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**SPECIAL ISSUE  
LÉOPOLD SÉDAR SENGHOR**

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He was a person with a sense of calling to a cause beyond himself and the intuition of a world beyond the day-to-day. The historical record confirms this view.

The last time I saw Senghor, he and his wife, Colette, had invited me to lunch at their house in Versen in Normandy. It was 1999, and the president was showing his age. The three of us chatted over lunch, enjoying the perfect summer day. Afterward, we sat out in the back garden. Senghor gestured toward the house and several tall evergreens silhouetted against it. They always remind me of the cedars of Lebanon, he said, and then he began to sing in a voice, still fine and strong; one of the hymns he had learned as a child at the mission school in Ngasobil. His wife then turned to him and said, "Really, Sédar. That is too much." And they both laughed.

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## Senghor and the Germans

János Riesz

Senghor and the Germans—what is there to say about this topic that has not already been said a hundred times by Senghor himself and by his interpreters and critics? Senghor's relationship to Germany and the Germans marks every phase of his life. First, his early fascination with German culture and everything German—his love of Goethe and German Romanticism, music, and philosophy, and especially the great influence of German African scholarship in general and Leo Frobenius in particular on his theory of Négritude. Later, the seduction of the racist doctrine of National Socialism and its defeat through his experience of the Second World War and the teachings of the Weimar classicist and cosmopolite Goethe; Senghor's shock at the defeat of France and the German occupation of France in 1940 and the subsequent humiliation of being held prisoner of war; his numerous contacts with West Germany since the 1950s and the recognition he found there as a writer and statesman—thanks to the efforts of his dedicated advocate and translator, Jahnheinz Jahn; the achievement of receiving the most prestigious German literary prize, the Peace Prize of the German Book Trade ("Friedenspreis des deutschen Buchhandels") amid the student revolts of 1968 and many other honors awarded to him in later years by German cities and universities.<sup>1</sup>

Since 1961, Senghor repeatedly told the story of his ties to the Germans and discussed the relationship between "Négritude et Germanité," and pointing out connections and commonalities between them. He identified himself as a "Negro-African," *"qui a toujours été attentif aux Allemands, qui a toujours réagi au contact de leur civilisation," "who has always been attentive to the Germans, who has always reacted to contact with their civilization" (Liberté 3: 11; emphasis in original)*. The definitive expression of Senghor's relationship to Germany may be found in two volumes which can be read as a kind of "last will and testament" of this writer, philosopher, and statesman. The first is his book of interviews, *La poésie de l'action* (1980), and the second the autobiographical *Ce que je crois* (1988) in five chapters, which ranges thematically over African prehistorical times, Négritude, francophony, and the "civilisation de l'universel."<sup>2</sup>

The reflections that follow aim neither to "deconstruct" Senghor's statements nor to question them in terms of their factual content but rather to reveal their historical context and to understand them as part of a general "discursive strategy," as Romuald B. Fonkoua put it, which Senghor employed in his treatment of the "champ littéraire francophone":

La filiation avec les maîtres qu'il avoue, qu'il insinue, qu'il recherche ou qu'il laisse suggérer par la critique, l'amplification discursive à laquelle il se livre, la légitimité discursive qu'il se donne, le décentrement discursif qu'il pratique [. . .] sont autant de stratégies qui montrent que le discours africain ne peut s'imposer qu'à partir d'une connaissance parfaite des forces en jeu

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dans les champs des discours francophones [. . .] L'exemple de Senghor nous montre en définitive que la pratique de la littérature [. . .] consiste aussi à occuper, tel un militaire, des positions qui font que cette littérature peut être lue, ou des positions à partir desquelles les oeuvres lues acquièrent une valeur, ou esthétique, ou sociologique, ou même épistémologique." (173 ff.)

