

**SATIRE IN AFRICAN LETTERS:
BLACK APPRAISALS OF WHITE
ETHNOLOGISTS IN THE WORKS OF
FERDINAND OYONO, TCHICAYA U'TAM'SI
AND YAMBO OUOLOGUEM**

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In West African literature of French-speaking authorship, there are numerous examples of humor and satire directed against the white man.¹

René Maran, in his prize-winning novel *Batouala* (1921), was among the first to incorporate satirical elements.² He bitterly condemns the French colonial system by revealing some of its most horrendous practices; at the same time, he satirizes individual members of the hated white community through comments aimed at their apparel, their customs, their idiosyncrasies.

Almost sixty years later, Seydou Lamine's *The African Princes* (*Les Princes Africains*, 1979),³ a violent denunciation of corrupted African leaders and their white mentors, again demonstrates the power of satire, and reminds us how skillfully and how diversely satire has been used since René Maran: as comic relief, as a didactic device, and as a weapon both before the liberation and after the beginning of self-rule by African states.

Humour and satire embrace a multitude of aspects of the white presence in Africa. Their targets have been, for the most part, members of the local colonial administration; but visitors and temporary residents have been singled out as well. Among the latter, some of the most interesting examples are the portrayals of white ethnologists. Be it the professional researcher or the passionate amateur, their foibles and vices have inspired the African writer to counter with textual responses ranging from a contemptuous com-

ment to a devastating caricature.

Just how the white ethnologist is portrayed will be shown by an analysis of selected passages from the works of three prominent African authors: the poet Tchicaya U'Tam'si, the novelist Ferdinand Oyono, and the novelist-poet Yambo Ouologuem, to whom the major portion of this study is devoted.

In his novel *Chemin d'Europe*,⁴ Ferdinand Oyono takes up again the theme of his earlier novel *Houseboy*,⁵ but adds a new element to his stock of characters which previously formed the nucleus of the colonial community: the tourist—both visiting explorers and travellers in search of picturesque Africa. The novel's hero is Aki-Barnabas, a very bright and opportunistic young native, who has also used the Catholic mission as a springboard for his advancement. His goal is to go to Europe, to get an education and improve his fortune. To earn the money needed for passage, he becomes a tourist guide at the local hotel run by a French couple. It is through his eyes that we see his customers, most of whom arrive on the weekly flight:

Every Thursday evening, there poured forth from the plane all these whites wild about the Africa of their dreams, which they had come to explore only to fill all those photo-albums destined to inflame the imagination of a multitudinous and sedentary European bourgeoisie yearning for adventure. (p. 221, my translation)

At first intrigued and rather amused, he soon becomes scornful of the whole grotesque lot of them, «...adventurous knights of both sexes and of all ages,» as he calls them. They are always out of breath, weighed down heavily with cameras and binoculars, peering out from beneath enormous pith helmets; he describes them as being «...forever hot in pursuit of the noble savage or the secret ritual.» He observes them as they ecstatically adjust lenses and light meters in front of some poor old wretch or nude woman they have chanced upon. They are ever ready to take notes for that book they hope to write, the great authoritative study on Africa that the world has been waiting for. After all, in speaking of this continent, they considered themselves «capable of grasping immediately, and of explaining the unique, the essence of the uncommunicable» (p. 221, my trans.).

Aki-Barnabas catches on quickly to the idea that there is

money to be made. He becomes the tourists' «local providence,» purveyor of many «formidable, extraordinary, sensational» scenes to be shot by his shutter-happy customers in the bush or in the village. If there is no real marriage ceremony or harvest dance taking place, he stages it; he has at his disposal a group of compatriots ready, at the drop of a hat for the prize of a few bottles of wine, to improvise rituals which, as Aki-Barnabas realizes, makes his explorers «...smile with anticipation at the thought of the next cinematographic festival where they were sure to mesmerize the jury and walk away with the *Grand Prix* which would consecrate them Africanists» (p. 222, my trans.).

