

Fanon, phenomenology, race

David Macey

‘The black man is not. Nor the white.’¹ Thus Fanon in the concluding section of *Peau noire, masques blancs* (1952), in my translation. It is quite impossible to work with the existing versions, the most obvious index of that impossibility being the unfortunate decision to translate the title of Chapter 5 as ‘The Fact of Blackness’ and not as ‘The Lived Experience of the Black Man.’² Indeed, the point of Fanon’s exercise in socio-diagnostics is to demonstrate that there is no ‘fact’ of blackness (or, by the same criterion, whiteness); both are a form of lived experience (*expérience vécue*; *Erlebnis*). To mistake a lived experience for a fact is to betray Fanon’s text to such an extent as to make it almost incomprehensible.

The black man and the white man are not. And yet they are, and the reality of their being is Fanon’s starting point: the black man trapped in his blackness, the white man in his whiteness, both trapped into their mutual and aggressive narcissism.³ What, then, brings them or calls them into being, or sentences them to non-being? Writing of his childhood and emergence from it, Fanon remarks: ‘I am a negro [*nègre*], but naturally I don’t know that because that is what I am.’⁴ I am going to use *nègre* in French because of the ambiguity of its political semantics and because there is no single English equivalent: it is distinct from both *noir* (black) and the more recent *homme de couleur* (man of colour) and covers the whole semantic field from ‘negro’ to ‘nigger’, the precise meaning being determined by context, the speaker’s position or even the speaker’s tone of voice.

Fanon’s comment that he had to be told what he was is at one level a fairly banal example of the bracketing out of facticity in favour of simply being: at home, he remarks (meaning, presumably, in Martinique), the black man does not, has no need to, experience his being-for-others.⁵ Judging by my own experience, it is, for example, perfectly possible to grow up in a uniquely white community in the north-east of England without knowing in any real

sense that you are white. There is no need to know that, and it is well known that fish have no sense of wetness. I am not suggesting that there is some equivalence between a white childhood in the north-east and a black childhood in Martinique, merely that we may have to be told who and what we are, that we may not know it ‘naturally’. Perhaps being-for-others is, in ethnicity as in other domains, a precondition for self-knowledge. Fanon’s sense of not knowing *what* he is because *that* is what he is, is to a large degree an effect of his being Martinican, and there is considerable textual evidence to indicate that *Peau noire* could not have been written by anyone but a Martinican.⁶ It is deeply rooted in the Martinican experience, in the experience of people who were French citizens and not colonial subjects, and who occupied a curious position within the racial hierarchy. One of the island’s more peculiar exports was the French-educated black civil servant and citizen who ‘administered’ black subjects in the African colonies, and who was in a sense neither black nor white. Fanon found himself in that anomalous position as a young soldier at the end of the Second World War: he was neither *indigène* nor *toubab*, neither ‘native’ nor ‘white man’. Fanon’s ‘black man’ is Martinican, or in other words a ‘West Indian who does not think of himself as black; he thinks of himself as West Indian. Subjectively, intellectually, the West Indian behaves as a White. But he is a *nègre*. He will notice that once he is in Europe, and when they talk about *nègres*, he will know that they are talking about him as well as about the Senegalese.’⁷ Talking about the *nègre* is one way of calling him into being and of giving him a position akin to that of other marginal groups. One recalls Adorno’s lapidary remark in *Minima Moralia*: ‘Anti-Semitism is the rumour about the Jews.’⁸ And one recalls the advice given to a very young Fanon by his philosophy teacher in Martinique: ‘When you hear them talking about the Jews, prick up your ears. They’re talking about you.’⁹

One of the agencies that lets Fanon know he is a *nègre* by talking about him is of course that child who, one cold day in Lyon, fixes him with its white gaze, thus reducing him to a state of complete being-for-others. The child does not in fact speak to Fanon or tell him anything. The child turns to its mother and says ‘Tiens, un nègre’ (‘Look, a *nègre*’).¹⁰ The form of the utterance is structurally similar to the ‘smut’ described by Freud in that it requires the co-presence of three parties: ‘In addition to the one who makes the joke ... a second who is taken as the object of the hostile or sexual aggression, and a third in whom the joke’s aim of producing pleasure is fulfilled.’¹¹ For the mother, the final yield of this exchange is embarrassment rather than pleasure, but verbal (and perhaps sexual) hostility or aggression is certainly involved.

