

CELEBRATING CYNTHIA



**Gathering to Celebrate
the Life and Writings of
Cynthia Kay Cockburn (1934-2019)
Beloved Friend, Mother, Grandmother,
Writer, Photographer, Feminist Sister, Activist...**

Westminster Friends Meeting House, London
4 January 2020

ONE SONG, ONE DANCE (Raised Voices)

**Welcome from coordinating group — Rebecca Johnson
on behalf of Women in Black London and Cynthia's family**

The titles heading each section are books authored by Cynthia between 1977 and 2017. There will be short readings as well as personal reflections. Cynthia also wrote the lyrics for over 20 songs during her 25 years with Raised Voices, including the seven featured here, which RV members will introduce.

The Local State: Management of Cities and People

Caroline Poland

Song: LIFE ON EARTH

Nadje Al-Ali

Brothers: Male Dominance and Technological Change

Ann Oakley

Song: ARMS TRADER

Roslyn Cassidy and Stephanie Brooks

The Space Between Us: Negotiating Gender and National Identities

Liz Khan

The Line: Women, Partition and the Gender Order in Cyprus

Shereen Benjamin

Song: WHO DO THEY THINK THEY ARE?

Ria Convents and Lieve Snellings, messages from
international Women in Black

Claudia Cockburn

Break

Refreshments in library

From where we stand: War, Women's Activism and Feminist Analysis

Nina Nissin

Song: WHERE IS JUSTICE?

Heather Hunt, reading Cynthia's article on
'Why Women's Groups'

Anti-militarism: Political and gender dynamics of peace movements

Mary Crampsie

Sian Jones, on Cynthia's 'Being able to say
neither/nor'.

Song: NOT EXACTLY REVOLUTION

Kristine Karch on No to NATO

Looking to London: Stories of War, Escape, and Asylum

Marie-Claire Faray with Dahabo Ahmed and
Cynthia in mind

Song: REFUGEE

Seema Kazi and Maki Kimura

Pragna Patel

ONE SONG, ONE DANCE, ONE WORLD, ONE CHANCE (All together)

After the formal programme, we invite those who want to join us at the Edith Cavell statue (opposite National Portrait Gallery, 5 mins from the Westminster Friends Meeting House venue) with placards and banners on feminist peace issues connected with Cynthia and over 25 years of Women in Black vigils in London and around the world. There will also be light refreshments at the Westminster Friends until 5.00 pm.

ONE SONG, ONE DANCE (D)

To the tune of Mayenziwe.

Words Cynthia Cockburn (RV, 2007)

One song, One dance
One world, One chance

LIFE ON EARTH (C to A flat)

Words Cynthia Cockburn, Tune Ros Brown,

Arr. Morag Carmichael (RV, 2006)

They manufacture poisons
And get rich while nature dies
There's money in emissions that
Pollute the sheltering skies

Chorus: But believe us when we say
There's a greater wealth today
When a million million people
Advocate for life on earth
When a million million voices
Speak as one.

There's knowledge in the think-tanks
That the politicians buy
Intelligence isn't what it seems
Statistics also lie

But believe us when we say
There's a wisdom here today
When a million million people
Advocate for life on earth
When a million million voices
Speak as one.

There's power in the nation state
There's power in the gun
There's power in the boardroom
Where destructive deals are done

But believe us when we say
There's a different power today
When a million million people
Advocate for life on earth
When a million million voices
Speak as one.

ARMS TRADER (sop, tenor A, alto F, Bass D)

Words Cynthia Cockburn,

Music Shereen Benjamin (RV, 1998)

In the city of Bagdad she was caring for the injured
She turned toward the child in the hospital bed
And the features that she saw
Were the human face of war
And the duty nurse wondered what the salesman had said...

It's the smartest bomb we've got
The computer does the lot
Look at it my way.
All previous models superceded
No special training needed
It's child's play. Child's play.

He tended the graves that line the road into the village
Remembering the fishermen the planes had left for dead
As they toiled along the shore
On the coast of East Timor
And the old man wondered what the salesman had said...

