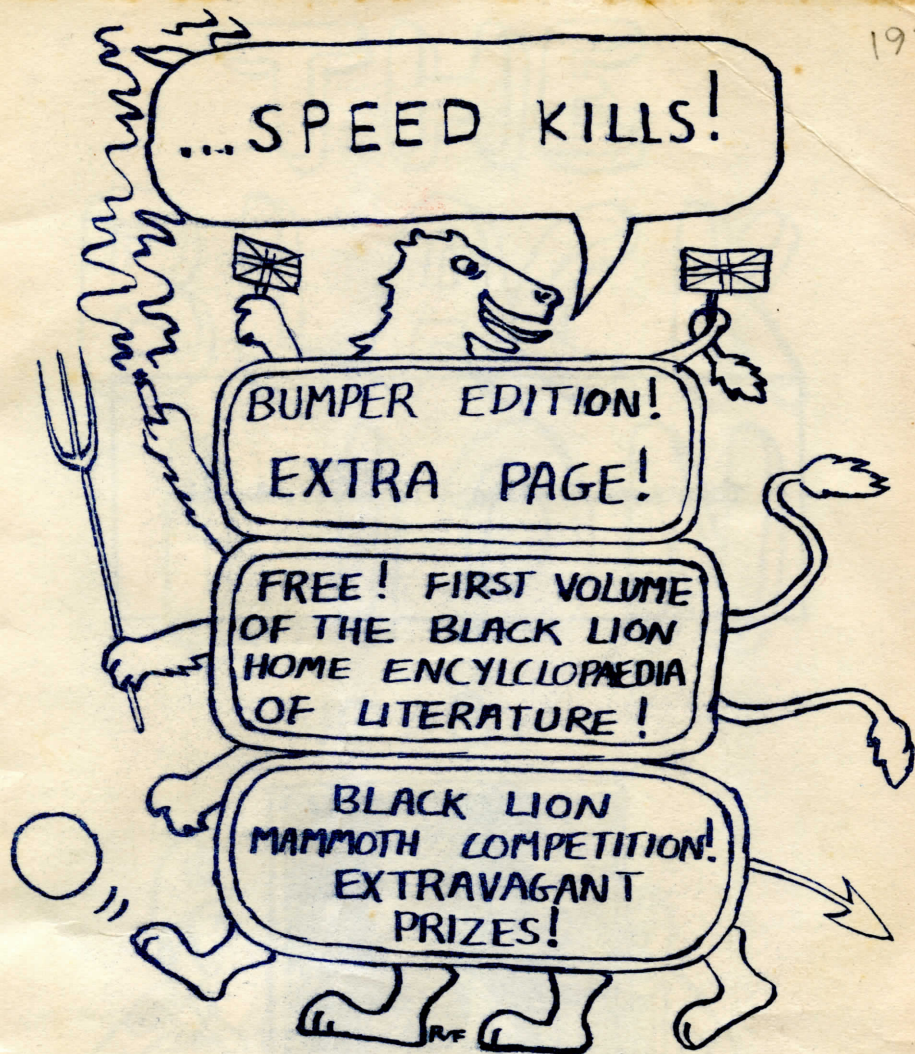


1970



LUCKY BLACK LION NUMBER.

MORE EXTRAVAGANT PRIZES.

AND YOUR NUMBER IS: 84

(AND DID YOU SPOT THE DELIBERATE MISTAKE?)

WINNERS TO BE ANNOUNCED LATER.

This Annual Belongs To.....*DE*! *Rundell*



... WITH ALL YOUR
OLD FAVOURITES!!!

THE BLACK LION

NO. 8



"Pass the sugar lumps, would you?"

"How many?"

"Two..."

"Alright?"

"Don't stir, too sweet then..."

"Not bad coffee though..."

"What's the time?"

"But not strong enough..."

"Small spoons; what's the time?"

"Depends on what you call heaped..."

"Tea's cheaper..."

"Where there's muck..."

"And this place is dirty enough..."

"People don't ask for coffee..."

"Only when they're being watched..."



