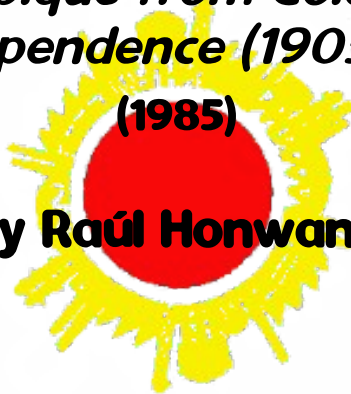


The Life History of Raúl Honwana

*Mozambique from Colonialism
to Independence (1905-1975)*

(1985)

by Raúl Honwana

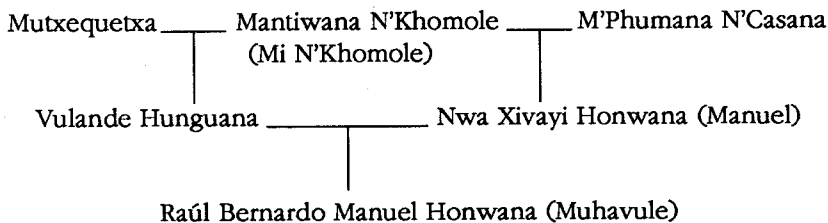


***Liberated from
capitalist control
to educate the masses
by
Socialist Stories***

Before 1905

MY DIRECT FOREFATHERS

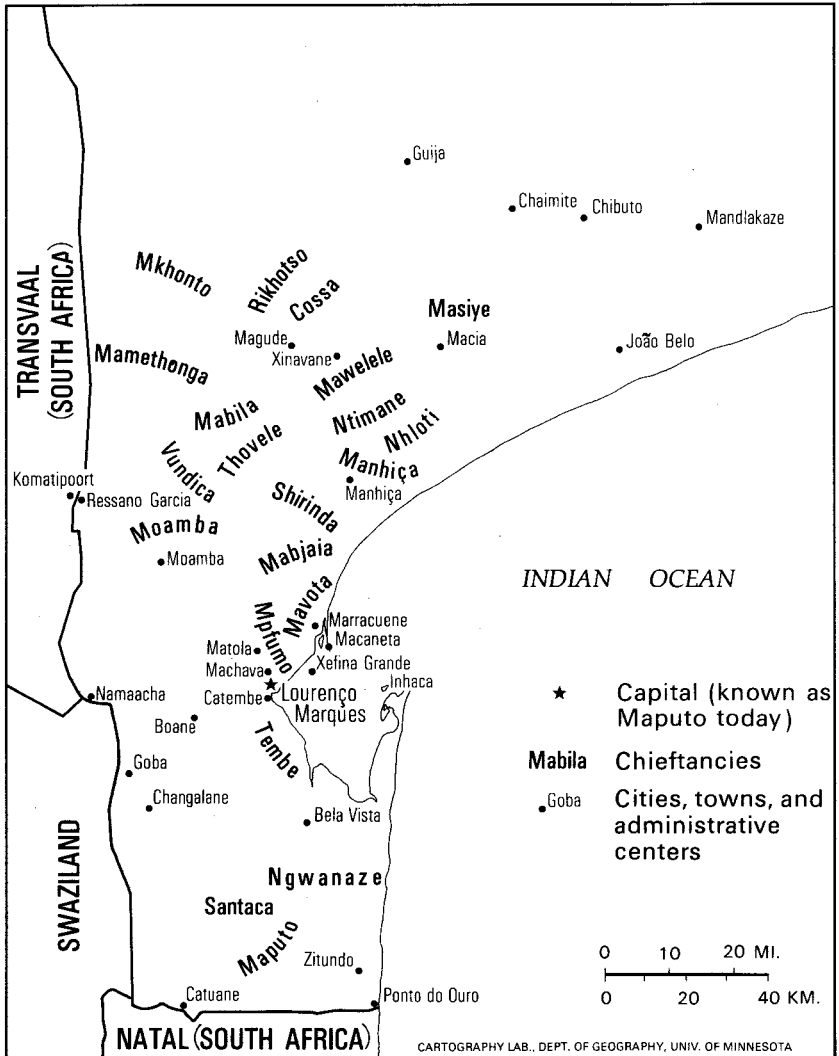
This is the genealogical tree of my direct forefathers:



I am Ronga,¹ descended from the Tsonga,² a Bantu-speaking people. The surname Honwana indicates that we are descended from the former inhabitants of the Nondjuana area, including what is today the district of Marracuene.³

The Honwanas' praise names, which in Ronga, my mother tongue, are called *ku thopa*, are related to the original geographic location of this ethnic group. In greeting the Honwanas one would have said to them, "*Homo ya ntima nwa munonduana*" (Black bull, oh people of Nondjuana). This is because small black shellfish, called *tinblakabla*, are found in the salt water that enters the Incomati estuary and reaches as far as Nondjuana. These shellfish are regarded as a tasty dish by the local people, who were once Honwanas. At the same time, *bonwana* means "small bull." According to popular belief the Honwanas should have been cattle owners, given their surname, but that was not the case. All they "owned" were the *tinblakabla* and so, half as a taunt and half in jest, the Honwanas were greeted with "*homo ya ntima*" (black bull) in ironic reference to the *tinblakabla*.

I don't know the names of my maternal or paternal great-grandparents. My mother, Vulande Hunguana, who taught me much of what I know of those times, certainly must have told me about her grandparents, but I can't remember what she said about



CARTOGRAPHY LAB., DEPT. OF GEOGRAPHY, UNIV. OF MINNESOTA

Principal Chieftancies and Places in Southern Mozambique, circa 1905

them. Nor can I remember my father, Nwa⁴ Xivayi Honwana, talking to me about his grandparents. When he died I was still too young to fix things in my memory. To tell the truth I can hardly remember even what my father looked like.

Mutxequetxa, my maternal grandfather, had an older sister, Manengule, and one brother, Muhavule. I inherited Muhavule's name as well as his praise names. Muhavule's praise names implied that he was an idler and a marijuana smoker. That is, when people greeted him they said, "*Muhavule gudo. Gudo li ya txa. Muhavule ngwevu. Ngwevu ka Matxovana.*" Let me explain this. *Gudo* is the name of the very intricate pipe of cane and beeswax, which, immersed in water collected in a bull's horn, was used for smoking marijuana. *Gudo li ya txa* is the Zulu expression meaning "the pipe that burns." *Ngwevu* is a Zulu word for beard. Although I never met him, I am sure that my great-uncle Muhavule must have worn a beard. Apparently I was born soon after he died (in 1905), and that's why my mother gave me his name.

Manengule, my grandfather Mutxequetxa's older sister, was married to Xixaute, an elephant hunter and my grandfather's friend from the days of their youth. My mother told me that one day Xixaute went elephant hunting in the area between Manhiça and Bilene.⁵ When he was passing near a well, he found a little girl crying. The little girl, whose name was Mantiwana N'Khomole (or Mi N'Khomole), explained to Xixaute that her village had been invaded during the night by the Nguni,⁶ who were Gungunhana's people.⁷ Many in her village were killed, including her parents, but she had managed to escape and was now all alone. Xixaute took pity on her and took her home to Marracuene. He gave her to his wife Manengule to bring up. When the girl was grown up, they decided she should marry Mutxequetxa, who was then still unmarried. And so she did.

Mi N'Khomole (which means daughter of N'Khomole) had but one child, my mother Vulande. My grandfather Mutxequetxa always nurtured the hope of having more children, but in vain.

MY GRANDFATHER MUTXEQUETXA

I don't know when my mother was born. I am her youngest child, and since my sisters and brothers were all much older than I was, I assume that I was born when my mother was fairly old.

The stories about my grandfather Mutxequetxa were told to me by my mother and by other members of the family. Mutxequetxa

was a hunter, and he traded in ivory and hides. While recounting my grandfather's participation in the battle of Masoyine⁸ at the end of the last century, my mother told me about a number of episodes during the resistance struggle of the Mozambican peoples. My mother was an excellent storyteller, and I always had a good memory.

At the end of the last century, the extreme south of Mozambique was divided up as follows:

- The lands of Maputo,⁹ including all of Matutuíne,¹⁰ Ponta do Ouro,¹¹ Catembe,¹² and Catuane,¹³ were ruled over by Ngwanaze.¹⁴
- The lands of Matola,¹⁵ stretching from Mihlafutene¹⁶ to the Mi Tembe River (today the Porto Henrique River)¹⁷ and Goba,¹⁸ were ruled by Sigaúle.¹⁹
- The lands between Hulene²⁰ and Mihlafutene were ruled by chiefs with the surname Mavota²¹ (Mubucuana,²² Nwa Ntonga,²³ and others).
- The lands of Mpfumo,²⁴ including what is today the capital Maputo and its environs, were ruled by Nwa Matibjana.²⁵
- The lands of the Mabjaia,²⁶ from Xihango to Mhuntanhana²⁷ on the right side of the Incomati River,²⁸ including Marracuene, Macaneta,²⁹ and Bobole,³⁰ were ruled by Mahazule.³¹
- All the lands to the east of Mpfumo, including Xefina Grande and Xefina Pequena,³² belonged to the Mavotas and were ruled by Mubucuana.
- The lands of Xirindja, from Marracuene (in the Bobole area) to close to Manhiça, were ruled by Chief Xirindja.³³
- The lands of Manhiça were ruled by Chief Manhiça.³⁴
- The lands of Moamba, including all the area bordering South Africa, were ruled by Nwa Ngundjuana.³⁵
- The lands to the west of the Incomati River, as far as Magude,³⁶ were ruled by Cossas.³⁷

None of these Ronga rulers had been subjugated by Gungunhana, so they owed him no vassalage. Some, such as Mahazule and Nwa Matibjana, considered themselves his allies but nothing more.

And why weren't the Ronga Gungunhana's vassals?

Manucusse (Soshangane),³⁸ Gungunhana's grandfather, had been sent by the Zulu emperor Shaka³⁹ to fight against a Swazi chieftain.⁴⁰ Because Manucusse was defeated in the battle, he had to make a choice between returning to a certain death (Shaka usually killed his generals when they were not victorious)⁴¹ or running away.

Manucusse chose to run and he fled in our direction, passing through Gaza and Inhambane.⁴² He reached Manica and Sofala⁴³ and crossed the Zambezi River into Angónia.⁴⁴

The people in the extreme south may have been left in peace because they were too close to Zululand, from which Manucusse was fleeing. He finally settled first in Mussapa,⁴⁵ in the center of Mozambique, and then in Angónia.

Manucusse had two sons, Muzila and Mawewe, one of whom would become chief when Manucusse died. The people preferred Mawewe to Muzila, perhaps because Mawewe was the better fighter. A civil war erupted between the two brothers over the succession, and Muzila was beaten. He fled and sought help from the Portuguese. He promised that if the Portuguese helped him, he would become their ally. His offer was accepted and assistance was provided in the form of soldiers, weapons, and ammunition. Whereupon Muzila again declared war on his brother and this time emerged victorious.⁴⁶

After that Mawewe disappeared from the scene, and Muzila declared himself the successor to his father. It is said that after Muzila ascended the throne, he sent envoys to Portugal to pay homage to the Portuguese king whose vassal he became. When Muzila died and Gungunhana (Mudungazwe)⁴⁷ ascended the throne, the first thing he did was to order the massacre of his brothers to avoid any disputes about succession.

At the end of the last century, Nwa Matibjana was a much respected and influential chief in southern Mozambique. His praise name was *Nduma ka zulo, makehlwa une laka* (the man who causes thunder has very strong ancestors).

The Portuguese at the time were much more interested in the north than in the south of Mozambique. They had established in the north the system of crown estates, trading posts with the Orient, and plantations owned by large companies.⁴⁸ The capital of Mozambique was the Island of Mozambique,⁴⁹ and the Portuguese presence in the extreme south was limited to the fort at Lourenço Marques, which was also used as a prison, and to the military outposts at Marracuene, Hanguana, and Bela Vista.⁵⁰

The Portuguese did not establish direct rule in the south right away. No taxes were imposed, and it is said that relations between the military commanders and the chiefs in the region were cordial and respectful as long as no specific issue arose to generate open confrontation or feelings of hostility. From time to time the chiefs would visit the Lourenço Marques fort with gifts, such as goats or local produce, and the military commanders would present them

with cloth, wine, and Portuguese brandy.

Perhaps the first Portuguese attempt to impose a system of direct rule in the south was by intervening in local disputes. The Portuguese suggested, and it was accepted, that the military commanders should give their opinion on the more complicated cases handled by the chiefs. This meant that after an issue had been resolved by a chief, it would then be submitted to the local Portuguese military commander.

THE BATTLE OF MASOYINE

At that time a dispute arose that Nwa Matibjana regarded as quite serious. He and his advisers decided that the guilty party should be severely punished. After this decision was made, the case was presented to the military commander at Hanguana, who decided that it wasn't that serious and that the culprit should go free. This was a direct affront to Nwa Matibjana, who then, in alliance with other chiefs in the area, organized an attack on the Hanguana military post, from which the military commander disappeared.

A short while before this and for reasons unknown to me, there had been another attack by the same chiefs on the Lourenço Marques fort. They had captured and hanged the governor of the fort, Dionízio Ribeiro,⁵¹ from a tree which I believe is still standing beside the fort.

After the Hanguana attack, when the insurgents were advancing toward the center of the town, the Portuguese forces went out to meet them. Given their superiority in weapons, the Portuguese routed the men of Nwa Matibjana and his allies, who fled.

Nwa Matibjana's greatest ally was Mahazule, who, as I said earlier, was the chief of the Mabjaia. Faced with this threat, the Portuguese decided to pay more attention to southern Mozambique. They sent António Enes,⁵² a journalist and parliamentary advisor, who had been one of the most outspoken critics in the Portuguese parliament about the Portuguese government's weak presence in southern Mozambique. He was appointed royal commissioner.

The first thing António Enes did when he arrived was to transfer the capital from the Island of Mozambique to Lourenço Marques. Mousinho de Albuquerque⁵³ was then the governor of the district of Lourenço Marques.

António Enes decided to concentrate his troops in Marracuene to fight against the insurgents. Most of the Portuguese troops marched there, but some soldiers sailed up the Incomati River in small

steamboats, which also carried weapons and ammunition.

This is when the "Masoyine" war, or war of the trenches, really began.

Many of the people in southern Mozambique had joined the insurgents, including my grandfather Mutxequetxa. Along the Incomati River in Massinga, in the area of Marracuene, there was a huge hill of red, hard earth that sloped down toward the river. Starting from the interior, my grandfather and the other fighters dug tunnels toward the river, ending with small openings on the river side of the hill. They aimed their guns through these openings and slaughtered the Portuguese soldiers sailing up the river to Marracuene. The attacks were so unexpected that the Portuguese soldiers had no time even to realize what was happening. Among those killed by the insurgents was a much-feared Portuguese lieutenant named Filipe Nunes.⁵⁴

Another contingent of insurgents, commanded by a Chief Finisse, gathered beside the sea near Macaneta (where the Macaneta beach is today).⁵⁵ That contingent also killed a good many soldiers, and the beach became known among the Portuguese as "Finishi" beach. Thus the number of Portuguese soldiers was substantially reduced, and the concentration of troops and weaponry at Marracuene was delayed sufficiently for the insurgents to organize for all-out war.

EPISODES AT MARRACUENE AND MAGUL

The Portuguese had requested reinforcements for the march on Marracuene from their allies, Chief Sigaúle of Matola, Ngwanaze of Maputo, and Nwa Ngundjuana of Moamba. It was agreed that these reinforcements would join them on a particular day at the Portuguese camp at Marracuene. Just before the rendezvous the Portuguese sent an envoy to the Matola area to give the password to the fighters who were coming to help them. The envoy was intercepted, however, by troops of Mahazule and Nwa Matibjana, insurgent chiefs whom the Portuguese called "landins."⁵⁶ Thus these chiefs learned the challenge and the password for entering the Portuguese camp at Marracuene.

In the early hours of the assigned day, landins dressed as soldiers began to arrive at the outskirts of the Marracuene camp. When they reached the first sentry they were asked, as was expected, "Who goes there?" to which they responded with the password "Matola." And so the sentry let them pass. The last ones to enter killed the sentry.

The scene was repeated when they reached the second sentry, who asked "Who goes there?" and the landins replied, "Matola." In this way they advanced gradually toward the center of the camp. It was only when they began to kill the colonial troops that the Portuguese realized they were landins and not allied troops from the chiefs Matola, Sigaúle, and Ngwanaze. The story goes that the Portuguese had been alerted by a soldier who said, "I think I smell the landins." It is also said that the Portuguese military commander, Roque de Aguiar,⁵⁷ fled in his underwear and that the only luck the Portuguese had was that, demoralized as he was, Roque de Aguiar managed to gather together enough soldiers and ammunition to attack his own camp and clear out the landins. My grandfather Mutxequetxa was one of the landins.

In the end the Portuguese won because of their superiority in weapons. After the insurgents had fled, the Portuguese went from village to village stealing cattle, destroying fields, and killing the inhabitants. Many of the local people were forced to run away. My grandfather Mutxequetxa was among those who fled to Gaza with the insurgent chiefs, Nwa Matibjana and Mahazule.

Meanwhile the Portuguese gathered more troops and advanced first on Manhiça and then to the plains of Magul.⁵⁸

The following story also concerns the battle at Marracuene. The Portuguese had provided Ngwanaze with guns and ammunition, and his soldiers were to have fought alongside the Portuguese soldiers against the insurgent landins at Marracuene. On the appointed day Ngwanaze's soldiers marched to Catembe. But before crossing the bay to the other side, they began to question the undertaking. They argued that it was not right to fight on the side of the Portuguese against their own brothers and also that, according to the traditions of war among the people of that area, crossing a river or the sea before battle could sap a fighter's strength. And so they threw their guns and ammunition on the beach and went home. Not only that but Nwa Ngundjuana of Moamba hadn't even sent one soldier to help the Portuguese.

Later, in retaliation for what he considered the treachery of the people of Maputo, Mousinho de Albuquerque invaded the area, burned and razed the land, and imposed taxes, which had never been done before. Chief Ngwanaze accepted an offer of asylum from the British who controlled the territory bordering his lands. He crossed the border with many of his people and cattle and settled in Ngwavuma⁵⁹ in South Africa.

