

## REPRESENTATION, NOSTALGIA, PROTEST: A READING OF SELECTED POETRY OF DIOP

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### **Abstract**

The hypothesis of the paper would concentrate on the poems of David Diop. It would dwell in the form of poetry that Diop wrote, reaching the extremities to bring forth the agony of Africans under colonisation and the effects that were to carry on after independence, foreseeing a revolt against the Colonists not only in the ground but it's beginning through art, i.e., Negritude Movement. The conjecture of protest through poetry would be examined through the effect of colonialization on the enslaved minds of the colonies. Selected poems of Diop are thus researched and analysed to bring out the result of the oppression and calling back of the brothers of Africa to create a new dawn for Africa unhinged from the clutches of Colonialization and re-build Africa in the image of her glorious past. The extreme artistic use of words in Diop is further strengthened though Frantz Fanon, a psychoanalyst, who through his works and case studies, strengthens the effect and affect of oppression. Fanon takes a dive into the minds of the people, to perhaps create an understanding of the maimed Africa highlighted by the so-called knowledgeable Whites. Fanon and Diop, both through their works not only depict the brutalities and suffering of their brothers but they also try to give a hope, to cross and look through the other side of the tunnel, to rejuvenate the traditions and culture of Africa for her children in the continent and also for her neighbors.

**Keywords:** Representation, Nostalgia, Protest, Reading Selected poetry etc

Balance in nature would sustain if every being maintains harmony and not exploit the other for their needs. Be it sustaining the environment or euphony among humans. Greed has always brought inhumanity at the forefront; the wish to rise in power and have more wealth has perhaps marked the downfall of them. The idea of boon to rise by oppressing the other has been completely fatal. After World War II, colonies knew they had to make a way out.

Developed with an idea of protest, which triggers when people raise their voice against the unjust. "Protest transcends the primary impulse to refuse and it transfuses it into an activity of turmoil" (Mohan 93). It is a long process overdue in humans to respect beings of all kinds, to let the roots of humanity be strong. Various shades of protest against the empire have been on the upfront, one of them being protest through art such as the Negritude Movement in France. The term was coined by Aimé Césaire in his poem, *Cahier D'un Retour Au pays Natal*. It marked its beginning with Aimé Césaire, Leopald Senghor, and Leon Damas with protest in their minds against European colonization. Aimé Césaire regards Negritude as the consciousness of being Black, a realization that directly translates into acceptance and the siege of a Black person's own destiny and culture (Galafa 289). While for Leopald Senghor it meant a collection of cultural values of Africa (Galafa 289). Initially, the movement focused on defining Black culture through history and literature, Africa before the colonization to develop nostalgia and sense of pride, to look back and hold onto something, their roots which were very easily plucked and thrown out. After independence, this movement shifted towards the political dimensions as compared to the literary movement. Like Frantz Fanon, a psychoanalyst born in the French colony of Martinique, also agrees somewhere along the road in *The Wretched of the Earth*, "This rush of negritude against the white man's contempt showed itself in certain spheres to be the one idea capable of lifting interdictions and anathemas" (212).

Further, the movement was joined by poets like Birago Diop, David Diop, Tchicaya U Tam'si who also explored the golden period of Africa and its suffering, inspired by the founders of Negritude. The poems from this movement speak volumes about the oppression, denial of honor while also mirroring the fervor for identification of the distinguished African. Poetry through time immemorial has always spoken about human experiences, their emotions, it is perhaps a way of expressing the unconscious, suppressed emotions. As Richard Brodesky in his essay defines poetry as "the natural language of life and, through its highly emotional properties, it alone can express the interaction between the poet and his world." (121)

Colonization affected the minds along with the physical tortures they had to go through. Perhaps the greater trauma lies in the psychology of the colonized, which had to be catered then (during the period of colonization), after independence, and even today. Decolonizing the minds is a long process as Ki Zerbo argues, having been colonized for such a long time, people will find it extremely important "to recover conscience of their history", and in the way reach a new cultural and continental self-consciousness (Graf 2). David Diop, a Senegalese poet focuses on breaking down the misery, the colonized culture and dive back into the history of Africa and that "Psychological particularities, by habits of thought born under the given conditions of life, and which, through the personal genius of the author, reveal a common culture to people living in the same continent" (Graf 4). To

perhaps represent Africa through the lens of an African and not a European view of the other (any colony for that matter) as Fanon argues in *Black Skin White Masks*, "In order to win the certainty of oneself, the incorporation of the concept of recognition is essential" (169).