Why a *nègre*?

Before going on to examine Fanon’s description of this encounter and to ask why he analyses it in phenomenological term, it seems appropriate to look more closely at the question of why the child in fact sees a *nègre* and not a man with a scar on his face, or a man with the build of the footballer that Fanon was. How does the child know who and what it is seeing? One might also ask why the child sees a *nègre* and not a *noir* or a *homme de couleur*. What pre-understanding, what stock of knowledge to hand, is in play here? These questions are in a sense posed by Fanon when he administers word-association tests – which he wrongly describes as an exercise in free association – to white friends and colleagues and comes up with a rich crop of stereotypes. But whilst he collates his informants’ associations, he does not ask why the child knows he is a *nègre*. Where do racist ideas come from? Part of the answer may come from a geography textbook published in 1903 and cited in a recent study of racial stereotyping in France:

Paul is usually a very punctual pupil. But one day he is late for school. ‘I’m sorry, sir’, he says, ‘I didn’t realize what time it was. I was watching a *nègre* on the Grand’Place.’ ‘Was he a real *nègre*?’ Yes! Yes, sir. A real *nègre* with all black skin and teeth as white as milk. They say he comes from Africa. Are there lots of *nègres* in that country?’ ‘Yes, my friend.’¹²

The authority of the textbook confirms the *doxa* of ‘they say’, of the rumour about the *nègre*. It also confirms that Fanon is, in the eyes of white France, precisely what he is not in his own eyes: a *nègre* from the Africa that Martinicans of his generation had been taught to despise because *they* were French. As Fanon

remarks in 1953, it was only when Aimé Césaire began to speak of negritude that it became possible for a few Martinicans to learn that ‘it is well and good to be a *nègre*.’¹³

Freud’s study of jokes anticipates the three-party structure of Fanon’s encounter with the child and its mother; a second theorist of humour supplies another element. In 1899, Henri Bergson – not, I think, a philosopher one would usually regard as racist – asks quite straightforwardly, indeed innocently: ‘Why do we laugh at a *nègre*?’ He then answers his own rhetorical question by recounting the anecdote about the Parisian coachman who turned to his black passenger and called him ‘mal lavé’ – not properly washed. We laugh, explains Bergson, because the *nègre* is a white man in disguise, because he has put on a mask: coloration may well be inherent in the skin but we regard it as something that has been put on artificially, because it surprises us.¹⁴ The *nègre* is a figure of fun, not because his white masks conceal a black skin, but because his black skin is a disguise. *Tiens, un nègre*.

We know nothing of the life history of the child who saw Fanon that cold day. We do know something of that of a girl nine years older than Fanon, Françoise Marrette, who would become Françoise Dolto, psycho-analytic grandmother to the nation. She was eight at the time. And her experience may teach us something about the stock of knowledge that makes a child so familiar with the paradigm: ‘Look, a *nègre*.... Look at the *nègre*, Mum. I’m frightened.’¹⁵ On the beach at Deauville during the First World War, Françoise Marrette saw a black family; her nanny laughed at the sight. Dolto’s childish correspondence, preserved and published for God alone knows what reason, is, for a while, full of conflicting images of black people, and they all originate in the meeting on the beach and in an encounter with a wounded *tirailleur sénégalais* (a Black colonial infantryman) who was being cared for by her mother. Perhaps the young Françoise did say ‘Tiens, un nègre.’ The soldier kissed the little girl because she reminded him of his own daughter. The nanny’s reaction was to wash her vigorously: being *mal lavé* is obviously a contagious condition that might be passed on to a child. There follows an exchange of letters with her uncle, who warns her not to play with the black troops she meets on the beach: they are handsome, but not as good as ‘our’ mountain troops. From London, her father sends her a comic postcard of ‘four little *nègres*’ – I assume them to be a group of street minstrels. In a letter, Françoise summarizes the school composition she wrote about a bayonet charge: it features a *tirailleur* called Sid Vava Ben Abdal-

