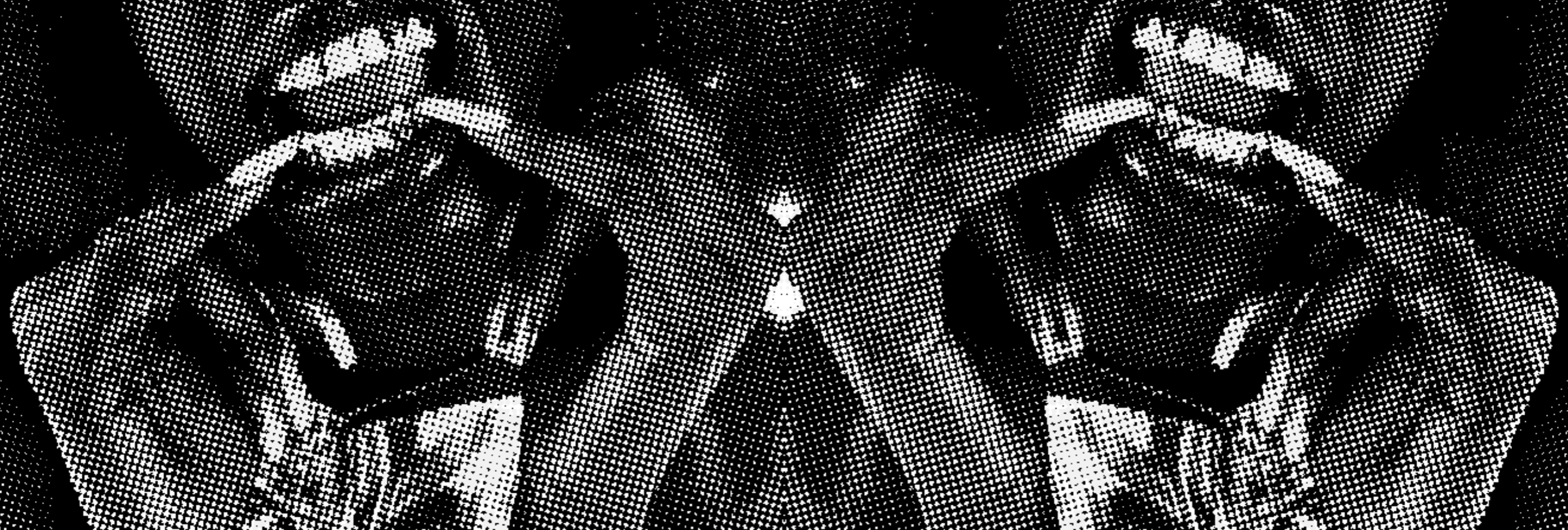


**No
More,
Silence!**



mbM.