Getting back to Nwa Matibjana and Mahazule, they had asked Gungunhana for asylum. Through their representatives at

Gungunhana's court, the Portuguese requested the extradition of the two insurgent chiefs. Gungunhana refused, arguing that the tradition of the Nguni did not allow a vanquished chief who had been granted asylum to be returned to his enemy. This was because the flight of an adversary from the battlefield and his request for asylum to an allied ruler meant, in fact, the acceptance of defeat. The right of pursuit on the part of the victor ended when the vanquished was granted asylum by an ally.

Gungunhana had regarded the Portuguese as allies until then and had advocated a policy of peaceful coexistence. In fact, because of Muzila's alliance with the Portuguese,⁶⁰ he regarded himself as a subject of the king of Portugal. That was why he had accepted a Portuguese ambassador at his court.

Gungunhana's refusal to return the insurgent chiefs was just the pretext the Portuguese had been waiting for to attack him. In fact, Gungunhana had a great deal of power and influence and therefore was a threat to the expansionist goals of the Portuguese and their plans to effectively occupy all of Mozambique. The Portuguese declared war on Gungunhana, accusing him of being the instigator behind the "landin" insurgency.

The Portuguese may have been unaware that Gungunhana had another motive for helping the insurgents: two of his wives were from the extreme south of Mozambique, so he considered himself related to Mahazule and Nwa Matibjana through marriage. In Nguni tradition, marriage was a way of forging alliances.

The result was the battle of Magul, which was the first time that Gungunhana became involved directly in the struggle against Portuguese domination. Gungunhana's allied troops used what they called the "strategy of the plain." The Portuguese were encircled and forced toward the middle of the plain, then were attacked by Gungunhana's soldiers from the surrounding hills.

A curious episode took place just before the battle commenced. Chief Chivandza,⁶¹ an ally of the Portuguese, tried to persuade the insurgents not to fight against the Portuguese, insulting them and telling them that they were going to lose. They were determined to fight, however.

Superiority in weapons was again a factor, and the Portuguese were able to overcome the numerical superiority of Gungunhana's soldiers and allied troops and to break out of the circle. They then decided to attack the Nguni on two fronts: coming south from Inhambane toward Mandlakaze⁶² and pushing north from Magul in the direction of Inhambane. To carry out their plan, the Portuguese had to send reinforcements to Inhambane by sea.

This was when the man who was to become my father, a cook and interpreter for one of the Portuguese officers, accompanied the Portuguese troops to Inhambane. While he was there he had a son with a local woman, my brother Barbosa.

The Portuguese had a lot of support in Inhambane because the local people had never gotten along well with Gungunhana. Before the war with the Portuguese, there had been a war between the Vatchopi⁶³ and the Nguni. The Vatchopi were never subjugated by Gungunhana. In that war, known as the war of Chipenanhane after a Vatchopi chief,⁶⁴ the people gathered on an island in Lake Nhansuni, located between Mandlakaze and Inharrime, and used their poisoned arrows to prevent an Nguni advance. It was because of their skill with bows and arrows that they became known as "vatchopi."⁶⁵

COOLELA, CHAIMITE, AND MUKONTUENE

The Portuguese advanced as far as Coolela⁶⁶ where there was a furious battle with Gungunhana and his allies. It is said that as many Portuguese soldiers as resistance fighters died at the battle of Coolela. Gungunhana's elite troops, a battalion called *Nhoni Mblope* (or white bird, because they wore a white feather in their hair), played a major role in the battle of Coolela.

After the battle the Portuguese set off in pursuit of Gungunhana. By the time they reached Mandlakaze, Gungunhana had already left to take refuge in Chaimite. Chaimite had a special meaning for Gungunhana because it was where his grandfather Manucusse and other ancestors were buried.

During the war the British had offered Gungunhana asylum in what is now the northern Transvaal, but he refused their offer.⁶⁷

At Mandlakaze the Portuguese burned Gungunhana's home where, it is said, they had found a quantity of arms and ammunition supplied by the British that had never been used. After Gungunhana's flight and the destruction of Mandlakaze, António Enes considered the war over. Before returning to report to the Portuguese parliament, he nominated Mousinho de Albuquerque as acting royal commissioner.

Mousinho de Albuquerque's intelligence sources had informed him that Gungunhana was hiding in Chaimite and that since his defeat only the Nguni were still with him, but no longer the Shangaan (or the *mabuinhela*)⁶⁸ or the landins. Thus, Mousinho de Albuquerque decided to go after Gungunhana with about forty armed men. He sailed up the Limpopo River toward Chaimite.

Gungunhana was told of Mousinho's approach, but he refused to run.

When Mousinho reached Gungunhana's home, he found some three thousand men gathered there. Mousinho ordered Gungunhana to sit on the ground. Gungunhana objected, saying that the ground was dirty and not a fit place for a king to sit. Then Mousinho slapped Gungunhana's face, told him he was under arrest, and once again ordered him to sit on the ground because he was no longer the king of the Nguni.⁶⁹

It has never been possible to find out quite what the Nguni's feelings were toward Gungunhana. Undoubtedly they recognized him as their military and political chief, but they held him more in fear than in love. The story goes that when Gungunhana was finally led away by Mousinho de Albuquerque's troops, the crowd shouted, "*Hamba kolwanyana kadi uqeda inkuku zetu*," which is Zulu for "Away with you, vulture, slaughterer of our chickens."

Along with Gungunhana the Portuguese arrested and took with them the chiefs Nwa Matibjana and Mahazule, some of Gungunhana's wives, and his son Godide. Nwa Matibjana and Mahazule died in exile on Terceira Island in the Azores, as did Gungunhana himself.⁷⁰

Maguiguana, a Cossa who was Gungunhana's former minister of war, led a second war of resistance in 1898.⁷¹ (He had not taken part in the battles at Magul, Coolela, and Chaimite, but I don't know why.) This war erupted in Chibuto, at a place called Mukontuene, two years after Gungunhana's arrest.⁷² It is said that Mousinho himself led the Portuguese troops at Mukontuene. Previously, Maguiguana had attacked the military post of Balule, somewhere in Gaza near Guijá.⁷³ The battle of Mukontuene was in response to that attack. The insurgents were people from the area who had been reorganized by Maguiguana after Gungunhana's arrest.

The Portuguese won the battle of Mukontuene, and Maguiguana fled. Although the British had offered him asylum also, he preferred to return to his home in Magude.⁷⁴

Maguiguana hid in a forest near Mapulanguene⁷⁵ and sent his wives out to fetch food. After some time Maguiguana could see them in the distance returning with an escort of Portuguese soldiers. He also saw that their breasts had been cut off. He grabbed his rifle and climbed a nearby tree. When his wives arrived where they had left him, they refused to show the soldiers where their husband was hidden, even when the soldiers began to beat them. In despair Maguiguana opened fire on the soldiers, killing three of them. One of the surviving soldiers disobeyed the order to take Maguiguana

alive and shot him to death. Maguiguana fell from the tree, still clutching his rifle. His head was cut off and taken to Lourenço Marques to be presented to Mousinho de Albuquerque.

MY FATHER NWA XIVAYI HONWANA (MANUEL)

After the battle of Mukontuene, the Portuguese may have feared that the chiefs in the south would rebel yet again. So they began to limit the powers of the southern chiefs and to intervene openly in their selection and dismissal. Let me give you an example.

Through his lineage Chief Mahazule belonged to the Mabjaia-Macaneta royal house. Another chief, Muvexa Nhlewana,⁷⁶ belonged to the less important Mabjaia Nhlewana house in the same lineage. After the war the colonial administration called the people of those lands together in order to decide who would be the overall chief of the Mabjaia. Now at that time Muvexa Nhlewana was widely known because he had more than forty wives. He is even mentioned in Henri Junod's book, *A Vida de Uma Tribo Sul-Africano*, which was first published in Mozambique in 1944 by the Imprensa Nacional.⁷⁷

Meanwhile my father, who spoke Portuguese and had been a cook for the Portuguese military during the war, as I have explained, was an interpreter with the Marracuene administration at the time. The administrator asked my father's opinion, in his capacity as interpreter, about the succession, and my father replied that Muvexa Nhlewana had the most claim to being the overall chief. I can't explain what the basis was for my father's opinion, but the Portuguese accepted it and then proceeded to appoint Muvexa Nhlewana as overall chief.

As a sign of his gratitude to my father, Muvexa "offered" him one of his daughters, Minsiheni, in marriage and excused him from having to pay the bride price.⁷⁸ Muvexa also gave him the lands of Malongotiva, over which my father became chief.

My father had paid the bride price previously for another wife, Munyangwe, but they had no children. Muvexa's daughter bore my father two daughters, Mumadji and N'Casana. Later my father fell in love with another of Muvexa's daughters, Malwisi, and they had a son, Mapfundjana. Muvexa became angry and demanded the bride price for Malwisi because he had only "offered" one daughter, not two. My father refused to pay the requested bride price and simply took the second daughter to live with him.

It is interesting to note that these two members of my family, my

grandfather Mutxequetxa and my father Nwa Xivayi, had such opposing and irreconcilable roles in the resistance struggle against colonialism: the first on the side of the insurgents, resisting colonial domination; and the second on the side of the Portuguese military as a cook, interpreter, and even an advisor.⁷⁹

My father died in 1916 and was buried in Marracuene, his home.

MY MOTHER VULANDE HUNGUANA

My mother was an only child. I know very little about her childhood, but I know something about the three times the bride price was paid for her.

Speaking of the bride price, I think that this form of traditional marriage has lost almost all of its original meaning. It is interesting to know how the bride price was regarded in those earlier times, what family and social values surrounded it. My mother's story helps to explain the bride price a little, its rules, and the relationships it created.

An Indian named Harichande Tricamo was the first man to pay the bride price for my mother.⁸⁰ He was a well-to-do merchant, with bearers and porters, and he traded mainly in Gaza. He went several times with my mother to Mandlakaze to do business at the court of Gungunhana. My mother told me that Harichande used to keep his money in large jars that he would bury when they were full. In those days Indian traders rarely brought their wives with them to Africa. They usually married local women. Sometime after my mother and Harichande had a daughter, my oldest sister Habiba, Harichande went home to India and never returned.

Habiba grew up in Lourenço Marques in the home of her uncles, her father's brothers.⁸¹ The story is told that when the attack against the Portuguese military outpost at Hanguana was carried out in 1895 by soldiers of Mahazule and Nwa Matibjana, Habiba and some other women had been washing clothes in the Munhuana Lagoon. She was almost killed in all the confusion. She was very light-skinned and the insurgents, mistaking her for a white woman, wanted to attack her. She fled and had to stay in hiding for some time.

After Harichande returned to India, my mother was "inherited" by his brother Prossotamo Tricamo.⁸² This was allowed under the bride price rules; that is, the woman continued to be part of her husband's family and retained its social and moral protection. My mother had two more daughters with Prossotamo, my sisters Hawa and Kharina. Prossotamo also left some time later, and my mother

returned to her father's home.

The second bride price paid for my mother was by a man named Massinga, with whom she had two children who died very young. She did not get along with that husband and ended up divorcing him.

Meanwhile my grandfather Mutxequetxa had returned from war and decided to begin a new village at Malongotiva, near Marracuene.⁸³ At the time my future father, Nwa Xivayi, was the chief in that area. My mother went to live with her father and came to know Nwa Xivayi, who paid bride price for her. I was born in Malongotiva in 1905 to Vulande and Nwa Xivayi.

My mother tried to lessen her father's sadness and loneliness during those troubled years by paying bride price for a woman for him, a widow named Mi Hambene. But Mutxequetxa ultimately died without having any more children.

In accordance with the rules of the bride price, Mi Hambane then became the wife of my father's closest male heir, his nephew Nwa Massangalana, with whom she had a daughter. Later on Mi Hambene fell out with Nwa Massangalana and left him for a man named Nwa Vilanculo. He wanted to pay bride price for her, but she refused because the bride price agreement between my mother (for her father) and Mi Hambene's family had never been cancelled. There had not been a true divorce between Mi Hambene and Nwa Massangalana because her family had not returned the bride price to my mother.

Mi Hambene had several children with Nwa Vilanculo. When a bride price of thirty-five pounds (valued between \$140 and \$170, depending on the specific year between 1905 and 1920)⁸⁴ was paid for their eldest daughter, Hlonipana, it was my mother who, by right, received the payment. My mother's rights over Hlonipana and her brothers and sisters derived from the fact that they were born while the bride price paid by my mother to Mi Hambene's family remained in force, despite the fact that Mi Hambene was no longer living with Mutxequetxa or Nwa Massangalana, his successor.

EDITOR'S NOTES

1. The Ronga are an ethnic group living in southern Mozambique, primarily in the areas of Manhiça, Marracuene, Moamba, and Maputo in the province of Maputo. According to Junod they are one of six dialectical subgroups of the Tsonga. See Junod, *The Life of a South African Tribe*, 1:13-34. For a somewhat different interpretation, see Martha Binford,

"Stalemate: A Study of Cultural Dynamics" (Ph.D. diss., Michigan State University, 1971); Patrick Harris, "The Anthropologist as Historian and Liberal: H. A. Junod and the Thonga," *Journal of Southern African Studies* 8 (1981); 37-50.

2. The Tsonga are one of the three dominant ethnic groups living in southern Mozambique. For a reconstruction of their early history, see Alan Smith, "The Peoples of Southern Mozambique: An Historical Survey," *Journal of African History* 14(1973),565-580; and António Rita-Ferreira, *Agrupamento e Caracterização Étnica dos Indígenas de Moçambique* (Lisbon, 1958), 27-39.

3. Marracuene is located about twenty miles north of Maputo. During the colonial period Inhambane, Gaza, and Lourenço Marques were districts (subsequently known as provinces), which were divided into circumscriptions. Marracuene was a circumscription in the district of Lourenço Marques. In note 4 to the original Portuguese version of *Memórias*, Raúl Honwana explained that "Marracuene" was derived from the Ronga word, *murakwene*, meaning "a place in the river where you can walk across," and that at a certain time of the year, a section of the Incomati River near Marracuene became shallow enough for someone to wade across.

4. *Nwa* is a Ronga prefix that can mean "place of origin" or "son of," depending on the context; "daughter of" is expressed by the Ronga prefix *Mi* (personal communication from Gita Honwana, 27 November 1987).

5. Manhiça is the name of a town (located approximately fifty miles north of Maputo) and a district. Bilene is a district in Gaza Province. The area was conquered by Gungunhana and became part of the Gaza empire. See Note 38.

6. Nguni refers to the Gaza Nguni who invaded southern Mozambique in the 1830s. Led by Soshangane they established the sprawling Gaza state, which claimed sovereignty over a vast area stretching from the Limpopo to the Zambezi rivers. See J. D. Omer-Cooper, *The Zulu Aftermath: A Nineteenth-Century Revolution in Bantu Africa* (Evanston, 1966), 57-64; Gerhard Liesegang, *Beiträge zur Geschichte des Reiches da Gaza Ngoni im Südlichen Moçambique, 1829-1895* (Cologne, 1968), passim; and idem, "Nguni Migrations Between Delagoa Bay and the Zambezi, 1821-1831," *African Historical Studies*, 3(1970), 317-339.

7. Gungunhana ruled the Gaza state from 1885 to 1895, when his forces were defeated by the Portuguese colonial army. Afterward he was sent into exile in the Azores where he died. For an account in English of his political career, see Douglas Wheeler, "Gungunyane the Negotiator: A Study in African Diplomacy," *Journal of African History* 9(1968)585-602. See also Gerhard Liesegang, "Notes on the Internal Structure of the Gaza Kingdom of Southern Mozambique," in J. B. Peires ed. *Before and After Shaka, Papers in Nguni History*, (Grahamstown, 1981).

8. See section entitled "The Battle of Masoyine."

9. Historically Maputo was the positional title of a prominent Ronga chief and the name of a region in southern Mozambique adjacent to the capital that now bears its name. Today Maputo is also the name of a southern province.

10. Matutuine was the royal village of the Ronga chief Maputo, where, in the nineteenth century, young men used to undergo military training. It is also the name of a district bordering on Natal.

11. Ponta do Ouro is located in the district of Matutuine on the border with Natal.

12. Catembe is located in Maputo Province on the opposite side of the bay from the capital.

13. Catuane is located in Maputo Province on the South African border adjacent to the historic homeland of the Zulu.

14. Ngwanaze was a Ronga chief who refused Portuguese demands that he fight Gungunhana. He ultimately fled across the South African border and resettled among the Zulu (interview with Raúl Honwana, Maputo, 13 May 1987). For a discussion of southern Mozambicans who relocated in South Africa, see Patrick Harris, "Internal Colonialism and Ethnicity: The Case of South Africa's Tsonga Speakers," in Leroy Vail, ed., *The Creation of Tribalism in Southern Africa* (Berkeley, forthcoming).

15. Matola is the positional title of a Ronga chief who at the end of the nineteenth century controlled an area extending from the limits of the colonial capital Lourenço Marques to Moamba, about thirty-five miles to the northwest in the district of Sabie.

16. Mihlafutene is located five miles from Marracuene, which is approximately twenty miles north of Maputo.

17. The Mi Tembe River flows into the Bay of Maputo.

18. Goba is located on the frontier between Mozambique and Swaziland. During the colonial period it was both an administrative and customs post.

19. Sigaúle was a Ronga chief. Many Ronga chiefs, including Sigaúle, received women's names when they were born, which designated them as the heirs apparent. According to Ronga traditions, the babies were also dressed like girls and lived with their grandparents in order to protect them against potential rivals (interview with Raúl Honwana, Maputo, 13 May 1987).

20. Hulene is located on the outskirts of the capital Maputo.

21. Mavota was the positional title of a Ronga chief who controlled the area around Marracuene at the end of the nineteenth century.

22. Mubucuaana was the positional title of a Ronga chief related to the royal family of Mavota.

23. Nwa Ntonga was Mavota's father.

24. Mpfumo was the positional title of a Ronga chief. For a discussion of the early opposition to Portuguese penetration, see Rene Pélissier, *Naissance du Mozambique Résistance et Revoltes Anticoloniales* (Orgeval, 1984), 2:550-565.