lah: 'Vava' was the child's nickname, and she clearly identifies with her infantryman, whom she describes as having a black face, white teeth, a flat nose and a red turban. Finally, her mother sends her a postcard of a *tirailleur* smoking a cigarette. On the back she has written: 'Here is Bou ji ma's portrait. Are you frightened of him?'¹⁶ After that, there are no more mentions of black people in Dolto's letters. Small wonder that a child in Lyon could move so quickly from surprise to fear. Small wonder that he or she knows she has seen a *nègre*, knows how to recognize one, and knows why she should be afraid of him. To say, 'Tiens, un nègre' is an act of recognition, not of cognition.

To digress for a moment. It is significant that Dolto's experience centred on a *tirailleur sénégalais*. The colonial regiments recruited in Africa were surrounded by a particular aura. On the one hand, they were highly regarded as fighting men; on the other, they had a nasty reputation for rape and pillage – and were, apparently, encouraged in those practices by their white officers. When they were stationed in the French-occupied Rhineland after the First World War, their unenviable reputation spread to England. The *Daily Herald*, of all papers, ran headlines like 'Black Peril on the Rhine', 'Sexual Horrors Let Loose by France', 'Black Menace of 40,000 Troops' and 'Appeal to the Women of Europe'.¹⁷ During the First World War, the image of the *tirailleur sénégalais* became still more ambiguous when it was used to sell Banania, a breakfast drink made from banana flour, cocoa and sugar.¹⁸ All over France, posters showed a grinning soldier dressed in his exotic uniform, and spooning Banania into his mouth. The image of fear merges with one of cosy

domesticity, as in the image of the wolf-granny in Little Red Riding Hood. Anyone with a taste for racist kitsch might like to know that shops in Paris now sell whole breakfast sets in bright yellow porcelain that reproduce the original Banania poster. I don't know if Banania was part of Fanon's childhood, or even if it was sold in Martinique, but he certainly knew about the *tirailleurs*. When a *sénégalais* unit stopped in Martinique in transit from French Guiana, his father brought them home. The family was 'delighted with them'.¹⁹ The Fanon family behaved in much the same way as the Marrette family: they were hospitable to their 'colonial boys', recognized them as *nègres* and misrecognized themselves. Residence in France would put Fanon right on that score.

Lived experience

To turn from the seer to the seen. Fanon is not a terribly sophisticated phenomenologist, and he is a very selective one, not least because he had little philosophical training and was self-taught. He makes little use of the concept of situation, of the founding moment of the cogito, or of themes like being-with-others, and concentrates almost exclusively on his being-for-others. Fanon's account of his lived experience, his *Erlebnis*, his 'act of consciousness', in Merleau-Ponty's phrase,²⁰ obviously draws heavily on the well-known passage in Part III of *L'Être et le néant* (1943) in which Sartre describes the intersubjective structure of the gaze and the shame it induces. 'Shame', writes Sartre, 'is a non-positional consciousness of the self as shame and, as such, it is an example of what the Germans call "Erlebnis"'. What is more, its structure is intentional;

it is a shameful apprehension of something and that something in *me*. I am ashamed of what I *am*.²¹ Sartre's shame is occasioned because he had been seen making a clumsy or vulgar gesture. That is not the case with Fanon, who has done nothing, said nothing. Unlike Jean Genet, he has not been caught or seen in the act of stealing.²² He is simple *there* as an object of the gaze. Nausea floods in as Fanon apprehends what he is for the other: he is *that*, the grinning *tirailleur* advertising Banania, and a close relative of Bamboulette, the housemaid from Martinique



