

Translation of the Oral History Interview with Samba Gueye

GUEYE: [00:00:02] Hello dear relatives, we greet you, by your last names and first names, we tell you to be welcome. Each of you, no matter your place, your situation. We greet you by your different last names and first names. We want probably to talk about slavery. Whoever says slavery, says ignorance. Ignorant of what? Ignorant of his origins, where he comes from. In reality, they separated him from his kin and they took him to a life that isn't his. They call him slave or Jiyado which means: they saw him as such. No one knows him and no one knows anything about him, they don't even speak about respect in regard to him. This hurts like swelling that itches. If they say "Man" (Pulaar), it's the reunion of 313 words that constitute Man. Which? Conscience, religion, culture, tolerance, knowledge, competence, technical ability, respect, confidence, love, etc. In the absence of all this, it's about the upper and lower limbs attached to a body that are led by a heart to take care of tasks. We can add that all this can be reigned over by laws. But, if one prevents a human being from expressing his humanity, and one prevents him from expressing that which makes him human, he becomes a slave. As our master Mamadou Samba Diop, called Mourtoudo, would say: "A man can only take his fellow man as a slave by oppressing his conscience. So, he drives him according to his volition. This is how he dominates him, how he becomes his master. And the slave becomes his object." Therefore, men should be reasonable and should know that man is in no way superior to his fellow man. We are equal before God. And God asked humans to be brothers. If you have the same love for others that you have for yourself, you will never belittle your fellow man. Excuse me, I would like to read a short poem. [00:01:57]

Poem: The Sighs of Annoyance

[00:02:00] "The signs of annoyance; from annoyance and from suffering; the suffering of Black folk; exhausted; reduced to slavery; forced slavery; This is the origin of our suffering; like a swelling that itches; those who work, those who are made to work; without any pay; Or who receive a poverty wage; While without their sweat, we would stay in poverty; this means that they are exploited; their aspirations; this is the origin of our suffering; like a swelling that itches; The same fate is reserved for their adults in battles; The battle of Black people; Even women are not spared; It creates sorrow; sorrow and pain; this is the origin of our suffering; like a swelling that itches; look at these blind men, the deaf and the mute, their hands marked with injuries; only the authorities profit; the mark of their pains. This is the origin of our suffering; like a swelling that itches. Farmers, fishermen, and breeders; to whom we taught things, but without explanation they'll hardly understand; who lives in assistantship; they are the same as their teachers; who are as blind as the taught; blind guides; what a sad fate; this is the origin of our suffering; like a swelling that itches; Observe the ones who are in their beds, sit; who are sick from suffering; who suffer from stigmatization; that overwhelms them again and again; this is the origin of our suffering; but more than a swelling that itches. The inhabitants of the same soil and of the same territories; the same kin; upon whom they imposed borders; on the inside, divided into social groups; Each one takes the share of the other; the only thing that remains is gossip; and confrontation; so that in the end, the only thing that remains is trouble; and division; this remains absurd; this is the origin of our suffer. Samba Dawa Gueye called Africa, the man of Diélla, the confluence of the river." [00:04:33] **END.**