David Diop, a poet of extremity who perhaps creates revolt, a protest through his works against the Colonists. His poems start with a portrayal of pain inflicted on Africa and its people and end with hope, like a light at the end of the dark days (days of misery during the period of colonization). The aim of the paper is to analyze this journey back to the roots, the effect of colonization on the minds of people as in the poems of David Diop while also looking through Frantz Fanon's psychoanalysis of the enslaved minds, of being defined as other and to pave a way in the world with every human being as equal, have an identity of their own culture and not what Europeans defined them. David Diop in his poetry speaks about Africa and the agonies of the tortured while Frantz Fanon in his works defines what Africans went through and analyzes the tortured while drawing instances from the real experiences of that time. Both of them try to protest through their writings, one through his poems while the other, by diving into the minds and bringing out the root cause. Through their writings, they are also setting forth a revival for their fellow natives to follow in their path of freedom.

David Diop, a Senegalese poet was born in Bordeaux, France on July 9, 1927. His father's premature death left him and his four siblings with their Cameroonian mother. He was ill most of the time and unfortunately even faced an untimed death in a plane crash in 1960. In 33 years of his life, Diop produced less than 30 poems that were published in *Coups De Pilon* in 1956 and a revised edition in 1961. The title, *Coups De Pilon* when translated from French, means Pounding. The title itself justifies the works of Diop and the criticism he had for the colonists. Though his collection of poems is small but the message he wanted to propagate was delivered distinctly. As in *Breaking Out* by Marge Piercy, the young girl breaks the ruler that is responsible for her misery. She chooses not to be Sisyphus, but believes in the freedom from breaking down the very thing stopping and holding her, as the poet says:

I took the ruler and smashed into Kindling

How could this rod prove weaker than me?

This is not a tale of innocence lost but power gained:

I would not be Sisyphus, there were things that I should learn to break. (26)

Like the protagonist in the poem, David Diop also believes that the breaking of the ruler is not a point of weakness but of gaining power i.e., the breaking of the colonization effect and diving back to the roots would be a signal of strength. Decolonizing the minds of his natives and to re-route them to their past. His thoughts and beliefs could only be gathered

through his collection of poems. The very first poem in the collection, Coups De Pilon, 'For my Mother' (Kennedy 183-84) speaks in two tones of attachment with the word, Mother. First being addressed to his mother who took care of him while he was sick and hospitalized while the second being his continent, Africa:

O Mother mine Mother of us all,  
 Of the Negro they blinded who once again sees flowers. . .  
 Listen listen to your voice,  
 This cry shot through with violence,  
 This song that springs from love.

This is a song for both the mothers who had been in dark days (one in hospital while other in colonization). He wants them to hear their own voices and probably of happiness and sunshine of the past that would perhaps be solace to them on these days. While the colonist is building aristocracies "Skyscrapers defying storms with their steel shoulders / And weathered skin of stone" (Moore and Beier, TPBMAP 298) which are as hollow as their high buildings. Trying to manipulate the colonised that the coloniser mother has brought education and praise and a place in society as Fanon explains in *The Wretched of the Earth*, "On the unconscious plane, colonialism therefore did not seek to be considered by the native as a gentle, loving mother who protects her child from a hostile environment, but rather as a mother who unceasingly restrains her fundamentally perverse offspring from managing to committing suicide and from giving free rein to its evil instincts" (211). Like the bag full of promises they come with of knowledge and civilization is nothing but lies they carry on and propagate. As in another of his poems, *Vultures* (Kennedy 180-81), Diop writes "Promises maimed" that is to say the promises are handicapped and permanently damaged perhaps like their civilisations. "With great slashes of civilization / Spitting holy water on domesticated brows, / Vultures in the shadow of their claws". He comments harshly upon the colonisers first step into a foreign land with Christianity, where domestic means homely and something of outside being spat and not sprinkled which generally the Catholic promulgate. "And the monotonous rhythm of "Our Fathers" / Muffled the screams from profitable plantations". The prayer Our Father and its repeated chanting have become monotonous for the natives as their culture believes in worshipping nature as well as it obstructs the screams of the inhuman labour. "Strange men who were not men", Colonizers referred to the Africans as enslaved people but were they men enough? Wasn't anything human in their deeds and what they were preaching through God. What profit had their knowledge benefitted them with? The title of the poem itself suggests them as birds of prey, Vultures. While the bird feeds on the carrion of dead animals, unlike the Europeans who beat the men to death or death-like experience. Diop after hinting at the brutalities speaks about spring as "Hope lived within us like a citadel", which cannot be taken away as the fire of revolt rises and waits for a day away from the Vultures. This hope transcends further in

one of his celebrated poems, Africa (Kennedy 186-87). The poem opens with Africa being commemorated by the poet:

