

Other works by Frantz Fanon

*A Dying Colonialism*  
*Toward the African Revolution*  
*The Wretched of the Earth*

Frantz Fanon

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BLACK SKIN,  
WHITE MASKS  
.....

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*Charles Lam Markmann*



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## Chapter Six

### THE NEGRO AND PSYCHOPATHOLOGY

Psychoanalytic schools have studied the neurotic reactions that arise among certain groups, in certain areas of civilization. In response to the requirements of dialectic, one should investigate the extent to which the conclusions of Freud or of Adler can be applied to the effort to understand the man of color's view of the world.

It can never be sufficiently emphasized that psychoanalysis sets as its task the understanding of given behavior patterns—within the specific group represented by the family. When the problem is a neurosis experienced by an adult, the analyst's task is to uncover in the new psychic structure an analogy with certain infantile elements, a repetition, a duplication of conflicts that owe their origin to the essence of the family constellation. In every case the analyst clings to the concept of the family as a "psychic circumstance and object."<sup>1</sup>

Here, however, the evidence is going to be particularly complicated. In Europe the family represents in effect a certain fashion in which the world presents itself to the child. There are close connections between the structure of the family and the structure of the nation. Militariza-

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1. Jacques Lacan, "Le complexe, facteur concret de la psychologie familiale," *Encyclopédie française*, 8-40, 5.

tion and the centralization of authority in a country automatically entail a resurgence of the authority of the father. In Europe and in every country characterized as civilized or civilizing, the family is a miniature of the nation. As the child emerges from the shadow of his parents, he finds himself once more among the same laws, the same principles, the same values. A normal child that has grown up in a normal family will be a normal man.<sup>2</sup> There is no disproportion between the life of the family and the life of the nation. Conversely, when one examines a closed society—that is, a society that has been protected from the flood of civilization—one encounters the same structures as those just described. Father Trilles' *L'âme du Pygmée d'Afrique*, for instance, convinces us of that; although with every word one is aware of the need to Christianize the savage Negro soul, the book's description of the whole culture—the conditions of worship, the persistence of rites, the survival of myths—has nothing of the artificial impression given by *La philosophie bantoue*.

In both cases the characteristics of the family are projected onto the social environment. It is true that the children of pickpockets or burglars, accustomed to a certain system of clan law, would be surprised to find that the rest of the world behaved differently, but a new kind of

2. I should like to think that I am not going to be brought to trial for this sentence. Skeptics always have a fine time asking, "What do you mean by *normal*?" For the moment, it is beyond the scope of this book to answer the question. In order to pacify the more insistent, let me refer them to the extremely instructive work by Georges Canguilhem, *Essai sur quelques problèmes concernant le normal et le pathologique* (Paris, Société d'Editions, 1950), even though its sole orientation is biological. And let me add only that in the psychological sphere the abnormal man is he who demands, who appeals, who begs.

training—except in instances of perversion or arrested development (Heuyer)<sup>3</sup>—should be able to direct them into a moralization, a socialization of outlook.

It is apparent in all such cases that the sickness lies in the family environment.

For the individual the authority of the state is a reproduction of the authority of the family by which he was shaped in his childhood. Ultimately the individual assimilates all the authorities that he meets to the authority of the parents: He perceives the present in terms of the past. Like all other human conduct, behavior toward authority is something learned. And it is learned in the heart of a family that can be described, from the psychological point of view, by the form of organization peculiar to it—that is, by the way in which its authority is distributed and exercised.<sup>4</sup>

But—and this is a most important point—we observe the opposite in the man of color. A normal Negro child, having grown up within a normal family, will become abnormal on the slightest contact with the white world. This statement may not be immediately understandable. Therefore let us proceed by going backward. Paying tribute to Dr. Breuer, Freud wrote:

In almost every case, we could see that the symptoms were, so to speak, like residues of emotional experiences, to which

3. Although even this reservation is open to argument. See for example the question put by Mlle. Juliette Boutonnier: "Might not perversion be an extreme arrest in affect development, furthered, if not produced, by the conditions under which the child has lived, at least as much as by the congenital tendencies that are obviously factors in it but that probably are not alone responsible?" (*Revue Française de Psychanalyse*, No. 3, 1949, pp. 403-404.)

4. Joachim Marcus, "Structure familiale et comportements politiques," *L'autorité dans la famille et dans l'Etat*, *Revue Française de Psychanalyse*, April-June, 1949.

for this reason we later gave the name of psychic traumas. Their individual characters were linked to the traumatic scenes that had provoked them. According to the classic terminology, the symptoms were determined by "scenes" of which they were the mnemonic residues, and it was no longer necessary to regard them as arbitrary and enigmatic effects of the neurosis. In contrast, however, to what was expected, it was not always a single event that was the cause of the symptom; most often, on the contrary, it arose out of multiple traumas, frequently analogous and repeated. As a result, it became necessary to reproduce chronologically this whole series of pathogenic memories, but in reverse order: the latest at the beginning and the earliest at the end; it was impossible to make one's way back to the first trauma, which is often the most forceful, if one skipped any of its successors.

It could not be stated more positively; every neurosis has its origins in specific *Erlebnisse*. Later Freud added:

This trauma, it is true, has been quite expelled from the consciousness and the memory of the patient and as a result he has apparently been saved from a great mass of suffering, but the repressed desire continues to exist in the unconscious; it is on watch constantly for an opportunity to make itself known and it soon comes back into consciousness, but in a disguise that makes it impossible to recognize; in other words, the repressed thought is replaced in consciousness by another that acts as its surrogate, its *Ersatz*, and that soon surrounds itself with all those feelings of morbidity that had been supposedly averted by the repression.

These *Erlebnisse* are repressed in the unconscious.

What do we see in the case of the black man? Unless we make use of that frightening postulate—which so destroys our balance—offered by Jung, the *collective un-*

*conscious*, we can understand absolutely nothing. A drama is enacted every day in colonized countries. How is one to explain, for example, that a Negro who has passed his baccalaureate and has gone to the Sorbonne to study to become a teacher of philosophy is already on guard before any conflictual elements have coalesced round him? René Ménil accounted for this reaction in Hegelian terms. In his view it was "the consequence of the replacement of the repressed [African] spirit in the consciousness of the slave by an authority symbol representing the Master, a symbol implanted in the subsoil of the collective group and charged with maintaining order in it as a garrison controls a conquered city."<sup>5</sup>

We shall see in our section on Hegel that René Ménil has made no misjudgment. Meanwhile we have the right to put a question to ourselves: How is the persistence of this reaction in the twentieth century to be explained when in other ways there is complete identification with the white man? Very often the Negro who becomes abnormal has never had any relations with whites. Has some remote experience been repressed in his unconscious? Did the little black child see his father beaten or lynched by a white man? Has there been a real traumatism? To all of this we have to answer *no*. Well, then?

If we want to answer correctly, we have to fall back on the idea of *collective catharsis*. In every society, in every collectivity, exists—must exist—a channel, an outlet through which the forces accumulated in the form of aggression can be released. This is the purpose of games in children's institutions, of psychodramas in group therapy, and, in a more general way, of illustrated magazines for children

5. A quotation borrowed from Michel Leiris, "Martinique, Guadeloupe, Haiti," *Les Temps Modernes*, February, 1950, p. 1346.

—each type of society, of course, requiring its own specific kind of catharsis. The Tarzan stories, the sagas of twelve-year-old explorers, the adventures of Mickey Mouse, and all those “comic books” serve actually as a release for collective aggression. The magazines are put together by white men for little white men. This is the heart of the problem. In the Antilles—and there is every reason to think that the situation is the same in the other colonies—these same magazines are devoured by the local children. In the magazines the Wolf, the Devil, the Evil Spirit, the Bad Man, the Savage are always symbolized by Negroes or Indians; since there is always identification with the victor, the little Negro, quite as easily as the little white boy, becomes an explorer, an adventurer, a missionary “who faces the danger of being eaten by the wicked Negroes.” I shall be told that this is hardly important; but only because those who say it have not given much thought to the role of such magazines. Here is what G. Legman thinks of them:

With very rare exceptions, every American child who was six years old in 1938 had therefore assimilated at the very least 18,000 scenes of ferocious tortures and bloody violence. . . . Except the Boers, the Americans are the only modern nation that within living memory has completely driven the autochthonous population off the soil that it had occupied.<sup>8</sup> America alone, then, could have had an uneasy national conscience to lull by creating the myth of the “Bad Injun,”<sup>7</sup> in order later to be able to bring back the historic figure of the Noble Redskin vainly defending his lands against invaders armed with rifles and Bibles; the punishment that we deserve can be averted only by denying re-

6. In this connection, it is worth noting that the Caribs experienced the same fate at the hands of French and Spanish explorers.

7. In English in the original. (Translator's note.)

sponsibility for the wrong and throwing the blame on the victim; by proving—at least to our own satisfaction—that by striking the first and only blow we were acting solely on the legitimate ground of defense. . . . [Anticipating the repercussions of these magazines on American culture, Legman went on:] There is still no answer to the question whether this maniacal fixation on violence and death is the substitute for a forbidden sexuality or whether it does not rather serve the purpose of channeling, along a line left open by sexual censorship, both the child's and the adult's desire for aggression against the economic and social structure which, though with their entire consent, perverts them. In both cases the root of the perversion, whether it be of a sexual or of an economic character, is of the essence; that is why, as long as we remain incapable of attacking these fundamental repressions, every attack aimed at such simple escape devices as comic books will remain futile.<sup>8</sup>

The black schoolboy in the Antilles, who in his lessons is forever talking about “our ancestors, the Gauls,”<sup>9</sup> identifies himself with the explorer, the bringer of civilization, the white man who carries truth to savages—an all-white truth. There is identification—that is, the young Negro subjectively adopts a white man's attitude. He invests the hero, who is white, with all his own aggression—at that age closely linked to sacrificial dedication, a sacrificial dedication permeated with sadism. An eight-year-old child who offers a gift, even to an adult, cannot endure

8. G. Legman, “Psychopathologie des Comics,” French translation by H. Robillot, *Les Temps Modernes*, May, 1949, pp. 919 ff.

9. One always sees a smile when one reports this aspect of education in Martinique. The smile comes because the comicality of the thing is obvious, but no one pursues it to its later consequences. Yet these are the important aspects, because three or four such phrases are the basis on which the young Antillean works out his view of the world.

a refusal. Little by little, one can observe in the young Antillean the formation and crystallization of an attitude and a way of thinking and seeing that are essentially white. When in school he has to read stories of savages told by white men, he always thinks of the Senegalese. As a schoolboy, I had many occasions to spend whole hours talking about the supposed customs of the savage Senegalese. In what was said there was a lack of awareness that was at the very least paradoxical. Because the Antillean does not think of himself as a black man; he thinks of himself as an Antillean. The Negro lives in Africa. Subjectively, intellectually, the Antillean conducts himself like a white man. But he is a Negro. That he will learn once he goes to Europe; and when he hears Negroes mentioned he will recognize that the word includes himself as well as the Senegalese. What are we to conclude on this matter?

To impose the same "Evil Spirits" on the white man and on the black man is a major error in education. If one is willing to understand the "Evil Spirit" in the sense of an attempt to personify the *id*, the point of view will be understood. If we are utterly honest, we must say that children's counting-out rhymes are subject to the same criticism. It will have already been noticed that I should like nothing more nor less than the establishment of children's magazines especially for Negroes, the creation of songs for Negro children, and, ultimately, the publication of history texts especially for them, at least through the grammar-school grades. For, until there is evidence to the contrary, I believe that if there is a traumatism it occurs during those years. The young Antillean is a Frenchman called on at all times to live with white compatriots. One forgets this rather too often.

The white family is the agent of a certain system. The

society is indeed the sum of all the families in it. The family is an institution that prefigures a broader institution: the social or the national group. Both turn on the same axes. The white family is the workshop in which one is shaped and trained for life in society. "The family structure is internalized in the superego," Marcus says, "and projected into political [though I would say social] behavior."

As long as he remains among his own people, the little black follows very nearly the same course as the little white. But if he goes to Europe, he will have to reappraise his lot. For the Negro in France, which is his country, will feel different from other people. One can hear the glib remark: The Negro makes himself inferior. But the truth is that he is made inferior. The young Antillean is a Frenchman called upon constantly to live with white compatriots. Now, the Antillean family has for all practical purposes no connection with the national—that is, the French, or European—structure. The Antillean has therefore to choose between his family and European society; in other words, the individual who *climbs up* into society—white and civilized—tends to reject his family—black and savage—on the plane of imagination, in accord with the childhood *Erlebnisse* that we discussed earlier. In this case the schema of Marcus becomes

Family ← Individual → Society  
and the family structure is cast back into the *id*.

