



My memories of Benjamin are always based around visiting him in his house in Beckton when he still lived in London; from the outside, it just seemed like an ordinary terraced house, but inside was a treasure trove that reflected Benjamin's many interests and experiences. Every time I visited, there would commonly be knocks at the door from neighbours who wanted to chat with him; Benjamin was really a pillar of the community with whom anyone could talk. While his walls were adorned with framed pictures of countless famous musicians, politicians and celebrated people, it was clear he was still just at home talking with his working-class neighbours. His achievements were massive and global, but his nature and spirit were grounded and down to earth. We often spoke about class; I remember him telling me how he realised class was so entrenched in British society by the fact that when you go to send a letter, you have to decide if it is 'first class' or 'second class' stamp, he remarked on how division is sewn into the smallest details of everyday life.

Benjamin was a deeply thoughtful, considered, and open person. Sitting in his living room, sipping on green tea, he told me about how he committed domestic violence against a former partner in his past. He spoke eloquently about his feelings of regret, how he learned from this experience and how he changed. It was remarkable to hear someone own their flaws in such a reflective and positive way. It was clear from speaking with Benjamin that he was conscientious with his success, ensuring that his voice always spoke up for just causes and financially supporting countless organisations such as domestic violence women's refuges. He never wavered in his principles of always standing up, speaking out and supporting the oppressed and neglected in our global society.

We would have deep conversations on topics ranging from Rastafarianism, religion, capitalism, the state, fascism, and anarchism to films, literature and our mutual love of Roots Manuva. While making the Rong Radio Station video, I remember us looking over old Reclaim The Streets and May Day subversive propaganda for inspiration. His house reflected his spirit, humble from the outside while inside was deeply rich with experience. Shelves were filled with pictures, trinkets and books reflecting how Benjamin had countless tales of interesting people he'd met, situations he had been in and moments in his life that impacted the person he became. Stacks of soya milk showed how veganism and animal rights were ingrained within his life, his converted gym in the back garden was a testament to his belief in health and clean living, and the music studio he had built captured his love for music, rhythm and poetry. Hanging on the coat rack next to the front door proudly flew the Palestinian flag, a passionate cause held close to his heart.

