

# 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)

### **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 Karchner 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!**