But these clients are mostly the small-fry, the weekenders, the charter-plan crowd, not to be confused with the professional ethnologist, the serious explorer who belongs in another category. How does he differ from the short-term customer? Here is Aki-Barnabas' judgment:

Oh! Those gentlemen whom I've had the honor to guide across my native bush and forest! Nothing but ambulatory academies, intellectual giants whose honesty, integrity and spirit of abnegation no longer permit them to think of down-to-earth, vulgar necessities such as how to fatten a bank account...That is why they take to the bush, under the august pretense of Science, of Knowledge, in order to search for the Pygmy, or the Negro. I was asking myself, not without some bemused apprehensiveness, under which category of human beings I was to be ranged, as if I ever could be something other than the good-natured Negro kid, for that is what they saw in me, as they looked through their age-old curtain of fantasies which they had spun between themselves and my country...(p. 52, my trans.)

The character traits referred to in this description closely identify the type of ethnologist Oyono—and, as will be shown, U'Tam'si and Ouologuem as well—have in mind; men who have come under the «august pretense of Science,» but whose primary motive was exploitation; men who are «ambulatory academies,» but whose prejudices and superstitions made them see Africa and its natives through an «age-old curtain of fantasies.» Oyono reminds us that the white ethnologists have characterized human beings according to their own paternalistic system, which im-

mediately classifies non-European civilization—at best, as immature or child-like; at worst, as animal-like peoples still in their non-age.

Aki-Barnabas especially remembers one of them, a certain M. Cimetière (Mr. Graveyard), who had undertaken the task of convincing the young guide that he was, after all, not descended from the chicken as he had at first been led to believe. When, at night in his hotel room, M. Cimetière continues to enlighten him, their conversation is cut short by the arrival of Anatatchia, a black prostitute the ethnologist has engaged. Aki-Barnabas is nauseated; he runs off into the night. The next morning he returns to the Hotel de France, not to report for work, but to demand his wages because he wants to quit. The owner, enraged by so much ungratefulness, has him beaten up by the servants and chased away empty-handed.

Oyono's M. Cimetière already anticipates Ouologuem's Fritz Shrobenius. His name—Cimetière (graveyard)—could perhaps be read as a pun, a barb launched against the French ethnologist Maurice Delafosse (la fosse—the grave).⁶ But Oyono's portrayal leaves the matter open to speculation, whereas Ouologuem's character unmistakably points to the German explorer Leo Frobenius.

In his prize-winning novel *Le Devoir de Violence*, Ouologuem savagely attacks both the man and his theories.⁷ In an interview with the *New York Times Book Review* he mentions the extensive research that has gone into the book; there seems to be no doubt that his characterization of the ethnologist is well documented.⁸

The very first mention of the Shrobenius expedition is significant: The Saif, ruler of Nakem, is told of the imminent arrival of some «tourist-explorers who are ethnologists,» wishing to buy «three tons of old wood regardless of cost,» as well as to load up on native masks.⁹ Interestingly, the year is also specified: it is 1910, the year in which, according to a map printed by the Frobenius Institute, the German explorer did indeed journey to a region which might have been a part of the fictitious country of Nakem, traveling inland to a point where lies the town of Katsina, which in the novel becomes Krébbi-Katséna.

Shrobenius is accompanied by his wife Hildegard and daughter Sonia, and depicted as being primarily a crass merchant, a wholesale dealer of African artifacts.¹⁰ It is only after the bargain has been concluded between him and the Saif—Shrobenius is willing to pay five pounds of gold bullion—that he remembers the

cultural aspects of his mission.

He begins to take copious notes while listening avidly to the informants sent by the Saif, while his wife is harassing the interpreter with interminable questions. Daughter Sonia is doing her share of the field work—she has succeeded in attracting the attention of Madoubo, oldest son of the Saif, who «...spoke indefatigably of symbols, as did his father, who spouted myths for a whole week.» And what stories they are being told! The worst gibberish, the most incoherent of potpourris, such as, «The night of the Nakem civilization and of African history...was brought on by a fatal wind sprung from the will of the Most-High» (p. 102, my trans.).