The Negro recognizes the unreality of many of the beliefs that he has adopted with reference to the subjective attitude of the white man. When he does, his real apprenticeship begins. And reality proves to be extremely resistant. But, it will be objected, you are merely describing a universal phenomenon, the criterion of maturity being in fact adaptation to society. My answer is

that such a criticism goes off in the wrong direction, for I have just shown that for the Negro there is a myth to be faced. A solidly established myth. The Negro is unaware of it as long as his existence is limited to his own environment; but the first encounter with a white man oppresses him with the whole weight of his blackness.<sup>10</sup>

Then there is the unconscious. Since the racial drama is played out in the open, the black man has no time to "make it unconscious." The white man, on the other hand, succeeds in doing so to a certain extent, because a new element appears: guilt. The Negro's inferiority or superiority complex or his feeling of equality is *conscious*. These feelings forever chill him. They make his drama. In him there is none of the affective amnesia characteristic of the typical neurotic.

Whenever I have read a psychoanalytic work, discussed problems with my professors, or talked with European patients, I have been struck by the disparity between the corresponding schemas and the reality that the Negro presents. It has led me progressively to the conclusion

10. In this connection it is worth remembering what Sartre said:

Some children, at the age of five or six, have already had fights with schoolmates who call them "Yids." Others may remain in ignorance for a long time. A young Jewish girl in a family I am acquainted with did not even know the meaning of the word *Jew* until she was fifteen. During the Occupation there was a Jewish doctor who lived shut up in his home at Fontainebleau and raised his children without saying a word to them of their origin. But however it comes about, some day they must learn the truth: sometimes from the smiles of those around them, sometimes from rumor or insult. The later the discovery, the more violent the shock. Suddenly they perceive that others know something about them that they do not know, that people apply to them an ugly and upsetting term that is not used in their own families. (*Anti-Semite and Jew*, p. 75.)

that there is a dialectical substitution when one goes from the psychology of the white man to that of the black.

*The earliest values*, which Charles Odier describes,<sup>11</sup> are different in the white man and in the black man. The drive toward socialization does not stem from the same motivations. In cold actuality, we change worlds. A close study should be divided into two parts:

1. a psychoanalytic interpretation of the life experience of the black man;

2. a psychoanalytic interpretation of the Negro myth.

But reality, which is our only recourse, prevents such procedures. The facts are much more complicated. What are they?

The Negro is a phobogenic object, a stimulus to anxiety. From the patient treated by Sérieux and Capgras<sup>12</sup> to the girl who confides to me that to go to bed with a Negro would be terrifying to her, one discovers all the stages of what I shall call the Negro-phobogenesis. There has been much talk of psychoanalysis in connection with the Negro. Distrusting the ways in which it might be applied,<sup>13</sup> I have preferred to call this chapter "The Negro and Psychopathology," well aware that Freud and Adler and even the cosmic Jung did not think of the Negro in all their investigations. And they were quite right not to have. It is too often forgotten that néurosis is not a basic element of human reality. Like it or not, the Oedipus

11. *Les deux sources consciente et inconsciente de la vie morale* (Neuchâtel, La Baconnière, 1943).

12. *Les folies raisonnantes*, cited by A. Hesnard, *L'univers morbide de la faute* (Paris, Presses Universitaires de France, 1949), p. 97.

13. I am thinking here particularly of the United States. See, for example, *Home of the Brave*.

complex is far from coming into being among Negroes. It might be argued, as Malinowski contends, that the matriarchal structure is the only reason for its absence. But, putting aside the question whether the ethnologists are not so imbued with the complexes of their own civilization that they are compelled to try to find them duplicated in the peoples they study, it would be relatively easy for me to show that in the French Antilles 97 per cent of the families cannot produce one Oedipal neurosis. This incapacity is one on which we heartily congratulate ourselves.<sup>14</sup>

With the exception of a few misfits within the closed environment, we can say that every neurosis, every abnormal manifestation, every affective erethism in an Antillean is the product of his cultural situation. In other words, there is a constellation of postulates, a series of propositions that slowly and subtly—with the help of books, newspapers, schools and their texts, advertisements, films, radio—work their way into one's mind and shape one's view of the world of the group to which one belongs.<sup>15</sup> In the Antilles that view of the world is white

14. On this point psychoanalysts will be reluctant to share my view. Dr. Lacan, for instance, talks of the "abundance" of the Oedipus complex. But even if the young boy has to kill his father, it is still necessary for the father to accept being killed. I am reminded of what Hegel said: "The cradle of the child is the tomb of the parents"; and of Nicolas Calas' *Foyer d'incendie* and of Jean Lacroix' *Force et faiblesses de la famille*. The collapse of moral values in France after the war was perhaps the result of the defeat of that moral being which the nation represented. We know what such traumatisms on the family level may produce.

15. I recommend the following experiment to those who are unconvinced: Attend showings of a Tarzan film in the Antilles and in Europe. In the Antilles, the young Negro identifies himself *de facto* with Tarzan against the Negroes. This is much more difficult

because no black voice exists. The folklore of Martinique is meager, and few children in Fort-de-France know the stories of "Compè Lapin," twin brother of the Br'er Rabbit of Louisiana's Uncle Remus. A European familiar with the current trends of Negro poetry, for example, would be amazed to learn that as late as 1940 no Antillean found it possible to think of himself as a Negro. It was only with the appearance of Aimé Césaire that the acceptance of negritude and the statement of its claims began to be perceptible. The most concrete proof of this, furthermore, is that feeling which pervades each new generation of students arriving in Paris: It takes them several weeks to recognize that contact with Europe compels them to face a certain number of problems that until their arrival had never touched them. And yet these problems were by no means invisible.<sup>16</sup>

Whenever I had a discussion with my professors or talked with European patients, I became aware of the differences that might prevail between the two worlds.

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for him in a European theater, for the rest of the audience, which is white, automatically identifies him with the savages on the screen. It is a conclusive experience. The Negro learns that one is not black without problems. A documentary film on Africa produces similar reactions when it is shown in a French city and in Fort-de-France. I will go farther and say that Bushmen and Zulus arouse even more laughter among the young Antilleans. It would be interesting to show how in this instance the reactional exaggeration betrays a hint of recognition. In France a Negro who sees this documentary is virtually petrified. There he has no more hope of flight: He is at once Antillean, Bushman, and Zulu.

16. More especially, they become aware that the line of self-esteem that they had chosen should be inverted. We have seen in fact that the Antillean who goes to France pictures this journey as the final stage of his personality. Quite literally I can say without any risk of error that the Antillean who goes to France in order to convince himself that he is white will find his real face there.

Talking recently to a physician who had always practiced in Fort-de-France, I told him what conclusions I had arrived at; he went farther, saying that they were valid not only in psychopathology but also in general medicine. "In the same way," he added, "you never encounter a case of pure typhoid such as you studied in the textbooks; there is always a more or less manifest complication of malaria." It would be interesting to study, for example, a case of schizophrenia as experienced by a Negro—if indeed that kind of malady were to be found there.

What am I getting at? Quite simply this: When the Negro makes contact with the white world, a certain sensitizing action takes place. If his psychic structure is weak, one observes a collapse of the ego. The black man stops behaving as an *actional* person. The goal of his behavior will be The Other (in the guise of the white man), for The Other alone can give him worth. That is on the ethical level: self-esteem. But there is something else.

I have said that the Negro is phobogenic. What is phobia? I prefer to answer that question by relying on the latest work of Hesnard: "Phobia is a neurosis characterized by the anxious fear of an object (in the broadest sense of anything outside the individual) or, by extension, of a situation."<sup>17</sup> Naturally that object must have certain aspects. It must arouse, Hesnard says, both fear and revulsion. But here we encounter a difficulty. Applying the genetic method to the understanding of phobia, Charles Odier wrote that all anxiety derives from a certain subjective insecurity linked to the absence of the mother.<sup>18</sup>

17. *L'univers morbide de la faute*, p. 37.

18. *Anxiety and Magic Thinking* (New York, International Universities Press, 1956), p. 46. Originally, *L'angoisse et la pensée magique* (Neuchâtel, Delachaux, 1947).

This occurs, according to Odier, sometime in the second year of life.

Investigating the psychic structure of the phobic, he comes to this conclusion: "Before attacking the adult beliefs, all the elements of the infantile structure which produced them must be analyzed."<sup>19</sup> The choice of the phobic object is therefore *overdetermined*. This object does not come at random out of the void of nothingness; in some situation it has previously evoked an affect in the patient. His phobia is the latent presence of this affect at the root of his world; there is an organization that has been given a form. For the object, naturally, need not be there, it is enough that somewhere it *exist*: It is a possibility. This object is endowed with evil intentions and with all the attributes of a malefic power.<sup>20</sup> In the phobic, affect has a priority that defies all rational thinking. As we can see, the phobic is a person who is governed by the laws of rational prelogic and affective prelogic: methods of thinking and feeling that go back to the age at which he experienced the event that impaired his security. The difficulty indicated here is this: Was there a trauma harmful to security in the case of the young woman whom we mentioned a little earlier? In the majority of Negrophobic men has there been an attempt at rape? An attempt at *fellatio*? Proceeding with complete orthodoxy, we should be led by the application of analytic conclusions to this: If an extremely frightening object, such as a more or less imaginary attacker, arouses terror, this is also—for most often such cases are those of women—and especially a terror mixed with sexual revulsion. "I'm afraid of men" really means, at the bottom of the moti-

19. *Ibid.*, p. 76.

20. *Ibid.*, pp. 58 and 68.

vation of the fear, because they might do all kinds of things to me, but not commonplace cruelties: sexual abuses—in other words, immoral and shameful things.<sup>21</sup>

*Contact* alone is enough to evoke anxiety. For contact is at the same time the basic schematic type of initiating sexual action (touching, caresses—sexuality).<sup>22</sup> Since we have learned to know all the tricks the ego uses in order to defend itself, we know too that its denials must in no case be taken literally. Are we not now observing a complete inversion? Basically, does this *fear* of rape not itself cry out for rape? Just as there are faces that ask to be slapped, can one not speak of women who ask to be raped? In *If He Hollers Let Him Go*, Chester Himes describes this type very well. The big blonde trembles whenever the Negro goes near her. Yet she has nothing to fear, since the factory is full of white men. In the end, she and the Negro go to bed together.

When I was in military service I had the opportunity to observe the behavior of white women from three or four European countries when they were among Negroes at dances. Most of the time the women made involuntary gestures of flight, of withdrawing, their faces filled with a fear that was not feigned. And yet the Negroes who asked them to dance would have been utterly unable to commit any act at all against them, even if they had wished to do so. The behavior of these women is clearly understandable from the standpoint of imagination. That is because the Negrophobic woman is in fact nothing but a putative sexual partner—just as the Negrophobic man is a repressed homosexual.

21. Hesnard, *op. cit.*, p. 38.

22. *Ibid.*, p. 40.

In relation to the Negro, everything takes place on the genital level. A few years ago, I remarked to some friends during a discussion that in a general sense the white man behaves toward the Negro as an elder brother reacts to the birth of a younger. I have since learned that Richard Sterba arrived at the same conclusion in America.

On the phenomenological level there would be a double reality to be observed. The Jew is feared because of his potential for acquisitiveness. "They" are everywhere. The banks, the stock exchanges, the government are infested with "them." "They" control everything. Soon the whole country will belong to "them." "They" do better in examinations than the "real" Frenchmen. Soon "they" will be making the laws for us. Not long ago, an acquaintance studying for the civil service said to me, "Say what you want, 'they' take good care of one another. When Moch was in power, for instance, the number of kikes in government jobs was appalling." In the medical profession the situation is no different. Every Jewish student who wins a prize in a competition does it through "pull." As for the Negroes, they have tremendous sexual powers. What do you expect, with all the freedom they have in their jungles! They copulate at all times and in all places. They are really genital. They have so many children that they cannot even count them. Be careful, or they will flood us with little mulattoes.

Things are indeed going to hell. . . .

The government and the civil service are at the mercy of the Jews.

Our women are at the mercy of the Negroes.