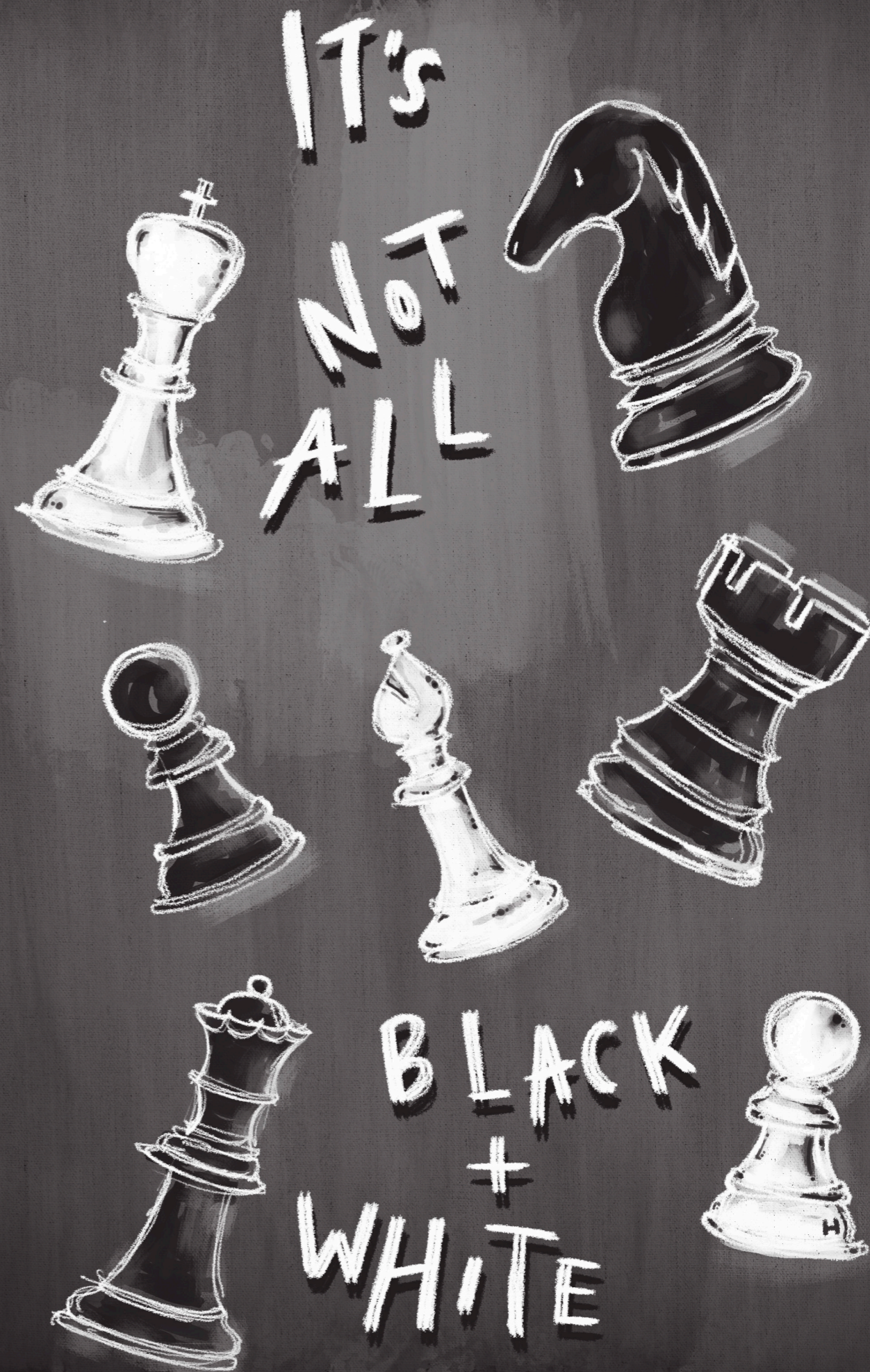
**Offering uncensored personal accounts
of and reflections on race and
inequality from students and
staff of UWE Bristol.**



No
More
Silence

Content

- 5 A Toxic Environment
- 8 Lekki Massacre
- 12 Roger Griffin's Acceptance Speech
- 15 My Emotional Journey
- 17 Nigerian's Tale
- 18 The Stranger
- 19 Behold, Gesticulate and Beam!
- 20 From You Waist Bead Laden Yoruba Esu



Odior Oluchi Lily

*Equity,
Diversity,
Inclusion!*

A Toxic Environment



A Toxic Environment

These are the words that are thrown at you and used to make you feel at ease when you first come in...
Just when you are relaxed and you begin to feel at home, and I dare say feel loved and important...
Then they strike... All manner of accusations, fault finding, petitions and I dare say racism...
They find your strengths and weaknesses, so they know the best way to attack, and I dare say manipulative...
They pretend that you are the voice, then they turn around and try to take away the voice, I dare say sneaky...
They form several conspiracy theories; make up lies upon lies and I dare say gaslighting...
Over time they have formed a cabal that decides the fate of others and I dare say supremacy...
When it is white, all is good, beautiful, perfect, without any blemish and I dare say very biased...
Excuses are made when it is white, and sins are covered when it is white, and I dare say favoritism...
But when you are black? Hmmm... You are thrown under the bus and "due process" is applied and I dare say you become helpless...
Thinking about it now, I am laughing hysterically in the middle of the night, and I dare say frantically...
Being black is all I did wrong to be on the side of gross discrimination, and I dare say white supremacy...
All this for what? The color of my skin? As much as I do not want to believe it, it is what it is...





Bethel Ekaette

Lekki Massacre

20. 08. 2020

who gave this order? ...

Amidst the echoes of bullets that flew,
Bullets couldn't extinguish our flame,
Soldiers' triggers couldn't end our claim.
It was the order that took the toll,
Those who commanded, darkened our soul.