Shrobenius, of course, is delighted. He is insatiable when it comes to tales and myths—and so «...the Saif made up stories, and the interpreter translated...» Ouologuem must have realized that this assertion would raise the question of sources and authenticity of the twelve weighty volumes of *Atlantis*, that huge, impressive compilation of *Volksmärchen* and *Volksdichtungen* Frobenius published between 1921-1928.¹¹ About ten years earlier, he had published a much shorter, one-volume anthology of African stories entitled *The Black Decameron (Der Schwarze Dekameron)*,¹² a book whose title was no doubt meant to captivate the reader, and whose selections might have inspired Ouologuem to further vilify the hapless German—this time by attacking his penchant for erotica—by casting a slur on his daughter.

For the episode taking place between Sonia and Madoubo in her father's van, parked down by the riverside, leaves little doubt that Ouologuem has cast Sonia in the role of a slut. The afternoon idyll was, if not premeditated, surely anticipated by her—why, for example, would she leave a portable phonograph in the vehicle, if not in anticipation of Madoubo's visit? Another question is, however, whether or not her father expected this kind of cooperation in his «research»—whether or not her blonde, buxom beauty sometimes brought better results than gold bullion when dealing with recalcitrant owners of art treasures or taciturn and unsympathetic storytellers.

A far more serious accusation is levelled at Shrobenius' cultural-historical method, at his attempt to construct a comprehensive theory of the origins and development of Africa's cultural history, and his concept of culture, his *Kulturmorphologie*.¹³ It is with the utmost contempt that Ouologuem speaks of him—Shrobenius—«...human crayfish af-

flicted with a groping mania for resuscitating an African universe—cultural autonomy, he called it,» a man who was «...determined to find metaphysical meaning in everything, even in the shape of the palaver tree under which the notables met to chat» (*Le Devoir de Violence*, p. 102, my trans.).

As they go round and round in the courtyard, the Saif and his guest are «...reeling off spirituality by the yard,» with Shrobenius «...gesticulating at every word, displaying his 'friendship' for Africa, and his tempestuous knowledge with the assurance of a high school student who has earned his diploma by the skin of his teeth» (p. 102, my trans.).

Here again, Ouologuem's documentation proves to be correct; Shrobenius' model Frobenius' formal education ended with high school. As is stated tactfully in an editor's postscript to a sort of *Festschrift* for Frobenius, «...he was an apprentice at various museums and universities...His doctoral dissertation on *The Origins of African Culture* was rejected by a German faculty, and he turned his back on the universities for good.»¹⁴ Frobenius' justification was that «...the sources were his real teachers.»¹⁵ But the interpretive writings which resulted are, in Ouologuem's judgment, nothing but aesthetic hucksterism. He has his Fritz Shrobenius parody passages from Frobenius' major theoretical works,¹⁶ in order to show their vagueness and to condemn his intuitive approach, as well as to prove a point: that the one who benefitted most from such exposure of African culture was the pseudo-scientist/explorer eager to earn a profit.

Frobenius' concept of culture as «a living essence endowed with form» establishes him among the last representatives of the Romantic school which had for almost a century held an important position in Germany. Frobenius claims that one has but to study the forms—statues, masks, jewelry, utensils, etc.—in order to become enlightened;¹⁷ and if he sometimes seems to get carried away, Shrobenius' enthusiasm borders on frenzy. Such is the case when, inspired by one of the Saif's inventions, he links the cyclical features of the plant and the moon, but then gets carried away:

The plant...germinates, bears fruit, dies and is reborn when the seed germinates. The moon rises to fullness, pales, and vanishes, only to reappear. Such is the destiny of man, such is the destiny of Negro art: like the seed and the moon, its symbolic seed is devoured by the earth and is reborn sanc-

tified—imbued with the proper requisite to its fulfillment—in the sublime heights of the tragic drama of cosmic play of the stars.