25. Nwa Matibjana was a Ronga chief of Zixaxa. He fought against the Portuguese in the revolt of 1894. For a detailed account of the revolt, see Botelho, *História Militar* 2:433-467 Pélissier, *Naissance du Mozambique*, 2:578-588. For a contemporary account, see Eduardo de Noronha, *A Rebelião dos Indígenas de Lourenço Marques* (Lisbon, 1894).

26. Majaia is the surname of the Ronga chief Mahazule. The Portuguese had difficulty pronouncing "Majaia" so adopted instead a corrupted form of the word, "Magaia," which has since become a common surname in southern Mozambique.

27. Xihango and Mhuntanhana are located in Maputo Province.

28. The Incomati River flows from South Africa through Maputo

Province and empties into the Indian Ocean near Marracuene.

29. Macaneta is a peninsula on the Indian Ocean just north of Maputo.

30. Bobole is located north of Marracuene.

31. Mahazule succeeded his father Mapunga in 1892 and fought against the Portuguese in the 1894 revolt. See Botelho, *História Militar*, 2:432-467; Pélissier, *Naissance du Mozambique*, 2:578-588.

32. Xefina (also spelled Chefina) Grande and Xefina Pequena are adjacent islands in the Indian Ocean just off the coast of southern Mozambique.

33. Xirindja was the positional title of a Ronga chief who participated in the 1894 rebellion. See Pélissier, *Naissance du Mozambique*, 2:578-588

34. Manhiça was the positional title of a Ronga chief.

35. Nwa Ngundjuana was a Ronga chief.

36. Magude is located approximately sixty-five miles northwest of Maputo in Gaza Province.

37. Cossa was the title of the ruler of the Magude region. The Cossas are also a small ethnic group, a mixture of Ronga and Shangaan. The famous leader Maguiguana, who directed the 1897 rebellion, was of Cossa descent (interview with Raúl Honwana, Maputo, 13 May 1987). For a discussion of the Maguiguana rebellion, see Mousinho de Albuquerque, *Livro das Campanhas* (Lisbon, 1935); and Pélissier, *Naissance du Mozambique*, 2:626-632.

38. Manucusse (Soshangane) was the Nguni ruler who invaded southern Mozambique in the 1830s and founded the Gaza state. See Omer-Cooper, *Zulu Aftermath*, 57-64; Liesegang, *Beitrag zur Geschichte*, passim; and Paul Maylam, *A History of the African People of South Africa from the Early Iron Ages to the 1970s* (London, 1986), 54-63.

39. Shaka (also spelled Tchaka or Chaka) was a Zulu king who came to power shortly after the death of Dingiswayo around 1820. He is credited with revolutionizing Zulu warfare and Zulu society. See Omer-Cooper, *Zulu Aftermath*, pp. 25-56; E.V. Walter, *Terror and Resistance* (New York, 1969); Max Gluckman, "The Rise of a Zulu Empire," *Scientific American* (1963); Jeff Guy, "Ecological Factors in the Rise of Shaka and the Zulu Kingdom," in Shula Marks and Anthony Atmore eds. *Economy and Society in Pre-Industrial South Africa*, (London, 1980), 103-119; and Thomas Mofolo, *Chaka an Historical Romance* (Oxford, 1961).

40. The Swazi state was one of a number of new polities formed in the course of the late eighteenth- and early nineteenth-century "Zulu revolution." See Philip Bonner, *Kings, Commoners and Concessionaires* (Cambridge, 1983).

41. In note 1 to the original Portuguese version of *Memórias*, Raúl Honwana informs the reader that a reference to this custom can be found in *Umbuso ka Txaka* (Marrian Hill Mission Press, 1954).

42. Gaza is a province in southern Mozambique. Inhambane is a province just north of Gaza.

43. The province of Manica is just north of Gaza and Inhambane and east of Sofala Province along the border with Zimbabwe. Sofala Province is located north of Inhambane and west of Manica, with borders on the Indian Ocean and the Zambezi River.

44. Angónia is a region in the northwest province of Tete. The Ngoni

of Mpezeni dominated this region during the last two decades of the nineteenth century. See Carl Weise, *Expedition in East Central Africa* (Norman, 1983).

45. Mussapa is located in Sofala Province. Mussapa also came to mean the region north of Gaza. See Botelho, *História Militar*, 2:426.

46. Soshangane (Manucusse) died in 1858. His son Mawewe engaged in a bitter conflict with his brother Muzila who fled to the Transvaal in 1861. Mawewe's rule quickly became unpopular and Muzila, with assistance from the Portuguese, was able to overthrow him in 1864. Mawewe failed to regain the throne, and Muzila governed until his death in 1885, when he was succeeded by his son Gungunhana. See Omer-Cooper, *Zulu Aftermath*, 60-61; and Mario Azevedo, "A Century of Portuguese Presence in Mozambique, 1833-1933" (Unpublished manuscript, 1977), Chapter 1.

47. Mudungazwe is a praise name for Gungunhana, which means "he who stirs up the people." This citation is reproduced from note 3 in the original Portuguese version of *Memórias*.

48. For a discussion of central and northern Mozambique at the end of the nineteenth century, see Allen Isaacman, *The Tradition of Resistance in Mozambique* (Berkeley, 1976); M. D. D. Newitt, *Portuguese Settlement on the Zambesi* (New York, 1973); Vail and White, *Capitalism and Colonialism*; and Nancy Hafkin, "Trade, Society and Politics in Northern Mozambique 1753-1913" (Ph.D. diss., Boston University, 1973).

49. This island is located off the northern coast. It remained the colonial capital until 23 May 1907, when Lourenço Marques (today Maputo) became the new capital, although Lourenço Marques had been formally designated as the new capital on 22 November 1897. See *Boletim Oficial de Moçambique* (B. O. M.), no.56 (December 1, 1897).

50. Hanguana is located about seven miles from Maputo, between Maputo and Marracuene. Bela Vista is near the Maputo River.

51. Honwana confuses the 1833 Nguni attack on Lourenço Marques with the wars of the 1890s. It was in the former confrontation that Dionízio António Ribeiro, governor from 1830 to 1833, was killed. See Gerhard Liesegang, "Dingane's Attack on Lourenço Marques in 1833," *Journal of African History* 10 (1969):574-577.

52. António José Enes served as royal commissioner and governor-general of Mozambique from 1895 to 1896. He was a major architect of Portuguese colonial policy. He helped to formulate the colonies' basic labor laws and promoted the restructuring of the crown estate system and reorganization of the bureaucracy. See António Enes, *Moçambique* (Lisbon, 1899); *Anuário de Moçambique, 1940* (Lourenço Marques, 1940), 164; and James Duffy, *Portuguese Africa* (Cambridge, 1959), passim.

53. Joaquim Augusto Mousinho de Albuquerque served as high commissioner and governor-general from 1896 to 1898. Like his predecessor Enes, he was a fierce nationalist and deeply committed to a strong Portuguese presence in Africa. He also favored a vigorous military campaign to "pacify" and disarm the independent African states and to break up the powerful chieftaincies. See Mousinho de Albuquerque, *Moçambique 1896-1898*; *Anuário de Moçambique, 1940*, 194; and Duffy, *Portuguese Africa*, passim.

54. Filipe Nunes was a naval commander of one of the small ships the

Portuguese used to transport arms to Marracuene in preparation for their war against Mahazule.

55. Macaneta is located near Marracuene. It was the home of the Ronga chief Mahazule.

56. "Landins" is the name that the Portuguese gave to southern Mozambicans, primarily those of Nguni descent, whom they considered to be fierce warriors. "The landins," wrote Governor Albuquerque, "have enormous physical capacity, which comes from the long hours they devote to their war dances, and without a doubt, of all the blacks, they are the ones who exhibit the greatest military instincts." After the Portuguese had defeated Gungunhana's forces, they recruited a number of landins to serve in the colonial army and police force. See Mousinho de Albuquerque, *Moçambique 1896-1898*, 231-232; and A. C. Xavier, *Estudos Coloniaes* (Nova Goa, 1889), 32.

57. Francisco Roque de Aguiar was a Portuguese captain who came to Mozambique in 1891. He served as commander of the police force of Lourenço Marques. In October 1894, he also played a critical role defending Lourenço Marques against an attack led by Mahazule and Matibjana.

58. Magul is located between Manhiça and Bilene.

59. Ngwavuma is located in Zululand on the frontier with Mozambique. In this period the adjacent lands in Mozambique belonged to Chief Maputo.

60. The Portuguese claim that Muzila was their vassal dated back to the middle of the century, when he had asked their assistance to overthrow his brother Mawewe.

On 12 October 1885 two envoys sent by Gungunhana to Lisbon did sign an "act of vassalage." Under this agreement Gungunhana was to fly the Portuguese flag, allow a Portuguese agent to serve as his advisor, obey the laws and orders of the Portuguese governor-general, and not allow any other foreign power to settle in his territory. The treaty also acknowledged that Gungunhana retained complete jurisdiction over his territory, including the right to collect taxes. In reality, Portugal lacked the power to enforce this agreement. See Trindade Coelho, ed. *Dezoito Anos em África. Notas e Documentos para a Biografia do Conselheiro José d'Almeida* (Lisbon, 1898), passim; and Wheeler "Gungunyhane the Negotiator," 586.

61. Chivandza was a Cossa chief who lived in the area of Magude.

62. Mandlakaze was Gungunhana's formal residence. The Portuguese pronounced it Manjacase, which is how it commonly appears in the literature. Mandlakaze is also the birthplace of Eduardo Mondlane, the first president of FRELIMO.

63. The Vatchopi, or Chopi as they are more commonly referred to in the European literature, live in the coastal region south of Inhambane. They are thought to be a mixture of indigenous Shona-Tsonga peoples and seventeenth- or eighteenth-century immigrants of Sotho or Tsonga descent. See Smith, "The Peoples of Southern Mozambique," passim; A. Rita-Ferreira, *Fixação Portuguesa e História Pre-Colonial de Moçambique* (Lisbon, 1982), 221-231; and Harris, "Slavery, Social Incorporation and Surplus Extraction, 309-330.

64. Chief Chipenanhane's territory extended from Mandlakaze to Inharrime. He refused to recognize Gungunhana's suzerainty. Subsequent to the battle at Lake Nhansuni, Chipenanhane allied with the Portuguese and

fought against Gungunhana (interview with Raúl Honwana, Maputo, 13 May 1987).

65. The term *vatchopi* comes from the Zulu verb, *kutchopa*, which means "to shoot arrows." Information derived from note 5 of the original Portuguese version of *Memórias*.

66. Coolela is located near Gungunhana's capital, Mandlakaze. Gungunhana lost this major battle. For Portuguese accounts of the war against Gungunhana, see Botelho, *História Militar*, 2: 469-504; and Albuquerque, *Livro das Campanhas*.

67. For a discussion of the British role, see Wheeler, "Gungunhane the Negotiator," *passim*.

68. According to tradition the Nguni referred to the indigenous population of Gaza as *mabuinbela*, which means "those who go ahead to clear the way." It is also said that the Nguni forced the people of Gaza to put holes in their ears as a sign of vassalage. This note comes from note 6 of the original Portuguese version of *Memórias*.

69. Albuquerque arrested Gungunhana on 28 December 1895.

70. Gungunhana died in forced exile on Terceira, and his body was only returned to Mozambique in 1985.

71. For an account of the Maguiguana rebellion, see Albuquerque, *Livro das Campanhas*; Botelo, *História Militar*, 2:533-547; and Pélissier, *Naissance du Mozambique*, 2:626-632. The rebellion actually took place in 1897.

72. Mukontuene is located in the district of Chibuto. It is also the birthplace of Mozambique's president, Joaquim Chissano.

73. Balule is located in the district of Guijá close to the border with the Transvaal.

74. According to Raúl Honwana, Magude is also known as Khosini, which in Ronga means "the lands of the Kossas" [also spelled "Cossas"] (interview with Raúl Honwana, Maputo, 13 May 1987).

75. Mapulanguene is located in the district of Magude, adjacent to the Transvaal.

76. Chief Muvexa Nhlewana governed the area between Marracuene and Manhiça on the northern bank of the Incomati River.

77. For a detailed discussion of Henri Junod, see Harris, "The Anthropologist as Historian"; and H. P. Junod, *Henri-A. Junod* (Lausanne, 1935). This raises the question of "feedback" to which I referred in the introduction. The Imprensa Nacional was the government printing office.

78. The term *lobolo*, translated here as bride price, actually has a broader meaning, as explained by Raúl Honwana in note 7 to the Portuguese text, which reads as follows:

Lobolo is a traditional marriage in the provinces of Maputo, Gaza, and Inhambane. A variety of ceremonies and rituals are involved, the most important of which is the presentation by the groom's family to the bride's family of cattle, money, or other material goods previously agreed to. This particular ritual formally symbolizes the marital union and cements the ties between the two families. Among the other ceremonies and rituals involved are the symbolic exchange of gifts, family get-togethers, cultural activities, and the banquet attended by the bride and groom, their families, and the local community.

79. Raúl Honwana was both frank and somewhat puzzled about the very different paths taken by his grandfather and his father. He was proud of how his grandfather had fought against the Portuguese invaders. But he could not explain, nor did he try to hide, the fact that his father not only worked for the Portuguese but had a genuine liking for them (interview with Raúl Honwana, Maputo, 27 May 1987).

80. Harichande Tricamo was a rural merchant of Indian descent. He was involved primarily in the trading of clothing and alcohol.

81. Harichande had a brother named Prossotamo and three brothers from a different mother—Hassan, Ali, and Taju Tricamo. This note comes from note 8 of the original Portuguese version of *Memórias*.

82. Prossotamo Tricamo was an Indian merchant with a shop outside Marracuene.

83. Malongotiva is located about five miles from Marracuene.

84. The value of the pound in 1905 was \$4.865; in 1920 it had fallen to \$4.132. See Howard K. Brooks, *Brooks Foreign Exchange Text Book* (Chicago, 1906), 72; and *Whitakers Almanack 1920* (London, 1920), 392.

1905 to 1920

MY INFANCY AND ADOLESCENCE

I was born on 15 January 1905. The year of my birth is not in doubt, but the approximate day and month were derived from the phases of the moon and the harvest period.

I have many different memories from my earliest years. One of my clearest memories has to do with the death of my maternal grandmother, Mi N'Khomole.

An uncle of my mother, whose name was Mayuyu Hanguana, lived in Mubucuana,¹ not far from Malongotiva. I must have been around six or seven years old when I went with my mother on a visit to this uncle's home. We were only supposed to stay there for a few days, but when my mother was ready to leave I asked if I could stay a little longer. She agreed and left me there. Two or three nights after my mother had left, I dreamed that my grandmother, who was living with us at the time, was very sick. I awakened the next day convinced that the dream had been real and that I had to go home at once, which I did. When I got home I found that my grandmother really was very sick. A few days later my mother sent for a traditional healer² whom she knew. He came right away and began to treat my grandmother, who by this time was showing some signs of getting better.

Early one morning shortly after the healer's arrival, my mother told me to fetch her cousin, my aunt Mi Maduva, who lived about five kilometers from us. I was on my way to her place when near what's called Papucides today,³ I met up with some thieves who attacked me, even though I had nothing for them to steal. I was able to get away from them and, badly frightened, ran into the bush where I wandered around lost for hours. I finally reached my aunt's home and told her why I'd come. She ended up making me lunch, and only after I'd eaten did we start back.

It was beginning to get dark by the time we were near my home. We heard people crying and we realized something serious

had happened. And in fact, my grandmother had suffered an acute attack of diarrhea, which might have been a reaction to the amount of medication given her by the healer. She had died shortly thereafter and was buried immediately, as was the custom in our land.

When I was told that I would never see my grandmother again, it was a great shock to me, because only that morning I had seen her sitting and talking with people and appearing as though she were really getting better. After that initial shock I cried so hard that I was gasping for breath.

GOATHERDING

My mother was opposed to my taking the goats or other livestock out to pasture. I'm not sure if it was because I was the youngest son and needed more care, or because it really wasn't necessary. I always remember my mother as someone who worried over and protected me, wanting only the best for me. I also remember her as a traditional woman without grandiose ambitions. On one occasion my brother-in-law Mussá Givá, my sister Habiba's husband, wanted to build a home for us in Inhagóia on the outskirts of Lourenço Marques. My mother refused his offer, explaining that she preferred living in Marracuene and taking care of her fields.

In 1913, when I was eight years old, I started school in Ricatla.⁴ Shortly before that, my uncle Hassan Tricamo had entrusted my mother with about twenty or thirty goats. She had built a corral for them and hired a goatherder named Mandlatinhana. One day during the planting season, in October or November, my mother asked me to take the goats out to pasture because she wanted Mandlatinhana to help her in the fields. That was a Saturday, when school was closed.

So I took the goats out to the pasture with my younger cousin Madjuba. We had been there a while when a man appeared who wanted to know who owned the goats. I said that we did. Then he said that they had damaged his fields the night before. I told him that couldn't be true because the goats were never brought to the area where he said his fields were located. The man was a stranger. He wore a black jacket and a pair of khakis and was carrying a club. After my last response he hit me with the club so hard that I nearly passed out. Then he ordered me to get my father. I told Madjuba to stay and watch the goats while I went home, but he was afraid and followed me anyway. I found my mother in her fields and

told her what had happened. She and Mandlathana went to her cousin, Nwa Pitiqueza, who was a chief in that area, and he sent four men after the thief.

I remember them telling us later that they had found the man's footprints to be very strange because they clearly revealed that he was walking in front of the goats. A herder always walks behind the animals to keep them moving. The men had walked for quite a while until finally reaching the shores of Lake Hanguana near the city. There they had found the stranger resting in the shade of a *timulheira* tree (a tree whose fruit is called *timulho*) with the goats grazing nearby. When he saw them, the thief got up and tried to fight them, but he ended up running away and leaving the goats behind. And that's how we got them back.

SCHOOL: PRINCIPAL JUNOD AND SWISS MAGIC

I have very nice memories of my school days in Ricatla. I was a good student. I never failed a class and never had to be disciplined. I really liked studying, and I always got along well with my teachers.

During my first year in school, (1913), I had a teacher who was a Swiss missionary of German ancestry and whom we called Miss Urech.⁵ It was in this year that I first learned to read.

