

IRIE! dance theatre

PRESENTS

KEHÃ SEEBII

FOR THOSE LEFT BEHIND

WORK MOTIVATED BY THE TRAGIC LOSS OF LIVES
IN THE NEW CROSS FIRE, 1981.

WWW.IRIEDANCETHEATRE.ORG

KEHĀ SEEBII

FOR THOSE LEFT BEHIND

PRODUCTION

Choreography

Beverley Glean MBE

Denzil Barnes

Nii Kwartey Owoo

Composer/Musical Director & Vocal

Coach

Rachel Bennett

Rehearsal Director

Shea Best

Lighting Design

Neill Brinkworth

Costume Designer

Rosalba Mensah

Producer

Mercy Nabirye - Kauma Arts

Photography

VizionKraft

Videography

Casternet Streaming Service

Company Stage Manager

Janaya Jackson-Williams

Company Tutors

Heather Star Benson

BOARD OF TRUSTEES

Chair Joseph Jeffers

Treasurer Desmond Clarke

Trustee Sheba Montserrat

Artistic Director

Beverley Glean MBE

Director of Accredited Training

Rosie Lehan

Education Coordinator

Rachael Glean-Andrew

IRIE! OPERATIONS TEAM

Director of Finance and Operations

Patsy Alexander

Finance

Bob Lanewala

Fundraiser

Julia Honess

Premises Officers

Albani Oliveira

Tipanna Thompson

IT Manager

Nii Kwartey Owoo

Marketing and Communications

Laura Dwyer

Trustee Paulette Ryan

Trustee Kellie Hurst

IRIE! dance theatre

Moonshot Centre

Fordham Park, Angus Street

New Cross, London, SE14 6LU

www.iredancetheatre.org



IRIE dance theatre!

@iredancetheatre



THE MUSIC

Poetry and Songs

written by Rachel Bennett

Musical Direction

Rachel Bennett in collaboration with Stephen Blagrove (Blaggy), Zozo, Nii Boye Owoo

Drum, Percussion and Vocals

Stephen Blagrove (Blaggy), Zozo, Nii Boye Owoo

Flute

Nii Boye Owoo

Recordings @ Goldsmiths Music Studios (GMS)

Cuban Tres for 'Fiya'

Trevor Hodge

Cello for 'Prayer' & 'We're Not Gone'

Talia Hunter

Recording Engineer @ GMS

Fionn Connolly

Recording Mixes

Tim Gardner

INTRO SONG

New Cross Fire - Sir Collins

GONE

TE ONAA JENŊ?

Te onaa jenŋ?

Jeee mɔ fɛɛ mɔ nijeɔ nyanyɔŋ ji gbɔmɔ

Jeee mɔ fɛɛ mɔ nijeɔ nyanyɔŋ ji gbɔmɔ

Aloo osuɔɔ

Aloo onaanyo

How do you see the world?

It is not everyone who grows a tooth is human

It is not everyone who grows a tooth is human

Not even a lover

Not even a friend

Hɛɛ! atsikoŋko lɛ wonuɛ ashwie

Gbɛmɛi tamɔ mɛi nɛɛ mɛi ni tsɛɔ amɛhe

Gbɛmɛi tamɔ mɛi nɛɛ mɛi ni tsɛɔ amɛhe

Yes! they've spilled the can soup

These self proclaimed humans

These self acclaimed humans

Kaaatsɛ ohe ofetsɛ

Ni ofetsɛ maawu fo owalanɔ

Kaaatsɛ ohe shitsɛ

Shitsɛmɛi yɛ

Don't call yourselves the Almighty

So the Almighty doesn't cut short your life

Don't call yourselves the owners of the land

There are owners of the earth

**Poem is performed in Ga from Accra, Ghana and has been
reprised and translated by Nii Kwartey Owoo for Kehã Seebii
with IRIE! dance theatre 2025**

GONE

COURTROOM DANCE

This a court room dance
Where you turn your back

Like a plantation gentry, On a field dust track
Where you bow and feint, As you carefully paint
Whitewash of our history, Continue to this day
Ongoing denial, Of actual reality
De precision required, For basic veracity
Na'a go on in 'ere!!! In this place ...
Of supposed integrity!

You evade the question, To stop my enquiry
But my fiya burn, To propel my entreaty
You cy'an cut my tongue, Operate pon me
Some hospital secret tracheostomy
Then try to gag me
Suffocate my petition,
To continue the centuries...
Of my people perdition

Throw it in the room, You done set me alight!
You are a perjurer, You better know this a fight
This a war this a battle
No dispose of we like cattle

Like military pawn, Like cannon fodder
Your approach is completely
Outa order!!!!
Wiv you patter an' you obscuration
Like we don't matter ...
In you lawless explanation

No more inflammatory lies
About what cause the demise
Of thirteen youth, This is a time fe the truth!!!
No more policeman mouth
Deceive an' disguise
No more prosecutor, Mendacities
Set up in a court room
Fe instigate th' expiration
Of this 'ere vital... Investigation!

You cyan rain down your deluge
Plan your subterfuge, With easy dishonesty
Your sleight of hand treachery
'An despicable habit
Of constant fabrication
Your ready-made smoke screen
Your offensive defamation
It is a total disgrace!!!
A dishonour you must face
Shame pon you...
An' this a' whole court room place!!!

