

Joshua Iosefo – Brown Brother

Nгаа mihi whaanau,

After watching the video of Joshua’s koorero, complete the mahi below. There is a written copy of the speech below and I have highlighted the areas that coincide to the paatai. Either use a paper and pen to write your responses or create a google doc and share this with me.

1. When writing a speech you are always encouraged to start with a **hook** (a bold statement that hooks your audience in – makes them sit up and pay attention). I’ve highlighted what I see as Joshua’s **hook (in green)**, explain why you think I believe this piece of the speech is his **hook**. What about this part of the speech do you think stands out for me and why? What point is Joshua trying to make here?
2. When delivering a speech, it’s always advantageous to “know your audience”, what sort of audience do you think Joshua is speaking to? I believe there are two groups Joshua is trying to capture, who do you think they are and what in the speech tells you this? Write the parts that apply in your answer.
3. **Kupu Hou:** Find the definition of these words or phrases and explain what you think their intention is in this text:
 - **Demographic**
 - **To scrub away the fat that I have added to the brown statistics**
 - **Your words are a mockery to my skin tone**
 - **Stereotype**
 - **Culturally Relevant**
4. When Joshua says the words “**Are we not capable of an art form that is thought-provoking or seen as a form of intelligence?**” what does he mean? If something is ‘thought-provoking’, what does it do to the audience? Give an example of an ‘art form’ that is thought-provoking or you see as a form of intelligence. Explain why.
5. **Finally:** In the last paragraph Joshua says **Do not be afraid to be the change — not a change in skin tone or colour, but a change in mindset.** In your own words, explain what he means by this. Why does he mention skin tone? What is ‘mindset?’

I am brown
Brown like the bark of the palm tree
which supports my heritage
Brown like the table at which my family
sits and eats upon
Brown like the paper bag containing burgers and fries
by which my people consume
Brown like the mud on a rugby field
by which my people play
Brown like the coat of the guitar
by which my people strum
Brown like the sugar or the crust, the grain or the nut
whatever ingredient you want to use to mix up and around

You see, my brother,

I am brown. **My demographic is**

high school cleaning ladies, fast food burger-making, factory box-packing, rubbish truck drivers, bus drivers, taxi drivers, sober drivers and living-off-the-pension joy riders.

I am a dropout. I hate science, maths, English, love PE, music, dance and drama.

I play rugby. No – I'm pretty good at rugby.

And if I am lucky my future in rugby might be sealed,

not to reveal my flaws in education which are faulty

because hey, who needs to be able to quote Shakespeare if you can play rugby?

I will probably never graduate, and if I do I will be the first — either by myself or with a baby in, or

beside, me – victim of teen pregnancy with a guy in high school I thought was skux.

(Which really sucks.)

You see, when push came to shove he just couldn't pay the bucks.

While I was focusing on this relationship I was trying to get my

NCEA 1, 2 and 3 purely on luck. Now I am stuck in the muck trying to scrub my skin with Lux soap,

trying to scrub away the fat that I have added to the brown statistic.

While my mother is a gambler and my father is an alcoholic

I will always blame the government and everybody else around me, but never myself. Because I am brown.

And whenever someone tries to breach my comfort zone or whenever I don't have anything else to say in defence in an argument

I'm just gonna say that "you're a racist"; that your words are a mockery to my skin tone and my colour.

Oh, but brown brother you were doing that the day you performed Cinderella, or Bro Town, Sione's

Wedding, and do I have to mention... the GC?

Now I don't mean to condescend –

I mean, these shows are great, don't get me wrong – but can anyone explain:

Will there ever be a time when our representation goes deeper than putting our own people to shame?

Will the stereotype of an illiterate, misbehaved, unintelligent Polynesian still be the same?

Will it ever change?

Or are we still going to sell ourselves short for a few seconds of fame?

Are we not capable of an art form that is thought-provoking or seen as a form of intelligence?

Or are we going to keep to our low standards of what we feel is "culturally relevant"?

Instead of mocking our foreign traditions we need to start being real about the world that we live in, like our fight against drugs, or our fight against violence, or our fight against what reasonable force is with our kids, or how statistically

Maori and Pacific Islanders are low academic achievers, brown brother.

Now I'm not saying that we need to forget our culture in order to gain, for we are all the same.

I'm just saying that I'm sick and tired of my people feeling that they belong at the bottom of the food chain, brown brother.

Are we not more than an F.O.B. — immigrants from the islands in search of a J-O-B?

Are we not more than the eye can see?

Can we not move mountains from point A to point B?

Are we not more than assets to the 1st XV?

Are we not more than gamblers at a pokie machine?

Are we not more than [jandals and golden teeth]?

Are we not more than our gamblers at the T.A.B.?

Are we not capable of attaining a bachelor's, a master's, or a PhD?

Brown brother – look at me!

You can do all things through Christ —

Philippians 4:13 — you are more than capable.

And I don't say that just to make you feel better,

I say that because I know, because your creator told me to tell you so.

You will go places, you will tell stories, so do not feel alone –for your God, your family and your home will forever be inside the marrow of your bones.

So do not fret, do not regret, because wherever you go you take us with you, brown brother.

Do not be afraid to be the first — the first to graduate, the first to climb, the first prime minister or the first good [wife?], brown brother. Do not be afraid to be the change — not a change in skin tone or colour, but a change in mindset.

From one brown brother to another.