It's a supersonic jet
And what you see is what you get
Look at it my way.
All previous models superceded
No special training needed.
It's child's play. Child's play.

She watched as the children acted out Angola's trauma
With their make-believe guns firing make-believe lead.
For the wounds left behind
Are of the body and the mind
And the young teacher wondered what the salesman had said...

It's a nifty little rifle
And it costs the merest trifle
Look at it my way.
All previous models superceded
No special training needed
It's child's play. Child's play.

The tank rolled slowly through the garden and the orchard
And a way of life perished underneath its tread.
The dust rose high against the Kosovo sky
And the cameraman wondered what the salesman had said...

It's a domestic kind of tank
And it'll hardly break the bank
Look at it my way.
All previous models superceded

No special training needed.
It's child's play. Child's play.

They know he represents the best of Industry UK
That his mind's on the commission he can hope to earn today
And it wouldn't much surprise them if they were to hear him say...

It's the latest thing in germs
And we can offer easy terms
Look at it my way.
Only a teaspoonful is needed
And – Hiroshima's exceeded. But
Don't point it my way.

WHO DO THEY THINK THEY ARE? (D)

Words Cynthia Cockburn,
Tune Ros Brown, Arr. Morag Carmichael (RV, 2003)

Who do they think they are...
These men in suits who posture and proclaim
Who speak of justice while they kill and maim
And have the gall to say... they do it in my name
Who do they think they are?

Who do they think they are...
These men in wig and gown who read the laws
Interpret instrument and code and clause
So as to justify... the politicians wars
Who do they think they are?

Who do they think they are...
These men with their technology of dread
That grinds the world to dust beneath its tread
They only count their own... among the toll of dead
Who do they think they are?

Lost in their fantasy
So far removed from my reality
I long, I long to call them back
To sweet humanity.

WHERE IS JUSTICE? (A)

Tune: Zikolise.
Words Cynthia Cockburn (RV 2008?)

Where is justice?
Where is justice?
For the love of humankind
Peace with justice for Palestine.

Where is freedom?

Where is freedom?
On their children let it shine
Land and freedom for Palestine.

NOT EXACTLY REVOLUTION (C)

Tune: Bandiera Rossa.

Words: Cynthia Cockburn (2006)

Avanti o popolo
We went to Gateshead
To sing our songs there
Against oppression.
So are there signs of
A revolution?
Well not exactly, but all the same...

Chorus:

The charitable funders slapped us on the wrist
The local council got its knickers in a twist
There's investigation by the MI5
And the CIA has got us on its list.
Bomba-di-bom (x3) bom bom...

We called the popolo
To the riscossa
And there we sang them
The Internationale.
And were they up for
A revolution?
Well not exactly, but all the same.... (Chorus)

For years and years now
We've sung our hearts out
For revolution
Our throats are worn out.
And did we bring down
The ruling classes?
Well not exactly, but all the same... (Chorus)
Avanti o popolo alla riscossa
Bandiera rossa, bandiera rossa
Avanti o popolo alla riscossa
Bandiera rossa trionera
Bandiera rossa trionferà x 3
Evviva il socialismo e la libertà!

REFUGEE (G)

Words Cynthia Cockburn,
Music Morag Carmichael (RV, 2001)

Repression knows no borders
And terror travels free
And rape can leap all barriers
And torture cross the sea
They meet no bound'ries anywhere
Unlike the refugee

Warfare needs no licence
The missiles fly at will
And sanctions get a sanction
For the thousands that they kill
And the law upholds the warlord
But condemns the refugee.

Exploitation's universal
Multinationals global too
The big investors span the world
While famine and flood pursue
From continent to continent
The weary refugee

They worked at every job and every trade
When they were forced to flee
They had every kind of style of life
And human quality
And a country might be grateful
For the wealth it gains for free
In the wisdom and experience,
the courage and endurance
Of the person with the label
'Refugee'.

THANK YOU!