"5d would buy a Penguin..."
"You can never be sure..."
"When do they close?"
"Eventually..."
"Good enough for me..."

EDITORIAL (ONE FOR THE PCT)

It would appear that in recent years the emergence of tea as a social evil has become a prominent feature of our society.

Demand for tea is ever present and its distribution is widespread in our land. Many's the hour when tea is drunk, rich and black, liquid ambrosia, housewives' delight.

And yet, you observe it is labelled social evil, for what reason? Where is the justification for such blasphemy?

Ah! I reply: more than one tea-drinking abode do I know of where dissension has smitten the household because of the awesome power that a cup of "Rosy Lea" wields. Let me elaborate.

It was but a normal day, and merry was the mood of the inhabitants of this particular dwelling upon the morn. 'Twas a Sunday and needless to say tea was the beverage which was instilling life into the early risers. Everyone in the house was partaking of the drink in liberal doses. Pot after pot was emptied, only to be refilled with arrogant supplication and a fair bit of water. The air grew thin as the tea haze hung over the room like a brown raincloud, only lower.

Yet I digress, for there was one who did the rather foolish act of reading the early morning paper, instead of drinking his cup of tea. As he was but the youngest of the family, the father, a kind-hearted man, forgave this miscarriage of priorities and told the remiss child, not once, nor twice, or even thrice, but four times to drink his tea. When he did not do so, the father conceded the point and the child went on reading.

As if a vision has appeared, the father realised he had wronged the boy, and immediately bade him drink the same tea which earlier he had allowed him to neglect.

Upon this the mother intervened, saying how could one drink cold tea, and he was to have another cup of the same at once.

There followed an ugly scene when sugar-bags, tea-leaves, cold-tea and crockery flew around the room along with many violent words and gestures, all of which took about a week to clear up.

On these grounds does it appear tea is a menace to rational existence and on this evidence I might have submitted that a new national drink be instituted. But there is one drawback.

Whatever would we do with all those teapots?

Oh to be back in Lossie land by the sea
where the waves dissendanka 'pon the shore
crying (he)

love me;

touch my beautiful body,

NB This is a satirical poem about Frankenstein living in sin with a portable, life-size, cardboard cutout silhouette of our terribly toothy tory Ted.

'Cos ah'll do anything fo' yo' 'cos ah love you all e'en if you don't love me.

An even if you didn't see me rise from the Unknown Soldier's grave.

'cos I seek an image not a word.

HEAD TEETH



Yes we have seen
Government stock
Is a safe investment
And we have seen
The spectre of depression
- Slashing profits.

RL

(Pelican Economics Text Book)

— — — — —
VISION OF CREATION

I

I saw
The grimacing sky rupture in toil,
Spouting the manseed
Water from thundering
Organs, and gushed through the sundered soil.
Limp from the lightning
Of the heaving sky.
The ravaged earth wallows in the oil
Of tears.

II

The womb of mother earth grows rich
And full; the fruit of her loins labours skywards
Until it bursts under the all-fathering sun,
Flowering.

RJS

"She was quite nice..."
"Didn't buy a Penguin..."
"Didn't need to..."
"Left when it got dark..."
"Don't they all?"

FRAGMENT I

... (and i have dreamed that my legs were black
like burnt sausages,
but you did not feel the exquisite festering,
the stiff tenderness;
or you have whispered that even your wildest hopes
were fulfilled by sleep,
but i was ungrateful,
without understanding;
and how incongruous this seems in the afternoon,
how futile such attempts,
such attempts to be different
when we cannot be the same)...

amah

My Bathroom (A Poem for You) 2 The Wait

1964 Ranger 1-18

The scales on the floor
will never seem the same
again.

llp

AQUARIUS

Standing on the new day of Aquarius
The eighteenth moon-key of the Tarot
Leaving the blood-red sunset of the fishes
I wished that you were with me for
The Water-carrier is our truest hope
My head is aching but yet again I'll tell you
Love is easy for the having
If flesh is flesh and there's an end of it
So I stand here feeling the pain of Judas
And drowning in crimson satin,
But the unconscious flame still burns.