I remember an unusual event that happened one day during our recess, around nine in the morning. We usually played in a large grassy area in the shade of a red acacia tree in the school's atrium. On this particular occasion while we were playing, a huge snake appeared from the surrounding forest. We all ran away afraid, leaving the snake to settle down in the shade of the acacia. Then we went to get sticks and stones to drive the snake away, but the snake would simply chase us over the grass to the edge of the shade, then turn around and go right back next to the tree. By the fourth or fifth time this little ritual had occurred, the snake had chased us all the way to the school, which was a structure made of poles supported by a cement floor and covered by a zinc roof. Once there it slithered onto the cement floor through the openings between the poles, but because it was so big, part of it stuck outside. We started beating on the part outside the school. When we peeked inside we could see that the snake had its head on the little platform where Miss Urech's desk sat. Then Miss Urech appeared and wanted to know what the commotion was all about. As soon as she understood, she ordered us not to harm or even touch the snake. That scared us to death because we were absolutely convinced that a snake was a dangerous

enemy, which should be killed.

Before going on with this story, I should tell you that the principal of the Swiss Mission school in Ricatla was Henri Junod, a scholarly scientist and missionary whose work is famous today.⁶

Miss Urech went to get Junod, who was in his office, and the two of them came back, talking in French and gesturing excitedly. Reaching the snake, Junod didn't hesitate a moment before grabbing it and pulling it outside the poles. To our great amazement the snake's head was hanging down as though it had been hypnotized. Junod brought the snake to his office and the next day we heard that he had put it in a big jug filled with some liquid.

I knew Henri Junod very well, and I would like to talk a little about him. He was a man of great learning and had a science laboratory in his house. He would often give the older students butterfly nets and ask them to catch all the butterflies they could for him. He also encouraged them to bring him large lizards. Junod once told me that before coming to Africa he had studied medicine. Near the end of the wars of resistance against Portuguese colonialism, Mousinho de Albuquerque had expelled Junod from Mozambique, along with a Swiss missionary physician, Dr. Liengme.⁷ They were accused of having aided and abetted the insurgents. This all happened at the end of the last century. Junod's first wife, the mother of his children, Philip and Ana Maria, had died before then, and he had buried her in Ricatla next to the religious mission he had founded.

By 1913 he had returned from exile with his second wife, whom he had married while away. Then she died in early 1918, leaving him with a one- or two-year old son, Estevão (Etienne) Junod. As he had done before, the missionary made a point of burying his second wife in Ricatla, alongside his first wife. Junod then asked his daughter Ana Maria, who was a young woman by now and was living in Switzerland, to come back to keep him company and help him take care of Estevão. I also knew Ana Maria Junod.

In 1920 Junod retired and returned to Switzerland to live. I heard that he ended up working in the League of Nations secretariat. When he finally died in 1935, his relatives revealed that he had asked to be cremated and his ashes brought to Ricatla to be buried next to his two wives. And that's what happened. The newspaper *O Brado Africano*⁸ and the Swiss Mission organized the large number of people who wanted to pay their last respects to that great man. The ceremony was an important occasion in Ricatla; I think that even foreign correspondents came to cover the event.

During the time I was in school, Junod was only involved in the

Bible study classes. My regular teachers were Filimone George Honwana, whom we called "Thixa Filimone,"⁹ and Alfredo Moiana.¹⁰ I liked my teacher Filimone a lot. I remember bringing him pigeons and partridges that I had caught hunting; he would give me corncocks and pieces of sugar cane.

At the end of each school year, when I told my mother that I had passed to the next grade, she would always kill a chicken to cook and would have a little party to which I could invite my friends.

My mother was not a religious woman. She sent me to the Swiss Mission school because it was the closest to home. I became an active member of the Presbyterian church because of the large role religion played in the school. But my mother continued to be a nonbeliever.

Much later, after the death of my mother, my Tricamo family¹¹ wanted me to convert to Islam, but I refused. I refused because by that time I had already taken on Christian values, and, besides that, I wanted to remain loyal to the memory of my mother who had led me to Christianity, even though indirectly.

A TRIP TO MBEVE

In 1917 the Swiss Mission built a church in Mbeve, which is in Manhiça. I was twelve years old then and attended school in Ricatla.

Junod, the principal of our school and the Swiss Mission superior for that whole area, announced that some of our teachers and students would be attending the inauguration of the new church. I was not chosen to be part of the procession because I was still quite small and the trip from Ricatla to Manhiça was going to be on foot.

My mother was upset, however, when she learned of my exclusion from the group going to Mbeve because an aunt of hers, her mother's oldest sister, lived in Mbeve. My mother's aunt was quite old, and my mother thought that if I were part of the procession it might be the only chance I would have to know this relative before she died.

So my mother sent me to ask my teacher Mr. Moiana if I could go with the group. And he agreed.

We started out on a Thursday at seven in the evening. Our teachers thought it would be more comfortable for the youngest children if we walked at night when the heat was less intense. We used all the shortcuts through the bush so that the trip wouldn't take as long. Our walk was illuminated by a beautiful, bright moon. By

the time we stopped to rest we had already reached the village of Pateque, in the Xerinda area. I remember being so tired that I fell asleep almost at once. After a little while we were awakened to continue our trip. I was so sleepy that I ended up walking with my eyes closed, but somehow, maybe by instinct, I was able to stay in my assigned spot. Once in a while I would actually fall asleep and bump into some shrub leaning over the path and then my eyes would pop open. I remember being amazed at how straight and easily the teachers and older students walked, just as if they were marching in a gym class.

Just before the sun rose we stopped by some fields that had irrigation ditches where we could wash up. After that my drowsiness disappeared as though by magic, and I felt much more awake. We continued walking until about eight in the morning, when we reached Mbeve. We visited the new church and sang in chorus, then we were taken to the thatch hut where we would spend the night. After that we went to take another bath, this time in the waters of the Incomati River, which flowed nearby. When we returned to our hut, we were fed very well. There was *vupsa*, a maize porridge, and a variety of delicious game. Then we slept.

The next day I was taken to my great-aunt's house. She was happy to see me but cried a lot because I reminded her of the death of her sister, my mother's mother (whom I talked about earlier).

Junod arrived on Saturday accompanied by three other missionaries. Junod told us that they had traveled on the Incomati River in a motorized launch belonging to the Marracuene administration. He also told us that at one point on the trip, one of the other missionaries, Cattaneo, had fallen overboard and was saved from drowning by the prompt action of the crew.

The inauguration ceremony for the church took place on Sunday with a notably large crowd in attendance. People came from all the Presbyterian parishes in the area.

The return trip to Ricatla began early Monday morning. We left Mbeve at 6 A.M. and were home by sunset, having rested various times along the way. Although walking by day meant walking in the heat, at least it didn't mean walking in our sleep.

ONE OF THE SADDEST MOMENTS OF MY LIFE: THE DEATH OF MY MOTHER

From June to August 1918 I lived with my mother in Lourenço Marques in the home of my Tricamo family. My sister Hawa was

pregnant at the time, and she gave birth to a premature baby just before school started again. My sister was going to need help for a while so my mother decided to stay with her. I returned to Ricatla by myself to tell my teacher that I wouldn't be able to go back to school for the time being since I didn't have anyone to stay with in Ricatla. Mr. Moiana, my teacher, talked to Principal Junod who objected, saying that I was a good student and therefore it would be bad for me to interrupt my education. He suggested that I stay at his house, but I ended up living with Mr. Moiana.

I was very lonely while living in Mr. Moiana's house because I was treated very differently there in comparison to what I was used to.

One day I was told that my mother would be coming back but that she was sick. I went to my own home and, in fact, found my mother very ill. She told me that she had been on her way home from Lourenço Marques with my brother-in-law's house servant when she had become sick from something that was going around then, something called Spanish fever.¹² In those days the trip had to be made on foot. By the time she was near Mahotas,¹³ the heat was very intense and she wasn't feeling good at all. Her feet had swollen up and were burning, and she was very thirsty and shaking with fever.

In one village she was given water and shelter, and she stayed there the rest of that day and night. Feeling better the next day, my mother decided to continue her trip to Ricatla, which she reached after a full day of walking. Seeing my mother's state of health, I sent word for my cousin Babalala to come to our home.

One week later, at 10:30 P.M. on a Friday, 28 October 1918, my mother died.

I went to school to tell my teacher who then informed Principal Junod. People from the church came to help me organize the funeral and to give me moral support. As soon as my Tricamo family in Lourenço Marques heard what had happened, they sent four women to represent their family and said that since my mother had not belonged to their religion, Islam, the burial should follow the traditional rites.

I can still see my mother's body being taken from her hut to the grave. In the rural areas when there's going to be burial, the body is not taken out of a hut through the door but through an opening cut out from the walls. Since my mother and I only had the one hut, I had to sleep out in the open during the time between her death and her burial. About four or five days after she was buried, one of my uncles sent for me to be brought to Lourenço Marques so that I

wouldn't be all alone. I was thirteen years old at the time.

Before making the trip to Lourenço Marques, I went to explain the situation to Mr. Moiana, as well as to Mr. Junod, and again both of them wanted me to stay in Ricatla until I had finished school. At the time I was in the "native" third-year class, and my teachers thought that I would lose the good study habits that I had learned if I interrupted my education there by going to Lourenço Marques.

But I preferred to live with my uncles who, after all, were family, so my teachers made me promise that once there I would continue my schooling with the Swiss Mission. Junod gave me a letter of recommendation for Pierre Lose, a missionary and the principal of the Swiss Mission school in Lourenço Marques. Lose received me very well and promised me that I could enroll as soon as school reopened; at the time all the schools were closed because of the large outbreak of Spanish fever. In January 1919, the schools reopened and I was admitted to the regular third-year class, a sign that Junod must have said some very good things about me. The regular third year was what we called primary level one. Primary level two was actually the fourth-year class, or the end of primary school. In June I passed to the fourth-year class with good marks, but for the first time in my life I didn't get the highest marks. I think my new teacher, Miss Amélia Reymond, had some favorites in the class. I was even more unhappy over the fact that for the first time I wouldn't have a party celebrating my passing, since my mother was no longer alive. It's significant that, in spite of being illiterate, my mother was always particularly concerned with my education. She would only believe that I had passed with the highest grades when I showed her the gift I had received from school, which in Ricatla was customarily given to the best students.¹⁴

After passing the primary level one exam given by the mission school, we still had to pass official exams in the so-called parochial school, which was where all students from missionary schools had to take the official exams. Three of us were selected to take those final exams, and I was the only one who passed to primary level two (the fourth-year class). As a result my teacher gave me the fourth-year book as a present. When the new school year began, there were only two of us in the fourth-year class: a repeating student and myself. Since there were more students in the fourth-year class in Ricatla but no teacher, we were transferred to Ricatla with our teacher Miss Reymond. Gabriel Makavi¹⁵ and some of the older boys were in that class. Shortly after school started, a law was passed that said the only "natives" who could take the fourth-year exam had to be older than eighteen. I was fifteen at the time. So that meant that I

would have to stay in the same grade for three years before I would be allowed to take that exam. The prospect didn't make me at all happy, so I left school and returned to Lourenço Marques. That was the same year Junod retired.

I taught the third-year class for Africans in the Swiss Mission school of Khovo¹⁶ from September through December 1920, and I was paid two pounds per month (approximately \$7.50).¹⁷ When school vacation came I went to Ressano Garcia¹⁸ where my sister Hawa lived and my brother-in-law had a small shop. In February when I returned to the school, I found that my position had been filled by someone else and that I had been transferred to a senior teaching position in the parish of Mahotas. I felt that I was too young to live on my own and teach and without sufficient calling to be in charge of the fate of the parish, so I refused the transfer. I returned to Ressano Garcia to look for work, and that was the beginning of my life as an adult.

EDITOR'S NOTES

1. Mubucuaana was a township on the outskirts of Lourenço Marques.

2. The *curandeiro* (Portuguese) or *nyanga* (Ronga), translated here as "traditional healer," is an indigenous medical practitioner or herbalist commonly referred to in the early ethnographic literature as a "medicine man." For a discussion of the *nyanga*, see Junod, *The Life of a South African Tribe*, 2:414-418.

3. Papucides is on the railroad line about two miles from Marracuene. It was named after a Greek farmer who had sugar and banana fields.

4. Ricatla is a neighborhood in Marracuene. It was also the location of the Swiss Mission boarding and day school for Maputo, Gaza, and Inhambane districts. As such it played a critical role educating a number of southern Mozambicans who would figure prominently in the subsequent history of the colony.

5. Miss Urech taught Raúl Honwana to read and write. In the original Portuguese version of *Memórias*, he uses the English title "Miss" when mentioning his teacher. In Mozambique the designation "Miss" was applied to Swiss female missionaries not only to indicate their marital status but also to indicate that they were devoted to being missionaries. At least this was how the local population understood the usage of that title (personal communication with Gita Honwana, dated 23 September 1987).

6. Among Junod's most important works are *The Life of a South African Tribe*, *Grammaire Ronga* (Lausanne, 1896); *La Tribu et la Langue Thonga avec Quelques Echantillons du Folklore Thonga* (Lausanne, 1896); *Les Chantes et les Contes des Ba-Ronga de la Baie de Delagoa* (Lausanne, 1897); *Le Noir Africain. Comment Eaut-il le Juger* (Lausanne, 1931).

7. Dr. Liengme was a Swiss medical missionary who worked with Junod in southern Mozambique. He also had close relations with the Gaza

ruler Gungunhana. His writings in the Swiss *Bulletin de Mission Suisse en Afrique du Sud* and in *Bulletin de la Societe Neuchateloise de Geographie* are major sources of historical documentation for the last decade of the nineteenth century.

8. *O Brado Africano* (The African Voice) was the official organ of the Grémio Africano (African League). It began publication in 1919 and for the next fifteen years was a powerful voice of protest against forced labor, the poor working conditions of free African labor, and the preferential treatment given to white settlers. The newspaper also criticized the government's failure to provide adequate educational opportunities for Africans. With the imposition of the repressive Salazar regime, the newspaper's editorials became more muted. See Penvenne, "Attitudes Toward Race and Work in Mozambique," *passim*.

9. "Thixa" is a Ronga derivative of the English term "teacher."

10. Alfredo Moiana is cited in the Portuguese literature as Alfredo Muiane. He and his daughters were to become important members of the Centro Associativo dos Negros da Colônia de Moçambique in the forties and fifties (personal communication with Jeanne Penvenne, 2 December 1987). For a discussion of the Centro Associativo and its predecessor, the Instituto Negrófilo, see Chapter 3.

11. The Tricamos were the brothers of Raúl Honwana's stepfather. When Honwana's mother died, they took responsibility for Raúl Honwana and made certain that he continued his education.

12. The influenza epidemic of 1918–1919, also referred to as the Spanish influenza or Spanish fever in the literature, is believed to have killed twenty million people worldwide. In Africa at least 1.5 to 2 million people died. See K. David Patterson, "The Influenza Epidemic of 1918–19 in the Gold Coast," *Journal of African History* 24 (1983):485; I. R. Phimister, "The Spanish Influenza Pandemic of 1918 and Its Impact on the Southern Rhodesian Mining Industry," *Central African Journal of Medicine*, 19(1973), 143–148.

13. Mahotas is located between Maputo and Marracuene.

14. Although statistics on the number of African students attending primary school in this period are fragmentary and not terribly reliable, it is clear that Honwana was one of the fortunate few. In 1919 there were only 153 primary and special schools in the entire colony. Many of these were "bush schools" with inadequate facilities and few books. A handful, such as the Swiss missionary school that Honwana attended, were run by Protestant missionaries. In 1929 only fourteen such schools were in operation. See Azevedo, "A Century of Portuguese Presence in Moçambique," Chapter 6.

For much of the colonial period the educational system was organized, with only minor variations, along the lines described by Eduardo Mondlane:

In practice, the three stages of education—rudimentary, primary and secondary—are organized to present a series of barriers to the African child seeking higher education.

The *ensino de adaptação* programme, the equivalent of kindergarten and the first two grades in most other African territories, is designed in theory to introduce African children to the Portuguese language and the beginnings of the three R's, so bringing him to the level of the Portuguese child starting primary school. In many country

areas, however, the children of mulattos and Asians have been forced to go through the three years of rudimentary schooling although they were brought up speaking Portuguese and could have started primary school on the same level as Portuguese children; while in other areas, children of Asian or non-Portuguese European parentage, who have not been brought up speaking Portuguese, are allowed to start at a state primary school. Since the teaching is done in Portuguese from the first, many African children are unable to pass the *adaptação* examinations (normally given after three years of instruction) until they are twelve to fourteen years of age. Since the maximum age for entry to primary school is set at thirteen, a very large number of children accordingly find themselves debarred even from primary school.

The *ensino primário* programme—that is, the third and fourth years—covers materials similar to those used for Portuguese children at the same level. Content analysis of the textbooks used indicates that the focus is entirely on Portuguese culture; African history and geography are totally ignored. Emphasis is on the Portuguese language; the geography of Portuguese discoveries and conquests; Christian morals; handicrafts; and agriculture.

Beyond the fourth year, there is a class where students are theoretically prepared for either high school or industrial and technical schools. Very few mission schools actually have this fifth-year programme, however, so that the opportunity for an African child to gain the necessary qualifications for entering secondary school is almost nil, unless he moves to the city and attends there a private school that can prepare him for the admission exams to the secondary programme. Another age barrier is encountered at this stage. The maximum age for entry to secondary school is fourteen, and it is rare that an African child has started his schooling early enough to have completed the three years of rudimentary school and the five years of primary school by the time he is fourteen. See Mondlane, *The Struggle for Mozambique*, 62–63.

15. Gabriel Makavi was to become a prominent Mozambican poet writing in Changana and a pastor of the Swiss Mission Presbyterian Church. He was imprisoned by the colonial regime during the armed struggle. He died in Maputo in 1981.

16. The Swiss Mission school of Khovo was located in the colonial capital, Lourenço Marques.

17. For equivalents of pounds to dollars during this period, see R. L. Bidwell, *Currency Conversion Tables A Hundred Years of Changes* (London, 1970).

