

A PASSION FOR PEACE

Libretto

PART I: THE SONGS

HARMONY

Instrumental music

MOTHERTIME

MALE & FEMALE OWLS

Who who

Who who

STORYTELLER

Now darkness is falling

Owl calling

The great world is burning

yet mothertime's turning

on a milky night

a hundred years past

my Great Grandma's singing —

bringing our song

THE CANTICLE OF NIGHT¹

YOUNG GREAT GRANDMOTHER

Lay lulay lulay lulay

Threads of memory and dream

I'll spin for you

In night's black and silver mantle

We'll sound the round from death to birth

and when the shining young moon

lifts the old one high

lament will turn to lullaby

and hope will turn the night

Lay lulay lulay My little babe

And when the world's at war

It seems love's circles are all torn

Though a hundred years may pass

Yet mothertime is now

And before each new child's born

we'll sing for peace

and hope will bring the light

Lulay, lulay

¹ This song is dedicated to two of my New Zealand great grandmothers, Margery Cloughley and Ellen Melvin, whose sons Lionel and John were killed in the First World War, both aged 21 years.

CALLING THE CIRCLES OF LOVE

CHILDREN

We call through time
the memories and dreams
of the circles of love
that sing our lives around and round

CHILDREN AND WOMEN'S CHORUS

as the seasons of Earth
and measures of Moon
turn babies to parents to babies again
(a few children coo like doves through next 2 lines)
Like the songs of peace in the egg of mother dove²
May our Passion bring harmony!

HARMONY

CHORUS OF WOMEN

Mother rhythm of the cosmos singing
Cycles of the moon inside our bodies

WITH CHILDREN

Seasons of our lives
Rising from the Earth

CHILDREN

Humming in the sunshine

EVERYONE

Harmony in all the spheres
like the great grandmother sang

CHILDREN

Nurture for our great great great grand-children!

LAW CHORALE: PEACE IS THE NURTURE OF LIFE

JANE ADDAMS with CHORUS

Peace is not merely an absence of war
Peace is the nurture of human life³
Yes, peace is the nurture of life

NURTURE'S FLOWER?

WOMEN'S ENSEMBLE

Where is the full bloom of nurture's flower?
Harmony with nature is far from power!
Our nightmares scare
with guilt and fear
Are the cycles torn?
New life stillborn?

² NB. Picasso gave his famous drawing of the peace dove to WILPF for gratitude and encouragement of their work – scroll down at <http://www.1325australia.org.au/textdocuments/vic.pdf> The dove also features in A Chorus of Women's logo for the *Passion*.

³ Jane Addams, *The First Twenty Years of Hull House*, reprinted in *Writings on Peace: Jane Addams' Essays and Speeches*, Continuum Classic Texts, 2005

PEACE ON EARTH NB Change dreams to present tense?

CHORUS OF WOMEN & SOLOISTS

As I was sleeping with my little son
I dreamed the round-faced moon was weeping
silver tears on his pillow

I dreamed a mother's cries rang
in the black bell of the night

And I dreamed of daisies white
for the funerals of children

I dreamed of crimson angels wings
I dreamed a lullaby of heart's blood red

Lulay, lulay, sweet children
Lulay, lulay, lulay
The mothers are
sleeping weeping
dreaming keening
sighing crying
when when when when
when will the grieving years end?

And when will the voice of wisdom
cry out in the streets?

When will there be peace on earth?
When will there be peace?

THE EARS OF THE SOUL

SOPRANO SOLOIST *with Chorus of Women*

While war
casts a curious spell⁴ of discord
within without
the ears of the soul are listening

The ears of the soul like harmony
as hands and breasts like lovers and babies
and minds like space for wonder
Yet war casts its curious spell

The ears of the soul want harmony
with seasons and cycles the rhythms of life
Yet war casts a spell

Oh, how our hearts are yearning
hoping waiting
for love to break the spell of war

⁴ In 1915 Jane Addams referred to war's 'curious spell' while making the case for another method of ending conflict between nations. See *Women at The Hague*, Macmillan New York 1915 (page132).