Africa, my Africa!  
Africa of proud warriors in ancestral savannas,  
Africa my grandmother sings of on a distant riverbank,  
I have never known you  
But my face is filled with your blood,  
Your beautiful black blood spread across the fields,

There is the aura of a proud citizen speaking about his continent which has suffered and yet stood strong. Colonists may have referred to them as Blacks to humiliate them but here the narrator has accepted the word only to glorify its own self a bit more, "Your beautiful black blood". The narrator's face is filled with that "Black Blood" which represents the brutality of the oppressors in their own words. After this the narrator goes on to describe the malignant behaviour of the Colonists:

The toils of your slavery,  
The slavery of your children.  
Africa, tell me, Africa,  
Is it yours this back that is bending Bowed low by humility's weight,  
This trembling red Zebra-striped back  
Saying yes to the whip on the sweltering roads?

He is questioning his mother land, about all the pains that it is enduring. Her back is whipped and carries the mark of not one but all her children, she suffers with each of them. But a Mother's heart is always strong for her children. Hence, she replies:  
Impetuous son, this young and robust tree, This very tree  
Splendidly alone  
Amid the white and wilted flowers, Is Africa, your Africa, growing again  
Patiently stubbornly rising again  
And little by little whose fruit Bears freedom's bitter flavor.

Africa as the mother of the sufferer's hints at the sign of protest and her rising. The tree perhaps symbolises the growth, the wise, the pain of the past it carries and still stands strong to fight against any unjust. This repeated torment is further elaborated in his poem, Certitude (Certitude by David Diop). There is a limit even in the patience with which any human could endure any amount of injustice:

When somewhere summer does not spring up

I say that manly tempests  
Will crush those who barter other's patience  
And the seasons allied with men's bodies  
Will see the enactment of triumphant exploits.

Extremity has been reached and crossed in the land of Africa. Now is the time when it will speak and fight with its rightness. Like Fanon infers in *The Wretched of the Earth*, "Because they realise, they are in danger of losing their lives and their belonging lost to their people, these men, hotheaded and with anger in their hearts, relentlessly determined to renew contact once more with the oldest and most pre-colonial springs of life of their people" (209-210). A land that worships nature, its surroundings, where there is a belief of extended family and neighborhood, humanity and selflessness flows without anyone forcing, how long the goodness in them could be exploited. They are to fight against it together with protest in their hearts and minds, "I say that heart and the head / Are joined together in the battle line". When Africa was invaded by the foreigners they were welcomed by the natives as a guest, unaware of their evil motives as Kofi Awoonor in his poem, *The Weaver Bird* (Moore and Beier, TPBMAP 108) writes:

We watched the building of the nest  
And supervised the egg-laying.  
And the weaver returned in the guise of the owner. Preaching salvation to us that owned the house.

The welcoming gesture which meant goodness only on one side while the other only focusing on the greed to conquer it all. Blinded by the greatness of their own the colonists only saw Africa as the store house that could be plundered any moment to their ease. They could not see Africa beyond that, not with the eyes of an African, not its rich heritage and culture. Diop in his poems, *Rama Kam* and *To a Black Dancer* brings out the Africa that the colonists did not bother to see and easily made the lens of it being a land underdeveloped again through an image of a woman. A woman whose beauty cannot remain unnoticed as the lines follow in *Rama Kam* (Kennedy 187):

When you pass  
The loveliest girl envies  
The warm rhythm of your hips  
Rama Kam  
When you dance  
The tomtom Rama Kam  
The tomtom stretched like a victorious sex

Gasps under the drummer's leaping fingers

Imagery of women is emblazoned in Maya Angelou's poem, Phenomenal Women (Angelou), "Pretty Women wonder where my secret lies. / I'm not cute or built to suit a fashion model's size". The women celebrate the natural beauty and not the created stereotypical definition. Sexuality is talked about and celebrated and is nothing of it being termed as amoral. As again in Still I rise, Maya Angelou acknowledges:

Does my sexiness upset you? Does it come as a surprise  
That I dance like I've got diamonds At the meeting of my thighs?