In numbers, we rallied for rights untold,
For an end to bad government,
An end to Police brutality.

A quest for justice, fearless and bold.
Our aspirations, they sought to confine,
Yet through the darkness, our purpose did shine.

Emerging as citizens, proud and free,
Bound by our nation's identity.
Unified, we stood, fought for our right,
Seeking what's just, breaking through the night.
Our liberty seized, our purpose denied,
Yet we stand strong, our spirit won't hide.

In the corridors of power, decisions were made,
By those detached, in shadows they'd fade.
But the spirit of unity, it wouldn't be hushed,
We stood undeterred, our voices we thrust.

Let history remember this resolute stand,
A nation's resolve against unjust command.
From adversity's grasp, we'll eternally climb,

For we are Nigerians.

I am
Black

I am
Bold

I am
Beautiful

A Toxic Environment

20.10.20

Who Gave

Thing

Order?!!

'I want to thank Myra Evans, Lynn Barlow and UWE Bristol for this honour. From working with people like Professors Madge Dresser and Shaun Sobers on external projects over the decades. Then with Mandy Bancroft, Emmanuel Adukwu and Alisha Airey over the last seven years. They have showed me that Higher Education is something to share and not fear.



ROGER GRIFFITH COMMENCEMENT ACCEPTANCE
SPEECH & POEM FOR HONORARY DOCTORATE OF
ARTS, UWE BRISTOL.
BRISTOL CATHEDRAL, 26TH JULY 2022

I grew up in Lawrence Weston, North Bristol. It felt like another country at times but **without the life-lessons it taught me I wouldn't be here today**. My life has been full of adventures and travels. From the fields of my unknown African ancestors to my parents journey and their generation's arrival from the Caribbean to Britain.

I'm a product of this sometimes painful often joyous fusion which has shaped my life and career. From dancing to British ska and soul music to the slick fashions and hard-hitting lyrics of Hip-Hop and Reggae. In cinemas, galleries and theatres. Listening to radio and watching boxsets. Reading articles and books. **The artistic world allied with the politics of social justice have been my tutor**. My guide. My reference point in these troubled ever-changin times.

IT'S
NOT

ALL

BLACK
+

WHITE



I'm delighted to share with you my story as it's surreal being here today. The awards I have been honoured to receive can feel as if they have happened to someone else. The best way of dealing with it is to remind myself of blank page or canvas which great artists have shaped their work of art.

My man Denzil Washington said. **'Show me a successful individual and I'll show you someone who had real positive influences in his or her life. I don't care what you do for a living—if you do it well I'm sure there was someone cheering you on or showing the way. A mentor.'** Inspirational author Bob Proctor said, **"A mentor is someone who sees more talent and ability within you, than you see in yourself, and helps bring it out of you.'**

On my journey many have provided wisdom. At the beginning was my late-father's diligence and foresight as he brought the family here from Guyana. The perpetual nurturing from my mother as we came to this city of sanctuary from London. The rebelliousness of my late sister Marilyn and the encouragement of my sister Laurice to stay resilient and find my true path.

Some Mentors you never meet will inspire you with their deeds. **Malcolm X. Dr King. Muhammad Ali. Arthur Ashe. Nelson Mandela. Toni Morrison. Bernadine Evaristo, Benjamin Zephaniah. The Obamas** and witnessing their inauguration on the same day my friends Janet and Rory brought their daughter Olivia into the world in Washington DC launched my writing career.

Other Mentors by their life energy such as Paul Hassan told me to dream big when doubt was a constant companion. Colleagues became friends such as Alex Raikes, Fred Semple, Di Perry, Byron Lee and Ian Crawley. I'm eternally grateful to the many colleagues and tenants who shaped my career at Bristol City Council.

Community leaders Leo Goodridge, Museji Takolia, Batook Pandya, Barbara Dettering, grounded me in the work to be done once I achieved a degree of success. Paul Stephenson and Roy Hackett's, Guy Bailey's stories inspired me whilst Edson Burton, Winston Williams and our Mayor Marvin Rees showed me success was possible.

At Ujima Radio I learnt new skills in broadcasting from Kevin Philemon and Andrew Hartley I found an environment to utilise the leadership skills I had gained to inspire others including my soul sista LaToyah McAllister-Jones. I'm indebted to Ujima volunteers and listeners as we created new initiatives in partnership with Bristol's vibrant cultural and media sector with a range of funders and supporters, too many to name to award-winning success.

