

ON NEGROHOOD:

PSYCHOLOGY OF THE AFRICAN NEGRO

How surprised the psychologists of the French army were when they discovered that Senegalese conscripts were more sensitive to the vicissitudes of the climate, and even to extreme heat, than the soldiers of "metropolitan" France; that they reacted to the least changes in the weather, and even to such barely discernible events as minute inflections of the voice. These warriors who had passed for brutes—these heroes—turned out to have the sensitivity of women. It is often said, and not without reason, that *the Negro is a man of Nature*. The African negro, whether peasant, fisherman, hunter or herdsman, lives outdoors, both off the earth and with it, on intimate terms with trees and animals and all the elements, and to the rhythm of seasons and days. He keeps his senses open, ready to receive any impulse, and even the very waves of nature, without a screen (which is not to say without relays or transformers) between subject and object. He

Translated by H. Kaal.

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does, of course, reflect; but what comes first is form and color, sound and rhythm, smell and touch. As Aimé Césaire, the poet of negrohood, chants:

Hail to the royal Kaicedrat!
Hail to those who have invented nothing,
To those who have explored nothing,
To those who have subdued nothing,
But abandoned themselves to the grip of the essence of every thing,
Ignorant of the surface, but gripped by the movement of every thing,
Not caring to subdue, but to play the game of the world.

Truly the elder sons of the world:
Open to all the breezes of the world,
The brotherly air of all the breezes of the world;
A bed without a drain for all the waters of the world,
Sparkling with the sacred fire of the world;
Flesh of the flesh of the world, palpitating with the very movement
of the world.¹

In these often-cited verses, the poet contrasts the Negro with the White, the African with the European. I am well aware that contrast simplifies the problem. But the contrast is significant, as shown by the fact that Jean-Paul Sartre takes it up in *Orphée noir*, where he contrasts the black peasant with the white engineer.² It is the attitude towards the *object*—towards the external world, the *Other*—which characterizes a people, and thereby their culture.

Let us consider first the European White in his attitude towards the object. He is (or at least was from the time of Aristotle to the "stupid nineteenth century") an *objective intelligence*. As a man of action, warrior, bird of prey, pure vision, he first of all distinguishes himself from the object. He keeps it at a distance, immobilizes it outside time and in some sense outside space, fixes it and slays it. Armed with precision instruments, he dissects it mercilessly so as to arrive at a factual analysis. Learned, but moved by practical considerations, the

¹ *Cahier d'un retour au pays natal*, Gallimard.

² Preface to the *Anthologie de la nouvelle poésie nègre et malgache de langue française*, P.U.F., p. xxxi.

European White uses the Other, after slaying it, for practical ends: He treats it as a *means*. And he *assimilates* it in a centripetal motion; destroys it by feeding on it. "The Whites are cannibals," a wise old man of my country said to me a few years ago, "they do not respect life." It is indeed this kind of diet which they call "the humanization of nature" and, more accurately, "the domestication of nature." "But," added the wise old man who had seen, heard and thought much, "they do not realize, those Whites, that life cannot be domesticated, and especially not God, who is the source of all life and in whom all life resides." And he concluded: "It is life which humanizes and not death. I am afraid all this will turn out badly. The Whites, in their destructive folly, are in the end going to bring misfortune upon us." Of course, the wise old man used figurative language which I have rendered badly.

The African negro is as it were locked up in his black skin. He lives in a primordial night, and does not distinguish himself, to begin with, from the object: from tree or pebble, man or animal, fact of nature or society. He does not keep the object at a distance, does not analyze it. After receiving its impression, he takes the object, all alive, into his hands—like a blind man, anxious not to fix it or to kill it. He turns it over and over in his supple hands, touches it, *feels* it. The African negro is one of those worms created on the Third Day: a pure sensory field. It is in his subjectivity and at the end of his antennae, like those of an insect, that he discovers the *Other*. And at this point, he is *e-moved** to the roots of his belly and carried, in a centrifugal motion, from subject to object on the waves which the Other emits.