And thus, concludes the narrator, «Negro art found its patent of nobility in the folklore of mercantile intellectualism, oye, oye, oye...» (*Le Devoir de Violence*, p. 110, my trans.).

Ouologuem also makes his character repeat a famous, often quoted statement found in Frobenius: Shrobenius, we are told, «...had been inspired by the All-Powerful to make known the following—a notion stamped with the genius of intuitive lunacy—about the civilization and the past of Nakem: ‘But these people are disciplined and civilized to the marrow! Everywhere, there are tranquil, wide avenues where one breathes the grandeur, the human genius of a people...’» (p. 111, my trans.)

Shrobenius is portrayed by Ouologuem as «drooling,» a man overwhelmed by his own importance. He also comments on the fact that Shrobenius will have derived a two-fold profit on his return home; because, «...on the one hand, he mystified the people of his own country who in their enthusiasm raised him to a lofty Sorbonical chair» (Frobenius did indeed receive an honorary professorship from the University of Frankfurt), «while, on the other hand, he exploited the sentimentality of the blacks (*sentimentalité négroïde*), only too pleased to hear from the mouth of a white man that Africa was the womb of the world and the cradle of civilization» (p. 111, my trans.).

It is without doubt the accusation of having exploited the sentimentality of certain Africans (*la négroïde*) that constitutes the most serious grief for Ouologuem. In his opinion, Shrobenius/Frobenius has duped them, has preyed upon their eagerness to see themselves exonerated from the stigma of barbarism and primitiveness. This condemnation, however, turns out to be a double-edged sword: in attacking Shrobenius/Frobenius, Ouologuem castigates not only his own blood brothers, but members of the highest intellectual elite in the world of African letters, among them Senghor and Césaire, the two venerated leaders of the *négritude* movement.

Authors of well-known historical studies and anthologies devoted to the emergence of black francophone literature have dwelled on the fact that, in the 1920s and 1930s, the works of a new school of ethnologists—especially Delafosse and Frobenius—were

eagerly read and commented on by the black students in Paris. These works became, for many of them, «livres de chevet.»¹⁸

As Lilyan Kesteloot states, it had been Frobenius who gave African civilization its «patent of nobility»; both Senghor and Césaire had «confessed their passion in devouring that book which was entirely devoted to showing the richness and the complexity of African civilization,» and ever since continue in their admiration for the German ethnologist.¹⁹

Notable examples of this admiration and respect are an introduction by P. Desroches-Laroche to an article by Frobenius in the *Revue du Monde Noir*, Suzanne Césaire's article «Léo Frobenius et le problème des civilisations,» and Aimé Césaire's *Discours sur le colonialisme*.²⁰

It has also been suggested that Cheik Anta Diop has followed a lead indicated by Frobenius, in his *Nations nègres et culture*, a study whose aim is to prove the Negro origins of ancient Egyptians.²¹ Articles published in *Présence Africaine*, such as «Léo Frobenius, le Tacite d'Afrique,» are further proof of Frobenius' continuing popularity.²²

As for Senghor, his faithful admiration for one of the idols of his youth shows no signs of diminishing. According to Janheinz Jahn, «Senghor is enthusiastic about Frobenius since he—like Frobenius—postulated a homogeneous Negro—African culture.»²³ In the forward to *Leo Frobenius, An Anthology*, entitled «The Lessons of Frobenius,» Senghor declares that «...no one did more than Frobenius to reveal Africa to the world and the Africans to themselves.»²⁴ He reminisces about «...the lessons we have learned from reading the work of Frobenius»; he remembers how, as a student in Paris, he was «...intellectually on familiar terms with the greatest of Africanists and above all the ethnologists and linguists. But suddenly, like a thunderclap came Frobenius! All the history and pre-history of Africa was illuminated, to its very depths. And we still carry the mark of the master in our minds and spirits, like a form of tattooing carried out in the initiation ceremonies in the sacred grove.»²⁵

And although today they no longer «...carry his works with (them) like a Bible or the Koran when they journey,» Senghor concludes by saying that it was Leo Frobenius who «...helped them to achieve the indispensable condition of all independences: the independence of the mind.» Therefore, Frobenius is «...still their Master.»²⁶

It is this principle of superiority—which once again affirms the white man's dominance—that Ouologuem attacks. He reproaches Senghor and others for having let themselves be duped, subjected once more, this time on an intellectual level—worse yet, by a man who by far lacks the academic credentials earned by a Senghor.