The relationship with the masters that he avows, that he insinuates, that he seeks to establish or imply by the criticism, the discursive development to which he yields, the discursive legitimacy that he gives himself, the discursive decentring that he practices [. . .] are all strategies showing that African discourse can only be imposed from a perfect knowledge of forces at play in the fields of francophone discourses [. . .]. Senghor's example definitively shows us that the practice of literature [. . .] also consists in occupying, like a serviceman, positions that cause this literature to be read, or positions from which the works read acquire a value, whether aesthetic, sociological, or even epistemological. (173 ff.)

This view of Senghor (inspired by Bourdieu's cultural theory) as a "strategist" who very deliberately weighs his position in the ongoing debate, who consciously chooses his "allies," and is always engaged in augmenting his "symbolic capital" and positioning himself to the best advantage in the war of opinions and arguments, can also be applied—all things being equal—to his relationship with Germany and the Germans. That is not to say that the emotional closeness he felt for German culture was not genuinely felt. Rather, as Ahmadou Kouyouma formulated it in his homage to Senghor on his ninetieth birthday—in order to win God's grace, one needs not only luck but also a keen mind:

Senghor! Dieu vous a gratifié de l'intelligence et de la chance.  
Répondez sur nous, Senghor, des bénédictions afin que nos  
enfants aient de la chance et de l'intelligence égales à celles qui  
ont été les vôtres quand vous étiez jeune. Amen!

Senghor! God has blessed you with intelligence and good fortune.  
Show us, Senghor, your blessings so that our children have  
good fortune and intelligence equal to what yours have been  
when you were young. Amen! (60)

The intelligence of the young Senghor recognized early—he was then just eight years old, and the First World War had begun only three months before—that it might not be a bad idea to identify himself with the enemy of the French. He felt himself attracted to the *Germanians/Allemands*: "grands, blonds, les yeux bleus plus que les Gaulois, pas souvent généreux, mais guerriers rusés et d'un courage téméraire. Cela suffisait pour nous séduire. Napoléon, un de nos héros, n'était pas tellement généreux. Les Uhlans nous faisaient rêver [. . .]." "Tall, blond, with eyes bluer than the Gauls, not often noble, but wily warriors and of a rash courage. That was all it took to seduce us. Napoleon, one of our heroes, wasn't quite so noble. The Uhlans made us dream [. . .]" (*Liberté* 3: 12). In the tradition of the

feudal-warrior cultures of the Sahel, the stalwart warrior who does not fear death and who values honor above all represents the ideal. It was in the spirit of this ideal that the *Travailleurs Sénégalais*, African soldiers in the service of France, fought and died, and Léopold Senghor kept their memory alive throughout his entire life. To fight against a worthy enemy was a source of pride for these soldiers.<sup>3</sup>

Upon closer inspection of the cited text, one notices an inconsistency that could almost be taken for a typographical error at first glance: "les Germanians [. . .] pas souvent généreux" and "Napoléon [. . .] pas tellement généreux." Either Senghor means that neither was very "généreux" or that Napoléon was less "généreux" than the Germans, although the latter were still "généreux." One senses how carefully the former French pupil Senghor (who seems to be still looking over his shoulder at his—mostly Alsatian—French teachers of forty years ago!) expresses his admiration for German soldiers, of whom he first heard from the stories of these very teachers. However, we also recognize the imaginative and intellectual pattern of the late Senghor. Everything that reinforces his own position ("Négritude") is appropriated, turned into an ally, and glorified.

The second phase of Senghor's admiration for German culture also comes about through the mediation of his French teachers. Again he interprets what he has learned and takes from it what seems fitting to him and what reinforces or complements his concept of "Négritude":

Ce sont mes maîtres du Lycée Louis-le-Grand, plus tard de la Sorbonne, qui me feront admirer la philosophie, la science et la musique de l'Allemagne. Non qu'ils fussent particulièrement germanophiles, mes maîtres, mais ils se voulaient—et ils étaient—d'une scrupuleuse honnêteté intellectuelle, rendant aux Allemands ce qui était aux Allemands.