I've learned how to prosper in an environment which has given me a foundation to flourish. No longer in chaos but with love from my fiancée Stacie. And with a team that have blossomed since their graduation in Millie, Ben, Izzy, Anna, Chloe, Azelie and Gnisha. I admire their talents as we create new opportunities to connect others to thrive.

I share all this with you because you will need to be there for others too. Your friends and family will utilise the wisdom you have gained as you have needed their support to guide you here.

Others will knock your talents. Some may question your credentials, however you must **believe in your talent and hold your papers high with pride. For your special gifts are artists.** From TV studios to galleries. From new technology to solutions for health and well-being, there will be room for your creative greatness to shine.

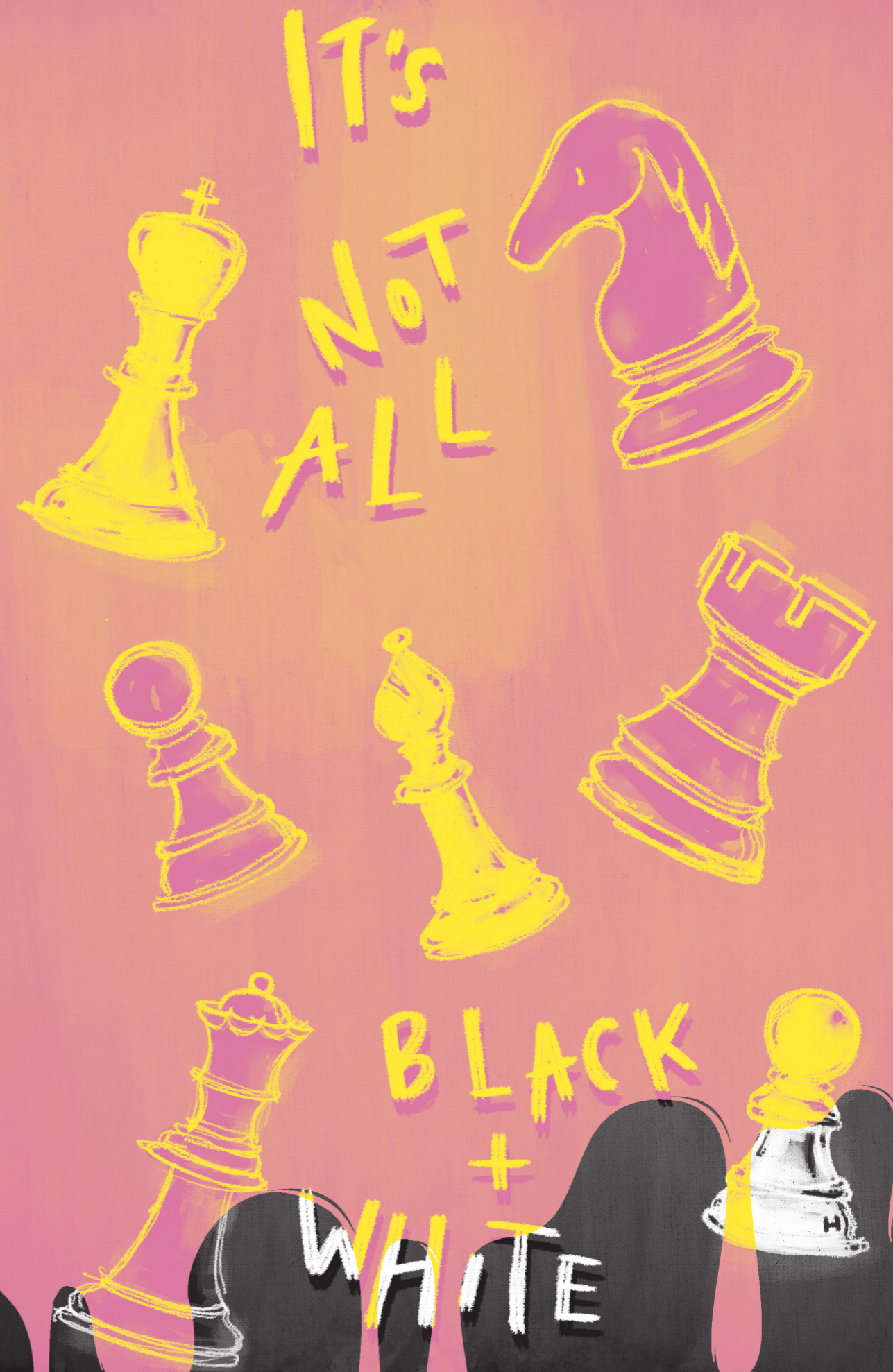
For Maya Angelou said, **"I've learned that people will forget what you said. people will forget what you did, but people will never forget how you made them feel."**