For the sexual potency of the Negro is hallucinating. That is indeed the word: This potency *must be* hallucinating. Psychoanalysts who study the problem soon

enough find the mechanisms of every neurosis. Sexual anxiety is predominant here. All the Negrophobic women I have known had abnormal sex lives. Their husbands had left them; or they were widows and they were afraid to find a substitute for the dead husband; or they were divorced and they had doubts at the thought of a new object investment. All of them endowed the Negro with powers that other men (husbands, transient lovers) did not have. And besides there was also an element of perversion, the persistence of infantile formations: God knows how they make love! It must be terrifying.<sup>23</sup>

There is one expression that through time has become singularly eroticized: the black athlete. There is something in the mere idea, one young woman confided to me, that makes the heart skip a beat. A prostitute told me that in her early days the mere thought of going to bed with a Negro brought on an orgasm. She went in search of Negroes and never asked them for money. But, she added, "going to bed with them was no more remarkable

23. In the work of Joachim Marcus we encounter the view according to which the social neurosis—or, if one prefers, abnormal behavior in contact with The Other, whoever he may be—is closely related to the individual situation:

The study of our questionnaires showed that the most strongly anti-Semitic persons belonged to the most conflictual family structures. Their anti-Semitism was a reaction to frustrations suffered inside the family environment. What demonstrates that the Jew is a substitutive object in anti-Semitism is the fact that, depending on local conditions, the same family situations will produce hatred of Negroes, anti-Catholicism, or anti-Semitism. One can therefore state that, contrary to what is generally believed, it is the attitude that seeks the content rather than the content that creates the attitude. ("Structure familiale et comportements politiques," *op. cit.*, p. 282.)

than going to bed with white men. It was before I did it that I had the orgasm. I used to think about (imagine) all the things they might do to me: and that was what was so terrific."

Still on the genital level, when a white man hates black men, is he not yielding to a feeling of impotence or of sexual inferiority? Since his ideal is an infinite virility, is there not a phenomenon of diminution in relation to the Negro, who is viewed as a penis symbol? Is the lynching of the Negro not a sexual revenge? We know how much of sexuality there is in all cruelties, tortures, beatings. One has only to reread a few pages of the Marquis de Sade to be easily convinced of the fact. Is the Negro's superiority real? Everyone *knows* that it is not. But that is not what matters. The prelogical thought of the phobic has decided that such is the case.<sup>24</sup> Another woman developed a Negrophobia after she had read *J'irai cracher sur vos tombes*. I tried to demonstrate the irrationality of her position by pointing out to her that victimized white women were as sick as the Negro. Besides, I added, this was no case of black vengeance, as the title of the book might seem to imply, because the author was a white man, Boris Vian. I had to accept the futility of all such efforts. That young woman did not want to listen. Anyone who has read the book will understand at once the ambivalence her phobia revealed. I knew a Negro medical student who would not dare to make a vaginal examination of any patient in the gynecological clinic. He told me that one day he had heard one of them

24. To continue in Odier's terminology, it would be more accurate to say "paralogical": "The term 'paralogical' might be suggested for the regression of the neurotic adult." (*Anxiety and Magic Thinking*, p. 118.)

say, "There's a nigger in there. If he touches me, I'll slap his face. You never know with them. He must have great big hands; and besides he's sure to be rough."

If one wants to understand the racial situation psychoanalytically, not from a universal viewpoint but as it is experienced by individual consciousnesses, considerable importance must be given to sexual phenomena. In the case of the Jew, one thinks of money and its cognates. In that of the Negro, one thinks of sex. Anti-Semitism can be rationalized on a basic level. It is because he takes over the country that the Jew is a danger. An acquaintance told me recently that although he was not an anti-Semite he had been constrained to admit that the majority of Jews whom he had known during the war had behaved very badly. I tried in vain to get him to concede that such a statement was the fruit of a determined desire to find the essence of the Jew wherever it might exist.

On a clinical level, I am reminded of the story of the young woman who suffered from a kind of tactile delirium, constantly washing her hands and arms ever since the day a Jew had been introduced to her.

Jean-Paul Sartre has made a masterful study of the problem of anti-Semitism; let us try to determine what are the constituents of Negrophobia. This phobia is to be found on an instinctual, biological level. At the extreme, I should say that the Negro, because of his body, impedes the closing of the postural schema of the white man—at the point, naturally, at which the black man makes his entry into the phenomenal world of the white man. This is not the place in which to state the conclusions I drew from studying the influence exerted on the body by the appearance of another body. (Let us assume, for example, that four fifteen-year-old boys, all more or less athletic, are doing the high jump. One of

them wins by jumping four feet ten inches. Then a fifth boy arrives and tops the mark by a half-inch. The four other bodies experience a destructure.) What is important to us here is to show that with the Negro the cycle of the *biological* begins.<sup>25</sup>

25. It would indeed be interesting, on the basis of Lacan's theory of the *mirror period*, to investigate the extent to which the *imago* of his fellow built up in the young white at the usual age would undergo an imaginary aggression with the appearance of the Negro. When one has grasped the mechanism described by Lacan, one can have no further doubt that the real Other for the white man is and will continue to be the black man. And conversely. Only for the white man The Other is perceived on the level of the body image, absolutely as the not-self—that is, the unidentifiable, the unassimilable. For the black man, as we have shown, historical and economic realities come into the picture. "The subject's recognition of his image in the mirror," Lacan says, "is a phenomenon that is doubly significant for the analysis of this stage: The phenomenon appears after six months, and the study of it at that time shows in convincing fashion the tendencies that currently constitute reality for the subject; the mirror image, precisely because of these affinities, affords a good symbol of that reality: of its affective value, illusory like the image, and of its structure, as it reflects the human form." (*Encyclopédie française*, 8-40, 9 and 10.)

We shall see that this discovery is basic: Every time the subject sees his image and recognizes it, it is always in some way "the mental oneness which is inherent in him" that he acclaims. In mental pathology, for instance, when one examines delirious hallucinations or interpretations, one always finds that this self-image is respected. In other words, there is a certain structural harmony, a sum of the individual and of the constructions through which he goes, at every stage of the psychotic behavior. Aside from the fact that this fidelity might be attributed to affective content, there still remains evidence that it would be unscientific to misconstrue. Whenever there is a psychotic belief, there is a reproduction of self. It is especially in the period of anxiety and suspicion described by Dide and Guiraud that The Other takes a hand. At such times it is not surprising to find the Negro in the guise of satyr or mur-

No anti-Semite, for example, would ever conceive of the idea of castrating the Jew. He is killed or sterilized. But the Negro is castrated. The penis, the symbol of manhood, is annihilated, which is to say that it is denied. The difference between the two attitudes is apparent. The Jew is attacked in his religious identity, in his history,

derer. But in the stage of systematization, when the conviction is being developed, there is no longer room for a stranger. In extreme cases, moreover, I should not hesitate to say that the theme of the Negro in certain deliriums (when it is not central) ranks with other phenomena such as zooscopy.<sup>a</sup> Lhermitte has described the liberation of the body image. This is what is clinically called heautophany or heautoscopy.<sup>b</sup> The abruptness with which this phenomenon occurs, Lhermitte says, is inordinately strange. It occurs even among normal persons (Goethe, Taine, etc.). I contend that for the Antillean the mirror hallucination is always neutral. When Antilleans tell me that they have experienced it, I always ask the same question: "What color were you?" Invariably they reply: "I had no color." What is more, in hypnagogic hallucinations and in what, by derivation from Duhamel, is called "salaviniization,"<sup>c</sup> the same procedure is repeated. It is not I as a Negro who acts, thinks, and is praised to the skies.

In addition, I suggest that those who are interested in such questions read some of the compositions written in French by Antillean children between the ages of ten and fourteen. Given as a theme "My Feelings Before I Went on Vacation," they reacted like real little Parisians and produced such things as, "I like vacation because then I can run through the fields, breathe fresh air, and come home with *rosy cheeks*." It is apparent that one would hardly be mistaken in saying that the Antillean does not altogether apprehend the fact of his being a Negro. I was perhaps thirteen when for the first time I saw Senegalese soldiers. All I knew about them was what I had heard from veterans of the First World War: "They attack with the bayonet, and, when that doesn't work, they just punch their way through the machine-gun fire with their fists. . . . They cut off heads and collect human ears." These Senegalese . . . were in transit in Martinique, on their way from Guiana. I scoured

in his race, in his relations with his ancestors and with his posterity; when one sterilizes a Jew, one cuts off the source; every time that a Jew is persecuted, it is the whole race that is persecuted in his person. But it is in his corporeality that the Negro is attacked. It is as a concrete personality that he is lynched. It is as an actual being that he is a threat. The Jewish menace is replaced

the streets eagerly for a sight of their uniforms, which had been described to me: red scarfs and belts. My father went to the trouble of collecting two of them, whom he brought home and who had the family in raptures. It was the same thing in school. My mathematics teacher, a lieutenant in the reserve who had been in command of a unit of Senegalese troopers in 1914, used to make us shiver with his anecdotes: "When they are praying they must never be disturbed, because then the officers just cease to exist. They're lions in a battle, but you have to respect their habits." There is no reason now to be surprised that Mayotte Capécia dreamed of herself as pink and white: I should say that that was quite normal.

It may perhaps be objected that if the white man is subject to the elaboration of the *imago* of his peer, an analogous phenomenon should occur in the Antillean, visual perception being the sketch for such an elaboration. But to say this is to forget that in the Antilles perception always occurs on the level of the imaginary. It is in white terms that one perceives one's fellows. People will say of someone, for instance, that he is "very black"; there is nothing surprising, within a family, in hearing a mother remark that "X is the blackest of my children"—it means that X is the least white. I can only repeat the observation of a European acquaintance to whom I had explained this: in terms of people, it is nothing but a mystification. Let me point out once more that every Antillean expects all the others to perceive him in terms of the essence of the white man. In the Antilles, just as in France, one comes up against the same myth; a Parisian says, "He is black but he is very intelligent"; a Martinican expresses himself no differently. During the Second World War, teachers went from Guadeloupe to Fort-de-France to correct the examinations of candi-

by the fear of the sexual potency of the Negro. O. Mannoni said:

An argument widely used by racialists against those who do not share their convictions is worthy of mention for its revealing character. "What," they say, "if you had a daughter, do you mean to say that you would marry her to a negro?" I have seen people who appeared to have no racialist bias lose all critical sense when confronted with this kind of question. The reason is that such an argument disturbs certain uneasy feelings in them (more exactly, *incestuous* feelings) and they turn to racism as a defence reaction.<sup>26</sup>

dates for the baccalaureate, and, driven by curiosity, I went to the hotel where they were staying, simply in order to see Monsieur B., a philosophy teacher who was supposed to be remarkably black; as the Martinicans say, not without a certain irony, he was "blue." One family in particular has an excellent reputation: "They're very black, but they're all quite nice." One of them, in fact, is a piano teacher and a former student at the Conservatoire in Paris, another is a teacher of natural science in the girls' academy, etc. The father was given to walking up and down his balcony every evening at sunset; after a certain time of night, it was always said, he became invisible. Of another family, who lived in the country, it was said that on nights when there was a power failure the children had to laugh so that their parents would know that they were there. On Mondays, very carefully got up in their white linen suits, certain Martinican officials, in the local figure of speech, "looked like prunes in a bowl of milk."

- a. Hallucinations of animals. (Translator's note.)
- b. The vivid psychological awareness and examination of one's own internal organs as if they were outside oneself—an extreme hypochondria. (Translator's note.)
- c. See note 52.

26. [Dominique] O. Mannoni, *Prospero and Caliban: The Psychology of Colonization* (New York, Praeger, 1964), p. 111, note 1.

Before we go further, it seems important to make this point: Granted that unconscious tendencies toward incest exist, why should these tendencies emerge more particularly with respect to the Negro? In what way, taken as an absolute, does a black son-in-law differ from a white son-in-law? Is there not a reaction of unconscious tendencies in both cases? Why not, for instance, conclude that the father revolts because in his opinion the Negro will introduce his daughter into a sexual universe for which the father does not have the key, the weapons, or the attributes?

Every intellectual gain requires a loss in sexual potential. The civilized white man retains an irrational longing for unusual eras of sexual license, of orgiastic scenes, of unpunished rapes, of unrepressed incest. In one way these fantasies respond to Freud's life instinct. Projecting his own desires onto the Negro, the white man behaves "as if" the Negro really had them. When it is a question of the Jew, the problem is clear: He is suspect because he wants to own the wealth or take over the positions of power. But the Negro is fixated at the genital; or at any rate he has been fixated there. Two realms: the intellectual and the sexual. An erection on Rodin's *Thinker* is a shocking thought. One cannot decently "have a hard on" everywhere. The Negro symbolizes the biological danger; the Jew, the intellectual danger.

To suffer from a phobia of Negroes is to be afraid of the biological. For the Negro is only biological. The Negroes are animals. They go about naked. And God alone knows. . . . Mannoni said further: "In his urge to identify the anthropoid apes, Caliban, the Negroes, even the Jews with the mythological figures of the satyrs, man reveals that

there are sensitive spots in the human soul at a level<sup>27</sup> where thought becomes confused and where sexual excitement is strangely linked with violence and aggressiveness."<sup>28</sup> Mannoni includes the Jew in his scale. I see nothing inappropriate there. But here the Negro is the master. He is the specialist of this matter: Whoever says *rape* says *Negro*.

