburgh's gold award, his grade-one-trained-killer-record in the cadet force, and his prefectorial duties. He stops and stares at the proud figure of his mother.

And he thinks back.

".....I remember my first day here, vaguely. Assembly in the library, which was then the hall and gymnasium. Hairy eiffel towers of prefects, dinner in the old school house. Form 1A, in room number three, which has since been destroyed to make way for a lecture 'theatre'. Crisp new blazers, short trousers, brand new hymn books, latin, general science, french lessons (qu'est-ce que c'est? — c'est un livre) and beginning of term services."

His mother loses her smile momentarily

"Second year; blazers not so new, school caps no longer compulsory - no longer worn."

His mother loses her smile completely.

"Third year need i go on?"

"Need i go on?"

"Need i go?"

"Hotcha!"

Need i go on.

And now; a blackness. Unknown depths of depression. Each day falling through the next in a whirlwind of disillusion.

Dave Smith

P.S. i should like to hear from P.J.C., R.W., and i should like to make it clear that i shall expect REPERCUSSIONS.

V.S.O. PAPUA – NEW GUINEA AN IMPRESSION

I am station-manager of the Anglican mission station here. As there is no priest appointed to the station I am entirely responsible for the running, upkeep and improvement of the station.

The mission station comprises, a school, of just over 150 pupils, a small hospital, a trade-store and a church.

The school is run by an Australian missionary, Ann Taylor, with the help of an Australian volunteer Irene Donoghue and four indigenous teachers. The hospital is the responsibility of our very competent V.S.O. nurse, Elizabeth Hammel. The Trade-Store, the administration and numerous other activities, operating the wireless, buying copra etc., is my responsibility. In the absence of a priest we all help to take a hand in leading the church-services, reading the lessons and preaching the sermons.

We are, in theory at least helped in Church matters by an indigenous Deacon. This fellow however is so caught up between keeping up with the various rites of magic (rainmaking for instance) still continued by many of the people, and his role of a Christian Deacon that he is worse than useless! He is prone to swearing and raving at the people in the church - needless to say he has therefore been banned from preaching. He just succeeds in confusing everybody, including himself.

The mission station itself is very isolated, our nearest neighbours are a Catholic mission station 12 miles away, and a government post 28 miles away. An airstrip, 17 miles from here, with a weekly mail-plane is our only contact with the outside world, except for our wireless and a supply-boat calling every 6 weeks. Each Friday I motorbike the 17 miles to the airstrip along a very rough bush-track to collect and send off our mail.

The local people are friendly and generous, I seem to get on very well with them. We converse in Pidgin English, a fairly easy language to learn, although as a language it is limited in its vocab

The peoples sole source of income is growing copra, which I buy from them, in a smoked state, on behalf of the mission. Many of the people though are entirely without a source of income and they live entirely on the food they themselves grow and the fish they catch. Their pace of life is slow, and they entertain themselves often with fabulous dances and feasts. The women work hard, tending the gardens and raising the large families. The men however seem to spend their days sitting under coconut trees chewing ketch-nut. Though this state of affairs seems to be very slowly changing now as our ways steadily break their traditions, customs and the 'old-way' of life - but are we right?

Although they have plenty of food and are strong in body, as a whole, they suffer from many tropical diseases. T.B., malaria, leprosy, elephantiasis various skin diseases are common.

continued . . .

The country is very beautiful and can be summed up a typical tropical paradise. We are endowed with a lagoon, coral reef, and an active volcano on our doorstep. The volcano, 18 miles away, blew up 3 weeks ago with a terrific explosion, sending smokesand ash up to 20,000 feet - very spectacular, and not a little frightening.

In fact everything is so utterley different to the world I was living in a mere 3 months ago, that it is hard now to believe that the other world still exists. In this place of grass-huts on stilts, the cargo-cult, magic and dense tropical jungle.

R. W. ELNER

ON SEEING BRADFORD

I have gazed
On grey fields of brick.
I have seen
Houses
Looking on houses.
Dirt
Looking on grime
Children
Playing in their blackyards.
I have been watched
By endless rows of blank
Brick-black
Eyes
Of the people.
Of the mills.
I, too,
Have heard them say:
Through filth-caked lips,
Where there's muck
There's money.
Between their cancered coughs.

cfibard.