Contemporary physicists have discovered underneath matter a universal energy: the waves and radiations of matter. This

* The French *émotion* and its English equivalent (the noun "emotion") may suggest that an emotion is an outward movement. To bring out this suggestion, the author inserts a hyphen between prefix and stem. His *é-motion* will accordingly be rendered as "e-motion." While the same suggestion may be carried by the French *émouvoir*, its English equivalent (the verb "to move," in the sense in which a person can be moved to tears, joy, etc.) carries at best the suggestion that an emotion is a movement. To suggest the outward direction, the author's *é-mouvoir* will be rendered by the artificial "to e-move." - TR.

is more than a fantasy. Pierre Teilhard de Chardin has, as is well known, drawn revolutionary conclusions from it, and distinguished between *tangential* or material, and *radial* or psychic, energy. I wonder whether the subject does not perceive both forms of energy in the electric waves which agitate the nerve cells. This would partly explain the behavior of the African negro. At any rate, American psychologists have noted that the reflexes of the Negro are more natural and sure, because more in agreement with the object. Hence negroes were employed during the Second World War in industry and in the technical services of the army at a higher percentage than they represented in the population. This means that, by their very physiological makeup (which should not, however, make us lose sight of their psychic heredity and social experience), their behavior is more *lived*, in the sense that it is a more direct, a more concrete, expression of sensation and stimulation, which come from the object with its original force and quality. The impression is retained in the "living moment" to be transformed into sensation and representation which, in turn, form the basis of behavior with its social background. And thus the Negro—the African negro, to return to him—reacts more faithfully to stimulation by the object: he espouses its rhythm. This carnal sense of *rhythm*, that of movement, form and color, is one of his specific characteristics. For rhythm is the very essence of energy. It is rhythm which is at the bottom of imitation, which plays such a prominent role in the "generative" or "creative" activities of man: in memory, language and art.

Let us pause for a moment to illustrate this proposition about the rhythm of a movement in music and dance. When I see a team in action, at a soccer game for example, I take part in the game with my entire body. When I listen to a jazz tune or an African negro song, I have to make every effort not to break into song or dance, for I am now a "civilized" person. George Hardy wrote that the most civilized negro, even in a dinner jacket, always stirred at the sound of a tom-tom. He was quite right. The reason for all this is that team play reproduces the gestures natural to man, and that African negro music and dance (which are one, like music and dance in general) reproduce the move-

ments of the human body, which are in turn attuned to the movements of the brain and of the world: to heart-beat, respiration, the rhythms of marching and making love, ebb and flow, the succession of days and seasons, and in general, all the rhythms of the universe. As Pierre Teilhard de Chardin wrote, man is first of all a "cosmic phenomenon."³ It is this cosmic rhythm, with its variations and modulations, which the object emits; this, which makes a pleasurable impression on the nerve cells; this, which our behavior is a response to. When this rhythm is disturbed and the object emits a discordant rhythm, it produces a disagreeable sensation and elicits a defensive reaction. When the rhythm is either missing or unnatural, which is always true of plainsong, and often of European music, the African negro still reacts, but by imposing his own rhythm. After the First World War, we used to "jazz up" the plainsong, to the great indignation of Father Jeuland. "Don't act like negroes," he chided us. The conclusion to be drawn from all this is that the rhythm of the object is certainly transmitted to the body of the subject through his nerve cells, at which point—at the height of emotion—the rhythms of the heart and lungs fall in step with it, as illustrated by music and dance.⁴ It has been observed that the rhythm of a movement, in the case of music and dance, is less transformed by the brain than any other rhythm. The reason is probably that it is more in agreement with the physiological rhythms. The brain plays as it were only the role of a relay station. A friend of mine, an African negro poet, confessed to me that every form of beauty hit him in the root of his belly and made a sexual impression on him. Not only the music, dance and masks of the Negro, but also a painting by Giotto and a Florentine palace. This went even further than might be thought; for the symbolic imagery of High Mass, visual as well as auditory, produced in him the same impression. Above all, let no one decry this as eroticism. *Sensuality* would be the more accurate term. But *spirituality* would be better still; for the spirituality of the Negro is rooted in sensuality: in his physiology.

³ Letter of Sept. 21, 1952.

⁴ Cf. "Physiologie de l'art," by Tanneguy de Quénétaïn, *Réalités*, No. 141, Oct. 1957.