The acceptance of the sexuality for which the African are looked down upon or even feared. Diop in his poem, To a Black Dancer (Moore and Beier, MPFA 59) also carries on this idea of celebrating and not something to be feared by, "You are the dance by the naked joy of your smile / By the offering of your breasts and secret powers / You are the dance by the golden tales of marriage". Accentuating the beauty of the black dancer and alongside symbolising Africa. In this celebration the poet also hopes that with her grace and wittiness she would dance them back to the days of Africa where she lived and prospered:

You are the face of the initiate  
Sacrificing his childhood before the tree-god  
You are the idea of all and the voice of the Ancient  
Gravely rocketed against our fears

You are the Word which explodes  
In showers of light upon the shores of oblivion

What would be the state of mind of a person who is feared which in turn has created them as a phobia, goading anxiety. "... to the girl who confides to me that to go to bed with a Negro would be terrifying to her, one discovers all the stages of what I shall call the Negro-phobogenesis" (Fanon, BSWM 117). Phobia should arise in the minds of the African who have faced trauma in their own land, their home as well as in the land of whites. But here the Black men are the one who is to be feared, and who is already being feared by the white women. If taken through the stance of it creating a sense of fear and anxiety maybe through rape then what about the Black woman? She is doubly marginalised and reduced in the white society, first due to her colour and second because of her gender. At both the places she didn't choose to have a black coloured skin or be born as a human with woman's reproductive parts, even the men did not choose their skin colour but with their self-proclaimed knowledge, Black is to be oppressed as perhaps they are not human. So, a term

should be designated for the Whites as being a Phobogenic object and not the one who lies on the scale naked and tormented.

Diop unfolds everything that his continent stands for, the glory and distinction. He does not want his people to forget the glorious days in the midst of dark clouds. Time that has shaken them to their core, as he writes in his poem, The time of Martyrdom (Kennedy 182):

The white man killed my father  
For my father was proud.  
The white man raped my mother For my mother was beautiful.  
The white man bent my brother beneath the roadway sun  
For my brother was strong.  
Then the white man turned to me,  
His hands red with black blood, Spit his scorn in my face  
And with his voice of master called:  
“Hey, boy! Bring me a napkin and a drink!”

Anything that could challenge their self-proclaimed power was removed like a stuck thorn. The words chosen by the poet are strong but cases of such oppression were reported in the hospitals too. As Fanon deduces in one of his case studies in *The Wretched of the Earth*, a wife is raped on her husband being missing (255). The husband along with being a common man riding a taxi helped his natives who were struggling to stand against the system. During one such incident he is caught by the Europeans and is later saved by his men and after inquiring about his home is enlightened that not only Europeans bullied him but also raped his wife. Answer to which is very simple, to suppress his voice and let him draw out of his nation's walk towards freedom. In all this, his wife stands as the strong African woman who on being tortured doesn't speak about the whereabouts of her husband and whom he was helping, rather asks his husband to forget her and start a new life. Europeans in the act of suppressing could even kill the African (any colonised person) as their life was easy to be sacrificed as they did during the war times, sending the Africans at the forefront. In this removal of the voice of the oppressed, they forgot the rage they were building in the natives. “His hands red with black blood”, the demarcation was created by the colonists but the natives take it forward, this could have been expressed as his hands red with blood or blood of an African or innocent maybe but the poet chooses the word Black wisely, communicating to the readers and the future generations to not forget the identity with which they had been marked and the consequences of it. Asking so easily for hospitality, “Hey, boy! Bring me a napkin and a drink!”, what can you wipe?

Would a napkin be sufficient to wipe the tears of the tormented, the ones who lay buried while caressing their own? Won't this behaviour haunt them and the generation to follow. The Jews fought against the unjust on them through the memoirs, diaries and the survivors but what about the colonisers? Won't they be haunted? Like lady Macbeth, wouldn't they be carried on by the guilt of the ancestors like the ones who were tormented under the false pretense of knowledge and developing them rather they were looting, looting the colonies of their past, heritage, culture, tradition, and the present that carries the burden of the past. This hollowness is taken up by Diop through his poem, The Hours (Kennedy 184):

There are times for dreaming  
In the peacefulness of nights with hollow silences  
And times for doubt  
When the heavy web of words is torn with sighs.

Colonization as stated earlier has looted to an extent where the silence of the nights is hollow. Hollow as their power to rule, hollow as their knowledge and perhaps hollow as their humanity. He then comments upon individual suffering that is visible in every mother's eye or perhaps in the eyes of the motherland Africa, "There are times for suffering / Along the roads of war at the look in mothers' eyes". After unleashing the excruciating pains of his brothers and sisters, he draws out the days of spring, harbinger of hope and happy days:

There is what colors time to come  
As sunshine greens the plants.  
In the impatience of these hours,

Is the ever fertile see  
Of times when equilibrium is born.