Ouologuem also refuses to interpret Shrobenius' «discovery» as a change of ideology brought about by a scientific breakthrough. How could there be, after several centuries of tagging and treating the African according to his «barbarism»—a basic notion advanced primarily to justify the colonial system—a sudden and complete reversal of judgment? The idea that there should come forward and speak out a Maurice Delafosse, a Leo Frobenius contradicting the credo of white cultural supremacy professed by the Gobineaus and Lévy-Bruhls, at a time when colonialism was still firmly entrenched, arouses Ouologuem's ire and suspicion. In his eyes, Shrobenius/Frobenius is but a clever fraud, a «salesman and manufacturer of ideology,» who «...assumed the stance of a sphinx to impose his riddles, to justify his caprices and past turnabouts» (*Le Devoir de Violence*, p. 111, my trans.).

At the same time, Ouologuem credits him with setting up an impressive organization:

An African school harnessed to the vapors of magico-religious, cosmological, and mythical symbolism had been born; with the result that for three years men flocked to Nakem—and what men!—straw men, adventurers, apprentice bankers, politicians, salesmen, conspirators—researchers purported to be «scientists,» but in reality enslaved sentries mounting guard before the Shrobeniusological monument of Negro pseudo-symbolism. (p. 112, my trans.)

Here again, Ouologuem's statements have some factual basis: the expedition to the region where the fictional Nakem is located lasted indeed three years (from 1910 to 1912), and Frobenius himself wrote that his staff of assistants increased steadily, that he was able to build up the framework of a vast organization.²⁷

While acquiring Negro art, Shrobenius and his followers continued to enlighten a grateful black audience with their new theories. Consequently says Ouologuem, «...the niggertrash donated masks and art treasures by the ton to the acolytes of 'Shrobeniusology.' O Lord, a tear for the childlike good nature of

the niggertrash.!» (*Le Devoir de Violence*, p. 111, my trans.)

As to just how lucrative the exchange really was for Shrobenius/Frobenius, one can only speculate: «...shrewd ethnologist that he was, he sold more than 1,300 pieces, deriving from the collection he had purchased from the Saif and the carloads his disciples had obtained in Nakem free of charge, to the purveyors of funds: The Musée de l'Homme in Paris, the museums of London, Basel, Munich, Hamburg and New York. And on hundreds of other pieces he collected rental, reproduction, an exhibition fees» (p. 112, my trans.)

Besides the Musée de l'Homme, which Ouologuem surely has visited, he might have seen others, or read their catalogs, before making the accusation which has been made by other African authors—who have also pointed out the wholesale plunder of Negro art.²⁸

It is with both bitterness and fury that Ouologuem attacks Shrobenius/Frobenius, the man whose profiteering in Negro Art had earned him a castle, a man who had usurped the title of ethnologist and whose theories were but a sham, a bait, their clever presentation notwithstanding.

Africans civilized to the very marrow of their bones?

Nonsense, replies Ouologuem; a turncoat philosophy, a clever advertising campaign designated to cheat Africa out of its art treasures, to drum up sales and jack up prices on the international market. Ouologuem counters with a savage attack, a devastating caricature of the ethnologist—he has set himself the task of violence—he is determined to retreat to the former, familiar ground: he reverts to his «barbarism,» he regains his primitive qualities, because he despises the phony «patents of nobility» offered by the white ethnologist.