JET

Black Lion "Play for Tomorrow"

And in this edition we present "Herbie and Virginia", a short but intense human drama by one of the most exciting young dramatists writing today.

Gerard O'Flaherty was born of Scottish descent in the little village of Nachercrombie in 1944. From the tiny school to which he walked 6 miles every day he won an open scholarship to Grundy College Walthamstow. After studying bacteriology for three years and appearing twice on University Challenge, he began to write plays on the advice of his doctor. The first three were entitled "The Bagpiper's Return", "Up the Glen" and "Under the Tartan Banner".

Two of his plays have actually been produced - "Herbie and Virginia" was staged on Shaftesbury Avenue by the Nôaullds Crawlers (the producer commented, "the hat was almost overflowing.") O'Flaherty himself once said of this, his most controversial play, "I see it as a variation on the eternal biangle".

After a year's drama "apprenticeship" at the famous Leatherhead Rep., he achieved international notoriety with his translation of Grünter's encyclopaedic German Tragedy "Das Grössere Bildwörterbuch" ("Beyond the Aardvark").

His latest play "Homelette" was commissioned by the Days of 49 Experimental Theatre to commemorate the Opening of the Doors. A critic remarked, on the first and only night, "this was the most inspired piece of plagiarism I have ever seen" ●●●●

Gerard O'Flaherty is married to the actress Rooma McMooney (suspected to be the daughter of tycoon Lord Gnome). They deny having any children.

Herbie. As soon as my knees have healed, I'll be on my way.

Virginia. Oh! But I gotta nice apple pie in the oven.

Herbie. That sure sounds good to me, but I'm afraid I gotta go.

Virginia. Diddleydum.

Herbie. 'Cos I gotta git the varmint who killed my brother. Curse these knees, he's gaining on me every day.

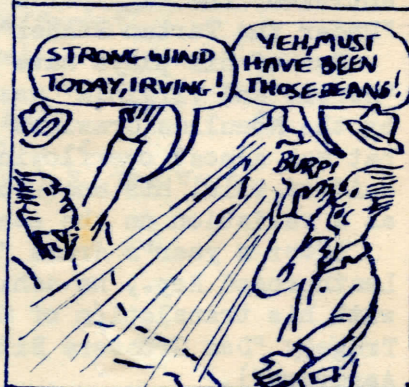
Viginia. Awn! But I gotta nice apple pie in the oven.

SUPERMAN

ONE DAY IN METROPOLIS...



FASTER THAN THE SPEED OF LIGHT, CLARK KENT RACES THROUGH THE CROWD...



THE HOME ENCYCLOPAEDIA OF LITERATURE.

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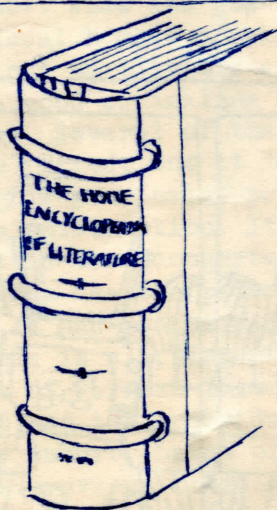
IF YOU RETURN the coupon now (or within 10 days) you will receive, without obligation, the new Nuffield Text, lavishly printed on twenty-three platinum-plated chocolate commemorative medals:

LEARN ART THRU STAMPS!

A Sixth-Form Synopsis by Fred Gettings:

A

AARDVARY - Little used; was a fifteenth-century literary symbol, now obsolete. Long abandoned over in Europe, owing to its unhealthy connotations of permissiveness, sensuality and reality.



YOURS

FOR ONLY

32/6

AN EXQUISITE BINDER
FOR YOUR HOME—

AVAILABLE IN 'PERMISSIVE
PUCE', 'BRITISH BROWN,'
AND MANY OTHER
EXCITING COLOURS.