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Let us stay with the *e-motion* of the African negro, and take up the thread of fantasy. Here, then, is the subject who leaves his *I* to *sym-pathize* with the *Thou*, and to identify himself with it. He dies to himself to be reborn in the Other. He does not assimilate *it*, but himself. He does not take the Other's life, but strengthens his own with its life. For he lives a communal life with the Other, and in *sym-biosis* with it: He knows [and is thus born with] it.* Subject and object are dialectically confronted in the very act of knowledge [and thus of common birth]. It is from a long caress in the night, from the intimacy of two bodies confounded with one another, from the act of love, that the fruit of knowledge is born. "I want you to feel me," says a Senegalese elector when he wants his deputy to know him well and to distinguish him from others. To greet, in Wolof, is *neyu*; and a distinguished old man tells me that the word has the same etymology as *noyi*, "to breathe to oneself," *to feel*. "I think, therefore I am," wrote Descartes, who was the European *par excellence*. The African negro could say, "I feel, I dance the Other, I am." Unlike Descartes, he has no need for a "verbal utensil" (to use a term my teacher, Ferdinand Brunot, invented) to realize his *being*, but for an *objective complement*. He has no need to think, but to live the Other by dancing it. In dark Africa, people always dance because they feel, and they always dance someone or something. Now to dance is to discover and to *re-create*, to identify oneself with the forces of life, to lead a fuller life, and in short, to *be*. It is, at any rate, the highest form of knowledge. And thus, the knowledge of the African negro is, at the same time, discovery and creation —re-creation.

Some young negro intellectuals, who have read Marx absent-mindedly, and who are only beginning to rid themselves of the inferiority complex with which the colonialists inoculated them, have reproached me for having reduced the knowledge of the African

* The French *connaître* (to know) may suggest that knowledge is common birth. To bring out this suggestion, the author writes *co-naître* (to know) as *co-naître* (literally: to be born with). Since there is no English equivalent which would carry this suggestion, the literal and the suggested sense will have to be conveyed by different words. - TR.

negro to pure emotion, and for having denied that the African negro is endowed with reason and technical knowledge. They have read me as absent-mindedly as, before me, the "scientific socialists." All the evidence shows that there are two cultures, that of the European White and that of the African negro. The question is how these differences and the reasons for them are to be explained, and this my critics have not yet done. Let me refer them to their own sources: "Reason has always existed," wrote Marx to Arnold Ruge, "but not in a rational form." Engels, still more explicit, observed in his preparatory notes for *Anti-Dühring*: "Two kinds of experience, the one external, material, and the other internal: the laws and the forms of thought. The forms of thought, too, are partly transmitted through heredity. A mathematical axiom, for example, is self-evident to a European. But certainly not to a Bushman or an Australian negro."⁵ This could hardly be put better; and this reflection confirms what was said before. Reason is one, in the sense that it is made for the apprehension of the Other, that is, of objective reality. Its nature is governed by its own laws, but its modes of knowledge, its "forms of thought," are diverse and tied to the psychological and physiological makeup of each race.

The vital force of the African negro, that is, his surrender to the Other, is thus inspired by reason. But reason is not, in this case, the *visualizing* reason of the European White, but a kind of *embracing* reason which has more in common with *logos* than with *ratio*. For *ratio* is compass, T-square and sextant; it is measure and weight. *Logos* on the other hand was the living word before Aristotle forged it into a diamond. Being the most typical human expression of a neural and sensory impression, *logos* does not mold the object (without touching it) into rigid logical categories. The *word* of the African negro, which becomes flesh as we shall see presently when we come to language, restores objects to their primordial color, and brings out their true grain and veins, their names and odors. It perforates them with its luminous rays so as to make them again transparent, and penetrates their sur-reality, I mean, their *sub-reality*,* in its primeval

⁵ Translated from the German of the Moscow edition, 1946, p. 40.

* That is, their underlying reality. - TR.

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wetness. *The reason of classical Europe is analytic through utilization, the reason of the African negro, intuitive through participation.*

The phrase "the reason of classical Europe" is deliberate. For we now find the European Whites themselves—artists, philosophers, even scientists—going to the school of participant reason. We are witnessing a true revolution in European epistemology, which has been taking place since the turn of the century. Gaëtan Picon has described this change in his introduction to *Panorama des idées contemporaines*⁶ under the title "On the Style of the Contemporary Spirit."