Hope is what keeps the man alive and gives him the strength to fight for its survival, against all odds. He further comments on the equilibrium, driving the people through the realm of balance to fight. Any being of nature be it, humans, animals or plants only prosper when there is a balance maintained in their way of living, not when one is exploited only for the survival of others and not benefitting itself. Time to stand for themselves and stop this repeatedly intimate harassment. This rage and the voice of protest is highlighted in one of the earliest poems of Diop, written when he was a teenager, Challenge (Kennedy 182):

You who stoop, you who weep,  
You who'll one day die, and not know why, You who fight to guard Another's sleep,  
You, whose eyes no longer laugh,

You, my brother with the face of fear and pain, Rise up and cry out: NO!

The title aptly screams with the high-pitched tone of protest. He is calling everyone around to stop letting others decide their fate. It is time that this hegemony works in two ways. This poem transcends into every sphere of oppression, asking to raise their voice and just say, "NO!", shaking the beings to their core, perhaps finding even the tiniest of humanity left to be boiled and brought to the forefront. And if this poem doesn't challenge you as a reader to know what it was to be an African in the colonised era, Diop has another poem, *A White Man told me...*, (*Un blanc m'a dit...*, *Coup de pilon* (1956)), David Diop to perhaps feel the marks of slavery deep inside:

You're just a nigger!

A Negro

A dirty nigger! Your Hearts a drinking sponge

Which drinks with frenzy the poisoned liquid of vice?

And your color imprisons your blood

In the eternity of slavery.

The hot iron of justice has marked you

Marked in your flesh with lust.

Your road has the winding contours of humiliation

And your future, damned monster, is your present of shame.

There is an eternity of slavery marked for them. Years of decolonization is required to look beyond the lens of being the other. This could well be understood through Fanon's understanding of Lacan's mirror theory. As analysed by Fanon in *Black Skin White Masks*, to describe the other that is created in one identifying and creating an image for its existence in the world. In that process, it forgets that it doesn't have to define the other too, but only themselves. While defining the other they have created a collective unconscious, which in this context is, "simply the sum of prejudices, myths, collective attitudes of a given group" (145). Africans are thus black, representing darkness, savage, everything opposite of the blacks. This perhaps marks the extended war between the natural and culture. Man and woman were naturally made with no such pre-decided rule of man toiling outside and woman in the house. Their sex was pre-decided but they were gendered by the culture. Likewise, in some nations Africa populates dark-skinned people because of the geographical arrangements and not because they are any less of a human. This difference was created by the foreign invaders to let the black man toil and let them have the fruits of it. If seen through philosophy, it brings out the "problem of instinct and habit. Instinct which is inborn, invariable, specific; habit, which is acquired" (Fanon, *BSWM* 145). Habit of whites or the oppressors, in general, is to look down upon the Africans. Europeans have acquired the habit

and built a collective unconscious to “express only his hatred of the Negro” (Fanon, BSWM 145). The lines in A white man told me..., hunt us down to know the broken shackles of their dark years. There is a sadness which is hinting towards anger, lying naked the truth which states the struggle that lies for Africa to build an identity of theirs. The years that have been raided from Africa, the pain that carries within her heart while she steps in to fight against her oppressors even today.

Why does Black stand as a voice of protest in the twenty-first century where the modern man and woman have surpassed everything natural and has led to a man-made world, sad to say, which is just an image of the Colonists and Hitler in new forms of machine and models. Perhaps they have been as Diop clearly marks it, “And your future, damned monster, is your present of shame” cursed to still live the horrors of their ancestors. Agreed, the ratios are very low but the bigger question is why is it still there? Diop would have survived to write only a few poems but his words mark the readers even after sixty years. It’s because everywhere the powerful want more power as learned from the dearest colonies, that the colonised nations are still marked as developing nations. It is the bitter fruit of the past, a struggle to create a new consciousness as in Diop’s another poem, For a Black Child (Kennedy 183). Perhaps through this poem Diop is hinting at the newly independent nations in Africa, who is young as a teenager to walk the lanes of her freedom and who is wisely to choose her roots and not the truthful lies of the oppressors, “Life / At fifteen / Is a promise, a kingdom half glimpsed”. Like a child Africa is in her teens who needs to be guided to have a new conscience, new way of living with maybe a balance with her history too. Further the hollowness is highlighted:

In the land where houses touch the sky

Although the heart remains untouched, where hand are placed upon the Bible

Though the Bible is unopened,

Diop here targets their religious weapon of Christianity with which they entered the foreign lands, made broken promises through religion which wasn’t followed by them itself. The Bible teaches to help each other, be a good neighbour, a helpful friend and the oppressors were all opposite to this. Later in the poem a case about a Black teenager is discussed. A crime in the eyes of the Whites and the justice to be driven by the one who makes the laws.