It was my teachers at the Lycée Louis-le-Grand, later at the Sorbonne, who made me admire the philosophy, science, and music of Germany. Not that they were particularly germanophiles, my teachers, but they wished to be—and they were—of a scrupulous intellectual honesty, rendering to the Germans what was the Germans'.  
(*Liberté* 3: 12)

Thus, the "discovery" of Frobenius and his consecration as the "maître à penser" by an entire generation of African students did not come about by chance. The ground had been prepared by their general reverence for German philosophy and scholarship, and the works of Frobenius must have appeared to the young Africans as their "pensée de proue," commanding thought' (13). The ability to call upon him as a scholarly source reinforced their own voice like a mighty sounding board and gave their position weight, making it almost unassailable, "parce qu'il nous parlait du seul problème qui nous préoccupait: celui de la nature, de la valeur et du destin de la civilisation négro-africain. Ses livres, traduits en français—*Histoire de la civilisation africaine* et *Le Destin des civilisations*—furent parmi les livres sacrés de toute une génération d'étudiants noirs" 'because he spoke to us

of the single problem that interested us: *that of the nature, value, and future of Black African civilization*. His books, translated into French—*History of African Civilization* and *The Future of Civilizations*—were among the sacred works of an entire generation of black students' (13; emphasis in original).

The hundred-year old stereotype regarding the superiority of European, especially of French, "civilization," which had defined the entire education of the young Senghor and which he had regarded as a perpetual insult ("des réflexions blessantes" "hurtful reflections"—*Ce que je crois* 22), could now be put in its proper perspective by referring to the authority of the German scholar. What one had felt only dimly, but not had the courage to express openly, was finally given form. It was like an awakening, like the lightning bolt of insight that struck Paul on the road to Damascus:

Toutes les idées diffuses, confuses, qui circulaient dans nos têtes [ . . . ] trouvèrent, soudain, une colonne vertébrale. Les doutes qui nous habitaient s'évanouirent instantanément. Donc, un grand savant de l'Occident, homme de savoir et de pensée, au moment où l'on déniait aux Nègro-Africains toute culture, voire toute civilisation, déclarait que les Nègres étaient 'civilisés jusqu'à la moelle des os'! Loin d'établir une hiérarchie, contestable, entre les civilisations des différents peuples, Frobenius contribuait à substituer un sentiment de différence à l'ancien complexe de supériorité des Albo-Européens. Nous sommes *autres*: ni plus ni moins civilisés que les Blancs.

All the diffuse, confused ideas that were circulating in our heads [ . . . ] suddenly found a spinal column. The doubts that had lived in us vanished in an instant. Thus, a great Western scholar, a man of learning and reflection, at the time when Black Africans were being denied any culture, indeed any civilization, declared that Blacks were 'civilized to the marrow'! Far from establishing an hierarchy, which is contestable, among the civilizations of different peoples, Frobenius contributed by substituting a sentiment of difference for the former complex of superiority in White Europeans. We are *different*: neither less nor more civilized than Whites. (*Liberté* 3: 340)

Fortunately, Frobenius's ideas were better translated into the French context by rendering his German title "*Afrikanische Kulturgeschichte*" into French as "*Histoire de la civilisation africaine*."

What fascinated the African students was not so much Frobenius's concept of a "historical morphology" (as indicated in the subtitle), his speculation about a "Kulturseele" (cultural soul, *patdemele*), or his thesis about a relationship between Germanic and Ethiopian culture, nor the many chapters about African art and literature, which were often of a very technical nature. It was essentially the second part of the first chapter "Von uns aus gesehen" (As Seen by Us), also mentioned by Senghor, "Was bedeutet uns Afrika?" (What Is Africa to Us?). Only six pages long, it is a piece of

anthropological writing of great power and elegance, with pithy formulations that stuck in one's mind ("Kultur bis in die Knochen!") "Civilized to the marrow," 13). The Africans learned the these passages by heart, like the following one that vividly describes the impressions of the first European sailors who encountered Africa in the late Middle Ages:

Als sie in die Bai von Guinea kamen und bei Weida das Land betreten, waren die Kapitäne sehr erstaunt. Sorgfältig angelegte Straßen, auf viele Meilen ohne Unterbrechung eingefaßt von angepflanzten Bäumen; Tagereisen weit nichts als mit prächtigen Feldern bedecktes Land, Menschen in prunkenden Gewändern aus selbstgewebten Stoffen! Weiter im Süden dann, im Königreiche Kongo, eine Überfülle von Menschen, die in "Seide und Samt" gekleidet waren, eine bis ins kleinste durchgeführte Ordnung großer, wohlgegliederter Staaten, machtvoller Herrscher, tüpfige Industrien—Kultur bis in die Knochen! Als ebendies erwies sich der Zustand in den Ländern auf der Ostseite, zum Beispiel an der Mozambique-Küste. (13)

When they entered the Bay of Guinea and set foot on the land by Weida, the captains were amazed. Carefully laid-out streets, bordered for miles on end with planted trees; day-long journeys through fields of cultivated land, people in sumptuous clothing made of handwoven cloth! Further to the south, in the royal kingdom of the Congo, a profusion of people wearing "silk and velvet," a meticulous organization of large, well-structured states, powerful rulers, thriving industries—culture to the core! A similar situation was found in the countries on the east coast, for example, on the coast of Mozambique.

The real-life testimony and experience of Frobenius contradicts the stereotype of the "barbaric Negro," and unmasks it as a European invention that was used to justify the trans-Atlantic slave trade and continued well into the present, and replaces it with a portrayal which emphasizes the culture and civilization of the African people:

Ja, noch anno 1906 kam ich im Kassai-Sunkurrugebiet in Dörfern, deren Hauptstraßen auf Meilenentfernung beiderseitig mit vierfachen Reihen von Palmenalleen eingefäßt waren, deren Hütten eine wie die andere Kunstwerke entzückendster Flecherei und Schnitzerei waren. Kein Mann ohne prunkende Eisen- und Kupferwaffen mit tauschiert Klinge und Schlangenhautüberzogenem Griff. Allenhalben die Samte und Seidenstoffe. Jeder Becher, jede Pfeife, jeder Löffel ein Kunstwerk, durchaus würdig, den Vergleich mit den Schöpfungen des romanischen Stiles in Europa anzuhalten. Und doch das alles nur wie besonders zart und farbig schimmernder Flaum, der eine herrliche reife Frucht schmückt: den Gestus, das Gebaren, den Gestungeskanon des gesamten Volkes vom kleinsten Kinde bis zum ältesten Manne in selbstverständlicher Abgegrenztheit,

Würde, Grazie; bei den Familien der Fürstlichen und Wohlhabenden genau wie bei denen der Hörigen und Sklaven. Ich kenne kein Volk des Nordens, das diesen Primitiven in solcher Ebenmäßigkeit der Bildung vergleichbar wäre.

Yes, in the year 1906 I entered villages of the Kasai-Sunkuru area, where the main streets, bordered with rows of palm trees four deep, stretched for miles, where one after the other, the huts displayed charming wattlework and wood carving. No man without elaborate iron and copper weapons with a bartered blade and a snakeskin handle. Everywhere materials of velvet and silk. Every cup, every pipe, every spoon a work of art, worthy of comparison with art objects of the Romanesque style in Europe. And yet, that was all only like a delicate and colorfully shimmering bloom which decorates a magnificent, ripe fruit. The gestures, bearing, the code of behavior of the entire people, from the smallest child to the oldest man, all expressed a natural self-confidence, dignity, and grace, equally evident in the princely and well-to-do families, as well as among the servants and slaves. I know no people of the North who would be comparable to these primitives in the harmony of their good breeding. (14 ff.)