The new method, and hence the new theory, of knowledge arose out of the latest scientific discoveries: relativity, wave mechanics, quantum mechanics, non-Euclidian geometries. And also out of new philosophical theories: phenomenology, existentialism, Teilhardism. It was a response to the need to outgrow the scientific positivism of the nineteenth century and even dialectical materialism. European dialectics (for there is also the dialectics of the African negro) was still too abstract, even in Marx's and Engels's hands, and too close to logic, which it had absorbed, with its concepts and categories, inductions and deductions. It was also determinist. Nowadays, whether we look at science, philosophy or art, we find discontinuity and indeterminism at the bottom of everything, of the mind as well as the real, where they reveal themselves after the most detailed and at the same time the most passionate investigations. All disciplines break up into more specific disciplines. "There are several geometries," writes Gaëtan Picon, "several possible kinds of logic, mentality and irreducible psychological structures."⁷ The mind, as well as the real, manifests itself through varied and conflicting images.

Since the object appeared henceforth as "discontinuous and indeterminate reality,"⁸ Europeans were led to abandon their

⁶ Gallimard. Cf. G. Bachelard, *Le nouvel esprit scientifique*, P.U.F., and P. Guaydier, *Les grandes découvertes de la physique moderne*, Corrèa.

⁷ *Op. cit.*, p. 11.

⁸ *Ibid.*, p. 25.

method of *objectivity* which had prevailed among them for two thousand years. As Gaston Bachelard has emphasized in *Le nouvel esprit scientifique*, a new situation calls for a new method. Gaëtan Picon adds specifically: "Since time immemorial, Western philosophical tradition has insisted on the distance between object and observer; since time immemorial, it has tried to escape the confused struggle in which looks and objects are confounded in their very nature, and to substitute contemplation for embrace."⁹ Similarly for the scientific tradition, not to mention the artistic one. The new method in science, philosophy and art is at the opposite end from this "visual realism." "We witness a general retreat of the idea of objectivity. Everywhere, we find the researcher implicated in his own researches, and revealing things only by veiling them. The light of knowledge is no longer that unchanging clarity which would light on the object without touching it and being touched by it; it is a troubled flame sparked by their *embrace*, a lightning produced by *contact*, a *participation*, a *communion*. Modern philosophy wants to be experience, a living *identity* of knowledge and the known, of life and thought, of life and reality. The sciences of man are opposed to explanation and comprehension: To grasp the sense of a fact of human nature is to grasp oneself in it, and it in oneself."¹⁰ Is it not significant that Gaëtan Picon uses the same words I used a moment ago—the words I underlined: "embrace," "contact," "participation," "communion" and "identity?" The very same words are used by anthropologists in their studies of African and Melanesian cultures, as by Frobenius, Griaule and Leenhardt.¹¹ My friend, the painter Pierre Soulages, confessed after reading my article on the aesthetics of the African negro:¹² "This is really the aesthetics of the twentieth century."

⁹ *Ibid.*, p. 26.

¹⁰ *Ibid.*, p. 27.

¹¹ Cf. Maurice Leenhardt, *Do Kamo: La Personne et le mythe dans le monde mélanésien*, Gallimard.

¹² *Diogenes*, No. 16, Oct. 1956.

Thus nowadays the European White is no longer content to see, dissect, measure and weigh the object he wants to know. He must also touch it, taste it, and penetrate to its core: he must *feel* it, as the African negro does. To know, for example, a fact of human nature, whether in psychology or in sociology, is no longer to know it at second hand, as Lucien Lévy-Bruhl did. No matter how much of a genius one may be, it is no longer enough to examine it from the outside and to gather figures about it; one has to *live* it. To know the Caledonians, Maurice Leenhardt had to live among them; and Marcel Griaule, who lived several months a year among the Dogon, felt the need to have himself initiated so that he would know them. Father Libermann urged his missionaries to "become negroes among negroes" as the surest means of getting to know them "to win them over to Jesus Christ." This method, which consists in living the object, is that of the phenomenologists and existentialists. It is a matter of *participating* in the object in the act of knowledge; of going beyond concepts and categories, appearances and preconceptions produced by education, to plunge into the primordial chaos, not shaped as yet by discursive reason. It is, as Kierkegaard wrote in his *Journal*, a matter of "letting one's thoughts appear with the umbilical cord of first love." It is the attitude of a wide-eyed child; the attitude of the African negro. Knowledge is then no artificial product of discursive reason made to cover up reality, but discovery through emotion, and not so much discovery as *re-discovery*. Knowledge coincides here with the *being* of the object in its originating and original reality, in its discontinuity and indeterminacy: in its life.