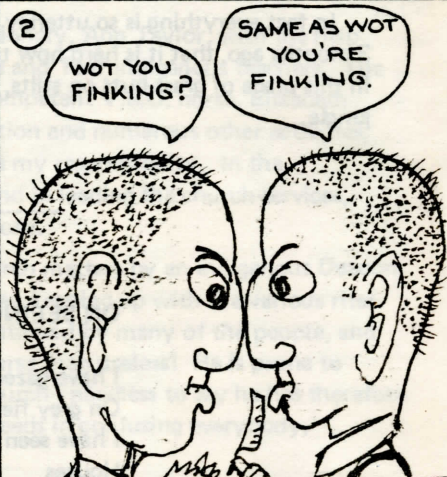
THE GREETING

Aylesbury Style

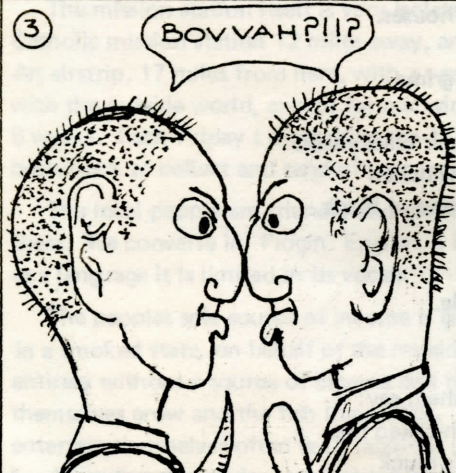
①



②



③



④



The Little Girl
Ran up to the
Movie Star and
Said, "Can I have
Your autograph
Please" and he said
"Certainly" and
Smashed her in the face
... she thanked him.

Casper

Black lion Quotes

"It appears that the amount of work done in the library is inversely proportional to the form you are in."

Mr. R. Gilbert

"Has Colin Cowdray designed a jet engine?"

Roland

"Is Colin Cowdray the Head boy of this school?"

Astley.

(Both while debating the Debating Society motion:

.....a man who cannot box efficiently, play a decent game of rugger, or score a century at cricket, is a disgrace to both himself, his school, and his country)

"We are not a bunch of young gentlemen, we are a bunch of young hooligans"

Nobles (while debating: corporal punishment is not necessary in this school.)

"Do not carry this motion with your glands, defeat it with your heads".

Matthews (while debating the Debating Society Motion:
Vive la difference".)

"Education has its place in the country."

Teachers will appreciate this reassuring gem from the conservative speaker during General Studies.

DOCTOR LION'S CASEBOOK

External Appearance: Closely-cropped hair. Usually scruffily dressed - jeans braces, old checked shirt worn without tie. Heavy boots. Six inch wooden club in pocket.

Mannerisms: Ignorance. Swearing. Disregard of human morals coupled with animal treatment of girls. Reluctance to do work. Return to herd instinct. Facelessness and lack of individuality. Use of tribal chants such as "reggae". Enjoyment of tribal music.

Chronic Effects: Uncontrollable desire to hurt those unaffected by the disease. Animosity towards authority. Kleptomania. Desire to destroy the enjoyment of public amenities by non-sufferers.

PERSONAL

Young Layabout (23) wants a post as prince, king or emperor. Anything regal considered.

Cured Schizophrenic has Napoleon outfit for sale. Apply King Canute, Hill Head beach.

French Au Pair (37 - 23 - 36), omely, attractiv, loves animals, seeks brother. Box 42.

Skin Diving Outfit suitable for mosquito or gnat. Ring 8152 after 6 'o'clock.

Vicar Lonely, seeks congregation. Box 42.

Retired Skinhead requires hair restorer. Box 42

Want to go Places? apply "INS UNBETRETENE TOURS" c/o ROGER

Please! will the owner of the fossilized mammoth, no. BL/37645/2608/X collect his property from the left luggage at Waterloo.

Dog Lover seeks post - anything considered apply Box 42.

William : your dinner is in the oven, Emily. Box 42

THE THING THAT SHOT LIBERTY VALANCE

It was a hot, humid afternoon in the Mid-West town of Broken Jaw. The town was in the middle of the four month yearly drought and the cowboys quenched their thirst in the Dirty Dollar Saloon. Fact was though, they would have been there anyway, drought or no.

"Well Jed," said a puny looking man drinking a glass of milk, "I guess Liberty Valance weren't not no good anyhow, an' seeing as how he's dead-an-gone I don't really see why everybody's making so much of a fuss about his birthday tomorrow."

"Thing is Herbert," said Jed, a burly looking imbecile with a broken nose and a cauliflower ear, "tomorrow ain't jus' his birthday but it's also the day when his son Takina has his birthday and tomorrow he is twenty-one years old."

At that moment the swing-doors opened and for a second a short fat youth stood framed in the doorway, for next second the doors swung back and knocked him back into the street. A dog barked and there was a yelp of pain. The youth came in again and walked over to the bar and ordered a sasparilla.