who advertised shoe polish (and yes, it was black polish).²³ The same effect can be achieved through language: to speak to the black man in *petit nègre*, which is the singularly demeaning French equivalent to pidgin English, and to expect him to reply in kind, is 'to attach him to his image, to lime him, to imprison him, to make him the eternal victim of an essence, of an appearance (*apparaître*) for which he is not responsible.'²⁴ That appearance is the creation of others, the creation of school textbooks, philosophers and all those who teach children to know a *nègre* when they see one.

Had Fanon been a psychoanalyst – and he was not, whatever he may say – he might have described his *Erlebnis*, his negative epiphany, in terms of the infliction of a narcissistic wound or a symbolic castration. Borrowing from Merleau-Ponty, he actually describes it in terms of the destruction of his corporeal schema, described by the philosopher as 'a résumé of our bodily experience' and as 'a way of expressing the fact that my body is in the world.'²⁵ It is a kind of dialectic between the body and the world. Fanon in fact does more than borrow from Merleau-Ponty; he goes back to the philosopher's sources, quoting at some length from Jean Lhermitte's somewhat obscure *L'Image de notre corps*, in which the corporeal schema is described as an idea of the spatio-temporal existence of the body, and as a necessary precondition for any action in or on the world.²⁶ A clearer image of what Fanon himself understands by a corporeal schema emerges from his description of the Algerian women who, during the war of independence, took off their traditional veils, adopted European dress and planted bombs: 'The absence of the veil alters the Algerian woman's corporeal schema. She has to rapidly invent new dimensions for her body, new means of muscular control. She has to create a woman-outside-without-a-veil way of walking.'²⁷ What is at stake is a very physical, fleshy – as the later Merleau-Ponty would put it – mode of being in the world. In the encounter with the child, it is the personal schema that Fanon has built up, the schema of an ego that exists in the spatio-temporal world that is under attack, together with the historico-racial schema he has constructed. It gives way to an epidermal-racial schema, as Fanon – Fanon's body – is taken over by a host of stereotypes.²⁸ Fanon experiences not only alienation, but obliteration and even incineration: 'All this whiteness burns me to ashes.'²⁹ I will return to the possible significance of the image of burning.

Just why Fanon chooses to analyse his *Erlebnis* in Sartrean and Merleau-Pontyan terms is a surprisingly difficult question to answer. After all, neither

La Phénoménologie de la perception nor *L'Etre et le néant* is a treatise on racism and anti-racism. And Fanon did not read them as such; he quite rightly reads *L'Etre et le néant* as 'an analysis of bad faith and inauthenticity'.³⁰ The whole of *Peau noire* might be described as an attempt to answer the question: is black authenticity possible in a white world? Bad faith and inauthenticity are the main themes he discovers in his readings of a group of books dealing with the woman of colour and the white man, and the woman of colour and the black man: Mayotte Capécia's *Je suis Martiniquaise* (1948) and *La Nègresse blanche* (1950), René Maran's *Un Homme pareil aux autres* (1947), and Abdoulaye Sadjì's *Nini, mulâtresse du Sénégal* (1951). The contrast between how the Senegalese novelist and the Martinican psychiatrist deal with the mulatto woman is telling. For Sadjì, the life of Nini, like that of all mulattoes, is a lie, but it is a lie forced upon by her destiny and even by her name (Virginie, abbreviated to 'Nini': *ni ... ni*, 'neither, nor');³¹ for Fanon, Mayotte Capécia's problems (and Nini's) stem from her inability to assume her facticity, from the bad faith of her repeated 'I know, but...': 'I wanted to get married, but I wanted to marry a white man. The trouble is that a woman of colour is never quite respectable in the eyes of a white man. Even if he loves her, and I knew that ... I knew that white men do not marry black women.'³² 'I know, but...' is the classic structure of bad faith. Whilst Fanon is certainly a masculinist writer, I suggest that the harshness of his condemnation of Capécia is not, as has been suggested,³³ evidence of misogyny, but of a condemnation (and perhaps fear) of situational bad faith.