Their conscience is corrupted:

In air-conditioned mansions

Over cool drinks

Good conscience gloats

In its tranquility

Their justice couldn’t be mocked in a more subtle and pricking way than Diop has.

These four lines sharply hint at the white man's struggle and his good conscience who knows justice is white and it has the superiority bestowed by some power who lets them carve their own path of righteousness. White justice can gloat in tranquillity after burning the house next door. Their justice is fairly explained through one of Fanon's case studies examined in *The Wretched of the Earth*, of African teenagers killing fellow European classmate, "one day we decided to kill him, because the Europeans want to kill all the Arabs. We can't kill big people. But we could kill ones like him" (270). Those teenagers were taken into custody to punish and while interrogation one of the questions leaves the imprint of the justice of Europeans, "So why are only Algerians found in the prison? (Fanon, *Wretched* 270). Germans went into trials after the holocaust in the international court but what about the Europeans? Were the whites punished for robbing the innocent people under false pretense of bringing change and lifting them? Did they jail the Colonisers? These questions arising in the twenty-first century reflect the racial effects and demarginalization of the colonised. "The soul of White man was corrupted...When the White feels that they have become too mechanized, they turn to the men of color and ask them for a little human sustenance" (Fanon, *BSWM* 98). If white can turn to coloured men for some sense of humanity then Africa in her teens with her young children shall also look behind to her glorious days.

Diop calls his natives in foreign lands to come back to Africa, breathe their culture. He is even calling out to the ones lost in the way of being learned as the whites, people like David Diop himself and his inspiration, Aimé Césaire, Frantz Fanon and other scholars speaking and writing about Africa who have taken it to themselves to file the justice and history of theirs. He does so through three of his poems, *The Renegade*, *Your Presence* and his tribute to Aimé Césaire in *Negro Tramp*. *Your presence* (Moore and Beier, *TPBMAP* 307-08) speaks about the re-discovering of Africa and is compared to the European civilization:

In your presence I rediscovered my name  
 My name that was hidden under the pain of separation  
 I rediscovered the eyes no longer veiled with fever  
 And your laughter like a flame piercing the shadows  
 Has revealed Africa to me beyond the snows of yesterday

Europe is mirrored as "snows of yesterday", "pain", "eyes no longer veiled with fever" and Africa is "And your laughter like a flame piercing the shadows". The curtain has now risen, the boulder now shattered, the eyes no longer to see through the European but now the time is to get back, it's the time to come back home. Home, that has long been under the dust of the foreign invaders, that is rusted with their ideas and thoughts but now that would be cleansed with Africa's ancestry, "In your presence I have rediscovered the

memory of my blood / And necklaces of laughter hung around our days / Days sparkling with ever new joys". There is merriment in being against the conventional beliefs that have been poured down the throats of the natives of Africa (every colonised nation). This is the air of change, of newness. This idea was further developed in another of his poems, *The Renegade* (Moore and Beier, TPBMAP 308). Title itself speaking of the change, of the revolt that has now sprouted. His poem begins with what Africans are growing through, "My brother you flash your teeth in response to every hypocrisy / My brother with gold-rimmed glasses / You give your master a blue-eyed faithful look". Brothers of Diop nodding to every brutality of the whites with faithfulness that is not rewarded. Whites adapting to their non-humanness as common as the Africans breathing. These lines perhaps also carry the undertone of the Africans who are imitating the Whites, "with gold-rimmed glasses", and the poet along with the other natives is disappointed with this, "We pity you". For these people who are joining the so-called ladders, "Your country's burning sun is nothing but a shadow / On your serene 'civilized' brow".

What led to this behaviour in the Colonists to ignore a whole culture and its much-rooted existence? Fanon answers this through the idea of a very common trait found in humans is to get rid of something which is unheard of and is somewhere a threat to your identity and power. Africa had a rich and systematic culture with an established market of export and a well-built system to govern the same and an army to guard the kingdoms.