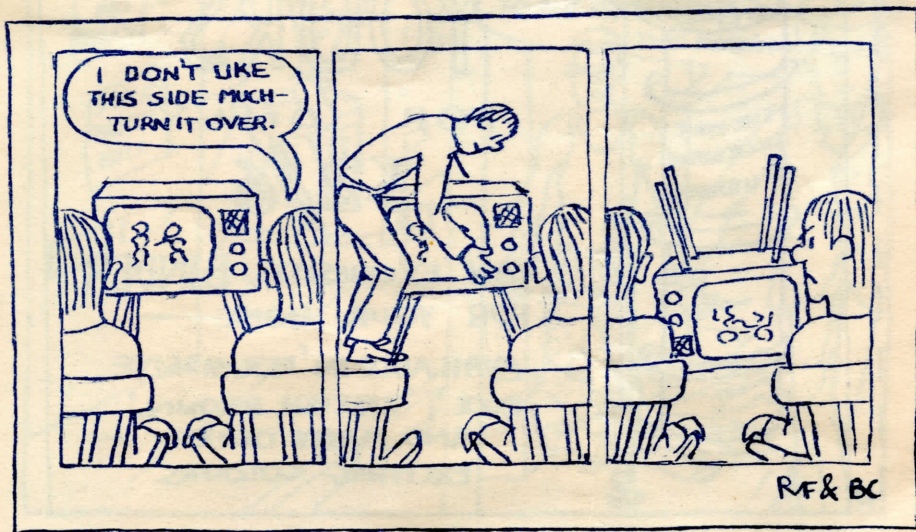
what is time,
but the beating of ours?
what is yours
but part of mine?
what are these
but us?

what is mine
but what you lack?
what is theirs
but us?

pity
the poor meanness
of the brainchild.
no smile
as the smile of suffering,
no love
like the love of trusting,
no helpmate,
like the help of helpless.

no one
like two.

cfjb



Fareham: Spiritual Slum of the South?

The article in the previous edition of the "BLACK LION" revealed a frightening tendency amongst certain members of our society today. Their banal repetition of the pundits' catch-phrases of "integration", "growth" and "focus" seems to indicate a feeling that their lack of comprehension of the problems of today's society can be covered up by a mixture of a few vaguely intellectual phrases and a general denegation of the status quo.

The problems which we face in Fareham are largely the product of the so-called planners, whose original trendy idea of dormitory towns having failed, are now living on the products of their own folly with their "new" ideas of "community spirit". These ideas are not new: it is just that they have been neatly plastic-packaged for today's surfeit of pseudo-intellectuals.

Fareham, unlike the so-called integrated and planned new towns of Stevenage and Hemel Hempstead, has a centre which, contrary to what the pundits appear to believe, is worth preserving. The previous article said of Fareham, "There is virtually nothing to warrant its inclusion in any guide-book or survey." The people who wrote that article had obviously not looked far. I quote from the book "Hampshire" by Ralph Dutton:

"Take a turning northward into the old High Street and one is in as delightful a street as any provincial town can show. Wide and gently curving, it is bordered by individual houses of many dates, from low-timbered buildings to slightly assertive early-Victorian stucco, with a good sprinkling of eighteenth-century between the two. Several of the latter are excellent specimens of the period, but it is the overall effect, an effect of highly provincial prosperity which gives the street its special distinction. It should not be missed."

Is this the "congested trachea" of which they speak?

Fareham has the potential to regain the pride in itself which it had in the past, but there are 73,250 reasons why this is slipping away. It must be impressed upon the people of Fareham that they can regain their community spirit and the individuality of their town, not as a trendy suburb, haven of pseudo-intellectuality proposed in the previous article, but a town proud of its past and aware of what it could offer in the future.

"They'll come and sweep up soon..."
 "Her cigarette's still burning..."
 "He didn't look much..."
 "The broom's in the corner..."
 "They left it a bit late..."

**I've smoked pot
 says pop star**

DAILY MAIL

COME UP and see my etchings, said Charlie Gray, 87, to Daisy Reading, 80, at their Weymouth council home for the elderly. She did, and they are to be married on Tuesday.