The question 'why phenomenology?' is hard to answer, mainly because we do not have any documentary evidence: there are no preparatory materials or drafts, no correspondence, and no helpfully revealing diaries or notebooks. We know relatively little of what Fanon had read, or of when he read it. We have only the evidence of the text itself. And the text suggests that Fanon turns to phenomenology after a process of elimination. Of the theoretical discourses available to him, it is, apparently, the most suitable for his purposes. Part of the appeal is obviously phenomenology's concentration on experience and immediacy. As written by Merleau-Ponty ('I reach for the ashtray') and Sartre ('I see my friend Pierre'), it is also philosophy in the first person; no other philosophy would have allowed Fanon to say 'I' with quite such vehemence. What were the alternatives? The Marxism of the day, and particularly that of the Parti Communiste Français, would have had little to offer except banalities about

the colonial question, and probably a brusque reminder that Martinique was not a colony but an integral part of the universalist French Republic. Hegel's dialectic of master and slave ignores the reality of the cane fields; the plantation-owner wants work from his slave, not recognition, and when Fanon comments that 'struggle' is the only answer to the plantation workers of Martinique, he does not mean the struggle for pure prestige.³⁴

The real in sight

The psychiatry Fanon had studied had taught him about the 'primitive mentality' of blacks and North Africans, and his writing career begins and ends with its critique.³⁵ Adler's individual psychology might be able to explain the inferiority complex of an individual Martinican, but not the inferiorization of an entire population. Mannoni's 'dependency complex' seeks to prove that colonialism is impossible unless it is desired by the colonized, and fails signally to see that, when 100,000 people have been shot dead after the Madagascan insurrection of 1947, the Lebel rifle in the hands of a soldier that appears in a dream is unlikely to be a symbolic penis, or phallus (as you will). Whatever the properties of the symbolic phallus may be, it is not normally a weapon of mass destruction. Jung has nothing to say to black youth. As Fanon remarks, 'Neither Freud, nor Adler, nor even the cosmic Jung were thinking about blacks in the course of their research.'³⁶ Without going into any great detail or any extended discussion of the claim that there are no Oedipal neurotics (and no homosexuals ... only there are) in Martinique, it has to be said that Fanon's relationship with psychoanalysis is fraught.³⁷ He does state that an analysis of the black man's *Erlebnis* requires a psychoanalytic input, but he also argues that Lacanian psychoanalysis in particular is culture-bound and has nothing to say about *his* experience.

Virtually every mention of psychoanalysis is hedged with the reservation 'Yes, but...' Discussing Mannoni's book on Madagascar,³⁸ he comments with deceptive mildness: 'We must not lose sight of the real.'³⁹ Fanon is not concerned with symbolic wounds, but with the absolute wound of colonialism.⁴⁰ 'Alongside phylogenesis and ontogenesis, there is sociogenesis.'⁴¹ The insistence that psychoanalysis loses sight of the real, and the stress on the need to keep it in sight, may explain Fanon's quite extraordinary misreading of Freud. He rarely quotes Freud, and when he does so he claims that Freud proves that neuroses originate in a determinate *Erlebnis*. He takes his supporting

evidence from the 'Five Lectures on Psychoanalysis' of 1909. Unfortunately for Fanon's argument, Freud is in fact describing how he came to reject the so-called seduction theory which did trace the aetiology of neurosis to an actual sexual trauma.⁴² The misreading is the result of keeping the real in sight, the 'real' being the absolute wound.