Over three or four years I questioned some 500 members of the white race—French, German, English, Italian. I took advantage of a certain air of trust, of relaxation; in each instance I waited until my subject no longer hesitated to talk to me quite openly—that is, until he was sure that he would not offend me. Or else, in the midst of associational tests, I inserted the word *Negro* among some twenty others. Almost 60 per cent of the replies took this form:

*Negro* brought forth biology, penis, strong, athletic, potent, boxer, Joe Louis, Jesse Owens, Senegalese troops, savage, animal, devil, sin.

*Senegalese soldier*, used as the stimulus, evoked dreadful, bloody, tough, strong.

It is interesting to note that one in fifty reacted to the word *Negro* with *Nazi* or *SS*; when one knows the emotional meaning of the *SS* image, one recognizes that the difference from the other answers is negligible. Let me add that some Europeans helped me by giving the test to their acquaintances: In such cases the proportion went up notably. From this result one must acknowledge the

27. When we consider the responses given in waking-dream therapy we shall see that these mythological figures, or "archetypes," do reside very deep in the human mind. Whenever the individual plunges down, one finds the Negro, whether concretely or symbolically.

28. Mannoni, *op. cit.*, p. 111.

effect of my being a Negro: Unconsciously there was a certain reticence.

The Negro symbolizes the biological. First of all, he enters puberty at the age of nine and is a father at the age of ten; he is hot-blooded, and his blood is strong; he is tough. As a white man remarked to me not long ago, with a certain bitterness: "You all have strong constitutions." What a beautiful race—look at the Senegalese. . . . Weren't they called *our Black Devils* during the war? . . . But they must be brutal . . . I just can't see them putting those big hands of theirs on my shoulders. I shudder at the mere thought of it. . . . Well aware that in certain cases one must interpret by opposites, I understand this extra-fragile woman: At bottom what she wants most is to have the powerful Negro bruise her frail shoulders. Sartre says that when one speaks the phrase "a young Jewess," there is an imaginary reek of rape and pillage. . . . Conversely, we might say that the expression "a handsome Negro" contains a "possible" allusion to similar phenomena. I have always been struck by the speed with which "handsome young Negro" turns into "young colt" or "stallion." In the film *Mourning Becomes Electra*, a good part of the plot is based on sexual rivalry. Orin rebukes his sister, Vinnie, because she admired the splendid naked natives of the South Seas. He cannot forgive her for it.<sup>29</sup>

29. Let us remember, however, that the situation is ambiguous. Orin is also jealous of his sister's fiancé. On a psychoanalytic level, the film may be described thus: Orin, who suffers from the abandonment-neurosis, is fixated on his mother and is incapable of making a real object investment of his libido. Observe, for instance, his behavior toward the girl to whom he is supposedly engaged. Vinnie, who for her part is fixated on their father, proves to Orin that their mother is unfaithful. But let us not make any mistakes. Her action is a bill of indictment (an introjective mechanism). Supplied with the evidence of the adultery, Orin kills his mother's lover. In reac-

Analysis of the real is always difficult. An investigator can choose between two attitudes toward his subject. First, he can be satisfied only to describe, in the manner of those anatomists who are all surprised when, in the midst of a description of the tibia, they are asked how many fibular depressions *they* have. That is because in their researches there is never a question of themselves but of others. In the beginning of my medical studies, after several nauseating sessions in the dissection room, I asked an older hand how I could prevent such reactions. "My friend, pretend you're dissecting a cat, and everything will be all right. . . ." Second, once he has described reality, the investigator can make up his mind to change it. In principle, however, the decision to describe seems naturally to imply a critical approach and therefore a need to go farther toward some solution. Both authorized and anecdotal literature have created too many stories about Negroes to be suppressed. But putting them all together does not help us in our real task, which is to disclose their mechanics. What matters for us is not to collect facts and behavior, but to find their meaning. Here we can refer to Jaspers, when he wrote: "Comprehension in depth of a single instance will often enable us, phenomenologically, to apply this understanding in general to innumerable cases. Often what one has once grasped is soon met again.

tion she commits suicide. Orin's libido, which requires investment in the same manner as before, turns toward Vinnie. In effect, through her behavior and even through her physical appearance, Vinnie takes the place of their mother. Consequently—and this is beautifully handled in the film—Orin becomes an Oedipus in love with his sister. Hence it is understandable that Orin storms lamentation and reproach at his sister when she announces her marriage. But in his conflict with her fiancé it is emotion, affectivity, that he battles; with the Negro, the splendid natives, the conflict lies on a genital, biological level.

What is important in phenomenology is less the study of a large number of instances than the intuitive and deep understanding of a few individual cases."<sup>30</sup> The question that arises is this: Can the white man behave healthily toward the black man and can the black man behave healthily toward the white man?

A pseudo-question, some will say. But when we assert that European culture has an *imago* of the Negro which is responsible for all the conflicts that may arise, we do not go beyond reality. In the chapter on language we saw that on the screen the Negro faithfully reproduces that *imago*. Even serious writers have made themselves its spokesmen. So it was that Michel Cournot could write:

The black man's sword is a sword. When he has thrust it into your wife, she has really felt something. It is a revelation. In the chasm that it has left, your little toy is lost. Pump away until the room is awash with your sweat, you might as well just be singing. This is *good-by*. . . . Four Negroes with their penises exposed would fill a cathedral. They would be unable to leave the building until their erections had subsided; and in such close quarters that would not be a simple matter.

To be comfortable without problems, they always have the open air. But then they are faced with a constant insult: the palm tree, the breadfruit tree, and so many other proud growths that would not slacken for an empire, erect as they are for all eternity, and piercing heights that are not easily reached at any price.<sup>31</sup>

When one reads this passage a dozen times and lets oneself go—that is, when one abandons oneself to the

30. Karl Jaspers, *Psychopathologie générale*, French translation by Kastler and Mendousse, p. 49.

31. *Martinique* (Paris, Collection Metamorphoses, Gallimard, 1948), pp. 13-14.

movement of its images—one is no longer aware of the Negro but only of a penis; the Negro is eclipsed. He is turned into a penis. He is a penis. It is easy to imagine what such descriptions can stimulate in a young girl in Lyon. Horror? Lust? Not indifference, in any case. Now, what is the truth? The average length of the penis among the black men of Africa, Dr. Palès says, rarely exceeds 120 millimeters (4.6244 inches). Testut, in his *Traité d'anatomie humaine*, offers the same figure for the European. But these are facts that persuade no one. The white man is convinced that the Negro is a beast; if it is not the length of the penis, then it is the sexual potency that impresses him. Face to face with this man who is "different from himself," he needs to defend himself. In other words, to personify The Other. The Other will become the mainstay of his preoccupations and his desires.<sup>32</sup> The

32. Some writers have tried, thus accepting prejudices (in the etymological sense of the word), to show why the white man does not understand the sexual life of the Negro. Thus one can find in De Pédrals this passage, which, while it does nevertheless convey the truth, still leaves aside the deep causes of white "opinion":

The Negro child feels neither surprise nor shame at the facts of reproduction, because he is told whatever he wants to know. It is quite obvious, without having to fall back on the subtleties of psychoanalysis, that this difference cannot help having an effect on his way of thinking and hence on his way of acting. Since the sexual act is presented to him as the most natural, indeed the most commendable thing in view of the end that it pursues—impregnation—the African will retain this outlook as long as he lives; while the European, as long as he lives, will always unconsciously keep alive a guilt complex that neither reason nor experience will ever succeed in altogether dissipating. In this way the African is inclined to view his sexual life as only a part of his physiological life, just like eating, drinking, and sleeping. . . . A conception of this kind, one would suppose, precludes the distortions into which the European is led in order to recon-

prostitute whom I mentioned earlier told me that her hunt for Negroes dated from the time when she had been told this story: One night a woman who was in bed with a Negro went mad; she remained insane for two years, but then when she had been cured refused to go to bed with anyone else. The prostitute did not know what had driven the other woman mad. But she sought furiously to reproduce the same situation, to discover this secret which was part of the ineffable. One must recognize that what she wanted was the destruction, the dissolution, of her being on a sexual level. Every experiment that she made with a Negro reinforced her limitations. This delirium of orgasm was unattainable. She could not experience it, so she avenged herself by losing herself in speculation.

One thing must be mentioned in this connection: A white woman who has had a Negro lover finds it difficult to return to white men. Or so at least it is believed, particularly by white men: "Who knows what 'they' can give a woman?" Who indeed does know? Certainly "they" do not. On this subject I cannot overlook this comment by Etiemble:

Racial jealousy produces the crimes of racism: To many white men, the black is simply that marvelous sword which, once it has transfigured their wives, leaves them forever transfigured. My statistical sources have been able to provide

cile the conflicts of a tortured conscience, a vacillating intellect, and a frustrated instinct. Hence the fundamental difference is not at all of natures, or of constitutions, but of conceptions; hence too the fact that the reproductive instinct, stripped of the halo with which the monuments of our literature have adorned it, is not at all the dominant element in the life of the African as it is in our own, in spite of the statements of *too many students inclined to explain what they have seen by the sole method of analyzing themselves*. (Denis Pierre de Pédrals, *La vie sexuelle en Afrique noire*, Paris, Payot, 1950, pp. 28-29.) My italics—F.F.

me with no documentation on this point. I have, however, known some Negroes; some white women who have had Negroes; and, finally, some Negro women who have had white lovers. I have heard enough confidences from all of them to be able to deplore the fact that M. Cournot applies his talents to the rejuvenation of a fable in which the white man will always be able to find a specious argument: shameful, dubious, and thus doubly effective.<sup>33</sup>

An endless task, the cataloguing of reality. We accumulate facts, we discuss them, but with every line that is written, with every statement that is made, one has the feeling of incompleteness. Attacking J.-P. Sartre, Gabriel d'Arbousier wrote:

This anthology, which puts Antilleans, Guianans, Senegalese, and Malagasy on the same footing, creates a deplorable confusion. In this way it states the cultural problem of the overseas countries by detaching it from the historical and social reality of each of them, from the national characteristics and the varying conditions imposed on each of them by imperialist exploitation and oppression. Thus, when Sartre wrote, "Simply by plunging into the depths of his memory as a former slave, the black man asserts that suffering is the lot of man and that it is no less undeserved on that account," did he take into consideration what that might mean for a Hova, a Moor, a Touareg, a Peul, or a Bantu of the Congo or the Ivory Coast?<sup>34</sup>

The objection is valid. It applies to me as well. In the beginning I wanted to confine myself to the Antilles. But, regardless of consequences, dialectic took the upper hand and I was compelled to see that the Antillean is first of

33. "Sur le Martinique de M. Michel Cournot," *Les Temps Modernes*, February, 1950, p. 1505.

34. "Une dangereuse mystification: la théorie de la négritude," *La Nouvelle Revue Critique*, June, 1949.

all a Negro. Nevertheless, it would be impossible to overlook the fact that there are Negroes whose nationality is Belgian, French, English; there are also Negro republics. How can one claim to have got hold of an essential when such facts as these demand one's recognition? The truth is that the Negro race has been scattered, that it can no longer claim unity. When Il Duce's troops invaded Ethiopia, a movement of solidarity arose among men of color. But, though one or two airplanes were sent from America to the invaded country, not a single black man made any practical move. The Negro has a country, he takes his place in a Union or a Commonwealth. Every description should be put on the level of the discrete phenomenon, but here again we are driven out to infinite perspectives. In the universal situation of the Negro there is an ambiguity, which is, however, resolved in his concrete existence. This in a way places him beside the Jew. Against all the arguments I have just cited, I come back to one fact: *Wherever he goes, the Negro remains a Negro*.

In some countries the Negro has entered into the culture. As we have already indicated, it would be impossible to ascribe too much importance to the way in which white children establish contact with the reality of the Negro. In the United States, for example, even if he does not live in the South, where he naturally encounters Negroes concretely, the white child is introduced to them through the myth of Uncle Remus. (In France there is the parallel of *La Case de l'Oncle Tom—Uncle Tom's Cabin*.) Miss Sally's and Marse John's little boy listens with a mixture of fear and admiration to the tales of Br'er Rabbit. To Bernard Wolfe this ambivalence in the white man is the dominant factor in the white American psychology. Relying on the life of Joel Chandler Harris, Wolfe goes so far as to show that the admiration corresponds to a certain

identification of the white man with the black. It is perfectly obvious what these stories are all about. Br'er Rabbit gets into conflicts with almost all the other animals in creation, and naturally he is always the winner. These stories belong to the oral tradition of the plantation Negroes. Therefore it is relatively easy to recognize the Negro in his remarkably ironic and wary disguise as a rabbit. In order to protect themselves against their own unconscious masochism, which impels them to rapturous admiration of the (black) rabbit's prowess, the whites have tried to drain these stories of their aggressive potential. This is how they have been able to tell themselves that "the black man makes all the animals behave *like a lower order of human intelligence, the kind that the Negro himself can understand.* The black man naturally feels that *he is in closer touch with the 'lower animals' than with the white man, who is so far superior to him in every respect.*" Others have advanced the theory, with straight faces, that these stories are not reactions to the conditions imposed on the Negro in the United States but are simply *survivals of Africa.* Wolfe gives us the clue to such interpretations:

On the basis of all the evidence, Br'er Rabbit is an animal because the Negro must be an animal; the rabbit is an outlander because the Negro must be branded as an outlander down to his chromosomes. Ever since slavery began, his Christian and democratic guilt as a slave-owner has led the southerner to describe the Negro as an animal, an unchangeable African whose nature was determined as protoplasm by his "African" genes. If the black man found himself relegated to the Limbo of mankind, he was the victim not of Americans but of the organic inferiority of his jungle ancestors.