Yes, the circles of our love
are stronger than death
Only through love
will the voice of wisdom
cry out in the streets

And is not peace the way of our love?
The ears of the soul love harmony

Law Chorale

PEACE IS THE HEARING OF HARMONY

JANE ADDAMS AND CANTORS leading CHORUS OF WOMEN

Peace is the harmony of reason and justice
Peace is the voice of wisdom singing in the streets
Peace is the nurture of human life
and only in freedom is permanent peace possible
Yes, peace is the hearing of harmony

RECALLING NIGHT

Instrumental music

TRAUMATIME

In 1914 Her Sons went to Fight

STORYTELLER TRIO

Though Great Grandmother sang
to her children each night
in 1914 her sons went to fight

Trauma Law

CHORUS OF WOMEN

Men from Australia
Men from New Zealand
trusting commanders
of empires and armies

who cut nature's cycles
though there is no future
if the roundabout turns around
war and revenge

for the law of revenge
takes eye after eye
unseen and unseeing
blind making blind

The compassionless law of
trauma breeds trauma —
war after war
within and without

Dreamers and Singers

STORYTELLER TRIO

Great Grandma's three sons
were dreamers and singers
before they went to war

But the youngest was killed
and the two who came home
never dreamed never sang again

The Traumatime March

Ghostly marching with double bass

WOMEN'S CHORUS

We hear the soldiers
young men and old
still walking the streets
in the dark of the moon

Sullen and silent
stalking the screams
trauma time shreds
loveless with dread

I Dream your Nightmare

MEZZO SOLO

As I am sleeping in the dark with you
I dream I dream I dream your nightmare

The Dead of Night

CHORUS OF WOMEN

The dead of night in the dead of night (*repeated*)

Peace on Earth refrain on flutes

In the Bed

A YOUNG WOMAN

In the bed where we made so much love
when you came back from the war
like a homeless child
you raged you craved
heartsick broken
silent

Billy Has Your Nightmare!

MEZZO SOLOIST *from I Dream Your Nightmare*

Oh the children heard that gun shot
and our Billy has your nightmare now!

The Sins of the Fathers

CHORUS OF WOMEN

Will the sins of the fathers visit us
to the third or fourth generation?

War Inside

A SOLDIER'S SISTER

So near you were and yet so far
with war inside your sky-blue eyes

THEIR MOTHER

Death in the space where peace should fly!

THE SISTER

Oh you fell back in the trenches to the dead of night!

Instrumental return of The Dead of Night music

Gallipoli: The Dread

ANOTHER WOMAN

(with an upper class English accent)

Alone with that dog
in the black of night
Unseen Unseeing
he's taken your eyes!

Poor baby screaming
the palace dreaming
The blind making blind
child after child

Alone in your hole
you command and control
cowering bullying —
Your war and revenge!

When the heat of the day
in the war room's away
behind the brandy
I smell in those nights

WITH THE CHORUS OF THE DEAD

(Women's Chorus)

the stench of the earth
fouled with the dead
the dread in your bowels
from Gallipoli

One hundred and twenty thousand souls!
Gallipoli Gallipoli!

Sounds of the dead

What a colony is this, where
stark hate whirls dark shapes swirl?

Double bass and ghostly marching feet

How Shall We Stop The Traumatime March?

Ah! Ah!
No nurture of life
war after war!
How shall we stop
The Traumatime March?

You cut nature's cycles
war after war!
How shall we stop
The Traumatime March?

When trauma breeds trauma
war after war
how shall we stop
The Traumatime March?

Peace is the Nurture of Human Life

JANE ADDAMS *from afar with a few singers*
Peace is the nurture of human life
Yes, peace is the nurture of life

Trauma's Discord

CHORUS OF WOMEN
We hear Trauma's discord within without
and we're the third and fourth generations!

The Children's Trust

CHORUS OF CHILDREN
And now, we are the fifth and sixth generations
since Gallipoli since Flanders Field
And what about the seventh generation?
Now we're trusting you, our Mums and Dads

Our children are in danger
Now the climate's changing!
Our children are in danger
from war and conflagration!

MOTHERTIME IS NOW

TWO WOMEN
... And when the world's at war
it seems love's circles are all torn
Though a hundred years may pass
yet mothertime is now
Mothertime is now

THE CHILDREN'S DREAMS

CHILDREN
In our dreams Great Grandmas singing
songs of nurture for our future
The children teach the tune to Chorus and Audience through repetitions of ...

WITH CHORUSES + AUDIENCE
We hear Great Grandmothers singing
songs of nurture for our future

TELL US A STORY!

MALE & FEMALE OWLS

Who who

Who who

STORYTELLER (*to the children*)

Now darkness is falling

Owl calling

Time for sleeping? ...

CHILDREN

No! Tell us a story!

The Hundred-Year Story

BOYS

Tell the hundred-year story
the Great Grandmas told you

GIRLS

that history forgot
and you all remember!

STORYTELLER

(*tune of The Children's Dream*)

Do do do do

do do do do?

CHILDREN

Yep do do do

do do do do

STORYTELLERS TRIO/ CHORUS ENSEMBLE

about the ...

women's international league for peace and freedom?

CHILDREN

Yeah!