PEOPLE

Inspector S. J. Sexton told the court that Marine James Harrison (23), of Royal Naval Barracks, Eastney, was seen driving a car along the Eastern Road at 10 m.p.h. The vehicle was weaving from side to side and police had a great deal of difficulty stopping it, he said.

NEWS

"The sugar's damp..."
 "Very damp?"
 "Feel it..."
 "But the bowl's empty..."
 "You put it in my coffee..."

CUT HERE
**FREE
 PAPER**
 OFFER—
 CUT OUT
 HERE.
 CUT HERE

The Pope is his own worst enemy as a security risk. He insists on minimal protection.

His immediate shield comes from prelates surrounding him. Many of these are old cardinals and bishops and hardly strong enough to ward off attack.

The exception is Archbishop Paul Marcinkus, a 6ft. 16st. former American footballer nicknamed 'The Gorilla.'

DAILY MAIL

**YOUR SPECIAL
 COUPON. SEE
 OFFER ON
 PAGE 11.**



MAMMOTH BLACK LION COMPETITION

ENTER NOW IN THIS COMPETITION AND YOU COULD WIN ONE OF THE MANY EXTRAVAGANT PRIZES!

SO EASY TOO!

ALL THAT YOU (THE READER OF ENERGY-PACKED BLACK LION MAGAZINE) HAVE TO DO IS TO SELECT FROM THE FOLLOWING LIST OF REASONS "WHY I BUY THE DYNAMIC BLACK LION" THE SEVEN WHICH YOU DECIDE ARE THE MOST CONVINCING AND RELEVANT! THEN SIMPLY ARRANGE THESE SIX REASONS IN WHAT YOU THINK IS THE CORRECT ORDER ON THE ENTRY FORM (USING YOUR SKILL AND JUDGEMENT)!

"I BUY THE DYNAMIC BLACK LION BECAUSE..."





- a) "It satisfies my aesthetic appetite."
- b) "I like the pictures eg illustrations."
- c) "Everybody else reads it."
- d) "I like to see people making a fool of themselves."
- e) "It's so cheap and easy to use."
- f) "It helps to fulfil my animal needs."
- g) "I'm too apathetic to refuse it."
- m) "I need the free gifts."
- h) "I admire the progressive ideas and tremendous integrity of the editors."
- i) "I like the 'Home Encyclopaedia of Literature'; I want to lovingly collect all its parts, to treasure each lavishly printed volume, until I am able to take advantage of the forthcoming Super Home-Binder Offer (batteries not included). I want to preserve this amazing mine of knowledge for my children, and even grandchildren, to read (yes, three generations of Black Lion readers!). I want my wife/husband to be able, in years to come, to dandle the children on her/his knee, and to say proudly, "It was your father/mother who collected that Black Lion Home Encyclopaedia of Literature for you, for you my children (sob). I want to be able to take its dusty pages off the bookshelf when I'm an old man/woman and to say to my grandchildren, "Where would I be without the Black Lion Home Encyclopaedia of Literature?" (Where indeed, I ask). I want to be able to hold sacred each potent memory as I flip through its tattered pages while lying helpless on my deathbed. I want... (gasp) I can't go on..."

k) "I want to reap the benefits of its experience in later life."

l) "It's so cheap and easy to use."

m) "I don't really know..."

AND HERE IS YOUR COMPETITION ENTRY-FORM:

ENTRY					FOR OFFICIAL USE ONLY					
1st.		O	X	O						
2nd.	THROW A SIX.	X	X	X						
3rd.			O	O					Go BACK TO START.	
4th	4		2							
5th			BORROW NODDY'S CAR! MOVE ON 3							
	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	

YOUR FIRST ENTRY ABSOLUTELY FREE! FURTHER ENTRIES BY
SENDING ONLY 1 CONTRIBUTION TO THE BLACK LION PER ENTRY!
COVER ANY 3 COLS FROM 5 COLS WITH FULL PERM 8 FROM 9 -
 $9 \times 10 = 90 \text{ COLS @ } 1d = 7s \text{ } 6d.$

NB IN CASE OF A TIE THE MONEY WILL BE DIVIDED BETWEEN THE EDITORS.

