

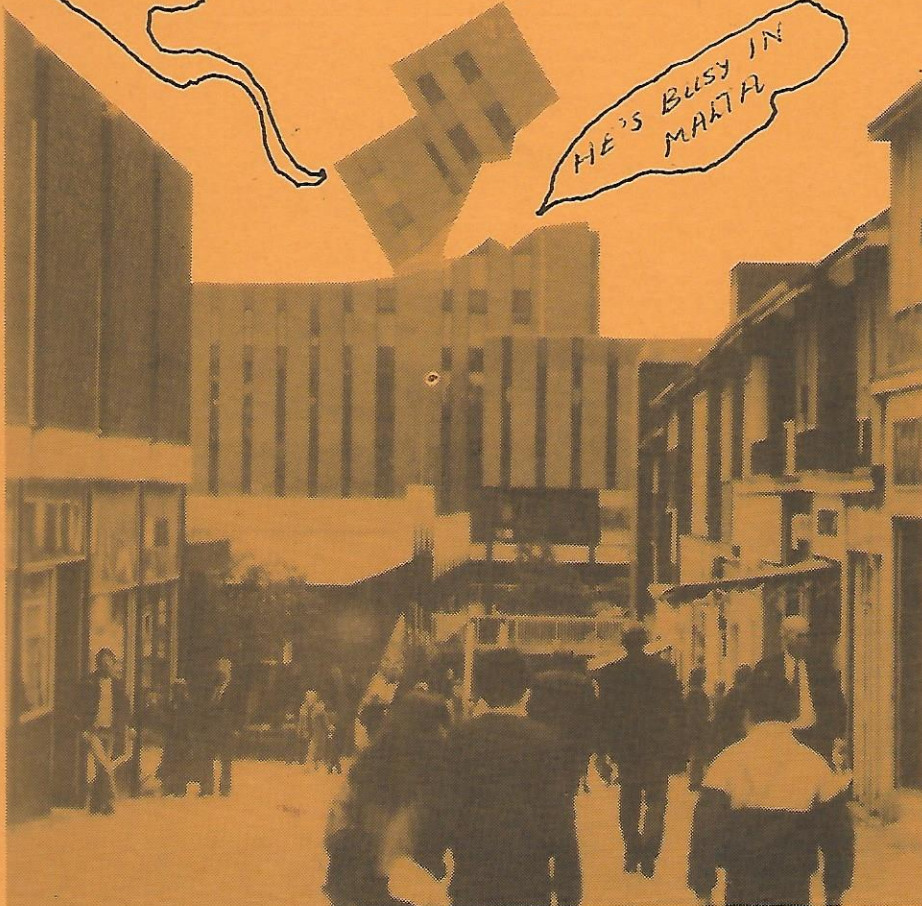
# FALL OUT

No. 1

THE NATIVES  
ARE GETTING  
RESTLESS

SEND FOR  
VICTOR PASHORE

HE'S BUSY IN  
MARTIN



ANY RESEMBLANCE BETWEEN THIS MAGAZINE  
AND REALITY IS ACCIDENTALLY DELIBERATE

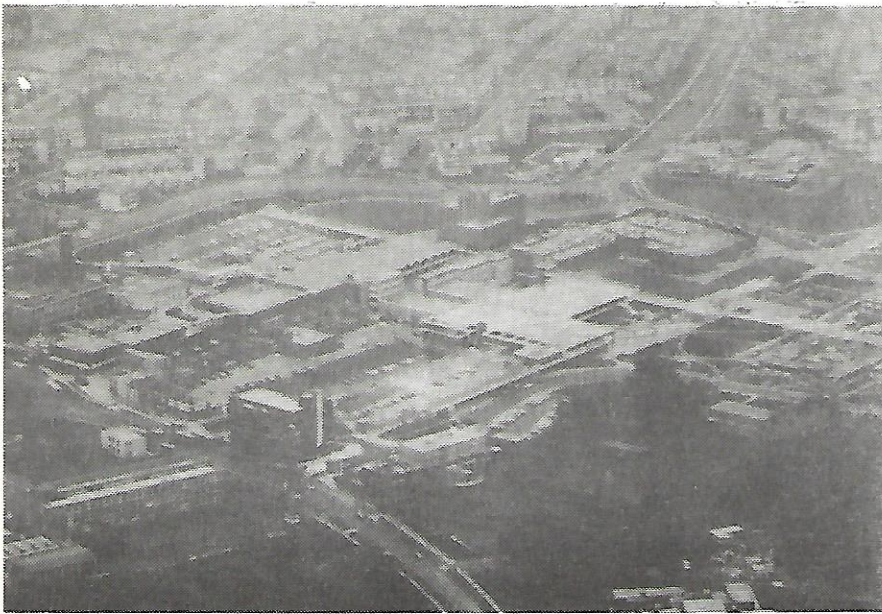


F A L L O U T

NUMBER ONE

1983

A MAGAZINE OF NEW WRITING



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## INTRODUCTION

This magazine has been put together by the East Durham Writers' Workshop. Much of the material used was written by writers living in and around Peterlee. There are, however, a few guest contributors.

Contributions for the next issue are welcomed and should be sent to 16 Little Eden, Peterlee, Co Durham SR8 5HX enclosing a s.a.e.

The Writers Workshop is an active group of writers who meet once a month to read and discuss their writing; they also perform their work in schools, community centres and other venues such as the Edinburgh Fringe Festival. A series of poetry posters have been published recently, modestly priced at 40p each. Copies may be ordered from Peterlee Community Centre, phone 860497.

New members are always welcome!

They can join by just coming to our monthly meetings (for details of times and places phone Peterlee 860497).

The Editorial Committee

EAST DURHAM WRITERS' WORKSHOP

IT'S ONLY THE BEGINNING

Love lies lost,  
in the lust for life survival.  
The writing's on the wall,  
as the ghettos simmer, strain.  
Plain-clothes mix,  
and saturate the alleys,  
walking on a time-bomb,  
as the fuse begins to burn.

On a quiet street corner,  
a black youth is questioned.  
Accused of petty theft,  
but the boy denies it all.  
A patrol-car arrives as he struggles for his  
innocence;  
innocent or not, the boy is taken away.

Cold-grime whispers turn to shouting,  
as the news leaks out.  
In the street, in an hour,  
there are two hundred for a shoot-out.

Love lies lost,  
In the lust for life survival.  
The blues move in,  
as the ghetto starts to boil.

Stones, bricks, and bottles,  
are dancing in the High Street.  
Police line the road,  
standing solid with riot shields.  
The rigid line moves forward,  
as the riot starts to spread.  
Petrol bombs,  
light darkening skies,  
nobody goes to bed.



Love lies lost,  
in the lust for life survival.  
Kids kickin' coppers,  