STORYTELLERS TRIO

We'll tell that story

so it's more than history —

so it sings to us now

when the climate's unsettled

WOMEN'S CHORUS

We'll tell that story

for living well —

It's a promise

to you and your children

STORYTELLERS

We'll tell that story
ancient and new
Ancient as ...

THE CHILDREN

... nurture!

STORYTELLER & CHILDREN

New as our future!

Kookaburra sings then quietens behind Storyteller ...

STORYTELLER TRIO

It started at Christmas
in 1914
when the sun came up
for a hot summer day

Kookaburra interrupts, trying another burst ...

STORYTELLER

... Once upon a Christmas
the dawn chorus sang
though the world was at war
Would you like to hear more?

PART II: OUR STORY

1. The Loneliest Christmas

AUSTRALIA – 25 DECEMBER 1914

Dawn Chorus

The children sing a raucous summer dawn chorus of Australian birds.

STORYTELLER *to the children*

You know the hope
that you feel when it's Christmas?

1914's
the loneliest Christmas
with fathers and husbands
and sons gone to war

CHILDREN'S CHORUS

Kookaburra's still laughing!

Magpie!

... warbling sounds

Cocky!

... Cockatoo shrieks

Crow won't stop crying!

... Crow, and occasional maudlin calls continue

Silent Places

STORYTELLER

While grandmas and granddads
mums, girls and boys
set Christmas tables
with silent places

newspapers carol
the 'greatest' of causes —
Mother England and
Empire's defence

Crow

The Sydney Morning Herald Editorial

At Christmas this year mankind stands amidst
the gravest crisis of history
And whoever triumphs in time ahead
thousands will be dead homes will be desolate

Yet the men in our thoughts this Christmastime
have not earned sympathy but everyone's envy
By offering their country the devotion of their lives
they have passed the supreme test of manhood – Manhood!

Crow

If these happy warriors were not at war
fighting for justice finding new meaning
their youth, strength and courage
might all have been wasted

Crow

And none of them would change places with us
who wish them luck who wish them safe
who envy them the glorious chance
of their fortunate youth and their splendid courage⁵

WOMEN'S NIGHTMARES – WOMEN'S DREAMS

STORYTELLER

The words fire an ache
in the breastbones of mothers
In sweethearts and sisters
an arrow of dread

CHORUS OF WOMEN

In nightmares —
Dread and doom
Dead the moon (*repeated twice*)

They cut nature's cycles
though there is no future
if the roundabout turns around
war and revenge

In nightmares
we have heard the children singing —
'Our children are in danger!'
'Our children are in danger!'

Lulay Lulay
sweet children
Lulay Lulay

When when when when
When will the grieving years end?

STORYTELLER TRIO *with JANE ADDAMS from afar*

Yet ...

Poets and prophets
cannot help dreaming
Women of wisdom
never stop scheming!
Yes!

WOMEN OF WISDOM . . .

**The Australian Chorus
with Vida Goldstein**

STORYTELLER

In all their fear
for men they love
Australian women
still kindle hope⁶

⁵ All these words are from *The Sydney Morning Herald* editorial of Friday 25 December 1914

Out of the dark night
new moon rising –
Vida Goldstein
sends greetings from Melbourne

Southern Boobook Owl calls

VIDA GOLDSTEIN AND AUSTRALIAN CHORUS

To the women of all nations –
enemies and friends alike who know that life is sacred –
Let us all refuse to give our children for this slaughter!⁷

The Peace Chorale

2000 years of the gospel of peace
and men have again rushed to war
We women must lead
We must show the way to harmony and peace⁸

AUSTRALIAN CHORUS & AUDIENCE led by VIDA GOLDSTEIN
We're dreaming of peace on Earth!

POWERFUL OWL
Who who!
Who who!

STORYTELLER
In Mother Night's cradle
the crescent moon carries
hope from Australia
to Europe in winter

The German Chorus
with Anita Augspurg, Lida Gustava Heymann & Klara Zetkin

STORYTELLER *conts.*
As that sliver of light
slips through the black sky
in Munich and Berlin
the same song rings out

European owl call

GERMAN CHORUS
We're dreaming of peace on Earth!

STORYTELLER
Here are Klara Zetkin
Anita Augspurg and Lida Heymann
and many Freundinnen

⁶ Vida Goldstein's brother enlisted ... ref. *Australians at War* 26.8.14

⁷ The words of Vida and the Australian Chorus were published in the Melbourne newspaper *Woman Voter*, of which Vida Goldstein was owner-editor. Some words are from the Christmas Greeting to the Women of all Nations published on 22 December 1914, which preceded the International Congress of Women by also calling for unity in demanding democratic representation of men and women at an international peace conference, arbitration of conflict among nations, abolition of compulsory military service and secret diplomacy, government control of the armament industry, and government prohibition of the export of capital to foreign countries except for peaceful purposes. Other words were published on 11 August 1914.