So the southerner refused to see in these stories the

aggression that the Negro infused into them. But, Wolfe says, their compiler, Harris, was a psychopath:

He was especially adept at this task because he was filled to the bursting point with pathological racial obsessions over and above those that tormented the South and, to a lesser degree, all of white America. . . . Indeed, for Harris as well as for many other white Americans, the Negro seemed to be in every respect the opposite of his own anxious self: unworried, gregarious, voluble, muscularly relaxed, never a victim of boredom, or passive, unashamedly exhibitionistic, devoid of self-pity in his condition of concentrated suffering. . . .

But Harris always had the feeling of being handicapped. Therefore Wolfe sees him as frustrated—but not after the classic schema: It was the very essence of the man that made it impossible for him to exist in the "natural" way of the Negro. No one had barred him from it; it was just impossible for him. Not prohibited, but unrealizable. And it is because the white man feels himself frustrated by the Negro that he seeks in turn to frustrate the black, binding him with prohibitions of all kinds. And here again the white man is the victim of his unconscious. Let us listen again to Wolfe:

The Remus stories are a monument to the ambivalence of the South. Harris, the archetype of the southerner, went in search of the Negro's love and claimed that he had won it (the grin of Uncle Remus).<sup>35</sup> But at the same time he was striving for the Negro's hatred (Br'er Rabbit), and he reveled in it, in an unconscious orgy of masochism—very possibly punishing himself for not being the black man, the stereotype of the black man, the prodigious "giver." Is it

35. The character of Uncle Remus was created by Harris. The figure of this gentle, melancholy old slave with his eternal grin is one of the most typical images of the American Negro.

not possible that the white South, and perhaps the majority of white America, often behave in the same way in their relations with the Negro?

There is a quest for the Negro, the Negro is in demand, one cannot get along without him, he is needed, but only if he is made palatable in a certain way. Unfortunately, the Negro knocks down the system and breaks the treaties. Will the white man rise in resistance? No, he will adjust to the situation. This fact, Wolfe says, explains why many books dealing with racial problems become best-sellers.<sup>36</sup>

Certainly no one is compelled to read stories of Negroes who make love to white women (*Deep are the Roots, Strange Fruit, Uncle Remus*), of whites who learn that they are Negroes (*Kingsblood Royal, Lost Boundaries, Uncle Remus*), of white men strangled by black men (*Native Son, If He Hollers Let Him Go, Uncle Remus*). . . . We can package the Negro's grin and market it on a grand scale in our popular culture as a cloak for this masochism: The caress sweetens the blow. And, as *Uncle Remus* shows, here the interplay of the races is in large part unconscious. The white man is no more aware of his masochism when he is being titillated by the subtle content of the stereotyped grin than the Negro is aware of his sadism when he transforms the stereotype into a cultural bludgeon. Perhaps less.<sup>37</sup>

In the United States, as we can see, the Negro makes stories in which it becomes possible for him to work off his aggression; the white man's unconscious justifies this aggression and gives it worth by turning it on himself, thus reproducing the classic schema of masochism.<sup>38</sup>

36. See also the many Negro films of recent years. And yet all the producers were white.

37. Bernard Wolfe, "L'oncle Rémus et son lapin," *Les Temps Modernes*, May, 1949, pp. 898 ff.

38. It is usual to be told in the United States, when one calls for

We can now stake out a marker. For the majority of white men the Negro represents the sexual instinct (in its raw state). The Negro is the incarnation of a genital potency beyond all moralities and prohibitions. The women among the whites, by a genuine process of induction, invariably view the Negro as the keeper of the impalpable gate that opens into the realm of orgies, of bacchanals, of delirious sexual sensations. . . . We have shown that reality destroys all these beliefs. But they all rest on the level of the imagined, in any case on that of a paralogism. The white man who ascribes a malefic influence to the black is regressing on the intellectual level, since, as we have shown, his perception is based on a mental age of eight years (the comic books). Is there not a concurrent regression to and fixation at pregenital levels of sexual development? Self-castration? (The Negro is taken as a terrifying penis.) Passivity justifying itself by the recognition of the superiority of the black man in terms of sexual capacity? It is obvious what a variety of questions it would be interesting to raise. There are, for instance, men who go to "houses" in order to be beaten by Negroes; passive homosexuals who insist on black partners.

Another solution might be this: There is first of all a sadistic aggression toward the black man, followed by a guilt complex because of the sanction against such behavior by the democratic culture of the country in ques-

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the real freedom of the Negro: "That's all they're waiting for, to jump our women." Since the white man behaves in an offensive manner toward the Negro, he recognizes that in the Negro's place he would have no mercy on his oppressors. Therefore it is not surprising to see that he identifies himself with the Negro: white "hot-jazz" orchestras, white blues and spiritual singers, white authors writing novels in which the Negro proclaims his grievances, whites in blackface.

tion. This aggression is then tolerated by the Negro: whence masochism. But, I shall be told, your schema is invalid: It does not contain the elements of classic masochism. Perhaps, indeed, this situation is not classic. In any event, it is the only way in which to explain the masochistic behavior of the white man.

From a heuristic point of view, without attributing any reality to it, I should like to propose an explanation of the fantasy: *A Negro is raping me*. From the work of Helene Deutsch<sup>39</sup> and Marie Bonaparte,<sup>40</sup> both of whom took up and in a way carried to their ultimate conclusions Freud's ideas on female sexuality, we have learned that, alternatively clitoral and clitoral-vaginal and finally purely vaginal, a woman—having retained, more or less commingled, her libido in a passive conception and her aggression, having surmounted her double Oedipus complex—proceeds through her biological and psychological growth and arrives at the assumption of her role, which is achieved by neuropsychic integration. We cannot, however, ignore certain failures or certain fixations.

Corresponding to the clitoral stage there is an active Oedipus complex, although, according to Marie Bonaparte, it is not a sequence but a coexistence of the active and the passive. The desexualization of aggression in a girl is less complete than in a boy.<sup>41</sup> The clitoris is perceived as a diminished penis, but, going beyond the concrete, the girl clings only to the quality. She apprehends reality in qualitative terms. In her as in the little boy

39. *The Psychology of Women* (New York, Grune and Stratton, 1944-1945).

40. *Female Sexuality* (New York, International Universities Press, 1953).

41. Marie Bonaparte, "De la sexualité de la femme," in *Revue Française de Psychanalyse*, April-June, 1949.

there will be impulses directed at the mother; she too would like to disembowel the mother.

Our question, then, is whether, side by side with the final achievement of femininity, there is not some survival of this infantile fantasy. "Too strong an aversion in a woman against the rough games of men is, furthermore, a suspicious indication of male protest and excessive bisexuality. It is possible that such a woman will be clitoral."<sup>42</sup> Here is my own view of the matter. First the little girl sees a sibling rival beaten by the father, a libidinal aggressive. At this stage (between the ages of five and nine), the father, who is now the pole of her libido, refuses in a way to take up the aggression that the little girl's unconscious demands of him. At this point, lacking support, this free-floating aggression requires an investment. Since the girl is at the age in which the child begins to enter the folklore and the culture along roads that we know, the Negro becomes the predestined depositary of this aggression. If we go farther into the labyrinth, we discover that when a woman lives the fantasy of rape by a Negro, it is in some way the fulfillment of a private dream, of an inner wish. Accomplishing the phenomenon of turning against self, it is the woman who rapes herself. We can find clear proof of this in the fact that it is commonplace for women, during the sexual act, to cry to their partners: "Hurt me!" They are merely expressing this idea: Hurt me as I would hurt me if I were in your place. The fantasy of rape by a Negro is a variation of this emotion: "I wish the Negro would rip me open as I would have ripped a woman open." Those who grant our conclusions on the psychosexuality of the white woman may ask what we have to say about the woman of color

42. *Ibid.*, p. 180.

I know nothing about her. What I can offer, at the very least, is that for many women in the Antilles—the type that I shall call the all-but-whites—the aggressor is symbolized by the Senegalese type, or in any event by an inferior (who is so considered).

The Negro is the genital. Is this the whole story? Unfortunately not. The Negro is something else. Here again we find the Jew. He and I may be separated by the sexual question, but we have one point in common. Both of us stand for Evil. The black man more so, for the good reason that he is black. Is not whiteness in symbols always ascribed in French to Justice, Truth, Virginity? I knew an Antillean who said of another Antillean, "His body is black, his language is black, his soul must be black too." This logic is put into daily practice by the white man. The black man is the symbol of Evil and Ugliness.

Henri Baruk, in a recent work on psychiatry,<sup>43</sup> described what he termed the anti-Semitic psychoses.

In one of my patients the vulgarity and the obscenity of his ravings transcended all that the French language could furnish and took the form of obvious pederastic<sup>44</sup> allusions

43. *Précis de psychiatrie* (Paris, Masson, 1950), p. 371.

44. Let me observe at once that I had no opportunity to establish the overt presence of homosexuality in Martinique. This must be viewed as the result of the absence of the Oedipus complex in the Antilles. The schema of homosexuality is well enough known. We should not overlook, however, the existence of what are called there "men dressed like women" or "godmothers." Generally they wear shirts and skirts. But I am convinced that they lead normal sex lives. They can take a punch like any "he-man" and they are not impervious to the allurements of women—fish and vegetable merchants. In Europe, on the other hand, I have known several Martinicans who became homosexuals, always passive. But this was by no means a neurotic homosexuality: For them it was a means to a livelihood, as pimping is for others.

with which the patient deflected his inner hatred in transferring it to the scapegoat of the Jews, calling for them to be slaughtered. Another patient, suffering from a fit of delirium aggravated by the events of 1940, had such violent anti-Semitic feelings that one day in a hotel, suspecting the man in the next room to be a Jew, he broke into his room during the night to murder him. . . .

A third patient, with a physically weak constitution—he suffered from chronic colitis—was humiliated by his poor health and ultimately ascribed it to poisoning by means of a "bacterial injection" given to him by one of the male nurses in an institution where he had been earlier—nurses who were anticlerical and Communists, he said, and who had wanted to punish him for his Catholic convictions and utterances. Now that he was in our hospital and safe from "a crew of union men," he felt that he was between Scylla and Charybdis, since he was in the hands of a Jew. By definition this Jew could be only a thief, a monster, a man capable of any and all crimes.

Confronted by such a tide of aggression, this Jew will have to take a stand. Here is all the ambiguity that Sartre describes. Certain pages of *Anti-Semite and Jew* are the finest that I have ever read. The finest, because the problem discussed in them grips us in our guts.<sup>45</sup>

45. I am thinking particularly of this passage:

Such then is this haunted man, condemned to make his choice of himself on the basis of false problems and in a false situation, deprived of the metaphysical sense by the hostility of the society that surrounds him, driven to a rationalism of despair. His life is nothing but a long flight from others and from himself. He has been alienated even from his own body; his emotional life has been cut in two; he has been reduced to pursuing the impossible dream of universal brotherhood in a world that rejects him.