Maybe somewhere Colonists knew the trouble it would have, hence it slowly in the name of trade and religion overpowered someone else's home. Creating a curse for the generations to carry, "And your color imprisons your blood / In the eternity of slavery" (*Un blanc m'a dit...*, *Coup de pilon* (1956), David Diop). Fanon states an example of the same in *Black Skin White Masks*, "In Martinique, whose collective conscious makes it a European country, when a 'blue' Negro – a coal black one comes to visit, one reacts at once: 'What bad luck is he bringing'" (147). In this collective unconscious, few people who want to be like their masters have also created an archetype belonging to the Europeans. Hence, Negro selects himself as an object capable of carrying the burden of original sin (Fanon, *BSWM* 148). It lives a life in ambiguity which Fanon regards as extraordinary neurotic. Their nation is reduced as a shadow in the civilised pride they possess. In the lieu to be like their masters and have some white favour thrown whilst betraying their homes too, would lead them to a fate far worse than the ones who have been loyal. Be it the white being loyal as fulfilling the role of an oppressor or the Africans in carrying their roots, but the ones on the ladder would be, "Oh I am lonely so lonely here". This is the consequence of the one who betrays their own. This poem perhaps is also like a message being delivered to the ones on the lands of the whites that it is time that you leave the bag of lies behind and re-route to your culture or else in this freedom you would still be a prisoner of them.

In this struggle for freedom, Diop pays tribute to the old man who started this protest, Aimé Césaire. The poem, Negro Tramp (Kennedy 184-56) begins by Diop commemorating him as the old man who has seen the toils of his brothers and sisters, who has been the voice to stand against the so-called pillars of society, who has seen his Africa falling in the bewitching claws of the assailants:

You who walked like a broken old dream  
Laid low by the mistral's blades,  
Along what salty paths,  
Along what detours muddy with suffering accepted,  
Aboard what caravels from isle to isle planting flags of Negro blood torn away from Guinea  
The old man is not only Aimé Césaire but symbolizing every old man of the Africa who has seen the toiling, the endless labor, them being ransacked of every bit of power:  
In your eyes I see you halt, stooped and in despair,  
And dawns when cotton and the mines began again,  
I see Soundiata the forgotten And the indomitable Chaka

Césaire being the epitome of the past that is theirs to remember, but forgotten, the old man's hardship is not to be put back into the shelf but to be remembered with pride and to ask forgiveness for being late in this:

Forgive me Negro guide!  
Forgive my narrow heart  
The victories postponed, the armor abandoned.  
Patience, the carnival is done.  
I am sharpening a hurricane to plow the future with; For you we shall remake Ghana and Timbuktu  
And guitars will gallop wildly In great shuddering chords  
Like the hammerblows of pestles  
Pounding mortars Bursting forth  
From hut to hut  
Into the portentous blue.

Independence would carry the past, its rich heritage and build brick by brick everything that was shouldered in the evil greedy eyes of the whites. The dreams of everyone who had started this struggle, who were sacrificed in their own homelands, the ones who fought till their last breath to hold on to their roots and heritage. It would not be an Africa of just the ones in power and who have lived to see its freedom but also of the ancestors. As David Diop through his poem, Listen Comrades (Moore and Beier, TPBMAP

307), prepares the natives to remember sacrifice of the ancestors through Mamba who becomes the epitome of all the leaders who were relinquished under the oppression:

Listen comrades of the struggling centuries  
To the keen clamour of the Negro from Africa to the Americas  
They have killed Mamba  
As they killed the seven of Martinsville  
Or the Madagascan down there in the pale light on the prisons

Diop has only named a few of the freedom fighters but keeping everyone under that umbrella of the fighters. Though they are dead but the marshal of their protests still burns with an eternal flame to fight, "Despite the wounds of his broken body / Kept the bright colours of a bouquet of hope / It is true that they have killed Mamba with his white hairs". And in the end with the message of being standing together as one:

Listen comrades of the struggling centuries  
To the keen clamour of the Negro from Africa to the Americas  
It is the sign of the dawn  
The sign of brotherhood which comes to nourish the dreams of men.

This is the time to fight together as children of one mother and leave imitating the whites and build their nation together. It is a strenuous responsibility to decolonise the land and the hearts and minds of the people as the scars are buried deep and have created an ideology which is adapted and engraved in the lives of the natives that scratching it out to the core would not be a one-day task. The scars have not faded away, they have marked themselves on the bodies of the enslaved and also have made home in their minds. Their minds have been affected through not only by the beatings of the master but also by the words used against him.

