Twitter Thread by Bayo Adeyinka

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Fighting Ourselves When We Should Be Fighting Them

In support of Jimi Agbaje during the 2015 elections, I produced 2 jingles as my contribution. I wanted him to win.

So, through the assistance of a friend of mine who is a PDP stalwart, we were directed to handover the CDs to a PDP Chieftain in Lagos. The PDP Chieftain asked us to meet him at a club house around Palmgrove. It was a Sunday evening.

When we arrived, we passed through security checks. The club house was guarded by mobile policemen. On entering, the PDP Chieftain was seated with company. Right opposite him was a friend with company also. All of them were having drinks.

They were the only people in the club house-apart from the stewards- and my friend and I. The club house was shut to others and we could only come in because our names had been dropped with the mobile policemen who were on guard. Music blared from speakers in the club house.

We were invited to have drinks. We respectfully declined. No be wetin we come do be that. I handed over the two CDs. The first CD was played. It was a dance-along, sing-along, gyrate kind of jingle. The friend of the PDP Chieftain jumped up and started dancing.

Then, the second CD was played. His friend nodded his head in affirmation. The melody was great. It was suitable for use as a ringtone.

Suddenly, the PDP Chieftain's friend turned to him and said, 'Use the first song for your public mobilization on your buses and open-air campaigns. Use the second song on radio.' With that said, he waltzed and shuffled as he disappeared with his company.

I remember I thanked him profusely for his suggestion.

Grinning, the Chieftain affirmed the recommendation of his friend. "He's my good friend", he told my friend and I.

To show us the depth of their friendship, he mentioned that his friend is an APC chieftain- a member of the State executive- in Lagos. I opened my mouth but shut it as quickly as I opened it. My friend and I didn't utter a word till we left that night.

As we jumped into my car and sped off, we shook our head at the realization of what just happened. APC chieftain recommending to PDP which jingle to be used? We felt like fools. That was the day I made up my mind not to fight with anyone over political issues.

I lost my zeal to pen political articles that day. I realized that he that will be stupid will be stupid- my articles or arguments can't change that. Rational thinking exits when politics enters for many. I decided not to enter into any political debate on social media again

There was so much vitriol and bile in 2015. And also 2019. Relationships of many years were destroyed on the altar of partisan politics. I remember I had to block some people (and they still remain blocked).

I recall the name calling and tagging. Someone I considered a very dear friend maligned me and it hurt deeply. But then, was that worth it?

Tomorrow, Godwill Akpabio may be back in PDP and the heavens will not fall. Adams Oshiomole may denounce APC. Have you forgotten Audu Ogbeh was Chairman of PDP? Orji Uzor Kalu may be back shortly. Rotimi Amaechi may find his way back and he will clink glasses with Nyesom Wike.

MC Oluomo can work for PDP tomorrow. Busari Adelakun worked for UPN and later decamped to NPN. APC will soon become what PDP was yesterday.

It's a game of musical chairs to them. It's not about any ideology. Their ideology is their stomach. They will invent another ring tone- it won't be PDP's 16 years again but now APC's 4 years of locust. There will be mass exodus. Former wailers will become hailers and vice versa

This is why it doesn't make sense to throw brickbats over people who don't even care about your existence. Support your own candidate but don't make others your enemy because they don't believe in your choice.

Don't throw away relationships you have built for years because of political partisanship. Don't hate on yourselves when you're supposed to be joining hands against the oppresive ruling class.

The ruling class you’re all busy defending while fighting yourselves may well be somewhere pepper-souping and suyalizing.

Borrow yourself brain.

(I wrote this on January 19, 2015. I just modified it slightly)

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