KLARA, ANITA, LIDA TRIO
We send warm hearty greetings
to the women of all nations
in these wretched, bloody times

Knowing well that ...
True humanity does not know
national hatred or national contempt

The Peace Chorale
TRIO AND GERMAN CHORUS
War does not separate women joined
in striving for peace and freedom
And the stream of blood must not divide
what need and hope unite.⁹

AUSTRALIAN & GERMAN CHORUS WITH AUDIENCE
We're dreaming of Peace on Earth!

The British Chorus
with Emily Hobhouse
STORYTELLER
White and clear
Is Christmas in London
As Emily Hobhouse
sees the new moon

Burdened with grief
are the women she's gathered
Bitter their fear
for soldiers they love

Even so, this chorus of British women
one hundred and one in harmony ...

EMILY HOBHOUSE & BRITISH CHORUS
... Solemnly, we greet the 'enemy'
and sing for peace and goodwill among nations

Ah, dear women of Germany and Austria,
Anguish unites us this sad Christmastide
though everyone dreams of peace on Earth

Though our sons are sent to slay each other
Though the slaughter stains the Christmas message
Though our hearts are torn by this cruel fate
Though our souls groan in helpless pain
As we pass together through the terror
As we pass together through the horror

⁹ This lyric is written from two letters published in *Jus Suffragii* (the official periodical of the International Woman Suffrage Alliance) in December 1914. Principal writers of one letter, signed by many German women activists, were Anita Augspurg and Lida Gustava Heymann. Klara Zetkin wrote the other.

The Peace Chorale

We will let no bitterness
taint the sorrow of our lament
Neither will we mar with hate
the sacred lifeblood of our men

For harmony for humanity
with our sisters in neutral countries
we reach beyond war to that higher law
that bids us live in peace

Remembering Harmony

EMILY, VIDA, KLARA, LIDA, ANITA (*leaders of the 3 national choruses*)

Singing as the new moon shines we hear
that higher law that bids us live in peace

COMBINED NATIONAL CHORUSES WITH AUDIENCE

We're dreaming of peace on Earth

THE NURSES CHORUS

STORYTELLER

While mothertime turns
the great world burns

And while some families
wrap their Christmas gifts
dress the tree fill up a stocking
Australian nurses and French and German nurses
and nurses from Britain, New Zealand, America
from Belgium, Sweden, Denmark and many other lands
are busy binding soldiers' bodies

Patch and Stitch

CHORUS OF NURSES

They still give us wounded men to heal
We patch and stitch the shreds

We will patch and stitch the shreds of men
while ever war goes on Oh, war goes on!

Homesick

STORYTELLERS

Oh, they're all missing home
especially at night

The smell of the bush
The heat of Australia
the silent the holy
the calm the bright

Patch and Stitch

CHORUS OF NURSES

We will patch and stitch the shreds of men
while ever war goes on Oh, war goes on!

Heartsick

STORYTELLERS

Homesick Heartsick

THE POET NURSE & CHORUS OF NURSES

In days and dreams
the devastation

The pulse of war
the trembling earth

THE POET AND CHORUS

In soil In sky
In smoke and the streams
On soldiers' clothes
On our bodies In dreams —
The stench of the earth
fouled with the dead

THE POET NURSE & CHORUS

Every day No lullay
All lament No lullaby

Dying Boys' Eyes

NURSES

We see dying boys
cry for their mothers
They search our faces
Try to find her Find mother!
Still trusting she will hear
Still trusting she will heal

Mouths of Wounds

NURSES

Men's eyes stare in our nightmares too
Mouths of wounds Bloody mouths
implore women to stop the war —
More they cannot But how could we?

Blazing Anguish

Are we only great in suffering?
Are we only great in patience?
Could we rise in blazing anguish?¹⁰
War will never stop with patch and stitch!

¹⁰ The first three lines are from Lida Gustava Heymann, *An Appeal to Women from a German Woman*, (published in *A Group of Letters from Women of the Warring Nations*, Women's Peace Party, Chicago 1915, and see *Lines of Fire*, pages 28-30)

Conspiracy

THE POET NURSE

Everything's arranged carefully arranged
that men should be mangled and men should be mended

Just as you send your clothes to the laundry
and repair them when they come back clip the ravelled edges
so we recycle our men to the trenches
sew up their holes until they're dead

Marching down the road with their jaunty tilted caps
they pass in the morning throwing kisses to the girls
Then in the evening from the ambulance
like bread from an oven men on stretchers

With needles and threads With knives and scissors
as red blood spills we tend the torn
Nothing new can be born of this
But it's all arranged carefully arranged¹¹