Finally, the most difficult, the most cryptic portrait of an ethnologist is painted by Tchicaya U'Tam'si in his surrealistic poetry. «Ils danseraient s'ils chantaient selon le rythme de leur marche» belongs to the poetic cycle entitled *Epitomé*, in which the author evokes historical events and scenes from his native land—the bush, the forest, and especially the sea.²⁹ Time and time again he speaks of the beaches and dunes where he used to roam, of the seashore where, long ago, «...at least six Portuguese slaveships were anchored,» and of that «promenoir,» the seawalk he remembers so well, from which he has watched the ocean—his famous «sea in labour»—which has become a key image in

U'Tam'si's symbolic repertory.

It is the beach he uses as a setting for the ethnologist's portrait, where

The most learned of ethnologists
threw me into the sea
then listened, despite the dark rumblings
inside a seashell
to the rumours of my soul;
this cold noise of the sea
inside a seashell...

U'Tam'si's ethnologist is nameless, identified only in his quest to ascertain whether or not the black man has a soul, a question which had preoccupied many a man of letters before and after Montesquieu's famous tongue-in-cheek commentary in his *De l'Esprit des Lois*: «One cannot conceive that God, in his infinite wisdom, could have put a soul, especially a good soul, inside an entirely black body.»⁴⁰

In depicting the ethnologist listening to the seashell, the author/narrator shows that his irony is directed against both the purpose and the methodology of the research project. And if, in the second verse, it is suggested that he can only laugh at such antics, he nevertheless has «...a laugh that kills»—and we dare not forget it!

U'Tam'si's ethnologist may be considered a composite portrait; he is a timeless, a universal figure. But like the slave ships and the savage king, mention must be made of him when recalling Africa's past, lest its history be forever distorted. His anonymous presence in the poem serves as a reminder; he is the image provided by the poet, to be associated with whatever particulars the annals and chronicals of history, ethnology and other research will yield. His nationality, his features, his characteristics are interchangeable; he may represent Oyono's weekend ethnologist or Ouologuem's explorer. And, as Ouologuem has done with Shrobenius, U'Tam'si attacks his integrity by reminding him of his servile attitude. «Boaster, go bow your head/before your savage king,» he tells him in the third verse of the poem, which brings to mind a certain preface by Frobenius, boasting of how «...on December 16, 1912, his Majesty the King and Emperor of Prussia, William II, did for the first time listen to him, Frobenius, give a lec-

ture about Africa's culture...»³¹

The very idea of autodidacts and other unqualified or unscrupulous individuals lecturing presumptuously about African culture has undoubtedly caused much of the anger and resentment harbored against certain ethnologists. Was this not a new way of usurping authority and thus pre-empting once more the rights of a people? The three authors, in the views they expressed on the subject, have rendered an unanimous judgment. Their collective appraisal is negative; it reflects their scorn and contempt. In order to launch a most effective attack, they have resorted to satire—sometimes lofty, often scathing, at times devastating. They have analyzed and then exposed the true motives of some of those who had come in the guise of explorers and researchers: their vanity, greed, and the need to confirm their own prejudices.

At the same time, it is pointed out how their presence and contact brought out the worst characteristics of the native population; it has been shown how deceitfulness, lies and venality compound each other in portraits of people and the sketches of situations drawn with pitiless candor.

To conclude, if we remind ourselves briefly what ethnology is, the study of people studying people—under what circumstances, and for which purpose (an idea almost inseparable from the concept of supremacy attributed to the investigator)—we cannot overlook the fact that among the serious, dedicated ethnologists drawn to Africa there were also men like Delafosse and Frobenius, remembered and scorned because of their ignorance, deceit, and damaging influence. But we also become aware of how skillfully the tables have been turned, how masterfully these ethnologists have been beaten at their own game in the collection of satirical portraits by Ouologuem, Oyono, and Tchicaya U'Tam'si.

NOTES

1. For an in-depth study of how the white person is generally depicted in francophone African literature, see Mineke Schipper de Leeuw, *Le Blanc et l'Occident au miroir du roman négro-africain* (Van Goecum, Netherlands: Assen, 1973); and Mineke Schipper de Leeuw, «Le Blanc dans la littérature africaine,» *Zeitschrift für Kulturaustausch*, 29, No. 3 (1979), 271-279.