Hegel and Freud do not think about blacks, and nor was Sartre thinking about blacks when he wrote *L'Être et le néant*, but Fanon was not the only black writer of his generation to conclude that Sartrean phenomenology could be an aid to his analysis of his lived experience. In his paper on 'The Negro Writer and his World', presented in 1956 to *Présence Africaine's* First Congress of Black Writers and Artists, George Lamming remarks that 'the Negro is not simply *there*. He is there in a certain way.... The Negro is a man whom the Other (meaning the non-Negro) regards as a Negro.'⁴³ Although Lamming gives no reference, this is an obvious allusion to Sartre's *Réflexions sur la question juive*: 'The Jew is a man whom other men regard as a Jew.... It is the antisemite who *makes* the Jew.'⁴⁴ Fanon cites this text too, but immediately spells out its limitations: he is not the victim of someone else's 'idea' of him. He is the victim of his own appearance (*apparaître*), of the black skin on to which white fantasies and fears are projected.⁴⁵ Sartrean phenomenology can help Fanon analyse the mode of his being-for-others, but it too lets him down. Sartre lets him down in his preface to Senghor's anthology of the poetry of negritude, where he assumes that negritude is a temporary phenomenon that will disappear when it is subsumed into some quasi-Hegelian universalist synthesis.⁴⁶ Fanon was dubious about negritude – that 'great black mirage'⁴⁷ – but he could also invoke it to finesse Sartre by remarking 'It is the white man who creates the *nègre*. But it is the *nègre* who created negritude.'⁴⁸ At other times, Fanon does assume the stance of negritude, does exploit Spivak's moment of strategic essentialism – and negritude is certainly an essentialism. This is how the encounter in Lyon ends: The mother: "'Look, he's handsome, this *nègre*'... Fanon: "The handsome negro says bugger you, madame." Shame flooded across her face. Two birds with one stone. I identified my enemies and I created a scene.'⁴⁹ The same defiance reappears later: 'You come to terms with me, I'm not coming to terms with anyone.'⁵⁰ Although Fanon does not flag it as such, this is a quotation from the great poem of negritude, Césaire's *Cahier d'un retour au pays natal*.⁵¹ It may be a mirage, but negritude has its strategic uses.

The irony is that, when he ‘abolishes’ negritude with his vision of a future world without class, without race, Sartre falls into the very trap that he denounces in *Réflexions sur la question juive*, where he mocks the ‘Democrat’ who can recognize the Jew as Man, but not as the creator and bearer of Jewishness, just as the ‘humanists’ of *La Nausée* love an abstract universal man so much that they have no interest in concrete individuals. Sartre’s little problem may go some way to explaining why so much of the French left was lukewarm about supporting the Algerian cause and, ultimately, to explaining why certain French intellectuals appear to be convinced that the presence in a French classroom of a girl in an Islamic headscarf (*hijab*) puts the entire Republic in danger. But I will leave that, and the question of why some erstwhile Third Worldists appear to be mutating into Islamophobes, for another occasion.

The gaze that burns

The theme of the threatening white gaze and the trope of visibility/invisibility are, of course, not uncommon in black writing. Almost at random, one thinks of Du Bois’s veil of invisibility, of Ellison’s invisible man, or, more recently, of bell hooks in *Wounds of Passion*: ‘The gaze of white folks disturbs me. It is always for me the would-be colonizing look.’⁵² One of the reasons why Fanon is so critical of psychoanalysis is that, ‘As the racial drama unfolds in the open air, the black man does not have time to “unconsciousnessize” it’ (*inconscienciser*).⁵³ I suggest that there might be something very specific to Fanon’s experience of the gaze and use of figures of visibility, and that it might pertain to Martinique. In Aimé Césaire’s reworking of *The Tempest*, it is Prospero’s gaze that forces Caliban to see himself as he is seen: ‘You have finally imposed upon me an image of myself. An underdeveloped man, as you put it, an under-capable man. That is how you have made me see myself.’⁵⁴ *Tiens, un nègre*. And there is a Martinican saying: ‘Zié Békés brilé zîé Nèg’ (‘the eyes of the *béké* burned the eyes of the black man’).⁵⁵ The *béké* is not just any white man; he is the white creole, the descendent of locally born plantation owners. The *béké* is Martinique’s answer to The Man, Mr Charlie. It is through the internalization of his gaze that the