Occasional Crow calls

The Coffin of Night

STORYTELLERS

Starved of sleep
the poet weeps —
carves her songs
In the coffin of night

And how shall so much lament
turn to lullaby?
War has no midwife
to deliver new life

A Promise

Nights of no rest
in dreams of the dead
Frightened boys' eyes
still plead for a promise

Till the good doctor calms me, singing
'You can give that promise!
We women know
Now we women must show

how to gather the wise ones
who see beyond strife
Gather the wise ones
who nurture life

so the blind do not blind us
a hundred years more'

¹¹ Most words and images are from Mary Borden's short story, 'Conspiracy', *Lines of Fire*, pages 378-9

Returning

YOUNG NURSE

When I lift my eyes and see
the shining young moon lift the old one high

Turning

The circles of our love returning

MOTHER & FATHER

Still turning now

Lulay Lulay

YOUNG NURSE

So far away
yet always here

2. Women Gathering

Spring 1915

STORYTELLERS TRIO

Through the long winter nights

The killing goes on

Two moons die and rise again

WITH CHORUS OF WOMEN

But a million men are dead by spring

MEZZO STORYTELLER

Yet, women are linked

like the flowers of a rhizome

under the earth and in the air

JANE ADDAMS *from afar*

Yes, women are linked

like the flowers of a rhizome

under the earth and in the bright air

MEZZO STORYTELLER

On the neutral soil of The Netherlands

as green leaves sprout in the tulip fields

Aletta Jacobs receives a reply

from her famous friend in Chicago

INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS

Jane Addams will chair

Morse beat wells up then fades

By telegram – the fastest way –

Jane Addams confirms she will come to The Hague

To chair the International Congress of Women

that Dr Aletta and others conceived

Morse beat again, fading under double bass intro

The Pleas

DR ALETTA JACOBS WITH CHORUS SINGERS

Please please please please ... *cont with solo*

From women who work with those fleeing or starving

From refugees from the raped and injured

From suffragists, artists, writers and nurses

who have made a promise to dying young men —

From mothers, sisters, wives on all sides

From peace-loving people in all of your countries

We hear your pleas for a congress of women

to protest together to seek out the ways

in wisdom and nurture to end this war'¹²

¹² includes quotes from Aletta Jacobs' autobiography *Memories* (1924), cited in *Lines of Fire*, p.35

The Morse sound shifts into rap beat that the children sing and maybe dance over

Telegram Rap

CHORUS OF CHILDREN

Hey, that's our kind of beat
Did the women move their feet
when the morse man's telegrams
tapped away from Amsterdam?

Wooh

Something big is coming
You can hear it in the words
of Dr Aletta's letter
to the women of the world

The Call to the Women of the World

DR ALETTA WITH CHORUS OF DUTCH WOMEN

Women of the world
are waiting to be called together
And the world is looking to women
to solve the great problems of our day
To dissolve the hatred To end the horror
and prevent it from ever happening again

Peace Chorale

While hatred divides the nations
we women know
We women must show
we maintain our friendships
and retain our solidarity

Here in the neutral Netherlands
we feel the torment of war
We take up our duty to call together
an International Congress of Women.

Women of the world
we call you!

Women of the world
we call your presence to swell
the protest against war

Women in nations warring and neutral
we call your presence to tell
The desire for peace we share

Women of the world
let our call to you not be in vain!¹³
Ah, dear women!

¹³ Adapted from the text published in *Jus saffragii* on 1 March 1915 (245-46) and in *Lines of Fire*.

Registration Rap

CHORUS OF CHILDREN

One line instrumental Morse beat

Dit dit dah dit dit goes the call to the women
from Dr Aletta round the war-torn world
And in come registrations from around the Dutch nation

From the women of den Haag en Amsterdam en Blaricum en
Apeldoorn Voorburg Lochem Leeuwarden
Haarlem Zwolle Amersfoort Tiel en Delft
Hoorn en Oude Haven Rijswijk Rotterdam JA!

The postman's bag gets heavy The postage stamps exciting!
Letters to Aletta from women wanting peace
Telegram deliveries to put a stop to war
The women's worldwide web dit dit dahing round the Earth

From Armenia and Austria Belgium and Brazil
Denmark British India Germany and France
From Britain Ireland Hungary From Italy and Norway
From Poland and Russia South Africa and Spain

From Sweden and Switzerland the United States
Emily Dobson in Tasmania misses out through late mail OH NO!
BUT Harriet Newcomb and Margaret Hodge
will be there for Australia and will travel with the English YAY!