AND NOW FOR THE EXTRAVAGANT PRIZES!

FIRST PRIZE: A NIGHT OUT WITH THE EDITORS - WITH ALL THE
CHIPS YOU CAN EAT (STILL ONLY 6d)!

SECOND PRIZES: A GLIMPESE AT PAGES 11-12 (BATTERIES NOT
INCLUDED)! or A RUBBER AARDVARK!

THIRD PRIZE: A LIFE-SIZE REPLICA OF MILTON GRUBERT!

ENTER NOW!!!

CUR CONTINUING SUPERTHRILLERADVENTURESERIAL.

SUPERNUDE MEETS AARDVARK MAN (drawings by Art Luk)!

Somewhere in a secret cave on the planet of Cryppo, the SMCKER and his evil henchmen were plotting. The cave was in fact the SMCKER'S ultra-secret LABORATORY!

There, towering above the evil crew, was the gigantic ARMAGEDDON Mk III, the fantastic make-or-break FREAK MACHINE with which the SMCKER was to encrust the world! The SMCKER spoke -

"Now my FRIENDS!! We only need one thing! Another ACCOMPLICE, so the evil crew rings true, and that ONE!!! is the malice-bit, bad-fit AARDVARK MAN!!!"

Even as he spoke, the huge SECRET DOORS of the LABORATORY were swung open, and smoke, foul odours and pidgin English spilt in. The SMCKER'S MOB fell back in dismay:

"Even as we speak!..." they said.

"DO NOT FEAR, MY HEARTIES!!!" cried their EVIL LIEGE!!!(?)!

"AH! AARDVARK MAN, it is GOOD!!! to SEE YOU!!!"

"SPEAK for YOURSELF, SMCKER!!!" gestured AARDVARK MAN.

"I believe you WANTED to MAKE a DEAL!!!"

"Yes, AARDVARK MAN, with your BRUTE STRENGTH, and my INHUMAN INTELLIGENCE, we should be more than a match for
..... SUPERNUDE!!!!!!?!!?!!?!!!"

"How true, SMCKER!!! but I always wish to fight FAIR -
what is to stop me DESTROYING!!! SUPERNUDE!!! ALONE!!!"

"You forget, AARDVARK MAN!!! I am SUPERNUDE'S BEST FRIEND!!!
and the GREATEST EXPONENT of YOGA-JITSU in the GALAXY!!!!!"

"Very well, GURU!!?! We shall DESTROY HIM - TOGETHER!!!!!!!"

Slowly and deliberately they aim the POSTDILUVIAN AFCCRYPHAL ARMAGEDDON Mk III at the center of the earth.

"A nice TOY!!!" remarked AARDVARK MAN affably.

"YES!!!!!!? I obtained it at the same time as my GIDEON BIBLE!!!!!"

Turn over!!!

Meanwhile... at the center of the earth, tough, grisly Newspaper Magnet; Hermann Gland, is chewing on one of his cheap, havanna, tough, grisly, boiled eggs, whilst dining with Edwin Clood at the Offices of the Daily Glob.

BUT INSIDE THE EGG OF EDWIN CLOOD IS A TINY DETONATOR
WHICH WILL ACTIVATE.....
..... ARMAGEDDON!!!!!!!!!!!!

Walking across the night
Where the wild mandrake grows
Watching waves of thunder
On the growing sea of storm
And stars like eyes within the night
Devouring cremated flowers in
Floating wreaths, tossed in honour of
The unburied dead.
Stay still, my son, and see,
For there's no truth outside the gates
Of Strawberry Fields.

JET

"Drink up..."
"What time is it?"
"They're closing now..."
"Nothing happens..."
"Tomorrow..."

Acknowledgements:

To Dave, who acted as our chief scrubber for this edition, and badly needs the plug.

To Dave's Iso, for transport.

To Roger, for kind loan of drawing ink, and a little skill.

To Kathy (whoever she was) for whatever she did.

ALL TOGETHER NOW —

WE'LL MEET AGAIN....



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