Jed spoke, "Say, you're Takina Liberty Valance (for he was named Liberty after his father) aren't you?"

"W-w-well, I'm s-sorry mister," he stuttered, "I only j-j-just w-w-walked into the-the bar."

"No stupid," Jed replied, "That's yer name, ain't it?"

"Oh y-y-yeah m-m-mister."

"Well, sit yerself down at that there table an' I'll join you for a game o' cards."

Dawn came on the next day and Takina celebrated his birthday in the saloon. All were present and men and women danced and drank and ate and, ah and did whatever else men and women do together.

Then the bank manager stood up.

"Here's somethin' Liberty Valance left to my care before he died, saying that when the day of his next birthday came, it should be read out. So here goes:

'I Liberty Cedric (laughter) Valance, being of sound mind do leave all my earthly possessions to Fanny of the Dirty Dollar Saloon, who gave me many hours of pleasure on Saturday nights (oohs and ahs, Fanny blushes) i.e. Joe, my gun, three cartridges (empty) and my trousers (if she needs 'em). Nothing to go to my wife, but just one last thing Joe: will you please kill that dirty, horrible, low down son o' mine? He's a rat, a dirty low down bum, a son of a bitch, a dung fly, a parasite; he drove me to it; he's the real thing that shot Liberty Valance; he's so stupid, so weak, he drove me mad; kill him, please kill him!"

Joe the banker gulped, "It's signed Liberty Valance."

As the guns turned on him, Takina said, "D-d-dad always d-did like a g-g-good j-j-joke."

Johnny Rowe

EPITAPH - to my agent

Bury me in green pastures
My soul there e'er to roam,
Some corner of a foreign bank vault, then
Will always be my home.

cfibard.

TAILS

The others scored.
Charlie roared from despair and the touchline.
Adjectives poured.

Fifteen sombre figures
Fists like triggers, jump the gun.

Fourteen players simmer down
Settle down, and try,
Only to be outclassed, too fast.

The whistle goes
Three hearty cheers are heard,
(Three weary jeers preferred)
And minds are concentrated on:
Not the winger and his atrocious play,
Nor bruised chins or the referee's say.
But a pint of beer, or two.

And then . . .

They all shall shed a tear of bitterness.
And blame the 'ref.'

And let Four and twenty virgins
Descend from Inverness.

W.I.K.

To NL-T

He stands — a solid wall of assault,
Of blasé mannerisms intended to impress.
What am I but a construction kit
Of lips and pleasure and breast,
A status symbol to show a hostile world
That he is Man.

Like a ton-up on roaring bike
Or a goal against incredible odds
He plays his game,
The GAME:
A quick moment — glancing as a firefly in dusk,
One moment of ecstasy,
But for me a cancer of result
Eating the core of the soul.

I see his ego pregnant with desire
For admiration in the eyes of friends,
And the moment is gone too soon.....
Fades.
Unreality.
The death of a snowdrop
Trampled by careless feet.....

R.F.

Look out little girl
Too far, a car has
Hit her, knocked her down
She's lying conscious
Broken arms and legs
Skirts of dress hang loose
Blowing in the wind
She can't speak — tries — fails
It looks like she's dead.
Red flows from her head.
She bled dead I said.

Casper

OUR CONTINUING SUPERTHRILLERADVENTURESERIAL

THE STORY SO FAR. Rodney is the half witted son of Peter, the gorilla – starved escapologist from Epping Forest. Little does he know that Edith's brother, Celia, is planning to marry Arthur in an insane attempt to cut Roger from Uncle Benjamin's

Meanwhile, little Tim and Pip (bus conductress and lion tamer) are trying to prevent the sheriff from evicting Mrs. Moggs from her basement flat.

NOW READ ON –

By the time I had reached the tops of the stairs I knew there would be trouble. I pushed open the flimsy door of the landing and cautiously stepped forward onto the balding carpet. Breathing cautiously I detected the strong, acrid, smell of cannabis. The passage was empty except for an old worn wall telephone which eyed me cautiously. I stepped forward expecting a "heavy" to cut me from behind. My neck hairs spiked up in readiness of the attack. It didn't come.

I crawled forward past the dumb doors. Nineteen was the farthest, at the end of the corridor. I reached it and listened. Softly I got out the key I had found in the dame's bag. I pushed it into the lock and turned. Suddenly I was thrown forward, headlong into the room. I heard the door click shut behind me. Dazed I got up and looked about me. The walls were blank. There was just me, a door in, and a door out. Somewhere a switch was thrown. I heard amplified breathing, then:

"Come in – Mr. Clout!"