Whose is the fault? It is our eyes that reflect to him the unacceptable image that he wishes to dissimulate. It is our words and our gestures—all our words and all our gestures—our anti-

The Jew, authentic or inauthentic, is struck down by the fist of the "salaud." His situation is such that everything he does is bound to turn against him. For naturally the Jew prefers himself, and it happens that he forgets his Jewishness, or hides it, hides himself from it. That is because he has then admitted the validity of the Aryan system. There are Good and Evil. Evil is Jewish. Everything Jewish is ugly. Let us no longer be Jews. I am no longer a Jew. Down with the Jews. In such circumstances, these are the most aggressive. Like that patient of Baruk who had a persecution complex and who, seeing the doctor one day wearing his yellow star, grabbed him by the lapel and shouted: "I, sir, am a Frenchman." Or this woman: "Making rounds in the ward of my colleague, Dr. Daday, I encountered a Jewish patient who had been the target of taunts and insults from her fellow-patients. A non-Jewish patient had gone to her defense. The Jewish patient thereupon turned on the woman who had defended the Jews, hurling every possible anti-Semitic calumny at her and demanding that that Jewess be got rid of."<sup>46</sup>

This is a fine example of a reactional phenomenon. In order to react against anti-Semitism, the Jew turns him-

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Semitism, but equally our condescending liberalism—that have poisoned him. It is we who constrain him to choose to be a Jew *whether through flight from himself or through self-assertion*; it is we who force him into the dilemma of Jewish authenticity or inauthenticity. . . . This species that bears witness for essential humanity better than any other because it was born of secondary reactions within the body of humanity—this quintessence of man, disgraced, uprooted, destined from the start to either inauthenticity or martyrdom. In this situation there is not one of us who is not totally guilty and even criminal; the Jewish blood that the Nazis shed falls on all our heads. (Pp. 135-136.)

46. Baruk, *Précis de psychiatrie*, pp. 372-373.

self into an anti-Semite. This is what Sartre presents in *The Reprieve*, in which Birnenschatz finally acts out his disavowal with an intensity that borders on delirium. We shall see that the word is not too strong. Americans who go to Paris are amazed to see so many white women accompanied by Negroes. In New York, Simone de Beauvoir went for a walk with Richard Wright and was rebuked in the street by an old lady. Sartre said: Here it is the Jew, somewhere else it is the Negro. What is essential is a scapegoat. Baruk says nothing different: "Release from hate complexes will be accomplished only if mankind learns to renounce the scapegoat complex."

Fault, Guilt, refusal of guilt, paranoia—one is back in homosexual territory. In sum, what others have described in the case of the Jew applies perfectly in that of the Negro.<sup>47</sup>

Good-Evil, Beauty-Ugliness, White-Black: such are the characteristic pairings of the phenomenon that, making use of an expression of Dide and Guiraud, we shall call "manicheism delirium."<sup>48</sup>

Seeing only one type of Negro, assimilating anti-Semitism to Negrophobia, these seem to be the errors of analysis being committed here. Someone to whom I was talking about this book asked me what I expected to come of it. Ever since Sartre's decisive essay, *What Is Litera-*

47. This is what Marie Bonaparte wrote in *Myths de guerre*, No. 1, p. 145: "The anti-Semite projects on to the Jew, ascribes to the Jew all his own more or less unconscious bad instincts. . . . Thus, in ridding himself of them by heaping them on the shoulders of the Jew, he has purged himself of them in his own eyes and sees himself in shining purity. The Jew thus lends himself magnificently to a projection of the Devil. . . . The Negro in the United States assumes the same function of fixation."

48. *Psychiatrie du médecin praticien* (Paris, Masson, 1922), p. 164.

ture<sup>49</sup>, originally in *Situations II*, literature has been committed more and more to its sole really *contemporary* task, which is to persuade the group to progress to reflection and mediation: This book, it is hoped, will be a mirror with a progressive infrastructure, in which it will be possible to discern the Negro on the road to disalienation.

When there is no longer a "human minimum," there is no culture. It matters very little to me to know that "Muntu means Power" among the Bantu<sup>49</sup>—or at least it might have interested me if certain details had not held me back. What use are reflections on Bantu ontology when one reads elsewhere:

When 75,000 black miners went on strike in 1946, the state police forced them back to work by firing on them with rifles and charging with fixed bayonets. Twenty-five were killed and thousands were wounded.

At that time Smuts was the head of the government and a delegate to the Peace Conference. On farms owned by white men, the black laborers live almost like serfs. They may have their families with them, but no man is allowed to leave the farm without the permission of his master. If he does so, the police are notified and he is brought back by force and whipped. . . .

Under the Act for Native Administration, the governor-general, as the supreme authority, has autocratic powers over the Africans. By proclamation he may arrest and detain any African deemed dangerous to public order. He may forbid meetings of more than ten persons in any native residential area. The writ of *habeas corpus* is not available to Africans. Mass arrests without warrants are made constantly.

The nonwhite populations of South Africa are at an impasse. All the modern modes of slavery make it impossible

49. Reverend Tempels, *La philosophie bantoue*.

for them to flee from this scourge. In the case of the African especially, white society has smashed his old world without giving him a new one. It has destroyed the traditional tribal foundations of his existence and it blocks the road of the future after having closed the road of the past. . . .

*Apartheid* aspires to banish the Negro from participating in modern history as a free and independent force.<sup>50</sup>

I apologize for this long quotation, but it permits me to bring out some possibilities of black men's mistakes. Alioune Diop, for example, in his introduction to *La philosophie bantoue*, remarks that Bantu ontology knows nothing of the metaphysical misery of Europe. The inference that he draws from this is none the less dangerous:

The double question that arises is to determine whether the genius of the black man should cultivate what constitutes his individuality, that youth of spirit, that innate respect for man and creation, that joy in living, that peace which is not a disfigurement of man imposed and suffered through moral hygiene, but a natural harmony with the happy majesty of life. . . . One wonders too what the Negro can contribute to the modern world. . . . What we can say is that the very idea of culture conceived as a revolutionary will is as contrary to our genius as the very idea of progress. Progress would have haunted our consciousness only if we had grievances against life, which is a gift of nature.

Be careful! It is not a matter of finding Being in Bantu thought, when Bantu existence subsists on the level of nonbeing, of the imponderable.<sup>51</sup> It is quite true that Bantu philosophy is not going to open itself to understanding through a revolutionary will: But it is precisely in that degree in which Bantu society, being a closed

50. I. R. Skine, "Apartheid en Afrique du Sud," *Les Temps Modernes*, July, 1950.

51. See, for example, *Cry, the Beloved Country*, by Alan Paton.

society, does not contain that substitution of the exploiter for the ontological relations of Forces. Now we know that Bantu society no longer exists. And there is nothing ontological about segregation. Enough of this rubbish.

For some time there has been much talk about the Negro. A little too much. The Negro would like to be dropped, so that he may regroup his forces, his authentic forces.

One day he said: "My negritude is neither a tower. . . ."

And someone came along to Hellenize him, to make an Orpheus of him . . . this Negro who is looking for the universal. He is looking for the universal. But in June, 1950, the hotels of Paris refused to rent rooms to Negro pilgrims. Why? Purely and simply because their Anglo-Saxon customers (who are rich and who, as everyone knows, hate Negroes) threatened to move out.

The Negro is aiming for the universal, but on the screen his Negro essence, his Negro "nature," is kept intact:

always a servant  
always obsequious and smiling  
me never steal, me never lie  
eternally 'sho' good eatin'. . . .

The Negro is universalizing himself, but at the Lycée Saint-Louis, in Paris, one was thrown out: He had had the impudence to read Engels.

There is a drama there, and the black intellectuals are running the risk of being trapped by it.

What? I have barely opened eyes that had been blindfolded, and someone already wants to drown me in the universal? What about the others? Those who "have no voice," those who "have no spokesman." . . . I need to lose myself in my negritude, to see the fires, the segregations, the repressions, the rapes, the discriminations, the

boycotts. We need to put our fingers on every sore that mottles the black uniform.

One can already imagine Alioune Diop wondering what place the black genius will have in the universal chorus. It is my belief that a true culture cannot come to life under present conditions. It will be time enough to talk of the black genius when the man has regained his rightful place.

Once again I come back to Césaire; I wish that many black intellectuals would turn to him for their inspiration. I must repeat to myself too: "And more than anything, my body, as well as my soul, do not allow yourself to cross your arms like a sterile spectator, for life is not a spectacle, for a sea of sorrows is not a stage, for a man who cries out is not a dancing bear. . . ."

Continuing to take stock of reality, endeavoring to ascertain the instant of symbolic crystallization, I very naturally found myself on the threshold of Jungian psychology. European civilization is characterized by the presence, at the heart of what Jung calls the collective unconscious, of an archetype: an expression of the bad instincts, of the darkness inherent in every ego, of the uncivilized savage, the Negro who slumbers in every white man. And Jung claims to have found in uncivilized peoples the same psychic structure that his diagram portrays. Personally, I think that Jung has deceived himself. Moreover, all the peoples that he has known—whether the Pueblo Indians of Arizona or the Negroes of Kenya in British East Africa—have had more or less traumatic contacts with the white man. I said earlier that in his *Salavizations*<sup>52</sup>

52. Salavin is a character created by Georges Duhamel, and who is the prototype of the ineffectual man: a mediocrity, a creature of fleeting impulse, and always the victim of his own chimeras. (Translator's note.)

the young Antillean is never black; and I have tried to show what this phenomenon corresponds to. Jung locates the collective unconscious in the inherited cerebral matter. But the collective unconscious, without our having to fall back on the genes, is purely and simply the sum of prejudices, myths, collective attitudes of a given group. It is taken for granted, to illustrate, that the Jews who have settled in Israel will produce in less than a hundred years a collective unconscious different from the ones that they had had before 1945 in the countries which they were forced to leave.

On the level of philosophic discussion, this would be the place to bring up the old problem of instinct and habit: instinct, which is inborn (we know how we must view this "innateness"), invariable, specific; habit, which is acquired. On this level one would have only to demonstrate that Jung has confused instinct and habit. In his view, in fact, the collective unconscious is bound up with the cerebral structure, the myths and archetypes are permanent engrams of the race. I hope I have shown that nothing of the sort is the case and that in fact the collective unconscious is cultural, which means acquired. Just as a young mountaineer of the Carpathians, under the physico-chemical conditions of his country, is likely to develop a myxedema, so a Negro like René Maran, who has lived in France and breathed and eaten the myths and prejudices of racist Europe, and assimilated the collective unconscious of that Europe, will be able, if he stands outside himself, to express only his hatred of the Negro. One must move softly, and there is a whole drama in having to lay bare little by little the workings of processes that are seen in their totality. Will this statement be susceptible of understanding? *In Europe, the black man is the symbol of Evil.* One must move softly,

I know, but it is not easy. The torturer is the black man, Satan is black, one talks of shadows, when one is dirty one is black—whether one is thinking of physical dirtiness or of moral dirtiness. It would be astonishing, if the trouble were taken to bring them all together, to see the vast number of expressions that make the black man the equivalent of sin. In Europe, whether concretely or symbolically, the black man stands for the bad side of the character. As long as one cannot understand this fact, one is doomed to talk in circles about the "black problem." Blackness, darkness, shadow, shades, night, the labyrinths of the earth, abysmal depths, blacken someone's reputation; and, on the other side, the bright look of innocence, the white dove of peace, magical, heavenly light. A magnificent blond child—how much peace there is in that phrase, how much joy, and above all how much hope! There is no comparison with a magnificent black child: literally, such a thing is unwonted. Just the same, I shall not go back into the stories of black angels. In Europe, that is to say, in every civilized and civilizing country, the Negro is the symbol of sin. The archetype of the lowest values is represented by the Negro. And it is exactly the same antinomy that is encountered in Desoille's *waking dreams*. How else is one to explain, for example, that the unconscious representing the base and inferior traits is colored black? With Desoille, in whose work the situation is (without any intention of a pun) clearer, it is always a matter of descending or climbing. When I descend I see caverns, grottoes where savages dance. Let there be no mistake, above all. For example, in one of the waking-dream sessions that Desoille describes for us, we find Gauls in a cave. But, it must be pointed out, the Gaul is a simple fellow. A Gaul in a cave, it is almost like a family picture—a result, perhaps, of "our ancestors, the

Gauls." I believe it is necessary to become a child again in order to grasp certain psychic realities. This is where Jung was an innovator: He wanted to go back to the childhood of the world, but he made a remarkable mistake: He went back only to the childhood of Europe.

In the remotest depth of the European unconscious an inordinately black hollow has been made in which the most immoral impulses, the most shameful desires lie dormant. And as every man climbs up toward whiteness and light, the European has tried to repudiate this uncivilized self, which has attempted to defend itself. When European civilization came into contact with the black world, with those savage peoples, everyone agreed: Those Negroes were the principle of evil.

Jung consistently identifies the foreign with the obscure, with the tendency to evil: He is perfectly right. This mechanism of projection—or, if one prefers, transference—has been described by classic psychoanalysis. In the degree to which I find in myself something unheard-of, something reprehensible, only one solution remains for me: to get rid of it, to ascribe its origin to someone else. In this way I eliminate a short circuit that threatens to destroy my equilibrium. One must be careful with waking dreams in the early sessions, because it is not good if the obscenity emerges too soon. The patient must come to understand the workings of sublimation before he makes any contact with the unconscious. If a Negro comes up in the first session, he must be removed at once; to that end, suggest a stairway or a rope to the patient, or propose that he let himself be carried off in a helicopter. Infallibly, the Negro will stay in his hole. In Europe the Negro has one function: that of symbolizing the lower emotions, the baser inclinations, the dark side of the soul. In the collective unconscious of *homo occidentalis*, the Negro—or, if

one prefers, the color black—symbolizes evil, sin, wretchedness, death, war, famine. All birds of prey are black. In Martinique, whose collective unconscious makes it a European country, when a "blue" Negro—a coal-black one—comes to visit, one reacts at once: "What bad luck is he bringing?"