18. Ressano Garcia was a border crossing, railroad hitch, and major point of exit for Mozambicans going to work in the South African mines. The Department of Native Affairs (Négocios Indígenas) maintained an office in Ressano Garcia, called Migration (Migração), to oversee the flow of legal emigrants recruited by the Witwatersrand Native Labor Association (WENELA), to collect taxes from the returning mine workers, and to exchange their rands for the local currency. It was therefore one of the most important administrative posts in the colony. See First, *Black Gold*, passim.

WENELA maintained a compound in Ressano Garcia where the

transiting miners slept. Those returning from South Africa did not receive food from WENELA so had to purchase food, as well as clothing and gifts for their families, from the many shops that competed for their business (interview with Raúl Honwana, Maputo, 20 May 1987).

1921 to 1936

IN RESSANO GARCIA

In Ressano Garcia I found work in the office of Migration.¹ It was hard work and paid very little, even for those days. I had hoped to earn at least three pounds (approximately \$12), which is what the other newcomers were paid, but I didn't and decided to quit. I returned to Lourenço Marques where I tried to find a job in the railroad company maintenance shops. It was difficult to get such a job at that time. I also sought work as a typesetter with the government printing office. I worked there for three months without pay in order to be the first in position for the next opening, but I didn't get it. In desperation I went back to Ressano Garcia, where I was told that I had been missed at the office of Migration and that as a result my salary demands would be taken into consideration. I reentered the Migration service with a salary of 600 escudos (approximately \$10) per month.² Because I already knew how to type, I could do all of the stenographic work as well. In that year a branch of the Treasury department was made a part of the office of Migration and I ended up working there. I stayed with the Treasury branch in Ressano Garcia until 1926 when it was closed. Whereupon my boss suggested that I go to Lourenço Marques to work in the Treasury offices there. Once in Lourenço Marques I waited for quite a long time but never succeeded in working for the Treasury again.

I led a generally quiet life during those years in Ressano Garcia, but I do remember one really upsetting incident, which left such a strong impression on me that it is engraved in my memory. It taught me something about life in general. I was rummaging through old papers recently when I found some notes that I had written over thirty years ago about that incident. I had entitled them "The Story of Hassan, or the Lynching of an African." I started those notes with the following:

On Sunday, 11 May 1924, I arrived early at the central station of the Mozambique Railway in Lourenço Marques to catch the

return train to Ressano Garcia where I was employed. I was walking around the station while waiting for the train when I bumped into Zacarias and Chicalana, two friends from Ressano Garcia who had come to catch the same train. They were looking unhappy and I asked them, "What are you two so sad about? What's happened?"

Zacarias answered, "You know, that death was such a shame, it really upset me!"

I was startled. "Whose death?"

He answered, "Mr. Maia Loureiro's death, right after he was admitted to the hospital."

"What? Maia Loureiro is dead?"

Maia Loureiro was a white Customs official, and just that previous Friday I had been working with him collecting taxes from the African mine workers returning from South Africa,³ and I hadn't noticed him showing any signs of illness. Then Zacarias and Chicalana told me what had happened. That Sunday morning they and others from Ressano Garcia had been informed that Maia Loureiro had been stabbed by his cook and that his doctor had ordered a special train to take him to the hospital in Lourenço Marques. Zacarias, Chicalana, and a number of other people had accompanied him to the hospital. Shortly after reaching the hospital, Maia Loureiro had died.

I was employed as an office boy in the local Treasury office but sometimes did secretarial chores, when there wasn't a secretary in the office, because I knew how to do the work. As a result I often worked with Maia Loureiro, and I knew him to be one of the calmer and more likeable officials. So his death really upset me. In addition we were neighbors in Ressano Garcia and good ones at that, although we clearly didn't have a relationship as equals. For example, during the end-of-the-year festivities, he always invited me and other Africans in Ressano Garcia to a party at his house. Our table would have plenty of food and drink, but "our table" was always in the kitchen.

Anyway, back to that Sunday, we caught the train to Ressano Garcia. Once there I went to Joe Matada's home where I usually ate my meals. He was employed as an office boy at Customs. Both Joe and his wife Sofia were very depressed by the news of Loureiro's death. They told me that Maia Loureiro's cook, a Macua⁴ named Hassan, had gone out to buy fish that morning as usual, but that in addition to his basket he had also taken a kitchen knife.

A few days earlier Maia Loureiro's wife had received complaints

that their cook and an African policeman⁵ from the Migration service had been up to no good. When she saw Hassan leave with the knife, she asked her husband to see to it that the cook didn't get into any trouble. When Hassan came back a few minutes later, Maia Loureiro asked him why he was carrying a knife, and Hassan had answered that it wasn't any of his boss's business. At that, Maia Loureiro ordered Hassan to let go of the knife immediately. Hassan said no sir he wasn't letting go of any knife and then added, "I'm not letting go of this knife and I'm going to take it with me whenever I feel like it."

Maia Loureiro decided to try to frighten the cook and told his wife to bring his pistol. Then, with the pistol in his hand, he again ordered Hassan to drop the knife, but Hassan stubbornly refused to do so. Maia Loureiro shot his pistol into the air. Hassan assumed that Loureiro was shooting at him and lunged at his employer with the knife. Caught completely off guard, Loureiro tried to back away but unluckily tripped and fell into a ditch. In a total fury Hassan threw himself on Loureiro and stabbed him repeatedly. Maia Loureiro was able to get to his feet and move back to the door of the Customs office, where the two guards were in such a state of shock that they couldn't react at first. Maia Loureiro walked a few more steps then fell. Then Joe Matada appeared and he and the guards tried to help Loureiro, but Hassan threw himself at Joe, who had to struggle to get away. He ran to the guard station and told them what had happened. Five guards with shotguns came back. The local Portuguese administrator⁶ also appeared with some African police. By this time Hassan had gotten as far as the water tank at the administrator's house, where he was surrounded and ordered to drop his knife. When he refused, the administrator shot him in the arm, above the hand that held the knife. Then they grabbed him and took him to the jailhouse.

I didn't really feel much like eating dinner with Joe Matada or Sofia that Sunday. I went back to my house, which was quite near Loureiro's, as I said. I couldn't sleep so I read for a while in bed. About eleven at night I heard the voices of people who were passing close by and moving in the direction of the border. It seemed to me there were a lot of voices and, filled with curiosity, I got up to see what was going on. All I could see were shadows, but it seemed to me that something was being dragged along the ground. When I moved closer to them, the last ones in the group noticed my presence and asked me who I was and what I wanted. Before I could answer, I felt stones being thrown at me. Luckily they didn't hit me, but I did back away. I had the sense that I recognized

the voices of some of the men. They were speaking in Portuguese the way the white settlers did.

Monday, the following day, I went to work as usual. Júlio Macedo, the secretary, asked me if I knew that the prisoner Hassan had gotten away the previous night, and I told him I didn't. About eleven in the morning we all left the administration and went over to the jail to check up on the prisoners. Hassan was indeed gone, but even though the doors of the jail were open, none of the other prisoners had escaped.

One of my tasks in those days was to distribute the food rations among the prisoners. So while I was doing that the jailor confided to me that during the night some white men, including the administrator Simões da Silva, had come for Hassan. They had ordered the African police away and, opening the doors, had told the rest of the prisoners to run if they wanted.

Anyway, when the group from the administration asked the jailor where Hassan was, he said he didn't know. When we all went back outside, the administrator and the other whites feigned surprise upon finding traces of blood on the ground. We followed the trail of blood, which headed toward the Incomati River, past my house and over the railroad tracks. Stuck to stones here and there were bits of hair that looked to be from an African. We continued on to the shore of the river, which was about another kilometer from the railroad tracks. The river was low and the water was clear. We came upon a strip of sand that showed a lot of footprints. The administrator and the other whites made a big scene out of finding Hassan's body in the water nearby. Their shock was almost believable, but by now I was convinced that they were the ones who had killed him. The body clearly showed signs of torture, and it was tied up with heavy rocks to keep it from surfacing.

At this point Alberto Isaquias sneezed. (He also worked at Migration, and I knew he had sinus trouble.) The administrator, Simões da Silva, turned and slapped him hard in the face, then said, "Shame on you! Today you're crying because your black brother lies there dead in the water. Yesterday, when a white man died, you were drinking beer and having a great time over at the shop!" Then Mota Marques, who used to be the administrator, said that Alberto couldn't have been crying because Alberto was an African from southern Mozambique and the dead man was a Macua from the north.

Simões da Silva ordered some African police to stay with the body until the doctor came to do a post-mortem. In those days Ressano Garcia was an administrative post subject to the jurisdiction

of the district of Namaacha.⁷ Namaacha had to be notified about the death so that a forensic doctor would be sent. We all returned to the administration offices where the secretary, Júlio Macedo, was assigned to write the official report about what had happened. After the report had been sent to Namaacha, it took three days before the doctor appeared, and by that time the body had already been carried downstream by the current. It was found near the river's first bridge about a kilometer and a half from Ressano Garcia. Swollen and already half rotted away, the body had become stuck on some rocks. Once the post-mortem was completed, the corpse was buried. I never learned the results of the post-mortem.

Some days later press reports about the case quoted the governor-general, who was Dr. Moreira da Fonseca at the time, as saying that justice had been served. Dr. Moreira da Fonseca was an appeals judge as well as the interim governor-general.⁸

THREE EPISODES DURING 1925: A KING AND A PRINCE, BUISONTO, AND THE RAILROAD WORKER'S STRIKE

There were three episodes during 1925 that I remember very clearly. They didn't have anything to do with each other, but all three had something to do with me and that's why I'd like to recount them. The first episode concerned the visit of the Prince of Wales, later the Duke of Windsor, to the Kruger National Park in South Africa. South Africa was a British colony at the time. I was working in Ressano Garcia and all of us, the local population and the civil servants, had been invited by the British government to participate in the reception for the prince.

On the appointed day we crossed the border and went to the Komatipoort railway station⁹ to await the prince, who was traveling on a special train. When he arrived, the prince greeted the British colonial officials first, then the Portuguese colonial officials, and then shook all of our hands.

We were told later that when the prince stopped in Zululand, he was received by King Solomon Kwa Dini Zulu, a descendent of King Shaka of the Zulus. The story goes that when the prince reached the reception area, the British colonial officials were already there awaiting him, but the Zulu king still hadn't arrived. When the Zulu king finally appeared, riding on a white horse, the prince went up to greet him. Then the governor of South Africa criticized the Zulu king for being late, to which the king replied, "This man is the Prince of Wales, but I am the king of the Zulus and this is my home. Who

should be the one to wait? He or I?" It was said that upon hearing the king's response, the prince hastened to agree. And that was the end of that.

The second episode also concerns South Africa.

In 1925 I was in South Africa visiting my brother Mapfundjana who worked in the mines. It so happened that at the time one of Gungunhana's sons, Buisonto, was visiting friends not far from the Africans miners' compound of the Moderby mine. Buisonto must have been around forty then. A mine captain¹⁰ in the compound introduced Buisonto to me and we had lunch together. During lunch he told me about his life. He said that when he was a boy his father, Gungunhana, had sent him to the Escola de Arte e Ofícios da Cabaceira Grande (Cabaceira Grande School of Arts and Crafts) on the Island of Mozambique. Gungunhana wanted some of his children to have a Portuguese education. When the First World War began, Buisonto was drafted and went to war along with the Portuguese soldiers. He served as a foot soldier in the battle of Serra Mecula¹¹ and was captured by the Germans and brought to Southwest Africa (Namibia today). He was still there after the war ended. One day he decided to return to his home, but the British persuaded him to go to Splonken¹² in the northern Transvaal, where a brother lived. His brother had a Zulu name, Thuli La Mahanshi, which means "the dust from galloping horses." Now when Gungunhana was taken prisoner, this brother had accepted asylum from the British in South Africa and, with local headmen and much of the surrounding population, he had gone to Splonken to settle and there had become a chief. So Buisonto joined his brother and because he was older, his brother abdicated the chieftaincy to Buisonto.

And that's the end of the story about Buisonto. But I would like to add that until today the people of Splonken consider themselves to be Gungunhana's people; they speak Changana and call their home Gaza Nkulu (or Greater Gaza).

The third episode concerns the railroad workers' strike of 1925, which I witnessed. The strike was called because of wage demands.

Vitor Hugo de Azevedo Coutinho was the high commissioner at the time.¹³ The colony was usually governed by a governor-general, but whenever the Lisbon government believed that the current governor-general wasn't really in control of the situation, they would send out high commissioners with special powers.

Faustino da Silva,¹⁴ a railroad worker and a director of the railroad workers' paper, *O Emancipador*,¹⁵ was one of the strike leaders. Manuel Alves Cardiga, the former owner of the Cardiga building in Lourenço Marques, was another strike leader.¹⁶

By this time there already were African railroad workers, but they were completely separate from the white workers and had nothing to do with their strike.

After the strike began the government decided to take measures and arrested many strikers. Then, and this is what I witnessed, in order to control the strikers and intimidate them, the government had them put in open train cars, which were placed in front of the locomotive of any train that left Lourenço Marques for Ressano Garcia, Xinavane, or Goba. The strikers in the train cars had to remain standing and were guarded by armed soldiers with orders to shoot if necessary. They rode the train that way for hours and hours, rain or shine, and without any water to drink. Every bridge and train station was guarded by armed soldiers because of the fear of sabotage by the strike sympathizers.

The strike lasted about two months.¹⁷ It ended without the strikers winning anything, but I believe their salaries were increased about a year and a half after the strike. I was working in Migration in Ressano Garcia at the time.

STRUCK, TIED UP, AND ARRESTED AS THOUGH I WERE A CRIMINAL

As I mentioned, the Treasury branch office where I worked in Ressano Garcia was closed down in 1926. My boss suggested that I ought to go work for the Treasury in Lourenço Marques. He brought me there personally, introduced me to the office manager, and asked him to make me a temporary secretary. The manager refused, however, and I was then out of work. But a while later I was able to get work in the Secretaria Geral (the General Secretariat), which later became known as the Direcção dos Serviços de Administração Civil (the Civil Service Administration).¹⁸ This department operated out of the building called Casa Amarela, which today houses the Museu da Moeda (Numismatic Museum) in Maputo. My boss, Horácio Martins, helped me to obtain the position of interpreter in the administrative post at Goba, which at the time was under Customs. In Goba, to my great misfortune, I went to work for a man named Aristides Coelho. I say misfortune because he was really an awful person. You'll see why in a minute.

Whenever Coelho was away, I had to remain on duty until he returned. Well, one Sunday morning he went out for a stroll and I stayed in the office. After lunch I felt feverish, so I told the African policeman on duty that I wasn't feeling well and went to lie down in my hut nearby. Coelho came back about one o'clock and called for

me. I got up and went out. He wanted to know why I wasn't on duty as he had ordered, and I explained that I was sick. He refused to accept my explanation and struck me, then ordered me back to my hut. Infuriated by such treatment, I marched off to walk to the Goba train station, which was about twelve kilometers away. When I got there I told the station master what had happened. He could see that I wanted to go to Lourenço Marques but didn't have the train fare, so he just gave me a ticket and off I went. The next day I presented myself at the Customs house in Lourenço Marques, where I told a high official named Andrade Picarra what had happened. He told me to stay in Lourenço Marques for a while because it had already been decided that Coelho was going to be transferred soon to another location. I went to my relatives' home and stayed there. Two weeks later I was told that Coelho had been transferred and that the new administrator was going to be Almeida Carvalho, to whom I was introduced. On a Friday Almeida Carvalho told me to take the train to Goba with his luggage since he would be driving there on Sunday. And that's what I did.

When I arrived at the Goba train station Saturday night, however, I bumped into that crazy Coelho. Not only did he assault me again, but he ordered that I be arrested, bound, and taken to the Namaacha administration. So, handcuffed and on foot, I set off for Namaacha with an African policeman as escort. It was a long way to walk, especially at night, and we stopped to rest every once in a while. At one point the policeman wanted to remove my handcuffs and let me go. He told me that he was sick of the Portuguese anyway and wanted to cross the border into South Africa, but I told him that I didn't want to run anywhere because I wasn't a criminal and this was my home.

We reached the Namaacha administration around ten in the morning. The policeman showed the administrator the papers concerning my presence there. The administrator was Jorge Correia de Sepúlveda (for whom the Xai-Xai beach was subsequently named).¹⁹ I explained what had happened, and he told me that Coelho was crazy and that I certainly was not under arrest. I stayed in Namaacha for a while, during which time the administrator ordered that my salary be continued. When Sepúlveda was informed that Coelho had left Goba, I returned to that post.

FIRST MARRIAGE, FIRST TWO SONS, AND THE DUVOISIN FAMILY

In 1927, at twenty-two years of age, I married a girl named Mónica.

She was the daughter of Azarias Mpfumo, who was a pastor with the Swiss Mission and was also related to the Tricamos. I was still in Goba, working for the local administrator, Almeida Carvalho, whom I have just mentioned.

Later that year Almeida Carvalho told me that he was going to be transferred and that Coelho would be returning to Goba. I immediately requested my own transfer. At the end of 1927 I was appointed as an interpreter in Bela Vista, where Serra Cardoso was the administrator.²⁰ So my wife and I went to live in Bela Vista. I earned eight pounds (approximately \$38) a month at first and then was raised to a thousand escudos (approximately \$44).²¹

My first son, Mário, was born on 28 September 1928, which was the tenth anniversary of my mother's death. During the birth Mónica was attended by Madame Duvoisin.

The Duvoisins are people I'd like to talk a little about. Madame Duvoisin was a nurse and the wife of the Swiss missionary in Bela Vista, Ernesto Benjamin Duvoisin, and he was also a nurse by profession. He told me once that he had studied in a school of medicine but hadn't finished. In Mozambique he first went to work in the Swiss Mission hospital in Lourenço Marques with a doctor named Garin, who was also Swiss.

When I arrived in Bela Vista, I contacted the Swiss Mission because I was a member of their church. There was also the advantage of the missionary being a qualified nurse. The clinic in the administrative post only had an assistant nurse, whereas the Swiss Mission had two qualified nurses, the Duvoisins.