2. René Maran, *Batouala, véritable roman nègre* (Paris: Albin Michel, 1921).
3. Lamine Seydou, *Les Princes Africains* (Paris: Editions libres Hallier, 1921).
4. Ferdinand Oyono, *Chemin d'Europe* (Paris: Juillard, 1960). All further references to this work appear in the text.
5. Ferdinand Oyono, *Une Vie de Boy* (Paris: Juillard, 1956); Ferdinand Oyono, *Houseboy*, trans. U. Reed (London: Heinemann, 1966); and Ferdinand Oyono, *Boy!* (New York: MacMillan, 1970).
6. Maurice Delafosse, colonial governor, then professor at the Ecole Coloniale des Langues Orientales in Paris. Linguist and ethnologist, he published grammars and dictionaries of some African languages, as well as the following: *Les Noirs de l'Afrique* (Paris: Payot, 1922); *Civilisations négro-africaines* (Paris: Stock, 1925); *Les Nègres* (Paris: Rieder, 1927); *L'Ame nègre* (Paris: Payot, 1927).
7. Yambo Ouologuem, *Le Devoir de Violence* (Paris: Seuil, 1968); Yambo Ouologuem, *The Wages of Violence*, trans. R. Manheim (London: Secker and Warburg, 1968); and Yambo Ouologuem, *Bound to Violence* (New York: Harcourt, Brace, Jovanovich, 1971; London: Heinemann, 1971).
8. Mel Watkins, «Talk with Ouologuem,» *The New York Times Book Review*, July 3, 1971, pp. 7 and 34.
9. Ouologuem, *Le Devoir de Violence*, p. 100, my translation. All further references to this work appear in text.
10. Ouologuem's model for Fritz Shrobenius, Leo Frobenius, was indeed accompanied by his wife on his exploratory journeys. According to Janheinz Jahn, Frobenius «...had an able wife—Editha Frobenius—who knew how to drive and repair a car (her husband did not) and who would remember water, food and medical equipment.» See Janheinz Jahn, *Leo Frobenius: The Demonic Child*, trans. Reinhard Sander, Occasional Publications of the African and Afro-American Research Center, No. 8 (Austin: University of Texas, 1974). The Frobeniuses also had a daughter; but there seems to be no information available on whether or not she accompanied her parents on their journeys.
11. Leo Frobenius, *Atlantis: Volksmärchen und Voksdichtungen Afrikas*, 12 vols. (Munich: Forschungsinstitut Für Kulturmorphologie, 1921-1928); also Leo Frobenius, *Atlantis* (Nendeln: Kraus Thompson Ltd., 1978).
12. Leo Frobenius, *De Schwarze Dekameron: Liebe, Witz und Heldentum in Inner Afrika* (Berlin: Vita Deutsches Verlagshaus, 1910).
13. Leo Frobenius, *Paideuma, Umriss einer Kultur—und Seelenlehre* (Munich: C. H. Beck, 1921).
14. Eike Haberland, ed., *Leo Frobenius, An Anthology* (Wiesbaden: Franz Steiner Verlag, 1973), p. 223. Frobenius himself tells of having changed schools a number of times, since his father's profession necessitated frequent moves; he attended grammar schools in Berlin, Strassburg, Lotzen, Glogau, Charlottenburg and Halle (see Leo Frobenius, *Aus den Flegeljahren der Menschheit: Bilder des Lebens*,

Treiben und Denken der Wilden (Hannover: Jänicke, 1901), p. xi.).

15. Haberland, *Leo Frobenius, An Anthology*, p. 223.

16. Passages from *Paideuma* and from *Die Kulturgeschichte Afrika*: (Zurich: Phaidon Verlag, 1933)—concerning the African *paideuma* or cultural soul, the concept of culture as «a living essence endowed with form,» the theory of the two civilizations, the Hamitic and the Ethiopian—which are presented in the French translations of Frobenius' works: *Histoire de la civilisation africaine* (Paris: Gallimard, 1936) and *Le Destin des civilisations* (Paris: Gallimard, n.d.).