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We are thus led back to the emotion of the African negro—to *negrohood*, which Jean-Paul Sartre defines as "a certain affective attitude towards the world."¹³ This would be the place to cite other illustrious witnesses, like the Count of Keyserling who speaks of the "stormy vitality" and the "great emotional warmth of

¹³ *Orphée noir: Anthologie de la nouvelle poésie nègre et malgache de langue française*, by L. S. Senghor, p. xxix.

black blood." But I prefer to go back to my childhood memories of bygone evenings. How many tears were shed for indomitable heroes. And because the listeners saw in this trait the sign of a noble soul. As my mother, who was a fine and sensitive person said, and who cried abundantly at each retelling, "It is not human not to cry." But here is a scene from daily life: a meeting of two parents, or two friends, who have not seen each other for a long time. The litany of greetings has initially a banal rhythm:

Are you at peace?

Only at peace.

Is your father at peace?

Only at peace.

Is your mother at peace?

Only at peace.

Is everyone at home at peace?

Only at peace.

This is followed by an exchange of news, about parents, friends, fields and herds. Then old memories are brought up. When certain facts are recalled and dear faces evoked, emotion takes hold of their bodies. They embrace each other and hold hands for a long time. Then the litany of greetings begins again. But this time the rhythm is more pronounced; it is the very rhythm of a poem. Their breasts are distended, their throats constricted. The emotion is there and makes them burst into sobs and shed heavy tears.

What then is an *emotion*? At first sight, it can be translated into a certain attitude of the body. The classical theories, those of James and Janet, present an emotion with little variation as "a physiological disorder," as "a response less well adapted to the given situation," and as "check-mate behavior"—or better, as "the consciousness of bodily manifestations."¹⁴ It is, of course, true that an emotion is accompanied by bodily manifestations which are perceived from the outside as agitations. But let us examine things more closely. To repeat, the object produces, by way of the sense organs, an excitation which is translated into

¹⁴ Jean-Paul Sartre, *Esquisse d'une théorie des émotions*, Hermann et Cie, pp. 16-7.

an impression and produces a muscular reaction—a response. This is the brute, immediate reaction, that of an animal. A human reaction is, as we have seen, rarely such a simple muscular reaction. Thao, who combines phenomenology with dialectical materialism, has discovered the complexity of the problem by analyzing it. After emphasizing the role which experience of the environment plays in behavior, he concludes: “The behavior of joy, fear and anger is defined in such a way that the sense of the sensation is no longer simply experienced in the privacy of the inner sense, but appears, like a phantom, as an object that attracts, repels or irritates. An emotion is not the purely subjective movement of a want; it includes the sense of the object as an ‘emoving’ object.”¹⁵ I am well aware, and I have emphasized above, that for the African negro more than for anyone else, an emotion is primarily “the subjective movement of a want”—a movement closely connected with his physiology. Hence his sense of rhythm and the spontaneity of his reflexes. But it is also something else.

Sartre defines an emotion as “an abrupt fall of consciousness into the world of magic.”¹⁶ But what is in turn the world of magic? It is the world beyond the visible world of appearances. The latter is rational only because it is visible and measurable. The world of magic is, for the African negro, more real than the visible world: it is *sub-real*. It is animated by invisible forces which govern the universe and whose specific characteristic is that they are, through sympathy, harmoniously related to one another as well as to visible things, or appearances. As Eliphaz Lévy writes, “there is only one dogma of magic, and this is that the visible is a manifestation of the invisible, or in other words, that the perfect word is embodied in measurable and visible things in exact proportion to the things that cannot be measured with our senses or seen with our eyes.”¹⁷ Since African negroes are deeply religious, we should for the sake of

¹⁵ *Phénoménologie et matérialisme dialectique*, pp. 259-60.

¹⁶ *Op. cit.*, p. 49.

¹⁷ Quoted by André Breton in *Art magique*, Club français du livre, p. 14.

precision speak in their case of the *mystical* rather than of magic. Magic (to which we shall return) is only the ashen, desecrated, residue of the mystical view according to which *caeli enarrant gloriam Dei*.