Shortly before my wife was to give birth, the Duvoisins suggested that she should move into the Swiss Mission's clinic, which was about six kilometers from the administrative post. So I stayed home alone. Then I became sick with amoebic dysentery. When the nurse from the administration saw that instead of getting better I was becoming weaker, he suggested to the administration secretary that I be transferred either to the hospital in Lourenço Marques or to the Swiss Mission's clinic. I was put in a horse-drawn carriage and brought to the Mission. By that time I couldn't even walk. As soon as Duvoisin saw me, he ordered me to bed. I was placed in one of the huts that constituted the clinic and injected with something or other. I know that I lost consciousness completely and only awakened the following day. Duvoisin came to see me every day, and my meals came from his kitchen. Much later he told me that my liver had been affected and that if I had gone one more day without treatment, I would have died. After fifteen days I was up and eating well, almost fully recovered, and Duvoisin said I could go home. I

rested a few days at home and then went back to work. Not long afterward my wife gave birth to a boy. Mário was actually born in the Duvoisin house, because Mónica had been moved into their home once she went into labor.

Because of all that, whenever I or my family had a health problem, we always went to the Duvoisins. In fact it was through me that Serra Cardoso, the administrator, came to know and become friends with Duvoisin. One time when Serra Cardoso had gone to the Swiss Mission to visit Duvoisin, the missionary looked at him carefully then told him to go collect a urine specimen. The analysis was done immediately, and it showed an excess of uric acid and other medical problems that Serra Cardoso didn't even know he had.

My second son, Joaquim, was born in 1930.

"PEQUENINO"

This story about "Pequenino" takes place in Goba in 1928.²²

José Marques was a customs guard who worked at the Goba customs station on the border, although he lived at the Goba administrative post about ten kilometers away. José Marques had a young African servant, about fifteen years old, who was called Pequenino. A friend of Marques, another settler named José Rodrigues Rocha, was a veterinary inspector who lived in Mailane, about seven or eight kilometers from the Goba post. The fourth character in this story is António Rodrigues, known as "Scotch," who was the owner of the only shop at the Goba post.

Well, it so happened that one day Rocha decided to start up a clandestine business of selling wine, rice, sugar, and other such things from his home. Scotch learned about this and threatened to lodge a complaint against Rocha for engaging in unregistered trade. Apparently Marques and Rocha were not only friends but also partners in this illegal activity. So when they heard that Scotch was planning to ruin their little business, they decided to get rid of him, pure and simple.

One fine night the two of them set out for Scotch's shop, which also served as his living quarters. With them was Pequenino, whose only task was to carry his boss's twelve-gauge shotgun.

Scotch was getting ready to catch the train for Lourenço Marques, which left the Goba post precisely at midnight. I remember that this midnight train only reached Lourenço Marques at about five in the morning because it stopped at every station and flag stop to pick up milk for the city.

When Rocha and Marques were close to his house, they could see Scotch getting dressed because the bedroom window was open. Meanwhile, a woman from the area, Nwa Mulau, who was a maid in Goba's only hotel and on intimate terms with Scotch, was also approaching and caught a glimpse of this scene; that is, of three figures crouching next to the window, two white men, one with a gun, and an African whom she recognized as Pequenino. Naturally she thought it was all rather strange and decided to hide in the shadows. And that's how Nwa Mulau witnessed her lover's murder. After seeing the white man who had fired the gun give it to Pequenino, she fled in panic to the hotel.

The following day Scotch was found dead in his bedroom. This fact was communicated to the customs station, in fact to José Marques, who telephoned his boss who then informed the Bela Vista administrator, Serra Cardoso. Serra Cardoso and a doctor went to Goba, verified the death, then took the body to Lourenço Marques where an autopsy was performed.

Serra Cardoso informed police headquarters in Lourenço Marques about what had happened because he suspected that whites were involved. If the culprits were Africans, he had sufficient authority to handle the case himself, even a murder case; but with whites involved the case had to go to court. The police sent agents to Goba to conduct an investigation, which resulted in nothing.

Meanwhile another crime had been committed in the Impamputo area,²³ near the Umbelúzi River in Namaacha district. A white man had been murdered and his decomposed body was found in the remains of his shack, which had been set on fire. It was then learned that José Rodrigues Rocha had committed this crime a few days before Scotch was murdered. While Rocha was on inspection in Impamputo, he heard that the dead settler had been complaining about Rocha's illegal business and was planning to expose him to the Namaacha authorities.

Namaacha was an administrative post at the time, so the administrator, Afonso Calçada Bastos, took charge of the case and arrested some "suspicious Africans."

The Bela Vista administrator decided to get to the bottom of both cases and called on groups of people living in the area of the Goba post to give testimony. One day the Goba hotel staff were called, and the administrator noticed that one of the maids, Nwa Mulau in fact, was very frightened. He pressed her and she told him everything she knew about Scotch's murder. She had recognized Pequenino and the two white men. She told the administrator how she had seen Rocha aiming the gun and firing at Scotch. The

administrator arrested Rocha and Marques and sent both of them to Lourenço Marques. Pequenino and Nwa Mulau were also arrested, but they were put in the Bela Vista jail.

After a few days Serra Cardoso went to Catembe, which was still within his jurisdiction, and ordered that the two prisoners in Lourenço Marques be brought to Catembe for interrogation. Marques ended up confessing everything. But Rocha denied everything, saying that Marques was crazy.

Back in Bela Vista the administrator confronted Pequenino and Nwa Mulau, and this time they related the whole story in detail. In the meantime, before he could be tried, Marques suddenly and mysteriously got sick and died. While waiting for Rocha's trial, at which they would be material witnesses, Nwa Mulau went to work in Bela Vista in the administrator's house, and Pequenino was occasionally used as a low-level policeman.

Shortly before Rocha's trial his lawyer asked the administrator to have the two witnesses taken to Lourenço Marques to give depositions. Once in Lourenço Marques they were held, and they never did return to Bela Vista. The testimony that the lawyer attributed to Pequenino was absolutely contrary to what he had said earlier and gave Rocha a complete alibi. Then, inexplicably, Nwa Mulau went mad. In other words, suddenly there were no witnesses to testify against Rocha.

I do know, however, that in spite of these peculiar circumstances Rocha ended up being sentenced to twenty-five years in prison.

Perhaps because the case involved the death of a fellow white man.

1929: THE COUNT OF ATHLON, PRINCESS ALICE, AND THE ELEPHANT HUNT

In 1929 the British high commissioner in South Africa was the Count of Athlon. A high commissioner was the representative of the British government. The count's wife was Princess Alice, a member of the British royal family, which had more to do with the count's importance than anything else.

I think it must have been in June when the princess decided to visit Mozambique. Colonel José Cabral was Mozambique's governor-general at the time.²⁴

The members of the reception committee were Dr. João Pinto Coelho, a physician; Alberto Abrantes, one of the directors of the firm Breyner Wirth;²⁵ Dr. Gouveia Pinto, also a physician; João Silva

Pereira, director of Customs in Mozambique; José da Costa Fialho, a Treasury official; Manuel Leite Pinheiro, director of the Treasury; Lieutenant Silva Pereira, police commissioner; and Serra Cardoso, administrator of Bela Vista where I worked as interpreter.

The count and the princess were bringing two aides-de-camp, who were British army officers, and other companions.

For three months before their visit we had been making preparations in Bela Vista for an elephant hunt for Princess Alice. Dirt roads were opened to a place called Tchuluine²⁶ where elephants were known to appear.

We built an overnight camp for the visitors using wood slats and other local material. I remember that all of the camp structures looked beautiful; the Portuguese wanted to show the high commissioner the very best they had. All the furniture was also made with wood slats and bamboo reeds, but put together with meticulous care. In addition to sleeping quarters, the camp also had a large dining area.

On the appointed day we all went to await the party's arrival. They appeared around five in the afternoon, accompanied by the governor-general and João Pinto Coelho, who was to lead the hunt. Some very well-dressed Englishmen had come earlier, and we thought they must be high officials. But when the sleeping quarters were assigned, we could tell they were only the servants of our honored guests.

This was the first time I had ever seen "Petromax" oil lamps. They were tied to poles all around the camp, changing night into day. Dinner was prepared and served. I was told that I should eat when the visitors did because I was a member of the hunting party. Obviously, however, I would eat in the kitchen, not in the lavish dining room. After dinner there were campfires all around because the night was cold, and the guests went out to visit some of the campfires where Africans were enjoying themselves to the beat of drummers.²⁷

We went to bed early since the hunt would begin very early. I was to be a tracker during the hunt, and because I had to know where the elephants would be, spotters were bringing me tips every half hour, even during the night.

The guests were to be transported in Ford touring cars, which Portugal had imported from America especially for this occasion. It was also the first time I had seen one of those cars.

The hunting party left camp before sunrise, and we came to a spot from which we could see elephants on a distant plain. The princess raised her binoculars and took a long, careful look. Then

she told us that she had seen two females with calves in the herd and that, as guest of honor, she would not authorize any shooting at that particular herd. We had to find another herd, without calves. By then it was time for breakfast, so we all returned to the camp.

A little later the spotters came to tell me that they'd found another herd. We went where they indicated and stopped at the top of a hill. We could see the elephants below us. There were some females in front of the herd, followed by males, but bringing up the rear was a bull with huge tusks that reached to the ground. He clearly stood out from the rest.

A curious thing had happened before this herd appeared. We'd been having trouble finding a good herd and the governor-general told me to translate to Nwa Mpochana,²⁸ a chief who had been included in the hunting party, that he wasn't there to fool around and that elephants had to be found immediately, before the guests became upset. This worried the chief who said he didn't know what the problem was with the elephants that they should refuse to appear to please the illustrious guests. So he decided (and just as well, as far as I was concerned) to ask his ancestors for some help.²⁹ He went off a little way, knelt down, and invoked the spirits of his ancestors, telling them that it was their responsibility to bring us elephant bulls because if they didn't, the white men would be shooting at him instead of at elephants. It was only after that scene that the herd with the big bull appeared.

Nwa Mpochana asked me to tell "the white man," indicating the governor, that it would be prudent to take advantage of the presence of that particular bull because the spirits of his ancestors had not guaranteed that there would be another herd. Since it was my job to do so, I translated this information.

The hunters lined up. Pinto Coelho, who was leading the hunt, fired the first shot at the bull, which moved away from the herd but didn't fall. Then Pinto Coelho formally offered the elephant to the count in the name of the Portuguese government. The count fired off a shot and so did the princess. The elephant stopped moving and stood there as though it were dizzy. At that point, with the count's permission, the rest of the hunters fired.

At the exact moment the elephant fell, it began to rain. We had to wait quite a while for the rain to stop so that pictures could be taken around the bull. Then we returned to the camp.

The next day we went out hunting again, but the first herd we found had a lot of females and calves and, as before, the princess refused to let anyone shoot. Finally two male elephants appeared.

The princess shot first and then the other hunters killed both of them.

And so that's what happened during the elephant hunt to honor the Count of Athlon and the royal princess Alice.

HEALTH PROBLEMS

It was more or less after the birth of my son Joaquim, in February of 1930, that I became ill.

I had been feeling a constant pressure in my chest and unbearable pain throughout the rest of my body. I went to a government doctor in Bela Vista who prescribed treatment for malaria. When I didn't get any better, I decided to go to Lourenço Marques. After the government hospital was built in Bela Vista, those of us who were civil servants were not allowed to go to the Swiss Mission's clinic for treatment. In Lourenço Marques I went to see Dr. Afonso Pais, who listened to my heart and had X-rays taken. According to him, the results indicated that I had angina pectoris. He told me to take the results of the X-rays back to Bela Vista to be treated there by his colleague. So that's what I did.

The doctor in Bela Vista, a Monteiro, had just begun to practice. And when I went to see him, he became quite upset with me and told me that no one had sent me to Lourenço Marques to consult a doctor there and that he didn't have to follow orders from Dr. Afonso Pais. He also said that he had already diagnosed malaria and that meant that I didn't have any business going to see other doctors. Then he went to complain to the administrator, who also wanted to know why I had done such a thing, as if going to a doctor because you felt sick were some kind of crime, or as if I could only be treated by their government doctor.

My chest pains continued. So the doctor, explaining that my chest pains were a result of the malaria, advised me to go spend some time in Namaacha where I would benefit from the higher altitude. The administrator gave me a ninety-day leave and sent me to Namaacha. The doctor who saw me there said I had malaria and a heart problem, and I decided to stay for treatment. Then my wife, who was with me, also became ill. I think that it was some problem related to rheumatism because she complained of pains in her joints and her feet. It was a cooler time of the year with a lot of humidity and fog, and we were living in a place with very poor conditions.

I ended up telephoning my uncle Hassan Tricamo in Lourenço

Marques, and he sent a car to Namaacha to pick us up. We came to the city where we finally learned that my wife had a problem with gout, which had affected her heart. I returned to Namaacha while my wife stayed in Lourenço Marques for treatment. When I felt better I went to Lourenço Marques to get my wife and return to Bela Vista, but I had a relapse and ended up in the hospital. After a while I began to hallucinate and have terrible cold spells, which may have been a result of the medication. The cold seemed to crawl up almost to my chest. My legs felt like ice. I was sure that I was at death's door and sent for my wife so that I could say goodbye to her and ask her to take good care of our two sons.

When my uncle Hassan heard what was happening, he rented a taxi from Lourenço Marques to Bela Vista. He arrived about the same time as Inácio Magaia, a friend of mine from Catembe. I seemed to get better that day but by evening I was shivering with cold again. These symptoms continued and after a few days my wife decided to take me to Lourenço Marques. I was in the Swiss Mission hospital there for two months. When I was well again, I decided not to return to Bela Vista and found a replacement for my position there.

IN SOUTH AFRICA

I was transferred to what was called the Curadoria dos Indígenas Portugueses na África do Sul,³⁰ and was placed in their inspection services in Whitbank.³¹ I had brought a nephew of mine with me, Juma, my oldest sister Habiba's son. Juma had lung problems and wanted to consult a Swiss doctor who had been in Mozambique but was transferred to South Africa. Juma ended up staying in Johannesburg with a cousin of ours named Jabar.

One day Juma had an attack on the street and after vomiting up blood, he had died. I was sent word in Whitbank and went to Johannesburg to take care of the funeral. After returning to work, I became sick. Again my feet were freezing and I couldn't walk.

I was treated by a variety of Jewish and Xhosa doctors,³² including a Dr. Xuma³³ who had just finished medical school in Edinburgh, Scotland. His treatment helped a little and I went back to Mozambique. When I arrived I found that my wife had become terribly thin and was confined to bed. I became very concerned. My uncle Hassan contacted Dr. Graça Lobo, who came to see both me and my wife every day.

NWA MAHLANGUANA, TRADITIONAL HEALER AND DIVINER

One day Aunt Matchibe, my father's sister from Marracuene, came to visit us. Finding both of us sick she told Uncle Hassan that if the doctors had failed we should use traditional medicine, that is, go to a traditional healer. Uncle Hassan discussed the idea with me, but I rejected it. I didn't want to go die in the bush. Besides which, I had more faith in the city doctors. But my uncle pointed out to me that it was wrong to oppose my aunt because as my father's sister she had authority over me. So I conceded and agreed to return to Marracuene with my aunt, taking my wife and two sons along. The day after we got there we had to go to Bobole³⁴ where my aunt's healer lived. I didn't have the money to pay the healer, but my aunt immediately offered to pay whatever was necessary. She earned money by making and selling clay pots.

We sat around the whole day at the healer's house. I didn't feel tired or hungry, but I did feel ignored and abandoned. The healer paid absolutely no attention to us. Only at the end of the afternoon, after taking care of everyone else, did he finally turn to us. Besides being a traditional healer (or *nyanga* in Ronga), Nwa Malhanguana was also a diviner (*nyamussoro* in Ronga).³⁵ The first thing he did was to throw the bones, then he spent a good while reading them. After that he brewed up something to make me sweat and gave me some other things to take.

For the first time in many days I felt hunger. They fed me and then we went to sleep. The next morning the treatment was repeated. When I told Nwa Malhanguana about the hallucinations I'd been having off and on, he laughed and said they were all in my head. We returned to Aunt Matchibe's home in Marracuene where I continued the treatment he had prescribed. After a month I was much better, so we returned to Lourenço Marques, accompanied by the healer's wife. She told me that when I got home I would have some strange visions but that I shouldn't be frightened. That night I took my medicine and went to bed. And something strange did happen. It was like a dream. I saw figures, some familiar and some not, sneaking into my room and coming toward me as though they wanted to force me to eat something. My reaction was to laugh, but not in fear, and the figures vanished.

The following year, 1931, I was back in Bela Vista. One rainy night I was sleeping quietly when I had a similar hallucination, but this time I saw an African policeman in uniform coming into the

room and approaching me with bared teeth. In the hallucination I yelled at him and chased him out of the room. The next day at work I asked who had been the guard on duty that night and they pointed out the very one I had seen in the hallucination. I went up to him and asked him what he was doing in my room the previous night. He told me he had been standing on my balcony to get out of the rain, but he looked nervous when he said this, as though he were guilty of something.

I never had a lot of faith in traditional healers, but Nwa Mahlanguana had his methods and clearly knew what he was doing.

A few years later, in 1934, my wife Mónica Mpfumo died from heart disease, and I was left alone with my two sons.

THE STORY OF THUI-THUI

This episode took place in 1931 in Umpala,³⁶ near Boane. A settler whose name was José Maria Craveiro was living in Umpala. One day a young man called Thui-Thui came to him for a job. The boy was from Moamba and needed work so that he could pay his hut tax, which was about 175 escudos (approximately \$6) in those days. Thui-Thui was given the job of goatherder with a monthly salary of 50 escudos (approximately \$2). Three days after starting work, Thui-Thui realized that he would never be able to save the money he needed from that salary, so he decided to rob his employer.

On the day that the events I'm going to tell you about happened, Thui-Thui left with the goats as he had during the previous days, but he came back to Craveiro's house a little later. Craveiro was married for the second time and had a stepdaughter who was about eight years old. Anyway, Thui-Thui told his employer that a bunch of thieves had threatened him and stolen the goats. Annoyed, Craveiro went out with Thui-Thui in pursuit of the thieves and the stolen goats.

Thui-Thui, holding his shepherd's staff, walked in front to show Craveiro the way. They were getting farther and farther from the house when Thui-Thui turned off the path they were following, explaining that he had to go relieve himself. When he came back he convinced Craveiro to walk in front, telling him that he wouldn't get lost because he just had to keep going straight ahead. They continued walking when all of a sudden Thui-Thui raised his staff and struck Craveiro hard on the back of his neck. Craveiro fell unconscious and Thui-Thui dragged him under some bushes, leaving

him partially hidden. Then he threw his staff into the brush nearby and went back to the house.

