

Start with the premise: I Am A Man (2003)

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Clash of the minions

I am an uhman. I am such a peculiarity to you that everything I do is of interest to you. But I am not your opposite, I am like a mirror reflection, the photographic negative. I am the thing you do not know, because you think you know it already. That I speak, eat, dance, walk, trade, cry, die, mourn, hate, causes you to marvel. Yet, in spite of your surprise, there is an uncomfortable likeness in what we do. I bear an uncanny similarity to you, you see yourself in me,. You study me, because you strive to understand what I do, hoping you will find yourself. You see all that I produce individually, when I am not invisible to you, as a window to the collective soul of uhmanity, i do not have a singular identity for you. My observations of you are of no consequence to you, in fact you do not imagine yourself being observed, you are human, and the uhman is only good as a foil. When the need arises, being uhman, makes me an acceptable stand-in for you; and when humans and uhmans collide nothing is resolved in the ensuing adjustment, mollification is the common arrangement - humanity does not negotiate with uhmanity.

I strive to attain uhmanity, but humanity renders me wanting.

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I was not aware of my uhmanity till I met humanity.

I now know that humanity does not exist.

Introduction

This paper will investigate the realities of Black British artists in a confused national matrix, Relative social stability has led to the recognition of discordant race relations and inequalities within most Public offices charged by law to be fair to all with regards, to