as the streets begin to burn.

Black-white, black-white,  
looting shops together.  
Part-time provisions,  
and the battle rages on.

Through tear-gas and debris,  
stolen cars are set alight.  
The snatch squads start arresting;  
clashes go on through the night.

The mob starts dispersing,  
now the dawn breaks their cover.  
Sirens fade away,  
and the wounded nurse their wounds.  
Thirty two arrested,  
six policeman seriously injured.  
The battle may be over,  
but the papers carry on.

It's only the beginning-  
so you'd better take the warning.  
The youth of revolution!  
let's have change,  
before the mourning!

Les King

## EDWARD BOND-INTO THE EIGHTIES

Edward Bond, born 1935, son of a farm labourer is the most successful English playwright of the seventies. He will be even better known in the eighties.

One reason for the impact he has made is that he knows how to use the stage: another, that he deliberately sets out to shock his audiences. Thus, in one play "Saved" a baby is stoned to death in his pram. In another "Early Morning", top politicians, royalty, the aristocracy are portrayed as cannibals-and, since the ideas of each epoch are the ideas of the ruling class of that epoch, other members of capitalist society are cannibals too. In "The Sea" a draper, bullied unmercifully by his "betters", turns his hatred-not on his real persecutors-but on an imaginary invader from another planet. The draper is so far gone in this belief that in one scene he backs away in a frenzy of stabbing at the drowned body of the victim of the storm. And in "The Fool" there is a moving scene where a clergyman is stripped naked by dispossessed 18th century rebellious peasants.

Bond shocks for a purpose. His intention is to make Englishmen aware that the society they live in is irrational, cruel and violent. After all, if you can be shocked by the stoning of a baby in a pram, why are you so unmoved by the prospect for all our babies-the born and the unborn-in the impending nuclear holocaust?

Knowing about the economic, moral and global violence of capitalism, without action amounts to acceptance. Inaction is irrational.

"Acceptance is not enough," says Bond. "Anyone can accept. You can go quietly into your gas chamber at Auschwitz. You can sit quietly at home and have an H bomb dropped on you."