17. Central theme of *Paideuma*.

18. See especially: Lilyan Kesteloot, *Les Ecrivains noirs de langue française: Naissance d'une littérature* (Bruxelles: Université Libre de Bruxelles, 1963); Lilyan Kesteloot, *Anthologie négro-africaine* (Bruxelles: Marabout Université, 1967); Robert Cornevin, *La Littérature d'Afrique noire* (Paris: Payot, 1973); and Frantz Fanon, *Peau noire, Masques Blancs* (Paris: Seuil, 1952).

19. Lilyan Kesteloot, *Les Ecrivains noirs de langue française*, pp. 102-103, my translation.

20. P. Desroches-Laroche quoted in *Leo Frobenius: The Demonic Child*, by Janheinz Jahn, p. 19; Suzanne Césaire, «Léo Frobenius et le problème des civilisations,» *Tropiques*, No. 1 (avril 1941); and Aimé Césaire, *Discours sur le colonialisme* (Paris: Présence Africaine, 1955), p. 36.

21. Cheik Anta Diop, *Nations nègres et culture* (Paris: Présence Africaine, 1955).

22. Dualla Misipo, «Léo Frobenius, le Tacite de l'Afrique,» *Présence Africaine*, 1955).

23. Jahn, *Leo Frobenius: The Demonic Child*, p. 5.

24. Leopold S. Senghor, Foreword, *Leo Frobenius, An Anthology*, ed. Eike Haberland, p. VII.

25. Senghor, Foreword, *Leo Frobenius, An Anthology*, pp. XII-XIII. Senghor has elsewhere expressed his admiration for Frobenius: see also Leopold S. Senghor, *Liberté I: Négritude et Humanisme* (Paris: Seuil, 1964), pp. 80-84; and Leopold S. Senghor, «L'Accord conciliant,» in *Ansprachen anlässlich der Verleihung des Friedenspreises des deutschen Buchhandels* (Frankfurt: Börsenverein des Deutschen Buchhandels, 1968), p. 62. According to Janheinz Jahn, Senghor's admiration of Frobenius is based, in part, on a misunderstanding due to an error in the translation of Frobenius' *Die Kulturgeschichte Afrikas* (*Histoire de la civilisation africaine*); see Jahn, *Leo Frobenius: The Demonic Child*, pp. 5-6. Jahn's opinion of his former colleague was that «Frobenius did not have the slightest notion of scholarly conscientiousness, but instead possessed fantasy and intuition» (*Leo Frobenius: The Demonic Child*, p. 7).

26. Senghor, Foreword, *Leo Frobenius, An Anthology*, pp. XII-XIII.

27. Haberland, *Leo Frobenius, An Anthology*, p. 20.

28. See Camara Laye, *Dramouss* (Paris: Plon, 1966); and Robert Zotoumbat,

Histoire d'un enfant trouvé (Yaoundé: C.L.E., 1971). Ouologuem does not allude to the scandal caused by Frobenius in Nigeria (1910) in connection with the excavation of bronze and terra cotta heads. «Summoned before an improvised court as a trafficker in illicit goods,» he was asked to make restitution of his major find, the head of the Yoruba sea-god Olokun by the British Colonial Mr. Partridge. In return, he received the «six pounds» he had paid for it (Jahn, *Leo Frobenius: The Demonic Child*, pp. 10-11).

29. Tchicaya U'Tam'si, *Epitomé* (Tunis: P. J. Oswald, 1962); poem entitled «Ils danseraient s'ils chantaient selon le rythme de leur marche» (They would dance if they sang to the rhythm of their march), p. 113, my translation; and Tchicaya U'Tam'si, *Selected Poems*, trans. Gerald Moore (London: Henemann, 1972).

30. Montesquieu, *Oeuvres Complètes* (Paris: Garnier, 1929), III, p. 279.

31. Leo Frobenius, *Die Kulturgeschichte Afrikas*, p. VI.