The enthusiasm for Frobenius, and through him for German culture, was so great that not even Hitler's triumph could diminish it: "Nous faisons simplement la distinction, classique, entre le nazisme et le peuple allemand." "We simply drew the classic distinction between Nazism and the German people" (*Liberté* 3: 14). The disillusionment, even shame, accompanied by the "voix obscures des forêts ombreuses" 'obscure voices of the shadowy forests' (15), did not come until the defeat of the French in 1940 in the "drôle de guerre" and in his long months as prisoner of war. Yet even these experiences were not sufficient to erase Senghor's admiration for the Germans once and for all: "[L]es militants de la Négritude qui ont goûté à la ferveur germanique en gardent toujours la saveur [ . . . ]. La captivité m'avait marqué, nous avait marqués. Elle nous avait d'abord rendus plus réservés, parce que plus mûrs, à l'égard des Allemands; elle n'avait pu nous détourner des visions splendides ouvertes en leur royaume de transparence: en notre 'Royaume d'Enfance'" "The Militants of Négritude who had tasted the Germanic fervor always savored it [ . . . ]. Captivity had marked me, had marked us all. It had first of all made us all more reserved, because we were more mature, with respect to the Germans; it had not turned us from the splendid visions that opened onto their transparent kingdom; onto our "Kingdom of Childhood" (15 ff.). The emotional bond with Germany (or rather, a certain idea of Germany), the feeling of gratitude toward someone like Frobenius, who had given the Africans back their honor and self-respect, "[qui] révélait l'Afrique au monde et les Africains à eux-mêmes" '[who] revealed Africa to the world and to the Africans themselves' (*Liberté* 3: 398), was so strong that not even National Socialism and its crimes could destroy it.

In Senghor's various portrayals of his prisoner-of-war experiences, he always emphasizes that he harbored no feelings of hate toward the Germans. He reports about guards who sympathized with their African prisoners and even made his own life in the camps bearable. After the discouragement and despair of the first weeks, it even happened "que nos gardiens, au contact des 'Sénégalais', au contact de *l'Autre*, finissaient par vibrer à l'unisson de leur chaleur humaine. [You would think they had all read Frobenius!] Si bien que le commandement allemand devait changer ses farouches guerriers tous les quinze jours, de peur qu'ils ne tombassent en sympathie avec d'autres guerriers, désarmés, mais comme eux spontanés, comme eux braves, comme eux disciplinés—et noirs comme ils étaient blonds." "that our guards, through contact with the "Senegalese," through contact with *the Other*, ended up quivering in the unity of their human warmth. So that the German commandant had to change his proud warriors every two weeks out for fear of their sympathizing with the other warriors, who were unarmed, but like them spontaneous, like them brave, like them disciplined—and black, whereas they were blonds" (*Liberté* 3: 15).

Like the stories from the First World War, these tales remind one of episodes from the old legends and heroic epics of oral literature: respect for the other, even if he is the "enemy," an appeal to his sense of honor, when he is about to do something dishonorable. Even if one would like to believe these appealing stories, there is no doubt that the real-life events have undergone a literary transformation which has resulted in something that sounds more like the *Gid* or the *Chanson de Roland* or certain Hollywood films. The age-old literary formulae of fearlessness in the face of death, willingness to die in solidarity with one's comrades, even if one could escape with one's life, the appeal to the opponent's sense of honor and the unhoped-for rescue—all of this sounds too much like a dream, too good to be true:

Dès que les Allemands nous ont fait prisonniers, ils ont commencé par faire sortir les Noirs des rangs, et on nous a alignés le long d'un mur. Nous avons vite compris que les officiers S.S. allaient nous faire fusiller. Tout était perdu "Fors l'honneur". Je me rappelai, alors, ce que le général Faidherbe, le conquérant du Sénégal, disait des résistants: "Ces gens là, on les tue; on ne les déshonore pas." La concertation fut courte: nous serions fidèles jusqu'au bout, d'une double fidélité. Lorsqu'ils lévéraient leurs fusils, nous criations: "Vive la France! Vive l'Afrique noire!" Je me rappelle un Guadeloupéen, blond, les yeux bleus, les cheveux bouclés, qui, mépris et revendiquant sa *Négritude*, s'appretait à mourir avec nous, quand il pouvait passer pour Blanc. Heureusement, un de nos lieutenants, un Français, ne s'était pas "dégonflé". Faisant appel à l'honneur des Allemands, ils leur rappela qu'ils nous avaient félicités pour notre courage . . . C'est ainsi que nous avons été sauvés." (*La poésie de l'action* 83)



Un grand village sous la tyrannie des quatre mitrailleuses  
ombrageuses. (75)

It is a huge village of mud and branches, a village crucified  
By two pesential ditches.