The door out opened to reveal an expensive looking apartment. I stepped forward. The carpet had a six inch pile on it. I circumambulated it. Opposite me, lying full length on a sofa was a blonde. She was pretty good looking.

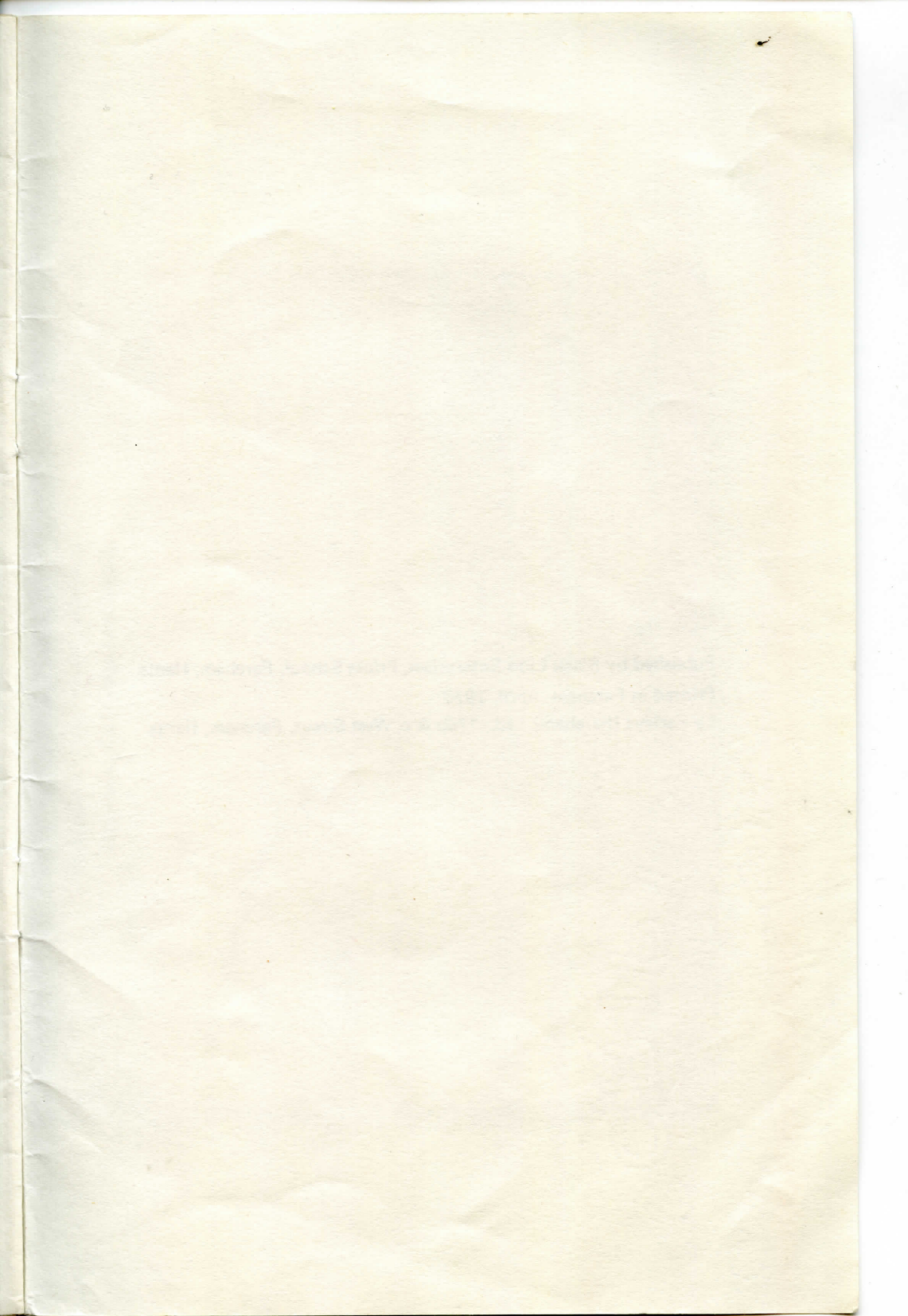
Her body's extremities were struggling to push their way out of her negligée. She pouted her full, red lips:

"I like you, Clout!" she whispered. "Come here".

I stepped forward, and, as I did so, began to methodically remove my clothing, to reveal – SUPERNUDE !!!**!!!**!!!**

Well, will SUPERNUDE succeed in foiling the Arch-temptress? Has the SMOKER met his match? For the answers to these questions and many more, buy a NÔAULLDS Disposable Pillarette.

N.B. FOR BUS-CONDUCTRESS READ BUXOM-SEDUCTRESS THROUGHOUT.



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