Craveiro's wife was surprised to see Thui-Thui returning alone and wanted to know what was going on. Thui-Thui said that he'd had a fight with her husband, who had attacked him first, and that he had left his employer lying on the ground, either dead or unconscious. Alarmed, the woman told her daughter to go run to one of their neighbors, the settler Verde de Castro. As soon as the child ran off, Thui-Thui attacked the woman with an ax that was lying nearby, striking her twice in the head. Hearing her mother's screams the child ran back, and Thui-Thui killed her with the ax too.

Thui-Thui dragged both bodies into the house. He opened their trunks, took out some of Craveiro's suits, and wrapped them up in bed linen. Then he left and, carrying his bundle of clothes, started walking along the railroad tracks toward Goba.

Meanwhile, the double murder of Craveiro's wife and stepdaughter was discovered in Umpala, but the story going around among the settlers was that because of some misunderstanding, it was Craveiro, a jealous man and much older than his wife, who had killed her and the child and had fled. It was also being said that he had probably gone off to kill himself somewhere close-by, since he was a sick man and couldn't have run very far. As yet no one had come up with an explanation for the goatherder's disappearance, although Craveiro did have the reputation of being someone who couldn't keep servants very long.

After passing the Umpala station, Thui-Thui had stopped a train going to Goba and boarded it with his bundle of clothes. When he reached Goba he decided to stay on the train and go to Matola, where he wanted to find work and where a female cousin of his lived.

The train engineer on board had asked Thui-Thui what was in his bundle, since an African carrying bed linen was automatically suspect. Once in Matola Thui-Thui tried to sell the clothes, but with no luck. When the local chief heard about this, he had Thui-Thui apprehended and sent word to the authorities in Munhuana, which was an administrative post in the district of Marracuene at the time.

Meanwhile, Serra Cardoso, the Bela Vista administrator, was trying to solve the case of the double murder in Umpala, which was in his jurisdiction, and had requested the neighboring authorities to arrest anyone suspicious.

The administrator at Munhuana, who had jurisdiction over Matola, had heard of the arrest of an African who was trying to sell

the clothing of a white man and suspected that he was involved in the events in Umpala. He communicated his suspicions to Serra Cardoso.

So the administrator and I, as the interpreter in the Bela Vista administration, went to Matola where the Marracuene administrator handed Thui-Thui over to us.

When we were back in Bela Vista, Thui-Thui confessed, and the administrator decided to call a press conference in Umpala where he would have the crime reconstructed. Attending the press conference were representatives from the paper, *Emancipador*, an organ of the Association of Railroad Workers; from *Direito*³⁷ and *The Guardian*,³⁸ both Lourenço Marques (the capital city) newspapers; from *Notícias*,³⁹ which was by now a daily paper; and from *O Brado Africano*, the organ of the Grémio Africano.⁴⁰ *O Brado Africano* was represented by its director, Dr. Karel Pott.⁴¹

At the appointed hour and before all those present, including Africans and settlers from the area, the prisoner proceeded to demonstrate what had actually taken place, showing where he'd left Craveiro's body (which was still lying there), where he had thrown the staff with which he had committed the first murder (it was also still there), and then how he had attacked the woman and child and where he'd thrown the ax.

After the description and reconstruction of the crime and while I was guarding the prisoner, one of the local settlers, a Lopes de Castro, took the adjunct administrator, a Chambino, aside and told him that some of the settlers would like to ask the administrator to hand the prisoner over to them so that they could see to it that justice was done. Upon hearing of this request, the administrator turned to all those present and said that once the prisoner was in his hands, he would be handed over only to a tribunal that was competent to judge him. Thereupon he asked me for the pistol that he had entrusted to me earlier, which was in my pocket. I gave it to him and he opened it, verified that it had six bullets, then said, "From this point on I am in charge of the prisoner and whoever wants to touch even one hair on his head will have to do so over my dead body. I am not Simões da Silva."⁴²

Having settled that and armed with the appropriate travel documents and the record of the proceedings after Thui-Thui's confession, the administrator escorted him to the criminal court in Lourenço Marques and handed him over to the judge personally.

I can still see that scene with the administrator today, that's how much it impressed me. And I told and retold the story of Thui-Thui

to my children when they were very young, just as often as I told them the story of Hassan's lynching.

A STRANGE COMMUNIQUE

Speaking of the case of Thui-Thui I remember that the Bela Vista administration received a strange communiqué from the Goba post administrator, Sousa e Silva, whose jurisdiction went as far as Umpala. It read, "Two white females were murdered in Umpala. One of the murder victims went to the Lourenço Marques hospital in critical condition." This situation of a murder victim being in critical condition is certainly very peculiar.

This strange communiqué from a local administrator was not the first I had heard of. I remember another one written by a different local administrator. It was actually a travel document for a group of prisoners who were being taken to a particular area as forced laborers.⁴³ The document addressed the administrator of the area receiving the men as follows: "Entering your administrative area are twenty, duly manacled volunteers." That particular administrator was sensitive to the fact that the term "forced laborers" was causing a great deal of criticism at the time and, in his naïvete, had decided to use the term "volunteers" instead. But that doesn't make the image of a "duly manacled volunteer" any less ridiculous.

SANTACA AND THE COTTON REBELLION

In 1932 the administrator of Bela Vista, still Serra Cardoso, received orders from the government to introduce cotton as a crop in his area. At that time cotton was beginning to be considered an important product in the colony's economy.⁴⁴

The administrator decided that all the peasants should include one hectare of cotton (approximately two and a half acres) in their fields. That portion of each family's land to be used for cotton was marked off with great precision. At meetings called by local chiefs,⁴⁵ the peasants were instructed on how to plant cotton and how to take care of it. Then the administration distributed the seeds.

When the cotton was ready for harvesting, the administrator supplied the sacks, and both the peasants and the settlers brought their cotton to the administration to be classified, weighed, and paid for before a designated agricultural official.

Then what happened was that the settlers' cotton was given a first-class designation, but the peasants' cotton was nearly always given a third-class designation and only rarely a second-class one. The price for third-class cotton was twenty centavos per kilo (about \$0.006).

A large number of the peasants couldn't pay their taxes from what they were paid for their cotton. Furthermore, 1932 was a bad year for food crops, and the peasants blamed cotton cultivation for not allowing them enough time to tend their food crops. When they couldn't pay their taxes as a result, they were conscripted into the forced labor system. And that caused a lot of discontent.⁴⁶

In the following year, 1933, the peasants complained bitterly in meetings with Chief Santaca. They told him that they weren't going to grow any more cotton because the planting and weeding took so much time that by the end of the year they didn't have any food or money to pay their taxes.

Santaca called for a meeting to be held in his own village, at which he tried to make his people understand the administrator's position, but their response was to tell him, "If you don't know how to resolve this problem, then take us to the administrator and we'll talk to him." So Santaca had no other choice; he brought his people to the administration.

More than five hundred people came, more women than men, and they were all chanting and singing in unison.

The administrator was away, but the adjunct administrator, Santa Clara, was there, and through my interpreting Santaca explained to Santa Clara that the people wanted to talk with the administrator. Santa Clara asked everyone to come back later because the administrator happened to be away. So they all left.

Everyone was back the following day and they said to me, "Translator, tell the administrator that we haven't paid our taxes; tell him that no matter how many sacks of cotton we sell, we still won't have enough to pay even one hut tax, and one family household usually has five or six huts. Tell him that we don't have time to grow food and that we're hungry."

I interpreted, the administrator responded, and the dialogue seemed to go on forever. I talked so much I was exhausted. But then something happened.

Two of the peasants suddenly leaped up to where the administrator was standing and began to dance and gesture defiantly in front of him. Scandalized and incredulous at the same time, the administrator called for two African policemen to seize them and take them to the jailhouse. But to do so, the policemen had to walk

the two peasants through the crowd, which then attacked the policemen and the prisoners got away. The police panicked, and the crowd started yelling and throwing tax bills at the administrator and all over the porch where he was standing. The noise became deafening. People were shouting, "You can have your cotton, we're going to Zululand; we don't want anything more to do with you people!" The adjunct administrator had to "rescue" the administrator from the angry crowd by exclaiming that he had an urgent message to attend to and pulling him into the office. The crowd finally started to leave, walking away with their chief, some still shouting, others chanting and singing.

Frightened by the rebellious Africans, the administrator locked himself up in his house for the rest of that day. The following day we heard that Chief Santaca and a good many of his people had taken their cattle and crossed the border into South Africa.

Santaca went to Zululand, to the area that belonged to Chief Ngwanaze (who had fled from the Bela Vista area during the time of Mousinho de Albuquerque as I mentioned earlier). That area, today a South African bantustand, is known as Ingwavuma. (In 1930 I had accompanied the administrator on a visit to Ngwanaze in Ingwavuma. We were able to make this visit because Ngwanaze's village was only about twenty kilometers from Ponta de Ouro on the border, where we were going to put up the lighthouse that is still there today. Ngwanaze died shortly thereafter.)

Ngwanaze's son Muhlupheki, who had succeeded him, was Santaca's cousin. He welcomed Santaca and gave him some land. As a goodwill gesture, he had his people gather wood slats, thatch, and reeds to build homes for the newcomers. But Muhlupheki's people weren't very happy with the situation. They said that Santaca was ambitious and would depose his cousin, who was a good leader. So during the day they would gather the building materials, and at night they'd set fire to them.

The people also said that ever since Santaca had come, elephant herds were rampaging through the area and ruining their fields. They were convinced that Santaca had brought the elephants with him.

One day Muhlupheki invited Santaca to go with him to be presented to the British administration in Ingwavuma. In their car on the way there, Muhlupheki ordered the driver to stop. He got out of the car and walked into the brush beside the road as though he were going to heed the call of nature. A few minutes later there was a loud clap of thunder. After a little while Santaca got out of the car and headed toward the other side of the road when suddenly there was a bolt of lightning nearby.

Then Muhlupheki came back to the car and had this strange conversation with Santaca. "So, cousin, what do you think you're doing?" to which Santaca replied, "You were first, weren't you?" And Muhlupheki responded, "OK, now I know what you know. Let's cut this out before someone really gets hurt."⁴⁷

Then they got back into the car and continued on their way. And the thunder and lightning disappeared as fast as they'd appeared. As a matter of fact, it was a beautiful, sunny afternoon with hardly any clouds at all.

Santaca himself told me this story.

The Englishmen at the Ingwavuma administration did not receive Santaca with much enthusiasm and since the local population was also not very receptive to his people, Santaca decided to return to Mozambique. Besides, there was a shortage of water around Ingwavuma, and the land was sandy and not very fertile.

When Santaca returned, the same administrator, Serra Cardoso, welcomed him back. Santaca could not be the chief any longer, however, because Qapezulo, the legitimate bearer of this title, had returned in the meantime from his self-imposed exile in Zululand.⁴⁸

SIGUIDANA, THE SNAKE CHARMER

In 1932 in the Bela Vista administration where I was working, we received a request from a Treasury official named Fialho for live snakes for the zoo in Lourenço Marques. Through the local and regional chiefs, it was discovered that there was a snake charmer living in Salamanga, near Madladlana, and that his name was Siguidana Honwana.

Siguidana was called to our administration and charged with the task of bringing us some live snakes. We gave him the boxes that the Treasury official had sent for transporting the snakes.

So Siguidana went to work and started bringing us snakes of various sizes and types, including mambas and boa constrictors. The snakes were kept in their respective boxes as were the rats on which they would feed.

Siguidana told me that he could sense a nearby snake from its smell and that he could even catch the snakes that were hiding in trees. He did not explain to me, however, the secret of why the snakes had never harmed him, not even once.

At one point Siguidana left this work for a few days to take care of some personal affairs, but without permission. When he came

back the administrator scolded him and said that his absence had put the shipment of snakes to the Treasury official behind schedule. Siguidana, who believed that he was grossly underpaid, became angry with the administrator and walked off. Not long afterward he came back with a snake rolled around his neck as though it were a scarf or a tie. He walked up to me in the front office and said he wanted to talk to the administrator. I led him to the administrator's office and he was asked to come in. When the door opened and the administrator saw Siguidana approaching with that "tie" on, however, he yelled for the man and his snake to be removed immediately. Siguidana did not lose his composure; he walked out of the administrator's office, put the snake in one of the boxes, then presented his demand for a wage increase to the adjunct administrator.

The demand was not satisfied, and Siguidana decided to quit the job and go to Ingwavuma.

And so ended Siguidana Honwana's brief experience as a wage-earning snake charmer.

JOÃO ALBASINI, THE GRÊMIO AFRICANO, AND O BRADO AFRICANO

The Grémio Africano was founded in 1908 or 1909 by the Albasini brothers⁴⁹ and other distinguished people of the period, the majority of whom were mestizos. The same people later founded a newspaper called *O Africano*.⁵⁰ Around 1917 or 1918 *O Africano* was replaced by *O Brado Africano*, which, from its very inception, defended the interests of Africans.

On 18 January 1919 the law of assimilation was passed.⁵¹ Pedro Francisco Massano de Amorim was the governor-general at the time.⁵² Not every African accepted the law, which consisted of the following: Africans who considered themselves "civilized" had to pass an examination by answering certain questions and by allowing a committee to go to their homes to see how they lived and if they knew how to eat at a table as whites did, if they wore shoes, and if they had only one wife. When Africans passed these examinations, they were given a document called the "certificate of assimilation," for which they paid half a pound sterling or its equivalent (approximately \$14). This document gave them the right to legally register their children's births and enabled them to have access to the courts.⁵³ Once considered an assimilado, an African's affairs no longer had to be handled by a special court or in the meetings

called by the chiefs. The assimilado status also freed Africans from having to pay the hut tax and from being conscripted into the forced labor system.

João Albasini wrote various articles in *O Brado Africano* attacking the assimilation law.⁵⁴ He denounced the discriminatory nature of the law and called for the extension to all Africans of the "privileges" reserved for assimilados; that is, that all Africans should be given full citizenship.

When his articles did not bring the desired result, he went to Lisbon to defend his ideas before the Portuguese parliament and succeeded in having the law revoked in 1921. Unfortunately, that law would be resurrected under the Salazar dictatorship.

João Albasini was descended from a settler.⁵⁵ He was a much darker mestizo than his father, or what was called a *cafuso*.⁵⁶ As far as I know he only finished primary school; you see in those days there wasn't a high school here. He called himself a republican (as distinguished from a monarchist) and had good connections among the Portuguese republicans. In fact, João Albasini was a personal friend of the republican, Brito Camacho.⁵⁷ When Brito Camacho was sent to Mozambique as high commissioner in 1921, the first person he embraced upon his arrival at the dock was João Albasini, to whom he exclaimed in the most familiar terms, "Oh, João, how are you?" I witnessed that because I was there as part of the reception for the high commissioner.

By 1922 João Albasini was already well known as a man with republican ideas. Well, that year he decided to pay a visit to Ressano Garcia on the fifth of October⁵⁸ and forewarned the Migration official, Mota Marques, of his arrival. Now October 5th of that year fell on a Friday, which was the day the African mine workers returned from South Africa and therefore a big business day for the merchants in the area around Ressano Garcia. But the date was also the anniversary of the Republic. So Mota Marques, aware of João's republican sympathies, ordered that at least this year the Ressano Garcia shops should be closed in observance. Mota Marques figured, and not incorrectly, that if João Albasini found the shops open that day, it would be sufficient reason for self-righteous protests in the papers.

I was working in Ressano Garcia at the time, and I had the opportunity to greet João Albasini when he arrived. He was accompanied by an Angolan journalist, José Manuel Lameiras, who was on his way home after having been in exile in Timor. Lameiras had been sent to Timor by the Portuguese military officer Norton de Matos⁵⁹ during his tenure as high commissioner in Angola.

Only after 5 P.M., when the train carrying João and his friend back to Lourenço Marques had left, did Mota Marques dare to authorize the opening of the shops.

Apropos João Albasini, I remember two other stories about him.

One time João went to the movies at the Gil Vicente theater with some friends and relatives. The lights went out and the film began. A Portuguese official sitting in the front row started behaving as though he were drunk and bothering everyone by standing up and clapping and shouting. This happened a number of times until João intervened, telling the official that he should be quiet and let others enjoy the film. Whereupon the official apologized and sat down. At the intermission, however, as he was walking up the aisle, the official looked at Albasini and said in annoyance, "So, after all, it was a black who had the nerve to tell me to sit down" Without a moment's hesitation, João stood up (he was a large, strong man), grabbed the official by his shoulders and shook him, and then ripped off his stripes. Friends of the official, seeing that he wanted to fight, started to pull him away, telling him to please not start anything worse with that man, that yes he was a black but he wasn't just any black, he was that terrible journalist João Albasini. They dragged the official out of the theater, put him in a rickshaw, and sent him home. Then João went immediately to the governor-general's where he turned in the official's stripes, explained what had happened, and insisted that measures be taken at once. The governor demanded to know who the official was. When he was informed, he sent the man back to Portugal on the next boat out.

Another time, after having assisted during a primary school's final examinations, João wrote an article revealing the unfair treatment by a white teacher named Cardoso of a black student taking the exams. Cardoso read the article and became furious, but he couldn't respond because in order to do so he would have had to write as well as João Albasini, which was difficult, or he had to be right, which he wasn't.

João used to eat lunch at one of the city's finer hotels (I think it was the Carlton), which is located on the street called Bagamoyo today. After lunch João always went to the square called the "Praça 7 de Março" where he would sit to rest on a garden bench. One day Cardoso hid behind some bushes to ambush João. Armed with a cane, Cardoso attacked João, striking him in the eye and nearly causing him to lose it. Unlike what happened in the previous episode, João was hurt this time and had to be taken to the hospital.

After João Albasini died, some notes were found among his

papers that told of his deep love for a woman whom he wanted to marry but never did.⁶⁰ Later on these notes were made into a book, called *Livro da Dôr* ("Book of Pain"). The editors of this book were the journalist Marciano Nicanor da Silva, one of the contributors to *O Brado Africano*, and João Albasini's nephew Luís António Albasini.

Although João never married (he did have a number of children, however), the content of this book clearly revealed the intensity of João's love for the woman who had inspired it.