Hared and hunger ferment there in the torpor of a deadly summer.

It is a large village surrounded by the immobile spite of barbed wire

A large village under the tyranny of four machine guns

Always ready to fire. (Dixon 56)

"Assassinats" (*Front-Statag* 230) also focuses on the murdered Tirailleurs:

Ils sont là étendus par les routes captives, le long des routes du  
désastre

Les sveltes peupliers, les statues des dieux sombres drapées dans

leurs longs manteau d'or

Les prisonniers sénégalais ténébreusement allongés sur la terre de  
France. (77)

There they lie stretched out by the captive roads along the routes  
of disaster

Thin poplar trees,

statues of dark gods draped with their long,  
gold coats

Senegalese prisoners lying gloomily on French soil. (Dixon 57)

The poem "Aux Tirailleurs Sénégalais morts pour la France" (63 ff.) / "To the Senegalese Soldiers Who Died for France" (Dixon 46-47), which was written in Tours as early as 1938, demonstrates that German racism was not unknown to Senghor. The quote—in German—at the end of the first verse, "Die schwarze Schandei!" the black disgrace!,<sup>6</sup> proves that Senghor was very familiar with the hate-filled diatribes voiced by some of the German public and the German press during and after the First World War. Especially at the beginning of the 1920s, when African troops were mobilized during the French occupation of the Rhineland, these led not only to a German-French conflict but increasingly unleashed a worldwide echo. Traces of this can be found in the ravings of Hitler's *Mein Kampf*: the French "archenemies, under the influence of world Jewry," send the African "Untermenschen" to Germany, in order to contaminate pure Aryan blood . . . .<sup>6</sup>

Undoubtedly, Senghor gives a different view of his experience of war and captivity and of the Germans and their relationship to Africa in the poems of *Hosties noires* than in his lectures and essays after the Second World War. The "truth" of the poet is a different one from that of the theorist of Négritude and the later statesman. Just as unshakable as Senghor's enthusiasm for Frobenius and his admiration of German culture is his shame and horror at the crimes of National Socialism and the German army. Despite the repeated assertion that he felt no hate, the poems reveal very ambivalent feelings. And isn't the rhetorical device of *praeteritio* an especially effective means of calling attention to that which one ostensibly does not want to say: "un moyen d'insistance rusé et efficace, puisqu'il est bien connu que le public dresse l'oreille dès que les propos tenus par

l'orateur risquent d'être indiscrets ou inédits?"<sup>7</sup> a means of wily and effacious insistence, since it is well known that the public cocks its ears as soon as the orator's remarks risk being indiscreet or original' (Rotieux 75). And aren't the repeated prayers for forgiveness (for the Germans, the French, the Europeans as a whole) in the poems an especially forceful means of reminding one of the guilt of the Europeans: "Seigneur Dieu, pardonne à l'Europe blanche!" ("Prière de Paix," 93) / "Lord God, forgive white Europe?" (Dixon 69)? If the victims themselves have to ask God to forgive those who have wronged them . . . .

It may sound like an irony of history that the most important lesson that Léopold Senghor gained from his experience with war and National Socialism was the insight that all great cultures result from a symbiosis, a biological and cultural *métissage*, and that German culture in particular was a "civilisation métisse" 'mixed civilization' in its golden age ("La splendeur du génie allemand" 'the splendor of the German genius,' *Liberté* 3: 17). The future, too, belongs to mixed civilizations: "[L]'avenir appartient à la civilisation métisse à celle qui aura joint, au don de la création, celui de l'organisation à la gréco-romaine. Ce qu'était l'Allemagne au temps où elle était l'Allemagne.'" 'The future belongs to a mixed civilization: to that which will join, to the gift of creation, that of organization in the Greco-Roman manner. What Germany was in the time when it was 'Germany'" (17). But when was Germany "Germany"?