Dit dit dit dah dah dah dit dit dit YAY!
SOS for peace to save the DAY!
Two lines instrumental Morse beat

Administrative Marvels

CONGRESS COMMITTEE ENSEMBLE, including ALETTA JACOBS
In Amsterdam as the tulip buds fatten
our congress committees gather and plan
administrative marvels for a time of war
arrangements for travel finance hotels
press releases with news of ways to peace
and venues for business and public meetings

It's joyous hard work to stage our passion for peace
We can't afford a moment's shirk in our passion for peace!

Committee women with a message ...

'Now we need somewhere else in The Hague for the congress!
There are too many women for the new Peace Palace!'

More committee women in conversation ...

Oh, what were we thinking amid world war –
only ten weeks notice for an international congress!

Another group of committee women
Did we forget we can't even vote?
New Zealand and Australia are very remote!¹⁴

Three more committee women ...
Still, we can hardly wait
for April 28!

RESOLUTIONS COMMITTEE

How to Return the Cycles of Life?

STORYTELLERS Mostly for soprano and mezzo

For two days the Resolutions Committee —
Dutch women meeting across war's divides
with women from Germany, Britain, Belgium —
wonder how

most citizens who never want war
who wrongly believe
war's for defence of their lives
get caught in the roundabout of revenge
where ...

Trauma breeds trauma
eye after eye
blind making blind
as leaders make more war

RESOLUTIONS COMMITTEE

How to turn from hatred and strife?

How to return the cycles of Life?

How could a thousand women stop the Traumetime March?

DR ALETTA WITH THE RESOLUTIONS COMMITTEE

We women know

Now we women can show —

we can all be wise ones

who see beyond strife —

together be wise ones

who nurture life

so the blind do not blind us

a hundred years more

CHRYSTAL MACMILLAN

singing

Let us hear our words of resolution

that could turn the night

and bring the light of peace

¹⁴ In 1893 New Zealand became the first country in the world to enfranchise women. Australia followed in 1903, but Aboriginal men and women were specifically excluded from the right to vote until 1962. Norway alone among nations represented at the 1915 International Congress of Women had granted women the right to vote. It was however the strength and leadership of the worldwide web of suffragist women that made the Congress possible.

speaking

Our resolutions begin in passionate protest
against the madness and horror of war
and the odious wrongs and violation
of women in every war

The Resolutions Prelude

CHRYSTAL MACMILLAN (*leads, speaking, joined by others at each line space*)

We women of many nations, in International Congress assembled,
raise our voices above the present hatred and bloodshed

And however we may differ as to means
we declare ourselves united in the great ideals
of civilization and progress

We come together from both warring and neutral countries
not to place the responsibility for the present conflict
upon one government as against another
not to consider the rules of warfare
but impelled by profoundly humane forces

We are bound together by the beliefs
that women must share in the common responsibility of government
and that international relations must be determined not by force
but by friendship and justice

We pledge ourselves to resist every tendency to rancour and revenge

We pledge ourselves to promote understanding and goodwill between the nations
and to work for the reconciliation of the peoples

We declare the doctrine that war is inevitable to be both
a denial of the sovereignty of reason and
a betrayal of the deepest instincts of the human heart.

We resolve together to educate children
in the ways and means of peace

With a sense of our share in the failure
to prevent wars of the past and the present
and in sorrow for the suffering, the desolate and the oppressed,
we urge the women of all nations to strive for their own enfranchisement
and a just and lasting peace¹⁵

The Power of Love

EMILY HOBHOUSE (*singing*)

On the 28th of April
we will see the power of love —
Love and reason joined in harmony so wisdom sings

¹⁵ All these words are from the Preamble to the Resolutions of the 1915 International Congress of Women.
See the complete congress transcript, page 35

DR ALETTA & CHRYSTAL MACMILLAN
Let us sing our first resolution

RESOLUTION ONE

Now, we women
in international congress assembled
protest against the madness and horror of war
involving as it does
the reckless sacrifice of human life
and the destruction of so much
that humanity has labored through centuries
to build up

3. In Moonlight

Powerful Owl call

28 APRIL 1915

THREE STORYTELLERS

28th of April

1915

The round earth is wrapt
in the spell of a huge moon ...

Powerful Owl call

CANBERRA

STORYTELLERS SOLO/TRIO

Where Molonglo River
crosses the plain

People round Canberra
hear Powerful Owl call

Owl

Canberra Ngambra
Ngunnawal country

Here, where an ideal city is planned
Traumatime stories engraved in the land

Here, where an ideal city could rise
New names enlist on Traumatime's roll

Family names of the Canberra men who enlisted in WWI recited over a drone¹⁶

The frosted ground sparkles`
dusted in silver
Two-year-old city
with men gone to war

Owl call continues

Trees breathing quiet
Round hills silent
Only owl's call
in the soft nest of night

Oracle bird
singing of change
Dark song piercing
stone and bone

STORYTELLERS WITH CHORUS OF WOMEN

28th of April

1915

High in the sky
The full moon's gone sailing

¹⁶ I still have to get these names

GALLIPOLI

STORYTELLER

At Gallipoli moon floats in the night
spreads silver shrouds over beaches and hills
where three thousand bodies of young men lie still

Owl call

CHORUS OF WOMEN

These are the three thousand three-day-old dead
Young Turks and Anzacs gone to war
Sons, brothers, husbands who will come home no more.