But let us return to the example given a little while ago. Here is a mother who sees her son again after several years. He, a student returning from France, has the emotion of being abruptly thrust backwards, outside the real world of today and into the world prior to the "French presence." His mother is no longer a civil-law mother who has less rights than a father, but a traditional African mother who, underneath her social obligations, is tied to her son by the umbilical cord of sentiment, which is the life force of the clan. For in black Africa, a child has the blood and belongs to the clan of his mother. "It is the belly which ennobles," says a Serer proverb. The student's mother is, then, overcome by emotion. She touches the face of her son, searching, as if she were blind or as if she wanted to draw nourishment from it. Her body, "immediately enlivened by consciousness,"¹⁸ reacts: She cries now and dances the dance of return: the dance of possessing her son who returned. And the maternal uncle, who belongs to the family because he has the same blood as the mother, accompanies the dance by clapping his hands. The mother is no longer part of the world of today, but belongs to the mystical, and mythical, world of long ago, which is part of the world of dreams. She believes in that world, for she lives in it now and is possessed by it. As Sartre writes: "In emotion, consciousness is degraded and abruptly transforms the determinist world we live in into a world of magic."¹⁹

Let us push the analysis further ahead. We shall discover that the tissue of society itself, the relations among men, and above all, the relations between men and nature, consist of magical bonds. This is where, in Alain's words, "the spirit languishes among things." Even those structures of European society that are at first glance technical and rational, turn out under

¹⁸ Jean-Paul Sartre, *Op. cit.*, p. 41.

¹⁹ *Ibid.*, p. 45.

analysis to be founded on human, and hence on psychological, relations in which imagination, the daughter of desire, plays an essential part—a part whose importance has been emphasized by surrealists and psychoanalysts alike. Remo Cantoni, an Italian communist, has written in the periodical *Esprit*:²⁰ "Marxism has gained political strength by having turned into a popular millenary and apocalyptic faith, for it can absorb the enormous energies of religious faith." We find thus that "faith," which is known to be connected with magic, underlies a society founded on discursive reason and technology, and in short, on determinism, and gives this society the creative power to produce *myths* which are the real bread of the masses.

This is even truer of African negro society. Technical activities (to which we shall return) are here always tied to cultural and religious activities: to art and magic, if not to the mystical. The latter activities are always given precedence over the former, and especially over productive labor. We have here a society founded essentially on human relations, and perhaps even more on relations between men and "gods." It is an *animistic* society, I mean, a society content with the "necessities of life," and less interested in "terrestrial nourishment" than in spiritual nourishment, or more precisely, a society which does not separate natural from supernatural wants. Here, the facts of nature and especially "the facts of society are not things."²¹ Concealed behind them are the cosmic forces—the forces of life—which govern and animate the appearances, endowing them with color and rhythm, life and sense. It is this *meaning* which forces itself upon consciousness and elicits an emotion. To be still more precise, an emotion is the seizure of one's entire being—both of consciousness and body—by the world of indeterminism; it is the irruption of the world of the mystical—or of magic—into the world of determinism. What moves an African negro is not so much the external aspect of an object as its profound reality: its *sub-reality*, and not so much the *sign* as its *sense*. What moves him in a dancer's mask is, across the "image" and its rhythm,

²⁰ May-June 1948.

²¹ This is the title of a work by Jules Monnerot (Gallimard).

the spontaneous vision of a "god;" and what moves him in water is not that it flows, liquid and blue, but that it cleanses and purifies. To the extent that the sensible aspect, with its individual characteristics, is clearly perceived through the sense organs and nerves, it is only the sign of the sense of the object. Body and consciousness, sign and sense, constitute the same ambivalent reality. But the emphasis lies on the sense.

This means that an emotion, under its initial aspect as a fall of consciousness, is on the contrary *the rise of consciousness to a higher state of knowledge*. It is "consciousness of the world,"²² "a certain way of apprehending the world."²³ It is an integrated consciousness, for "the 'emoved' subject and the 'emoving' object are united in an indissoluble synthesis,"²⁴ and to repeat, in a dance of love. I have said that emotion is a higher form of knowledge. In support, let me quote this reflection by one of the great scientific minds of the twentieth century. "The most beautiful emotion we can experience," wrote Albert Einstein, "is the mystical. This is the source of all art and of true science."

It is, at any rate, this gift of emotion which explains *negrohood*, which Sartre, to repeat, defines as "a certain affective attitude towards the world," and which I have defined as "the totality of the cultural values" of the African negro. The two definitions do not conflict. It is in fact the *emotive attitude* towards the world which explains all the cultural values of the African negro: religion, social structures, art and literature, and above all, the genius of their languages.

²² Jean-Paul Sartre, *Op. cit.*, p. 29.

²³ *Ibid.*, p. 30.

²⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 30.