Now, white exists because of the black and vice-versa, both being incomplete without the other and not one being a subject, superior to the other one. As in Lacan's theory of the mirror, "...the imago of his fellow built up in the young white at the usual age would undergo an imaginary aggression with the appearance of Negro... that the real other for the white man is and will continue to be the black man" (Fanon, BSWM 124). The white has very gracefully created an image for himself and has marked out for the other, "You're just a nigger! / A negro / A dirty nigger!" (Un blanc m'a dit..., Coup de pilon (1956), David Diop)

Either the Africans accept their colour, mark that as their identity and let the others be aware of it too or it lets them not pay attention to it. Negro is much more than the colour of the skin

it carries. This identity is further snatched from them through various established institutions through which ideologies prosper and build the pillars of society. These pillars are corrupted versions who only speak through a monotonous tone of the Vultures. It makes the Negro like a white man and then blame him with him being dependent on the whites. You first invade a foreign land, rule over it for generations and when the natives raise their voice against the uninterrupted power practice of unjust, after making him same as themselves with the continuous undertone of the it being dependent on the other, its whole existence is nothing but manipulation. The only possible solution out of their deep-rooted misery is that "...they recognise themselves as mutually recognising each other" (Fanon, BSWM 169). Encircling back to nature, their natural identity and not the colonists made, to understand the difference between the human and natural reality. After establishing a reality and facing two World Wars, decides one day to free the African, "let's be vice to the niggers..."

"Slavery shall no longer exist on French soil" (Fanon, BSWM 171). Enslaved did not even have the freedom to have its earned freedom in its own name, here again the master decides the fate and has the upper position, maintaining the hierarchy. But what after the freedom, as after generations of being enslaved the Negro did not know what to do with his freedom. Here, Diop's words through his poem gives answer to every enslaved spirit, to tear off the slavery and its burden and let it burn in the fire of the freedom. The misery could be loaded with the struggles of the freedom fighters and let not their deaths be unfruitful. Stand again tall and plant the roots of the rich heritage that has been passed upon, though rusted by the dust of European colonisation and mindset but through a new school of thought and a bit of polishing through the old man's spectacle, one would see Africa flourish again. The lens is broken but that doesn't mean that it cannot be repaired. Vision is impaired for now but through a long battle and some oiling in the roots would fit everything back in its place, when Africa bloomed.

To conclude, the product of the European supremacy is a monster. More advanced on the racial brutalities with a number of cases still being prevalent even after producing psychologists and the humanists in abundance. Clearly standing out as an example, USA has followed and still living the ideas of the past which ironically isn't hers, she too like Africa propagated the idea of worshipping nature but has been side lined and looted by the invaders to live around in a corner with restrictive land and power practice. Hence, to move out from the pants of the colonisers corrupted visionary it is necessary to dive back into one's own roots and not prosper under the shadow of the so-called masters. David Diop envisioned the heroic past of his continent into a future of freedom for all humans. When there is a balance created as Fanon speaks about the other also accepting Negro as a human in its natural identity while re-building a new conscious, likewise Diop also talks of the time when equilibrium would be born in Africa, the only ray of hope that could be of tranquil to the shattered souls. Diop epitomises every single cultural identity of Africa to draw a collective

consciousness of the glorious past that is forgotten and whose re-establishment lies on the shoulders of every individual of Africa. Africa would prosper more efficiently and fruitfully only when all are together in this re-building. Scars are there, along with the land of Africa being exhausted by their loot, but that cannot be the reason to hamper its growth. Diop has referred to the rich heritage, the brutal effects of Colonisation. Perhaps to let the generations that follow all the three stages of Africa's rebirth, invasion of Colonisers with its inhuman injustice, struggle for freedom and rebuild itself again in the shadow of her rich history. The movement with which it all started and inspired David Diop and Frantz Fanon, though it would have lost its name in the midst of the struggle to rebuild Africa again but the message with which it started has perhaps been delivered successfully. David Diop could also not survive to build his Africa through his mould, but his works communicated on his behalf. Fanon answers the questions about the brutalities Africa suffered through psychoanalysis. And gives David Diop's poetry an explanation of perhaps why he wrote with such extremities. Words in Diop's poetry pierce through the web of the collective unconscious created by Whites. This greed to prosper and of selfishness would always hamper the collective growth which is required in the growth of the exploited colonies. Balance in nature would only be possible if every being flourishes in their gardens simultaneously and not with one fading away for the other.

Colonists knew not the idea of extended family and the role of neighbour. For them it was all about their wealth and to prosper only for their own and not the growth of everyone around. They knew not the rules of nature and the solace in its midst but they only knew about the false justice in big air-conditioned rooms. Being a human and fulfilling the duty of the natural reality was not adapted by the whites but they created their own reality where they were the superior. They knew not the warmth of the sun and Africa's spirit to fight back. Perhaps to again be great under the name of the masters provided freedom as it was something theirs to give but they knew not the shine of the one who once oppressed and fragmented. The voice of protest once risen knows the way to its freedom and moves with spring in its heart, "As sunshine greens the plant" (Kennedy 184).

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