I'd like to share my poem with you.'

MY EMOTIONAL JOURNEY

A POEM BY ROGER GRIFFITH

Without qualifications, I was thrown on the scrap-heap landing with a **bump**
From the dole queue to where I stand proudly today was quite a **jump**
It was understanding that that history thing that I failed at **School**
Could also be kinda **cool**
For in my quest for answers to my heritage I saw the educational **light**
And boy did it give me brand-new **insights**
Before there were places, that on the map were mere **spots**
Now as a social historian it became an enlightening game of join the **dots**
More connections were made along my **way**
The more I studied it became a regular ting, each and every **day**
When I travelled to the USA and bit a sweet Georgia peach that I was **holding**
I remembered encouragement of the Lord Lieutenant of Bristol Peaches **Gelding**
In Alabama Rosa Parks sparked controversy by refusing to give up her **seat**
Giving cheer to Roy Hackett & Guy Reid Bailey who wanted injustice to be **beat**
For they too had found stimulation from Dr King's **inspiration**
As well as dignity and leadership just ask our own Dr Paul **Stephensen**
And so now I no longer wonder what I will **become**
I just look at our shared history and gain strength in what we have **done**
And although I may have found an inner **peace**
Fear not my search for education and justice will never **cease**



NIGERIA'S TALE

IN THE LAND OF HOPE AND STRUGGLE

In Nigeria's realm, a tale unfolds,
Of political struggles, stories untold.
Where dreams of progress clash with might,
And shadows of power obscure the light.

The political stage, a theater of sway,
Where elites dictate the nation's play.
Their decisions wield an iron grip,
While the youth's aspirations they strip.

Promises dangle like stars in the night,
But reality falls short of the sight.
Economic woes and corruption persist
As dreams of betterment slowly desist.

Average Nigerian youth, dreams in their eyes,
Yearn for growth, under vast blue skies.
Yet, political agendas often entwine,
Blocking the path that they seek to define.

Political maneuvers create chasms wide,
Dividing the nation with every stride.
The youth, left grappling with limited scope,
As political elites thrive and elope

But in the heart of this turbulent sea,
A spirit of resilience refuses to flee.
Empowered by knowledge, they strive to learn,
Their determination, a beacon to discern.

The youth's potential, a treasure untamed,
But by divisive policies, often maimed.
The nation's growth, intricately tied,
To liberating the youth, standing with pride.

Let unity and understanding prevail,
To break down barriers, let justice set sail.
For Nigeria's future to brightly gleam,
Political struggles must yield to a dream.

BETHEL EKAETTE



the STRANGER STRANGER

I WALKED BY THE MOUNTAINS
AND STROLLED BY THE RIVER
AND HE WAS JUST STANDING THERE

I CALLED HIM AND LOOKED
YET NO ANSWER CAME
AND I WAS LEFT ALONE

THE NEXT DAY I CAME
I SAW HIM AGAIN
AND CALLED HIM BY A DIFFERENT NAME

HE DID NOT MOVE
NOT A GLIMPSE OR A SHIFT
THE RIVER WAS SILENT AND STILL

ON THE THIRD DAY I STOOD
AND SHOUTED ONCE MORE
BUT THE SOUND OF THE MOUNTAINS WAS MUTE

THE FOLLOWING DAY
I WHISPERED AT HIM
YET REACTION WAS NOT TO BE FOUND

AND SO WENT BY THE DAYS
THE WEEKS AND THE MONTHS
I CALLED HIM AND NOTHING WOULD CHANGE

TILL ONE DAY I STOPPED AND DECIDED TO ASK
WHAT DO YOU CALL YOURSELF?
AND HE REPLIED.

Yarden Woolf



Behold...