Nèg (this is the Creole for *nègre*) has been blinded. And it is the white gaze that burns Fanon to ashes. To speculate, which is all we can really do here: when Fanon is gazed at by that child, he is experiencing anew a traumatic moment in Martinican history and in the Martinican imaginary: he is being looked at by the *béké* and his eyes are burning. Is this why the schema of the gaze is not reversible, as it is for Sartre? Is this why Fanon can put up no ontological resistance, cannot look back? Speaking of Madagascar, Fanon described colonization as an absolute wound. In the case of Martinique, the wound was more absolute still, so absolute that it cannot be staunched. In a strange way, it was a settler colony, or rather a settled colony. The aboriginal population having been exterminated, it was repopulated with slaves whose eyes were burned by the *béké*’s gaze. Martinique has no pre-colonial history: it all began with the absolute wound and the eyes that were burned.

I have said very little here about Algeria, and nothing about Fanon and Algeria. To conclude, let me mention the name of Algeria but only to point out that while we are discussing philosophy and race, people will die in Algeria and that they will die ugly deaths.

I do not say this in order to trivialize such discussions – the issues involved are as serious as your life. People will die, and the survivors will live with their deaths for a long time to come. Imagine what happens to the young women who are kidnapped by so-called Armed Islamic Groups for equally so-called marriages of pleasure. They are gang-raped for days or weeks and then killed, often by being disembowelled. Imagine what happens in the cellars used by the military and the police, where the interrogator's tool of choice is a blow lamp. Imagine what will become of the eight-year-old child who sees her teacher having her throat cut before she is decapitated in front of the class, and who stares at the severed head left on the desk. Remember the wretched of the earth, and the dead of Algeria. For the moment, it is all that we can do. Their lives have been taken. Do not let their memory die, even if we do not know their names. Remember them. Remember.