The collective unconscious is not dependent on cerebral heredity; it is the result of what I shall call the unreflected imposition of a culture. Hence there is no reason to be surprised when an Antillean exposed to waking-dream therapy relives the same fantasies as a European. It is because the Antillean partakes of the same collective unconscious as the European.

If what has been said thus far is grasped, this conclusion may be stated: It is normal for the Antillean to be anti-Negro. Through the collective unconscious the Antillean has taken over all the archetypes belonging to the European. The *anima* of the Antillean Negro is almost always a white woman. In the same way, the *animus* of the Antilleans is always a white man. That is because in the works of Anatole France, Balzac, Bazin, or any of the rest of "our" novelists, there is never a word about an ethereal yet ever present black woman or about a dark Apollo with sparkling eyes. . . . But I too am guilty, here I am talking of Apollo! There is no help for it: I am a white man. For unconsciously I distrust what is black in me, that is, the whole of my being.

I am a Negro—but of course I do not know it, simply because I am one. When I am at home my mother sings me French love songs in which there is never a word about Negroes. When I disobey, when I make too much noise, I am told to "stop acting like a nigger."

Somewhat later I read white books and little by little I take into myself the prejudices, the myths, the folklore

that have come to me from Europe. But I will not accept them all, since certain prejudices do not apply in the Antilles. Anti-Semitism, for instance, does not exist there, for there are no Jews, or virtually none. Without turning to the idea of collective catharsis, it would be easy for me to show that, without thinking, the Negro selects himself as an object capable of carrying the burden of original sin. The white man chooses the black man for this function, and the black man who is white also chooses the black man. The black Antillean is the slave of this cultural imposition. After having been the slave of the white man, he enslaves himself. The Negro is in every sense of the word a victim of white civilization. It is not surprising that the artistic creations of Antillean poets bear no special watermark: These men are white. To come back to psychopathology, let us say that the Negro lives an ambiguity that is extraordinarily neurotic. At the age of twenty—at the time, that is, when the collective unconscious has been more or less lost, or is resistant at least to being raised to the conscious level—the Antillean recognizes that he is living an error. Why is that? Quite simply because—and this is very important—the Antillean has recognized himself as a Negro, but, by virtue of an ethical transit, he also feels (collective unconscious) that one is a Negro to the degree to which one is wicked, sloppy, malicious, instinctual. Everything that is the opposite of these Negro modes of behavior is white. This must be recognized as the source of Negrophobia in the Antillean. In the collective unconscious, black = ugliness, sin, darkness, immorality. In other words, he is Negro who is immoral. If I order my life like that of a moral man, I simply am not a Negro. Whence the Martinican custom of saying of a worthless white man that he has “a nigger soul.” Color is nothing, I do not even notice it, I know only one thing, which is the

purity of my conscience and the whiteness of my soul. “Me white like snow,” the other said.

Cultural imposition is easily accomplished in Martinique. The ethical transit encounters no obstacle. But the real white man is waiting for me. As soon as possible he will tell me that it is not enough to try to be white, but that a white totality must be achieved. It is only then that I shall recognize the betrayal. —Let us conclude. An Antillean is made white by the collective unconscious, by a large part of his individual unconscious, and by the virtual totality of his mechanism of individuation. The color of his skin, of which there is no mention in Jung, is black. All the inabilities to understand are born of this blunder.

While he was in France, studying for his degree in literature, Césaire “discovered his cowardice.” He knew that it was cowardice, but he could never say why. He felt that it was ridiculous, idiotic, I might say even unhealthy, but in none of his writings can one trace the mechanism of that cowardice. That is because what was necessary was to shatter the current situation and to try to apprehend reality with the soul of a child. The Negro in the streetcar was funny and ugly. Certainly Césaire laughed at him. That was because there was nothing in common between himself and this authentic Negro. A handsome Negro is introduced to a group of white Frenchmen. If it is a group of intellectuals, we can be sure that the Negro will try to assert himself. He will insist that attention be paid not to the color of his skin but to the force of his intellect. There are many people in Martinique who at the age of twenty or thirty begin to steep themselves in Montesquieu or Claudel for the sole purpose of being able to quote them. That is because, through their knowledge of these writers, they expect their color to be forgotten.

Moral consciousness implies a kind of scission, a fracture of consciousness into a bright part and an opposing black part. In order to achieve morality, it is essential that the black, the dark, the Negro vanish from consciousness. Hence a Negro is forever in combat with his own image.

If in like manner one allows M. Hesnard his scientific conception of the moral life, and if the world of moral sickness is to be understood by starting from Fault and Guilt, a normal person will be one who has freed himself of this guilt, or who in any case has managed not to submit to it. More directly, each individual has to charge the blame for his baser drives, his impulses, to the account of an evil genius, which is that of the culture to which he belongs (we have seen that this is the Negro). This collective guilt is borne by what is conventionally called the scapegoat. Now the scapegoat for white society—which is based on myths of progress, civilization, liberalism, education, enlightenment, refinement—will be precisely the force that opposes the expansion and the triumph of these myths. This brutal opposing force is supplied by the Negro.

In the society of the Antilles, where the myths are identical with those of the society of Dijon or Nice, the young Negro, identifying himself with the civilizing power, will make the nigger the scapegoat of his moral life.

I was fourteen years old when I began to understand the meaning of what I now call cultural imposition. I had an acquaintance, now dead, whose father, an Italian, had married a Martinican. This man had lived in Fort-de-France for more than twenty years. He was considered an Antillean, but, underneath, his origin was always remembered. Now, in France, from a military point of view, an Italian is despised; one Frenchmen is the equal of ten

Italians; the Italians have no guts. . . . My acquaintance had been born in Martinique and he associated only with Martinicans. On the day Montgomery routed the Italian army at Bengazi, I wanted to mark the Allies' victory on my map. Measuring the substantial advance of the lines, I could not help exulting: "We really murdered them!" My acquaintance, who was not unaware of his father's origin, was extremely embarrassed. For that matter, so was I. Both of us were victims of a cultural imposition. I am convinced that anyone who has grasped this phenomenon and all its consequences will know exactly in what direction to look for the solution. Listen to the Rebel of Césaire:

"It is rising . . . it is rising from the depths of the earth . . . the black tide is rising . . . waves of cries . . . bogs of animal odors . . . the raging storm of naked feet . . . and the paths of the cliffs are teeming with more, they clamber down the sides of ravines where obscene savage torrents pour impregnation into chaotic rivers, seas of corruption, oceans in convulsion, amid a black laughter of knives and bad alcohol. . . ."

Do you understand? Césaire has *come down*. He is ready to see what is happening at the very depths, and now he can go up. He is ripe for the dawn. But he does not leave the black man down there. He lifts him to his own shoulders and raises him to the clouds. Earlier, in *Cahier d'un retour au pays natal*, he had prepared us. What he has chosen is, to use the expression of Gaston Bachelard,<sup>53</sup> a psyche of ascent:

and for this, O lord with white teeth, men  
with fragile necks  
receive and collect fatal calm triangular

53. *L'air et les songes* (Paris, Corti, 1943).

and for me my dances  
 my bad-nigger dances  
 for me my dances  
 break-the-yoke dance  
 jail-break dance  
 it-is-fine-and-good-and-right-to-be-a-Negro dance  
 For me my dances and let the sun bounce off the racket  
     of my hands  
 no the unjust sun is no longer enough for me  
 twist yourself, wind, round my new growth  
 touch my spaced fingers  
 I give you my conscience and its rhythm of flesh  
 I give you the flames that char my weakness  
 I give you the chain-gang  
 I give you the swamp  
 I give you the Intourist with the three-cornered journey  
 devour wind  
 I give you my rugged lips  
 devour and twist yourself  
 and twisting clasp me in a greater shiver  
 embrace me into the fury of us  
 embrace, embrace US  
 but biting us as well  
 into the blood of our blood bitten  
 embrace, my purity has no bond but your  
 purity  
 but then embrace  
 like a field of measured *filaos*  
 the evening  
 our many-colored purities  
 and bind, bind me without remorse  
 bind me with your great arms to the glowing clay  
 bind my black vibration to the very navel  
 of the world  
 bind, bind me bitter brotherhood  
 then, strangling me with your lasso of stars  
 rise, Dove

rise  
 rise  
 rise  
 I follow you who are imprinted on my ancestral  
 white cornea  
 rise glutton of the sky  
 and the vast black hole where I wanted to drown myself  
 the other moon  
 there now I want to haul out the evil tongue  
 of the night in its moveless glaze!<sup>54</sup>

One can understand why Sartre views the adoption of a Marxist position by black poets as the logical conclusion of Negrohood. In effect, what happens is this: As I begin to recognize that the Negro is the symbol of sin, I catch myself hating the Negro. But then I recognize that I am a Negro. There are two ways out of this conflict. Either I ask others to pay no attention to my skin, or else I want them to be aware of it. I try then to find value for what is bad—since I have unthinkingly conceded that the black man is the color of evil. In order to terminate this neurotic situation, in which I am compelled to choose an unhealthy, conflictual solution, fed on fantasies, hostile, inhuman in short, I have only one solution: to rise above this absurd drama that others have staged round me, to reject the two terms that are equally unacceptable, and, through one human being, to reach out for the universal. When the Negro dives—in other words, goes under—something remarkable occurs.

Listen again to Césaire:

Ho ho  
 Their power is well anchored  
 Gained

54. Aimé Césaire, *Cahier d'un retour au pays natal* (Paris, Présence Africaine, 1956), pp. 94-96.

Needed  
 My hands bathe in bright heather  
 In swamps of annatto trees  
 My gourd is heavy with stars  
 But I am weak. Oh I am weak.  
 Help me.  
 And here I am on the edge of metamorphosis  
 Drowned blinded  
 Frightened of myself, terrified of myself  
 Of the gods . . . you are no gods. I am free.

**THE REBEL:** I have a pact with this night, for twenty years  
 I have heard it calling softly for me. . . .<sup>55</sup>

Having again discovered that night, which is to say the sense of his identity, Césaire learned first of all that "it is no use painting the foot of the tree white, the strength of the bark cries out from beneath the paint. . . ."

Then, once he had laid bare the white man in himself, he killed him:

We broke down the doors. The master's room was wide open. The master's room was brilliantly lighted, and the master was there, quite calm . . . and we stopped. . . . He was the master. . . . I entered. "It is you," he said to me, quite calmly. . . . It was I. It was indeed I, I told him, the good slave, the faithful slave, the slavish slave, and suddenly his eyes were two frightened cockroaches on a rainy day . . . I struck, the blood flowed: That is the only *baptism* that I remember today.<sup>56</sup>

"After an unexpected and salutary internal revolution, he now paid tribute to his own revolting ugliness."<sup>57</sup>

55. *Et les chiens se taisaient*, a tragedy, in *Les Armes Miraculeuses* (Paris, Gallimard, 1946), pp. 144 and 122.

56. *Ibid.*, p. 136.

57. *Ibid.*, p. 65.

What more is there to add? After having driven himself to the limit of self-destruction, the Negro is about to leap, whether deliberately or impetuously, into the "black hole" from which will come "the great Negro cry with such force that the pillars of the world will be shaken by it."

The European knows and he does not know. On the level of reflection, a Negro is a Negro; but in the unconscious there is the firmly fixed image of the nigger-savage. I could give not a dozen but a thousand illustrations. Georges Mounin said in *Présence Africaine*: "I had the good luck not to discover the Negroes through Lévy-Bruhl's *Mentalité primitive* read in a sociology course; more broadly, I had the good luck to discover the Negroes otherwise than through books—and I am grateful for it every day. . . ."<sup>58</sup>

Mounin, whom it would be impossible to take for an average Frenchman, added, and thus rose inestimably in my opinion: "I profited perhaps by learning, at an age when one's mind has not yet been prejudiced, that Negroes are men like ourselves. . . . I as a white man thus gained, perhaps, the possibility of always being natural with a Negro—and never, in his presence, to fall stupidly and imperceptibly into that attitude of ethnographic investigator that is still too often our unbearable manner of *putting them in their place*. . . ."