Gesticulate

and

BEAM!

By Ilwaad Yusuf

SWINDLED

Coerced into a performance.
Raise the eyebrows.
Reveal the streaks
Against the off-white tapestry.

ACCENTUATE

Ease your breathing,
Strain the voice.
Twirl your psyche!
Maintain poise.

RENOUNCE

Retain the tears.
Ignore the clawing
in your chest.
You are at peace.

DISQUIENT

Fingertips frolic with no resolve
As the words frantically separate.
Hands resort to a tremor.
You are met with indifference.



SETTLE

Capture your vision.
Chip away at your strength
Lift your torso.
Unite your gaze.

SALVATION

Muted expressions arrive with age.
Cheekbones are given rest.
Smile lines are erased.
The soul is blessed.

From
Your

Waist
Bead

Laden

Yoruba

OLUWADAMILOLA RACHEAL OKEYOYIN

ÈSÙ

ÈSÙ IS AN ÒRISÀ/IRÚNMOLE' (DIVINITY) SENT BY OLÓDUMARÈ (GOD)
AND IS AN ENFORCER OF NATURAL AND DIVINE LAWS.
ÈSÙ IS BENEVOLENT AND PROTECTIVE, AND SOME CONSIDER
THIS DIVINITY A TRICKSTER.



SOME MAY INTERPRET ÈSÙ AS 'FAIRY'; HOWEVER, FAIRIES DO NOT
EXIST IN YORUBA FOLKLORE AND TO BE HONEST, CAN WE STOP
TRYING TO INTERPRET EVERYTHING TO ENGLISH? AND
GIVING EVERYTHING AN ENGLISH NAME?

One thing that irks me is when people always
try to interpret other languages to English to
make it more palatable...

EXCUSE ME?
What is the goal exactly?!

I may understand or may be beckoned to reasoning if the aim is to allow
someone understand a certain concept or understand a conversation but the act of renaming
indigenous plants, animals, places or idioms using English words reeks of colonisation.

≡IT IS IN FACT COLONISATION≡

One of my favourite fruits to eat is called **Agbalumo** in Yoruba language and **Udara** in Igbo language. It is a popular fruit indigenous to west Africa and so delicious. Why is it called African star apple and why is its botanical name **Chrysophyllum albidum** and why was it described by a Scottish botanist George Don?
African scientists, we need to arise and start naming our own plants and animals.

≡WHY CAN'T WE STICK TO THE INDIGENOUS NAMES OF THINGS AND PLACES?≡

Don't even get me started on names of countries, history of African countries or how animals, plants, rivers and forests which had their indigenous names and tales were renamed and discovered by colonisers.

≡DON'T GET ME STARTED≡

Why is Lake Victoria which is the largest lake in Africa and the worlds largest tropical lake which lies in Tanzania, Ugandan and Kenya, known as Africa's pride, called 'Victoria'...'

What is that?

That is not its indigenous name.

It has indigenous names and is known as **Nnalubaale (home of the Gods)** in Uganda, **Nam Lowe** or **Nyanza (body of endless water)** in Kenya and **Ukerewe** in Tanzania.

In fact, the largest lake island in Africa is located on the Lake 'Victoria' and is called **Ukerewe island**.

The fact that the lake was given another name in a whole different language is enraging and the fact that the name has not been changed even after years of independence is saddening.

VERY SADDENING

Should we even broach the topic on how Africa was split like pie to allow the exploitation of our resources.

THE BERLIN CONFERENCE OF NOVEMBER 15, 1884

The countries represented at this conference included Austria-Hungary, Belgium, Denmark, France, Germany, Great Britain, Italy, the Netherlands, Portugal, Russia, Spain, Sweden-Norway, Turkey, and the United States of America.

Of these nations, France, Germany, Great Britain, and Portugal were the major players in the conference, controlling most of colonial Africa at the time.

So, I am guessing they got dibs?...

WE NEED TO NAME THEM

To think that people sat down and **divided my continent like pie**, grabbed my ancestors' land with their grimy fingers and **deprived my people of their birth right enrages me**.

This rage pushes me to promote African education.

We need to educate ourselves about our history, culture, lifestyle.

However, we must start from the very beginning... we must **decolonise our minds**.

As an African proverb says, 'a small trickle of water, makes a bucket full'

WE MUST DECOLONISE EVERYTHING!