Notes

1. Frantz Fanon, *Peau noire, masques blancs*, Collection Points, Seuil, Paris, 1975, p. 187.
2. *Black Skin, White Masks*, trans. Charles Lam Markmann, Grove Press, New York, 1967.
3. Fanon, *Peau noire*, p. 7.
4. Ibid., p. 155.
5. Ibid., p. 89.
6. To take only one example; Fanon uses the expression *souventefois* (ibid., p. 73), which to a French reader looks like either a misprint or an odd condensation of *souvent* and *mainte fois*. It is quite simply the Martinican–Guadeloupean Creole form of *souvent* (often).
7. Ibid., p. 120.
8. T.W. Adorno, *Minima Moralia*, trans. E.F.N. Jephcott, Verso, London, 1978, p. 110.
9. Fanon, *Peau noire*, p. 98.
10. Ibid., p. 90.
11. Sigmund Freud, *Jokes and their Relation to the Unconscious*, Pelican Freud Library, Vol. VI, Penguin, Harmondsworth, 1976, p. 143.
12. Cited in Alain Ruscio, *Le Credo de l'homme blanc*, Editions Complexe, Brussels, 1995, p. 256.
13. Frantz Fanon, 'Antillais et Africains', in *Pour la Révolution africaine*, Maspéro, Paris, 1969, p. 26.
14. Henri Bergson, *Le Rire: Essai sur la signification du comique*, PUF, Paris, 1969, pp. 31–2.
15. Fanon, *Peau noire*, p. 90.
16. Françoise Dolto, *Correspondence I 1913–1938*, edited by Colette Percheminier, Hatier, Paris, 1991, pp. 44, 45, 53, 58–59, 64.
17. Claude McKay, *A Long Way from Home*, Pluto Press, London, 1985, p. 74.
18. On the iconography of the advertisements for Bannania, see Jan Nederveen Pieterse, *White on Black: Images of Africa and Blacks in Western Popular Culture*, Yale University Press, New Haven and London, 1995, pp. 162–3.
19. Fanon, *Peau noire*, p. 132n.
20. Maurice Merleau-Ponty, *La Phénoménologie de la perception*, Gallimard, Paris, 1945, p. 466.
21. Jean-Paul Sartre, *L'Être et le néant*, Collection Tel, Gallimard, Paris, 1972, p. 265.
22. Jean-Paul Sartre, *Saint-Genet: Comédien et martyr*, Gallimard, Paris, 1952, p. 23.
23. Pieterse, *White on Black*, p. 161.
24. Fanon, *Peau noire*, p. 27.
25. Merleau-Ponty, *La Phénoménologie de la perception*, pp. 114, 117.
26. Jean Lhermitte, *L'Image de notre corps*, Editions de la Nouvelle Revue Critique, Paris, 1939, p. 11.
27. Frantz Fanon, *Sociologie d'une révolution*, Maspéro, Paris, 1968, p. 42.
28. Fanon, *Peau noire*, pp. 89–90.
29. Ibid., p. 92.
30. Ibid., p. 33.
31. Abdoulaye Sadj, *Nini, mulâtresse du Sénégal*, Présence Africaine, Paris, 1988, pp. 177–8.
32. Mayotte Capécia, *Je suis Martiniquaise*, Editions Corréa, Paris, 1948, pp. 202, 131.
33. See, for instance, Gwen Bergner, 'Who is that Masked Woman? Or, The Role of Gender in Fanon's *Black Skin, White Masks*', *Publications of the Modern Language Association of America*, vol. 110, no. 1, January 1995.
34. Fanon, *Peau noire*, pp. 179 n.2, 181.
35. 'Le Syndrôme Nord-africain' (1952) in *Pour la Révolution africaine*; 'Guerre coloniale et troubles mentaux' in *Les Damnés de la terre*, Maspéro, Paris, 1961.
36. Fanon, *Peau noire*, p. 123.
37. David Macey, 'The Recall of the Real: Frantz Fanon and Psychoanalysis', *Constellations*, vol. 6, no. 1, 1999.
38. Octave Mannoni, *Prospéro et Caliban: Psychologie de la colonisation*, Editions Universitaires, Paris, 1984 (first published as *Psychologie de la colonisation* in 1950).
39. Ibid., p. 67.
40. Ibid., p. 78.
41. Ibid., p. 8.
42. Sigmund Freud, 'Five Lectures on Psychoanalysis', *Standard Edition of the Complete Works of Sigmund Freud*, Vol. 11, Hogarth, London, p. 14; Fanon, *Peau noire*, p. 117.
43. Lamming, p. 321.
44. *Réflexions sur la question juive*, pp. 83–4.
45. Fanon, *Peau noire*, p. 93.
46. Jean-Paul Sartre, 'Orphée noir', in Léopold Sédar Senghor, *Anthologie de la nouvelle poésie nègre et malgache de langue française*, PUF, Paris, 1948.
47. Fanon, 'Antillais et Africains', p. 31.
48. Fanon, *Sociologie d'une révolution*, p. 29.
49. Fanon, *Peau noire*, p. 92.
50. Ibid., p. 106.
51. Aimé Césaire, *Cahier d'un retour au pays natal*, in *Poésies*, Seuil, 1994, Paris, p. 31.
52. bell hooks, *Wounds of Passion*, Women's Press, London, 1998, p. 54.
53. Fanon, *Peau noire*, p. 122.
54. Aimé Césaire, *Une Tempête*, Seuil, Paris, 1969, p. 83.
55. Francis Affergan, *Anthropologie à la Martinique*, Presses de la Fondation Nationale des Sciences Politiques, Paris, 1983, p. 177.