STORYTELLER TRIO

After his first day up Shrapnel Gully¹⁷
caught among corpses of men and mules
a lad from Supply Corps our 20-year-old Grandad
on a hill above the lines lifts his gaze to the sky

There in the moonlight
this dreamer and singer
confines in his journal confides to his grandkids
the noises he'll hear for the rest of his years

STORYTELLERS

Already in his ears that Traumatime music
Trying to pour out of his head

HER YOUNG GRANDFATHER

Vibrating shocks Shrieking shells
Shouts and cries Pounding dread

Down in that gully Sharp snipers' crack
Whistling bullets criss-cross the dead

Where shrapnel rips water
there at the cove blood on the beach ... *falling into reverie*
... The beach is bathed in light
like the sea at home
so far away yet almost here

EUROPE

STORYTELLER DUET/TRIO

And now westward and north
the quiet moon flies
covers battle-worn Belgium
in silver and black

fills mirrors of water all over France
lakes and rivers ponds and streams
with tranquil illusion of beauty and peace

¹⁷ This account, including the vivid depictions of sounds, is nearly all drawn from entries in the diaries and journals of my grandfather George Cloughley during his first days at Gallipoli – mostly 28 April 1915.

And over the Channel – bright sleeve of sea –
women are waiting, one hundred and eighty
Passports cancelled because it's said ...

AN ENGLISHMAN'S OFFICIAL VOICE

'there's much inconvenience
in holding large meetings of political character
so close to the seat of war'¹⁸

STORYTELLERS

They're still listening for news of permits to travel
Listening for news of a Netherlands ferry ...

CHORUS OF WOMEN

The opening bars of Resolution One sing softly at a distance
... Now, we women ...

STORYTELLERS

Can they hear the women singing
Can they hear the women bringing
their longing their grief
to the moonlit Hague?

NB. With Resolution One swelling mightily, lights come up and we're in congress.

¹⁸ This quotation from a letter by Lieutenant-Colonel Walker, Chief Permit Officer, to the British Committee of the International Women's Congress was published in *The Times* of London on 22 April 1915. After a question about the decision was asked in the House of Commons travel permits were restored for 20 women personally selected by Mr McKenna, the British Home Secretary. But then Mr Winston Churchill, the First Lord of the Admiralty, cancelled all ferries to The Netherlands until after the Congress. So only three British women attended – Crystal Macmillan and Kathleen Courtney (who were already on the Continent), and Emmeline Pethick-Lawrence, who travelled by ship from the United States with the North American delegations.

4. The Children's Trust

RESOLUTION ONE

Ah, we women
in international congress assembled
protest against the madness and horror of war
involving as it does
the reckless sacrifice of human life
and the destruction of so much, so much
that humanity has labored through centuries
to build up

THE 100-YEAR STORY

JANE ADDAMS (*presiding, to the children*)

Now, you asked for that story —
the hundred-year story
we great grandmas sang
in 1915

for all the children
from then to now
and a hundred years ahead —
Is that right?

CHILDREN (*The tune of The Children's Dreams*)

Yep do do great grandmas singing
Songs of nurture for our future

JANE ADDAMS

About the ...

WITH CHORUS

Women's International League for Peace and Freedom?

CHILDREN

Yeah!

JANE ADDAMS

So ... now that I'm chairing
this International Congress
it's time to review
our purpose anew

Let's follow a circle
like moon around Earth
to remind us of meanings
to remember the reasons

WITH WOMEN'S CHORUS

we're telling this story
for living well —
as a promise
to you and your children

Yes! Our promise to you and your children
Our story's a promise to you and your children

CHILDREN

Your promise to us returns
the memories and dreams
of the circles of love
that sing our lives around and round ...

A FEW LIVELY BOYS & GIRLS

... like the song of peace in the eggs of doves!

cooing (with relish)

JANE ADDAMS

Our song *is* a promise
to care for the nest
for the going-on-being
of chickens and eggs Ah-ha!

WITH CHORUS

And our story's a law song
of resolutions
for living in harmony
with people and Earth

IN 1915

JANE ADDAMS

In 1915 ...