In the same issue of *Présence Africaine*, Émile Dermenghem, who cannot be accused of Negrophobia, said: "One of my childhood memories is of a visit to the World's

58. Premières réponses à l'enquête sur le "Mythe du nègre," *Présence Africaine*, No. 2.

Fair of 1900, during which my chief enthusiasm was to see a Negro. My imagination had naturally been stimulated by my reading: *Capitaine de quinze ans* (A Captain at Fifteen), *Les Aventures de Robert* (Robert's Adventures), *Les Voyages de Livingstone* (Livingstone's Travels)." Dermenghem tells us that this was the manifestation of his taste for the exotic. While I may be prepared to put my two hands into his and believe the Dermenghem who wrote the article, I ask his permission to entertain doubts about the Dermenghem of the 1900 Fair.

I should be annoyed with myself if I were simply picking up old subjects that had been worked dry for fifty years. To write about the chances for Negro friendship is an unselfish undertaking, but unfortunately the Negro-phobes and the other princes consort are impregnable to unselfishness. When we read, "The Negro is a savage, and to lead savages there is only one method: a kick in the butt," we sit at our desks and we like to think that "all such idiocies will have to die out." But everyone is in agreement on that. To quote *Présence Africaine* (No. 5) again, Jacques Howlett wrote there:

Two things, furthermore, it seems, contributed to the aversion toward the Negro in the world of the other, which are impossible for me to comprehend: the color of his skin and his nakedness, for I pictured the Negro naked. Certainly, superficial factors (although one cannot be sure to what extent they continue to haunt our new ideas and our altered conceptions) could sometimes mask that remote black and naked being, almost nonexistent; such as the nice Negro with the red army tarboosh and the infinite Fernandel-like grin, the symbol of some chocolate confection; or the brave Senegalese *pioupiou*, "a slave to his orders," a Don Quixote without glory, "a good-fellow hero" with all that

stems from the "epic of empire"; or the Negro "waiting for salvation," the "submissive child" of a bearded missionary.

Farther on, Jacques Howlett tells us that as a reaction he made the Negro his symbol of innocence. He tells us the reason why, but we have to remember that he was no longer eight years old, for he speaks of "a bad conscience about sexuality" and about "solipsism." I am convinced, however, as far as that "innocence for a grown man" is concerned, that Jacques Howlett has left it far, far behind him.

Beyond all question the most interesting testimony is presented by Michel Salomon. Although he defends himself against the charge, he stinks of racism. He is a Jew, he has a "millennial experience of anti-Semitism," and yet he is a racist. Listen to him: "But to say that the mere fact of his skin, of his hair, of that aura of sensuality that he [the Negro] gives off, does not spontaneously give rise to a certain embarrassment, whether of attraction or of revulsion, is to reject the facts in the name of a ridiculous prudery that has never solved anything. . . ." Later he goes to the extreme of telling us about the "prodigious vitality of the black man."

M. Salomon's study informs us that he is a physician. He should be wary of those literary points of view that are unscientific. The Japanese and the Chinese are ten times more prolific than the Negro: Does that make them sensual? And in addition, M. Salomon, I have a confession to make to you: I have never been able, without revulsion, to hear a *man* say of another man: "He is so sensual" I do not know what the sensuality of a man is. Imagine a woman saying of another woman: "She's so terribly desirable—she's darling. . . ." The Negro, M.

Salomon, gives off no aura of sensuality either through his skin or through his hair. It is just that over a series of long days and long nights the image of the biological-sexual-sensual-genital-nigger has imposed itself on you and you do not know how to get free of it. The *eye* is not merely a mirror, but a correcting mirror. The *eye* should make it possible for us to correct cultural errors. I do not say the *eyes*, I say the *eye*, and there is no mystery about what that eye refers to; not to the crevice in the skull but to that very uniform light that wells out of the reds of Van Gogh, that glides through a concerto of Tschaikowsky, that fastens itself desperately to Schiller's *Ode to Joy*, that allows itself to be conveyed by the worm-ridden bawling of Césaire.

The Negro problem does not resolve itself into the problem of Negroes living among white men but rather of Negroes exploited, enslaved, despised by a colonialist, capitalist society that is only accidentally white. You wonder, M. Salomon, what you would do "if you had 800,000 Negroes in France"; because for you there is a problem, the problem of the increase of Negroes, the problem of the Black Peril. The Martinican is a Frenchman, he wants to remain part of the French Union, he asks only one thing, he wants the idiots and the exploiters to give him the chance to live like a human being. I can imagine myself lost, submerged in a white flood composed of men like Sartre or Aragon, I should like nothing better. You say, M. Salomon, that there is nothing to be gained by caution, and I share your view. But I do not feel that I should be abandoning my personality by marrying a European, whoever she might be; I can tell you that I am making no "fool's bargains." If my children are suspected, if the crescents of their fingernails are inspected, it will

be simply because society will not have changed, because, as you so well put it, society will have kept its mythology intact. For my part, I refuse to consider the problem from the standpoint of *either-or*. . . .

What is all this talk of a black people, of a Negro nationality? I am a Frenchman. I am interested in French culture, French civilization, the French people. We refuse to be considered "outsiders," we have full part in the French drama. When men who were not basically bad, only deluded, invaded France in order to subjugate her, my position as a Frenchman made it plain to me that my place was not outside but in the very heart of the problem. I am personally interested in the future of France, in French values, in the French nation. What have I to do with a black empire?

Georges Mounin, Dermenghem, Howlett, Salomon have all tried to find answers to the question of the origin of the myth of the Negro. All of them have convinced us of one thing. It is that an authentic grasp of the reality of the Negro could be achieved only to the detriment of the cultural crystallization.

Recently, in a children's paper, I read a caption to a picture in which a young black Boy Scout was showing a Negro village to three or four white scouts: "This is the kettle where my ancestors cooked yours." One will gladly concede that there are no more Negro cannibals, but we should not allow ourselves to forget. . . . Quite seriously, however, I think that the writer of that caption has done a genuine service to Negroes without knowing it. For the white child who reads it will not form a mental picture of the Negro in the act of eating the white man, but rather as having eaten him. Unquestionably, this is progress.

Before concluding this chapter, I should like to abstract a case study, for access to which I must thank the medical director of the women's division of the psychiatric hospital of Saint-Ylie. The case clarifies the point of view that I am defending here. It proves that, at its extreme, the myth of the Negro, the idea of the Negro, can become the decisive factor of an authentic alienation.

Mlle. B. was nineteen years old when she entered the hospital in March. Her admission sheet reads:

The undersigned, Dr. P., formerly on the staff of the Hospitals of Paris, certifies that he has examined Mlle. B., who is afflicted with a nervous disease consisting of periods of agitation, motor instability, tics, and spasms which are conscious but which she cannot control. These symptoms have been increasing and prevent her from leading a normal social life. Her commitment for observation is required under the provisions laid down by the law of 1838 regarding voluntary commitments.

Twenty-four hours later the chief physician found these facts: "Afflicted with neurotic tics that began at the age of ten and became aggravated at the onset of puberty, and further when she began going to work away from home. Intermittent depressions with anxiety, accompanied by a recrudescence of these symptoms. Obesity. Requests treatment. Feels reassured in company. Assigned to an open ward. Should remain institutionalized."

Her immediate family had no history of pathological manifestations. Puberty occurred at the age of sixteen. A physical examination showed nothing except adiposity and a minimal epidermal indication of a slight endocrine insufficiency. Her menstrual periods were regular.

An interview made it possible to isolate these details: "It's especially when I'm working that the tics come."

(The patient was working at a job that entailed her living away from home.) The tics affected the eyes and the forehead; she panted and yelped. She slept quite well, without nightmares, and ate well. She was not out of sorts during menstruation. When she went to bed, the facial tics were constant until she fell asleep.

The observations of the ward nurse: "It is worst when she is alone. When she is talking with others, or is merely with them, it is less noticeable. The tic depends on what she is doing. She begins by tapping both her feet, and then goes on to raise her feet, her legs, her arms, her shoulders symmetrically."

She uttered sounds. It was never possible to understand what she was saying. This manifestation ended in quite loud, inarticulate cries. As soon as she was spoken to, these stopped.

The psychiatrist in charge decided to employ waking-dream therapy. A preliminary interview had brought out the existence of hallucinations in the form of terrifying circles, and the patient had been asked to describe them. Here is an excerpt from the notes on the first session:

Deep and concentric, the circles expanded and contracted to the rhythm of a Negro tom-tom. This tom-tom made the patient think of the danger of losing her parents, especially her mother.

I then asked her to make the sign of the cross over these circles, but they did not disappear. I told her to take a cloth and rub them out, and they vanished.

She turned in the direction of the tom-tom. She was surrounded by half-naked men and women dancing in a frightening way. I told her not to be afraid to join the dance. She did so. Immediately the appearance of the dancers changed.

It was a splendid party. The men and women were well dressed and they were dancing a waltz, *The Snow Star*.

I told her to go closer to the circles; she could no longer see them. I told her to think of them; they appeared, but they were broken. I told her to go in through the opening. "I'm not completely surrounded any more," she said spontaneously, "I can get out again." The circle broke into two pieces and then into several. Soon there were only two pieces, and then they disappeared. There were frequent throat and eye tics while she was talking.

A succession of such sessions will bring about the sedation of the motor disturbance.

Here are notes on another session:

I told her to bring back the circles. She could not see them at first; then they came. They were broken. She entered them. They broke, rose again, then gently, one after another, fell away into the void. I told her to listen to the tom-tom. She did not hear it. She called to it. She heard it on the left.

I suggested to her that an angel would go with her to the tom-tom: She wanted to go all alone. But someone was coming down from the sky. It was an angel. He was smiling; he took her close to the tom-tom. There were only black men there, and they were dancing round a large fire and looked evil. The angel asked her what they were going to do; she said they were going to burn a white man. She looked for him everywhere. She could not see him.

"Ah, I see him! He's a white man about fifty years old. He's half undressed."

The angel began to negotiate with the black chief (for she was afraid). The black chief said that this white man was not from their country and so they were going to burn him. But he had done nothing wrong.

They set him free and went back to their dancing, joyfully. She refused to take part in the dance.

I sent her to talk to the chief. He was dancing alone. The white man had disappeared. She wanted to go away and seemed to have no desire to know the Negroes. She wanted to go away with her angel, somewhere where she would really be at home, with her mother, her brothers, and her sisters.

When the tics had ceased, the treatment was dropped. A few days later the patient was seen again because she had had a relapse. These are the notes of that session:

The circles kept coming closer. She hit them with a stick. They broke into fragments. The stick was a magic wand. It changed these bits of iron into something shining and beautiful.

She turned toward a fire. It was the fire round which the Negroes were dancing. She wanted to know the chief, and she approached him.

One Negro who had stopped dancing started again, but in a new rhythm. She danced round the fire and let the Negroes take her hands.

These sessions have clearly improved her condition. She writes to her parents, receives visits, goes to the film showings in the hospital. She takes part in group games. Now, when some other patient plays a waltz on the piano in the day room, this patient asks others to dance with her. She is popular and respected among the other patients.

I take this passage from the notes of another session:

She began to think about the circles again. Each was broken into a single piece, on the right of which something was missing. The smaller circles remained intact. She wanted to break them. She took them in her hands and bent them, and then they broke. One, however, was still left. She went through it. On the other side she found she was in darkness. But she was not afraid. She called someone and her

guardian angel came down, friendly and smiling. He led her to the right, back into the daylight.

In this case, the waking-dream therapy produced appreciable results. But as soon as the patient was once more *alone* the tics returned.

I do not want to elaborate on the infrastructure of this psychoneurosis. The questions put by the chief psychiatrist had brought out a fear of imaginary Negroes—a fear first experienced at the age of twelve.

I had a great many talks with this patient. When she was ten or twelve years old, her father, "an old-timer in the Colonial Service," liked to listen to programs of Negro music. The tom-tom echoed through their house every evening, long after she had gone to bed. Besides, as we have pointed out, it is at this age that the savage-cannibal-Negro makes his appearance. The connection was easily discernible.

In addition, her brothers and sisters, who had discovered her weak point, amused themselves by scaring her. Lying in bed and hearing the tom-toms, she virtually *saw* Negroes. She fled under the covers, trembling. Then smaller and smaller circles appeared, blurring the Negroes. These circles are easily recognizable as a kind of defense mechanism against her hallucinosis. Later, the circles appeared without the Negroes—the defense mechanism had taken over without reference to what had brought it on.

I talked with the girl's mother, who corroborated what the patient had said. The girl was very emotional, and at the age of twelve she had often been observed to tremble in her bed. My presence on her ward made no perceptible difference in her mental state. By now it was the circles *alone* that produced the motor reactions: outcries, facial tics, random gesticulation.

Even when one concedes a constitutional factor here, it is clear that her alienation is the result of a fear of the Negro, a fear aggravated by determining circumstances. Although the patient had made considerable progress, it was doubtful whether she would soon be able to resume a normal life in society.