Thanks to all Contributors

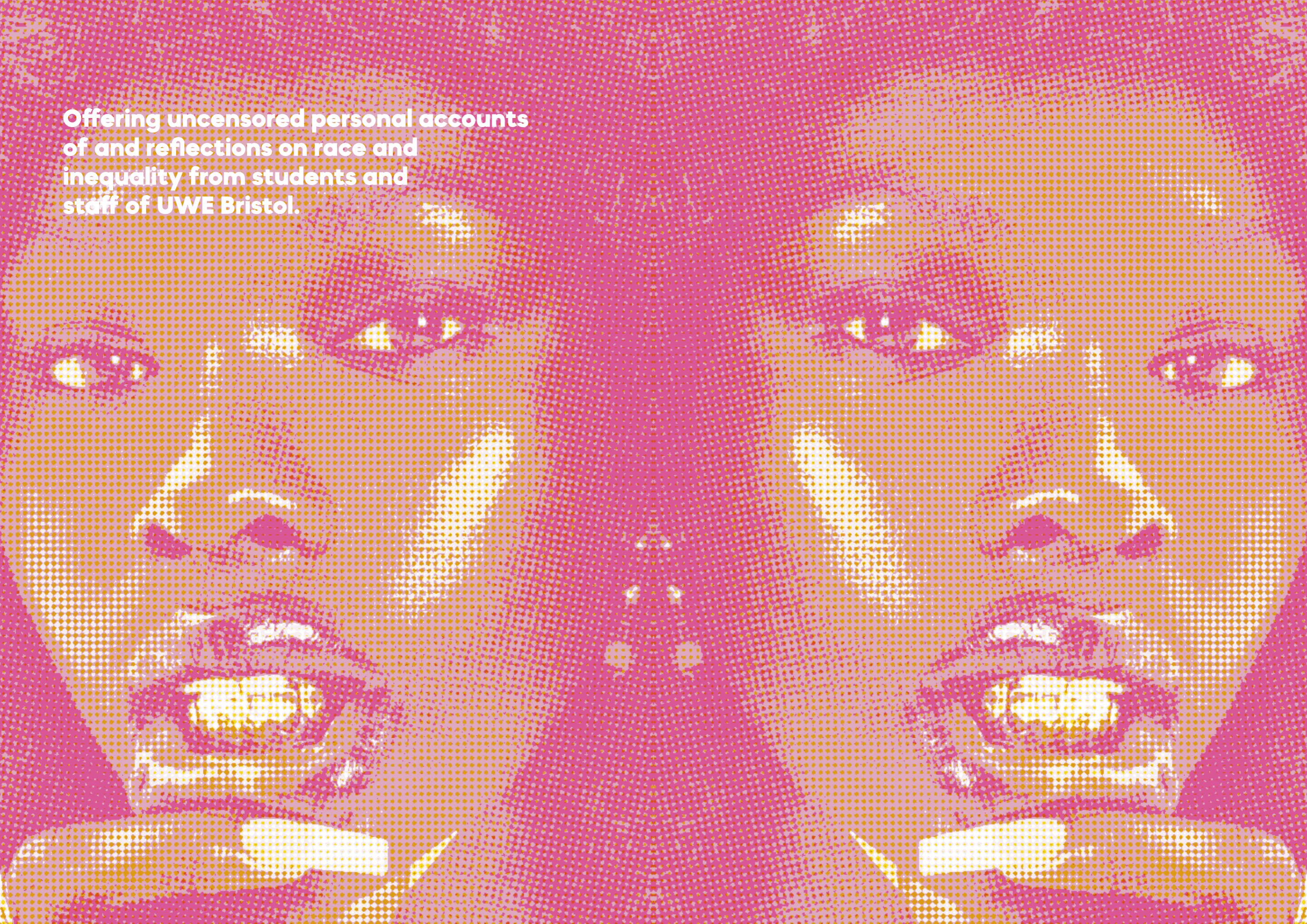
Yarden Wolf
Ilwaad Yusuf
Roger Griffith
Bethel Ekaette
Odior Oluchi Lily
Oluwadamilola Racheal Okeyoyin

NO MORE
SILENCE!

Hannah Nabi

Special thanks to Hannah Nabi
whose illustration formed the basis
for the design of this zine.

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