You know that they can't speak
Who cannot breathe
But their voice
Will be heard, Before I leave
You know that they can't speak
Who cannot breathe
But their voice
Will be heard, Before I leave

GONE

FORENSIC

Where is the fire scene integrity
The search for remains – for their energies
Are you searchin' for weapon or residue
A footprint a glove print – any vital clue

Are you readin' that firebomb signature
That chemical ghost – Mr Coroner!
The finger print saliva blood spatter
This is post-mortem silence – but we matter!

A court room death colder than stone
A paper trail - tissue an bone
But no ansa' can come from no scrutiny
Filed away in police laboratory

Why have you turned down the evidence
What is your fear of the consequence
You did'n give us no chain of custody
No re-construction no integrity

No forensic ... assurance ... certainty
Forensic ... legitimate ... accuracy
Forensic authentic ... reliability
Forensic ... microscopic ... veracity

GONE

COME WE GO

Siren scream on New Cross road
Traffic pass day and night
Years I live and change come
... and go

My leaf bud an' grow
Road clean man come sweepin'
With his winter brush
... and go

Long time cold wind blow
Through my branches ... I still see
That night fire tragedy
... it don't go

Chop me down I'll show
Story in my tree rings
I give my life so you can see
... come we go

Chop me down so you can see
come
... we go
Chop me down so you can see
come
... we go

WITH US

FIYA

Come let me dance you round th' room

Feel bass grindin' you bones

Free ya body ...

Feel de rhythm

Make yaself at home

Party hottin walls vibratin'

Can you feel me move

Free ya body ...

Feel de rhythm

We are young an' full a' fiya

Shake me wid you fiya ...

Move me wid you fiya ...

Burn me wid you fiya ...

Touch me wid you fiya ...

Repeat

Come let us take you round th' room

Kick up the dust in this shell

Hear us callin'

We need ansa

Let's play truth an' tell

Party echoes hottin' up

Fiya beat dem down

Hear us callin'

We need ansa

We were young an' full a' fiya

Shudda me wid you fiya ...

Reach me wid you fiya ...

Burn me wid you fiya ...

Kill me wid you fiya ...

Repeat

I was young an' full a' fiya

We were young an' full a' fiya

I was young an' full a' fiya

We were young an' full a' fiya

WITH US

THE MARCH

Those at th' back come forward
Those at th' front march on
We cry out for Truth and Order
Walkin' these miles till we done

Those in th' line keep steppin'
Lift up your head and sing
Long way to go but we movin'
Drummer keep beatin' the skin

Anger and fiya we shoutin'
Tired but we ain't lost we fight
March to the drum in we thousands
Demandin' that wrong turn to right

Throw down your missiles
Throw down your calls
Our truth will hit harder
Inside your walls

Throw your projectiles
Throw down your calls
You gonna' hear us
When Babylon fall

We march and we carry we banner
You neva saw such a sight
Voices of power and anger
Demandin' that wrong turn to right
Voices of power and anger
Demandin' that wrong turn to right

TO COME

FROM OUTA SPACE

From outa space I see the smoke an' fiya burn
I track it around the globe – it is a compulsion
The places of war and destitution
Send their signal to my outa space location
Inform me of the wrong of one upon another
An' keep me as a herald – a messenger

I see the fya

... inna India ... inna Palestine ... inna Gaza ... inna Syria ... inna Ethiopia ... inna
Burkina Faso ... inna Pakistan ... inna Ukraine .. inna Amazon ... inna Mexico ...
inna Nation People Reservation inna institute of federal detention

and ...

... inna London town ... inna New Cross Road ...
... inna London town ... inna New Cross Road ...
... inna London town ... inna New Cross Road ...

TO COME

WE'RE NOT GONE

We're not gone, though we seem unseen
Look for us in the places in between
At your front door steppin'
when you turn the key
In the light when you walk
on 'a Watson Street
Or a glaze hit your eye in the
Deptford mornin' sun
And peepin' starlight shiftin' when the
market day is done

REFRAIN

We're not gone
We live on
We're not gone
We live on
No!
We're not gone
Yes!
We live on

On the high street when you pay the
fish man at the stall
Our shadow jus' behind him
on the bettin' shop wall

Those eyes that flash from a passin'
window seat
Make you stop right in you tracks
an' trip up at you feet

Blowin' at you window in the cold
New Cross night
Holdin' you together as you
hold each other tight
Blowin' at you window in the cold
New Cross night
Holdin' you together as you
hold each other tight

REFRAIN

TO COME

PRAYER

Like ...

Mother call to lost child in quiet evenin' air
Shepherd call to sheepdog when the wolf pack standin' there

A

Groom stood at the altar when his bride she come too late
Lonesome jilted lover to the postman at her gate

The

Blackbird see it nest fall when the stormy winds arrive
Tramp rake in the dustbin when he hear the infant cry

Or

Addict hold his hat out hopin' mornin' pennies fall
Hobo on the trackside waitin' on that whistle call

Like

Ones who hear their truth burn into ashes on the fire
Ones who felt the flames lick down their loved ones in the pyre
Ones who lost their children lost their reason lost their mind

Like ones who wait on answers we are those ones left behind
Like ones who wait on answers we are those ones left behind

THANK YOU



We want to give our heartfelt thanks to everyone who has supported IRIE! dance theatre in creating Kehã Seebii – For Those Left Behind.

This journey has been one of reflection, learning and creativity. We have grown through this process. It has been uplifting, insightful, and above all, inspirational and we are truly grateful for each other and to everyone who have walked alongside us and made this work possible. Your support means the world, and we carry it with us in every step of this performance.

SEEN Festival

The Black-E

Kato Thomas

Nathaniel Parchment

Patrischia Warmington - New Cross Fire Foundation (NCFF)

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