Just as Léopold Senghor later "forgot" the suffering that the Germans had caused him and his people and to which he gave expression in his poems, and retained only a positive image of the Germans, so, too, have the Germans preferred to remember only the positive image of Germany in Senghor's works—Goethe and Frobenius, German Romanticism, philosophy, and music. The bodies of black soldiers bent with pain, the prison camps and massacres, the hateful racism and the "black disgrace"—these were all forgotten. In the speeches on the occasion at which Senghor was awarded the "Friedenspreis" in St. Paul's Church in Frankfurt on September 22, war and captivity are not mentioned. The speakers do not once refer to the *Hosties noires*. Yet the war and the past, which those present thought could be erased by mutual consent, force themselves upon the illustrious gathering in St. Paul's Church in a different way.

It is precisely Senghor's Négritude and his ties to the German ethnology of Frobenius that earn for him the loud opposition and protests of the students. The student revolt of 1968 was primarily directed against the previous generation and demanded an in-depth discussion and analysis of the Nazi past, but the movement could also no longer accept Frobenius and his questionable mixture of biological (pertaining to "folk" and "race") and cultural characteristics. Négritude, which in the 1930s was still understood as a revolutionary movement, had reached Germany too late. Thus, the awarding of the Peace Prize of the German Book Trade also came too late for Léopold Senghor. Seventeen years before him, another "African" had already received this prize—

the physician and philanthropist Albert Schweizer. His bestselling books about Africa and the many books about the "jungle doctor" formed a much more lasting image of Africa in the German consciousness than did Léopold Senghor or any other African writer.<sup>7</sup>

—trans. Aija Björnsson

## NOTES

1. During one of these occasions, at the end of July 1979, I myself had the opportunity to meet Léopold Senghor. He came to the Wagner music festival in Bayreuth and during his stay agreed to give a reading of some selected poems in the Markgräflichen Opera House. Hans-Jürgen Lüsebrink and I organized an exhibit about the "poet and statesman" Léopold Senghor in the Hypobank Bayreuth. In a personal conversation with me, Senghor recited the poem "Die Grenadiere" (The Grenadiers) by Heinrich Heine in German (using excellent pronunciation), as proof of how well he had once learned German: "Nach Frankreich zogen zwei Grenadiere, / Die waren in Russland gefangen. / Und also sie kamen ins deutsche Quartier, / Sie ließen di Köpfe hangen."
2. The most important of Senghor's essays relating to his relationship to Germany and the Germans may be found in the volumes *Liberté I—Négritude et humanisme* (1964) and *Liberté 3—Négritude et civilisation de l'universel* (1977). The individual article titles are as follows: "Le message de Goethe au nègres-nouveaux," *Liberté I* (1949): 83-86, "Négritude et Germanité I," *Liberté 3* (1961): 11-17, "Lettre à Günther Grass," *Liberté 3* (1968): 174-79, "Konrad Adenauer," *Liberté 3* (1969): 195-214, "Négritude et Germanité II," *Liberté 3* (1972): 338-44, "Les leçons de Leo Frobenius," *Liberté 3* (1973): 398-404.
3. See the chapters about "Ceddo-Ideal und Animismus" (129-67) and "Tirailleurs Sénégalais" (386-403) by Glinga.
4. For more on this topic, see Doumbi-Fakoly, for example, the scene described on pp. 51 ff.
5. The photograph may be found among the illustrations, following p. 196, in Vaillant.
6. Regarding the complex of ideas relevant to the "Schwarze Schande" (also referred to as "Schwarze Schmach") and the related international conflicts, see Lüsebrink, Porra, Martin, and especially Koller's thorough doctoral dissertation.
7. See Mbondobari's doctoral dissertation.

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