WOMEN'S CHORUS

In 1915
we women gather
as the young men are slaughtered
3 STORYTELLERS
as our granddads are silenced

WOMEN'S CHORUS

In 1915

HALF CHORUS

with passion we move

OTHER HALF CHORUS

sometimes fiercely

we women debate

FULL CHORUS OF WOMEN

We, thirteen hundred all as one
thirteen hundred all as one
pass every resolution

Thirteen hundred in accord

In harmony

we sing the laws for peace

For harmony For humanity
Bound in the world wide web
we reach beyond war to those higher laws
that bid us live in peace

LAWS FOR PEACE

JANE ADDAMS & CHORUS OF WOMEN

Peace is the nurture of human life
Yes, peace is the nurture of life

CHORUS OF WOMEN

Peace is the harmony of reason and justice
Peace is the voice of wisdom singing in the streets
Peace is the nurture of human life
and only in freedom is permanent peace possible
Yes peace is the hearing of harmony

JANE ADDAMS

We are listening listening!
Now the laws for peace
are in our voices

The ears of the soul
are listening listening still
for us to break the spell of war

DREAMS AND HOPES

And now we convene *(to Women's Chorus)*
to hear your dreams
And from you *(to Audience and Children's Chorus)*
a song of hope or two

New Generations of Nurses

CANTOR & WOMEN'S CHORUS

Oh, we hear in our dreams
new generations of nurses
New generations of nurses
are singing in our dreams

CHILDREN'S CHORUS

We will patch and stitch
the shreds of lives
while ever war goes on!
Please please Please please
hear our cry for peace!

New Generations of Soldiers

ANOTHER PART OF WOMEN'S CHORUS

The young men!
We hear in our dreams
the seventh generation crying

CHILDREN
Please please
Please please Please please
Stop the war Please stop all war!

Another Generation of Power without Love?

SOPRANO SOLOIST (*from Gallipoli: The Dread*)

I hear a child in my dream
A blinded boy reaches out!
'Do not give power (*speaking in a high, childish voice*
to ones like me *with an upper class English accent*)
who do not know love
so cannot bring peace to be'

Where is Harmony?

CHORUS ALTOS/SOPS

Where is continuity?
Where is harmony?

JANE ADDAMS

Sound the music!

*A few bars of the music breaks out in joyous array from the instrumentalists --
finishing with a crescendo in the triangle, signaling the telegrams that gathered
everyone to the Congress.*

JANE ADDAMS (*presiding*)

Dr Aletta,
That's a cue for you!

Double bass and cello riff with the triangle, leads into

THE CALL TO THE PEOPLE

DR ALETTA & CHORUS

People of the world
We call you!

DR ALETTA & CHORUS

We have messages of children's hopes
Oh we hear the trust of the children in us
so we call for the people's choices
Let the harmony sing in all your voices!

THE CHILDREN'S DREAMS

JANE ADDAMS

Now children, on my agenda
You are next with a dream
A wicked dream (*playfully*)
I hope!

CHILDREN'S CHORUS (*happily, to Children's Dream tune*)

In our dreams our mums and dads ...

JANE ADDAMS

That *must* be all the adults here ...

CONDUCTOR or CANTOR *to audience*

Do do do do Yes, that's us!

ALL THE ADULTS — AUDIENCE, WOMEN'S CHORUS & INSTRUMENTALISTS

Do do do do Yes, that's us!

CHILDREN'S CHORUS

In our dreams our Mums and Dads
are sitting in the parliament
singing harmony for us
bringing nurture for our future

CONDUCTOR/CANTOR *to Audience*

We'll sing harmony for you

We'll bring nurture for your future

CITIZENS' CHORUS (*all the adults present*)

We'll sing harmony for you!

We'll bring nurture for your future!

CHILDREN'S CHORUS

And ... In our dreams our Mums and Dads

are in the streets — the voice of wisdom

You! Hey, all of you are our songs of peace and freedom!

No more war and conflagration!

JOHANNA/CANTOR

We are your songs of peace and freedom!

No more war and conflagration!

CITIZENS' CHORUS

We are your songs of peace and freedom! *Repeated twice, strengthening*

No more war and conflagration! *Then the instrumentalists burst forth again*

LULAY LULAY

MALE AND FEMALE OWLS

Who who

Who who

JANE ADDAMS

Time to close our congress

... Maybe time for sleeping? (*to the children*)

Mothertime's still turning ... (*to the young great grandmother*)

YOUNG GREAT GRANDMOTHER & GRANDFATHER

Lay lulay lulay lulay

Though a hundred years may pass

yet mothertime is now

And before each new child's born

We'll sing for peace

and hope will bring the light

WITH CHILDREN AND WOMEN'S CHORUS

Lulay Lulay Lulay Lulay