To me João was one of the greatest journalists and writers whom I ever knew. Which is not to say that I wasn't impressed by other journalists of that period, such as José Albasini, Estácio Bernardo Dias, Francisco de Haan, Joaquim Swart, Mário Ferreira, Joaquim Dourado, Edmundo Benedito da Cruz ("O Diabinho"), and many others.⁶¹

ANJUMAN ANUARIL ISLAMU (ISLAMIC AID AND CULTURAL ASSOCIATION)

The Anjuman Anuaril Isslamo (Islamic Aid and Cultural Association) was one of the more important voluntary associations organized by Africans during the first years of this century.

The majority of Mozambican Muslims are descendants of the Indian and Arab merchants who came here to trade and ended up staying. According to the historians, these merchants came to Mozambique before the European settlers. They began by establishing trading posts in northern Mozambique, then worked their way south along the coast.⁶²

As I mentioned earlier, these merchants generally came here without their wives and children. Those who stayed would enter into bride price agreements with the families of local women, and they often ended up converting their wives to Islam.

By the beginning of this century, the Muslim community here in the southern part of Mozambique was quite heterogeneous. There were Muslim offspring of Indian fathers and African mothers or mestizo mothers and Africans who had converted to Islam. Among the Africans in southern Mozambique who had converted to Islam, one often found people we called *mudjodjos*, who were from the islands of Zanzibar, Pemba, and the Comoros.

Ahmad Dulla Ismael was born in Lourenço Marques on 20 June 1883. He was the son of Dulla Ismael, an Indian from Daman,⁶³ and a Ronga mother. Ahmad Dulla Ismael would have an important role in the sociocultural development of the Muslim community in

Lourenço Marques and in the founding of the Anjuman Anuaril Isslamo association.

Ahmad Dulla Ismael's father sent him to India to study. When he returned to Mozambique in 1900, he became aware of how few of his Muslim contemporaries identified with their cultural and social background. In response to this, he began in 1906 to teach the Koran at evening classes in his home.

It was Ahmad Dulla who was the first to translate scholarly Arab texts and school books into Ronga. He followed the method used by the Swiss and Wesleyan missionaries who translated and published the Bible and other books in Ronga. It should be pointed out that there was a good relationship between the Muslim community and the Swiss Mission in those days. This was partially because many African women who converted to Islam upon marrying Indians had previously belonged to the Presbyterian or Methodist churches, which were spreading throughout this part of the country.

The Muslim association founded in 1906, the Kuate Ahwane Swafo, sought to raise the cultural consciousness of Mozambican Muslims. Its first president was Mussá Jivá, a trader descended from an Indian father and an African mother and who was married to my sister Habiba. But this association quickly became segregated along racial lines. For example, during parties and religious functions the members would group themselves according to their parentage; that is, the offspring of an Indian father and African mother versus the offspring of an Indian father and a mestizo mother versus the offspring of African Muslims. Because of this situation, which many members did not condone, and because of other administrative problems, the Kuate was ultimately dissolved.

I remember that one of the members of that association was a well-to-do Muslim who recruited laborers for the mining concern WENELA⁶⁴ and who was known to us affectionately as Gulamo Nwa Hosi (or Gulamo the Chief).

The Anjuman Anuaril Isslamo association was founded in 1912. Among its founding members were Ahmad Dulla, Hassan Tricamo, Ali Tricamo, Mussá Jivá, Mussá Vergi, and Ibrahim Gerage. In addition to the Islamic night school as an important cultural center in Lourenço Marques, the Anjuman generated a great deal of social assistance. It created funds for funerals and aid to needy families and actually built four wood and zinc shanties to shelter poor Muslims. Unlike its predecessor, the Kuate, this association provided assistance to people regardless of their origins.

The Anjuman Anuaril Isslamo also emphasized sports activities among its youth, with the result that under its aegis the Grupo

Desportivo Mahafil Isslamo (Mahafil Islamic Sporting Club) was founded in 1915.⁶⁵ Later on a schism developed in the Mahafil club that resulted in the founding of another soccer club, the Atlético Maometano (Muslim Athletic Club). The schism was not the result of irreconcilable differences, and the two clubs eventually made peace and worked together through the good offices of Saíde Abdul Cadre and other members of the community.

The members of these two clubs decided to solicit funds for the creation of a soccer field. A public campaign began, and the moving force behind it all was my uncle Hassan Tricamo, who was then the president of the Anjuman Anuaril Isslamo association. And that's how the Mahafil Isslamo soccer field, in the Kokolwene-Minkadjuine section of Lourenço Marques,⁶⁶ came into being. After independence the Mahafil Isslamo became known as the "Flamingos."

In 1938 the old shanty that housed the Islamic night school was closed by orders of the Portuguese administration, which decided later to prohibit the operation of any school not housed in a masonry structure.

Once again the Muslim community made contributions, this time for building a masonry structure for their school. The Anuaril Isslamo school is still housed today in the structure that was built in the Xipamanine area of Maputo. And one of the teachers in this school is Ahmad Dulla Ismael's oldest son, Nuro Ahmad Dulla, with whom I often have conversations about the old days.

THE CONGRESSO NACIONAL AFRICANO (AFRICAN NATIONAL CONGRESS)

Around 1920 a political association called the Congresso Nacional Africano (African National Congress) was formed by Mozambicans who had broken with the Grémio Africano. The majority of the founders were Africans, but there were some mestizos and even a few whites. The schism within the Grémio Africano was fueled by African discontent with the mestizo domination of the organization.⁶⁷

The Congresso Nacional Africano put out a monthly, bilingual (Ronga and Portuguese) newspaper that was called *Sol de África*, or *Dambu dja África* in Ronga. The whites who didn't know Ronga simply called it *Dambuda*. The Mozambican Congresso also had contacts with the African National Congress (ANC) of South Africa, which was already in existence.

Included among the Congresso's founders were Lindstrom Mathithe,⁶⁸ Jeremias Nhaca,⁶⁹ João Tomás Chembene,⁷⁰ and José da

Conceição Hobjana⁷¹ (who was the maternal grandfather of Josina Machel,⁷² a heroine of the Mozambican Revolution). The first president of the board was Chembene. He worked in the commercial sector and spoke both Portuguese and English well. Other founding members of the Congresso included Ahmad Dulla Ismael,⁷³ Benjamim Moniz,⁷⁴ and my uncle Hassan Tricamo.

Hassan Tricamo was the secretary of the board, and the board meetings were held in his house. As a result and even though I was still quite young at the time, I was able to follow the history of this association. The Congresso won the support of the people living on the outskirts of Lourenço Marques. It held public rallies where problems concerning the population in general were discussed and which always drew large crowds. Neighboring chiefs would also come to some of these rallies, often accompanied by the people of their areas. I attended many of the rallies, where the topic always concerned the lack of rights for Africans, although indirectly because of the government. Perhaps because of the danger that these gatherings represented for the colonial government, the Congresso did not last very long. By early 1923 it had ceased to exist. But it may have been the first association of Africans here in southern Mozambique that was essentially political and through which important issues were discussed and debated .

"TEA MEETINGS," OR *TIMITE*

The custom of "tea meetings," or what we called *timite*, began in South Africa and was introduced in Lourenço Marques around 1919. And what was *timite*? It was a kind of social get-together during which a group of people would perform by singing, dancing, putting on pantomimes, or playing the piano or some other instrument.

I can remember attending *timites* organized by the Congresso Nacional Africano, the Anjuman Anuaril Isslamo, or the Grémio Africano. The performing groups usually came from South Africa. It was hoped that by charging admission to these events (except for children and the members of the sponsoring group), funds could be raised to provide people with quality entertainment.

During that period it was said that the *timite* performers from South Africa were directly connected to the South African ANC.

Apropos the *timite*, my father-in-law Jeremias Dick Nhaca told me the following story: He had lived in South Africa for quite a while and was invited once to attend a tea meeting. Among the South African performers was a Mozambican named João Pedro dos

Santos Hobjana whose nickname was "Magrefo." (He was the brother of José da Conceição Hobjana, one of the founders of the Congresso Nacional Africano of Mozambique.) Magrefo offered to sing a song in Portuguese and accompany himself on the organ. Well, it turned out that this man could barely speak Portuguese, and the lyrics of his song may have sounded like Portuguese but weren't.⁷⁵

This creation of Hobjana's brought him a great ovation from the South Africans, who were delighted with his Portuguese, and a huge laugh from the few Mozambicans who knew Portuguese well enough to know that Magrefo didn't speak a word.

THE INSTITUTO NEGRÓFILO

The Instituto Negrófilo, founded in 1932, was predominantly an association of Africans. It was the result of a second schism in the Grémio Africano.⁷⁶

When we young people had reached the age when we wanted to be part of a group, we joined the Grémio Africano, which was the only association that existed for us at the time. When we were old enough to attend parties and dances at the Grémio, however, we found that the mestizo girls would refuse to dance with those of us who were Africans. As a result, although we were part of an intellectual association, if that's the way to describe it, we were not part of a socially integrated association. We almost became an association unto ourselves, but within the Grémio Africano.

Those responsible for the schism and who formed the new association were Brown Paulo Dulela⁷⁷ (who had also been a founding member of the Grémio Africano), Levim Maximiano,⁷⁸ Enoque Libombo,⁷⁹ Jeremias Dick Nhaca, and I, among others.

Naturally, the Grémio Africano, headed by Dr. Karel Pott,⁸⁰ did not support the creation of the Instituto Negrófilo. It was Karel Pott's belief that the whites were trying to weaken us by driving us apart.

This was all going on during the period when *O Brado Africano* was waging a frontal attack on the Portuguese government. Earlier, during the time of the Albasini brothers, criticism from the level of *O Brado* had been softer, more literary. Karel Pott was the first to wage a tough, open campaign against the government. Although he didn't agree with the formation of the Instituto Negrófilo, Pott did understand our feelings, and it was his lawyer friend, Dr. Nordeste, who wrote our bylaws and handled the administrative aspects of creating the Instituto.

It is clear to me now what Karel Pott's point was. In reality, and

contrary to what anyone would have imagined, the government was very much in favor of the founding of the Instituto Negrófilo. The governor at the time, José Cabral,⁸¹ as well as his brother Augusto Cabral,⁸² director of the Serviço dos Negócios Indígenas (Bureau of Native Affairs), supported and encouraged us. In retrospect, it is clear that they wanted to divide us racially. Mestizos on one side, blacks on the other. They would come to our dances at the Instituto Negrófilo, they would eat and drink and dance with our wives and girlfriends, behaving themselves as perfect gentlemen, but I do not recall even one occasion when they brought their wives along. João da Silva Pereira, then the mayor of Lourenço Marques, was also a backer.⁸³

During the first years of the Instituto Negrófilo, all activities were recreational in nature and included dances, outings, and cultural events. The organization had a board of directors and a general assembly. It also had a library. The Instituto's stance with respect to the colonial government was a passive one.

At a certain point the colonial government changed the names of these associations. The Instituto Negrófilo's new name was Centro Associativo dos Negros da Colônia de Moçambique (Association of Negroes from the Colony of Mozambique), and the Grémio Africano became the Associação Africana (African Association).⁸⁴

After Brown Paulo Dulela's death, Enoque Libombo became the president of the Centro Associativo dos Negros, a position he held for fifteen consecutive years. Then Levim Maximiano became the president and later Augusto Solomão Magaia.⁸⁵

The Centro Associativo dos Negros was more or less controlled by the Bureau of Native Affairs. When a certain Captain Montanha became the director of Native Affairs, he organized associations for African shoeshiners, launderers, barbers, merchants, etc. This was another method that they used to keep us divided, but in this case it was assimilated Africans versus nonassimilated Africans. Later on, during Afonso Ferraz de Freitas's administration in the 1950s,⁸⁶ all of these societies were placed under the Lourenço Marques city administration.

The building that housed the headquarters of the Centro Associativo dos Negros until Mozambique's independence was built in 1939, the year the Second World War began.

ABOUT BROWN PAULO DULELA

Brown Paulo Dulela was an employee of the Fábrica de Cimentos do

Língamo.⁸⁷ He had ties with members of the South African ANC, such as Clement Kadhali,⁸⁸ Dr. Jabavo,⁸⁹ and others. Brown Paulo Dulela was a man with a wonderful sense of humor and a lot of personality. Talking about him reminds me of a funny story.

In those days luxury hotels such as the Club and the Carlton were closed to Africans. These hotels were managed by Englishmen. Dulela and an English friend of his cooked up a little scheme related to this situation, which unfolded as follows.

One day Dulela packed his bags and went to the dock, where his English friend picked him up and took him in a rickshaw to the Hotel Carlton. When they got there, the Englishman introduced Dulela as a Negro businessman from North America. Out of respect for a fellow Englishman and because Dulela was not some local African, the hotel management allowed Dulela to register. Dulela was not handicapped by language since he spoke fluent English. On the third day of his stay in the hotel, his English friend returned to the Carlton, carried Brown's bags out, and escorted him home to Chamanculo.⁹⁰

Around 1934 Dulela went to Portugal on holiday. He wrote to us (at the Instituto Negrófilo) that for some strange reason former settlers from Mozambique, who had never been friendly to him here, were treating him very nicely in Portugal.

I know that Dulela also traveled in Spain, Hungary, and Germany. He died in Germany, although I don't know from what, and returned to his homeland in a coffin.

THE STORY OF KAREL POTT

Karel Pott was the son of Gerard Pott,⁹¹ who had been the old Boer Republic consul in Lourenço Marques. It was Karel Pott's father who had ordered the construction of the building that houses the Tribunal Superior de Recurso (Superior Court of Appeals) today, but whose original purpose was to receive the Boer president, Paul Krueger, on a visit he made to Lourenço Marques before the English-Boer War.

Gerard Pott was Dutch and he lived in Lourenço Marques with his various African wives and mestizo children: Gerard,⁹² Willy, Karel, and Hendrik. Karel and his brother Willy were sent to school in Portugal. While in Portugal Karel met students from the other Portuguese colonies, some of whom became close friends, especially one João Viana de Almeida, a mestizo from São Tomé.⁹³ I remember that Viana de Almeida came to Mozambique once to visit Karel, who brought him to the Instituto Negrófilo to give a talk.

About 1930 after finishing school, Karel Pott returned by boat from Portugal, and at the dock, before greeting any of the other people waiting for him, he turned first to embrace his mother, an African woman in traditional dress and with whom he had never lived. The point is that by that time Karel was already politically mature.

Karel, who was a lawyer, was elected president of the Grémio Africano and director of *O Brado Africano*, and he became known as a distinguished journalist. He began by writing very serious articles directly attacking the regime. One of his famous articles had a Ronga expression as its title, "*Psi ta gama hi ku yini nwa n'kuwana*," which means "How will all this end up, you yokels?" In this article Karel criticized the colonial government's African policies.

Another interesting article by Karel Pott had to do with the school in Namaacha for the children of poor whites and mestizos. A woman employee in charge of the girls had used a comb made of stiff, palm tree fibers to straighten out the kinky hair of one of the mestizo girls. Karel wrote a beautiful piece of prose about that.

Another time Karel Pott was honored by the Portuguese authorities who offered him a fountain pen for the occasion. Then, a few days later an article of his appeared that began, "With this pen I am going to thrash Fialho from Assistência." And his article did just that. (Fialho was the director of Assistência Pública.)⁹⁴

JOSÉ CANTINE GABRIEL DOS SANTOS

José Cantine Gabriel dos Santos was born in Gaza. His name came to be known in Lourenço Marques during the 1930s because of an interesting series of events.

Given the character of the colonial regime, it should not be difficult to understand that in those days there were practically no Africans who had more than a primary education. And when I say Africans here, I am including mestizos because cases like Karel Pott's were still exceptions at the time.⁹⁵

Well then, José Cantine Gabriel dos Santos decided to apply his very lively intelligence to a secondary school education and, in defiance of all obstacles, completed the important fifth year of high school. It seems that he studied essentially on his own and at his own expense, later arranging some way to be allowed to take the exams.

After completing the fifth year, he became a candidate for the position of an administration secretary, for which one had to have

finished the fifth year of high school. He was the first African secretary I had ever heard of.⁹⁶

José Cantine was placed in the Marracuene administration. There he encountered hostility from both the Africans in lower positions and the whites in higher positions. As a result he left the civil service and returned to Lourenço Marques where he founded the Sá da Bandeira school,⁹⁷ for the first cycle of high school (the first and second year), in the neighborhood of Hlanguene. Cantine himself taught in the school. Most of the students were Africans, but there were also some mestizos. José Cantine devoted himself to education throughout the rest of his life.

Talking about José Cantine reminds me that around 1934 a law⁹⁸ was passed to the effect that directors of organs of information had to have completed at least the fifth year of high school. At the time Karel Pott was no longer the director of *O Brado Africano* because of some differences that had arisen between him and other members of the paper's staff. The paper was without a director for months, until finally a group of interested people went to José Cantine to ask him to become the director. Although he had never been a journalist, at least he had the required educational background; and he accepted.

A BRIEF NOTE ABOUT JOSÉ JOAQUIM MANSIDÃO

José Joaquim Mansidão was my cousin. He was an extremely intelligent man. Born in Ndumanine in the district of Marracuene about 1896, he was very young when he came to Lourenço Marques, where he attended the Swiss Mission school. He contributed in Ronga to *O Africano* and *O Brado Africano* from the inception of both papers and wrote some of the very best articles published in Ronga by those papers. Even after he emigrated to South Africa, he continued to take an interest in both the Grémio Africano and its paper. In fact, Mansidão had long-standing friendships with members of the Grémio's board, such as the Albasini brothers, Joaquim Swart, Chico de Haan,⁹⁹ and others.

He was still a young man when he went to South Africa. He worked for some time in the WENELA hospital then later as an interpreter for the so-called inspection services of the Curadoria dos Índigenas Portugueses na África do Sul.¹⁰⁰ While there he was apparently struck by a superior for some reason or other, after which, being a proud and dignified man, he resigned his position. He then became a teacher for the Mozambicans working in the

mines. He gave classes in the Crown Mine's African compound during the 1920s, teaching in both Portuguese and Ronga.¹⁰¹ José Joaquim Mansidão founded the Igreja Tabernáculo Congregacional Evangélico Africano (African Evangelic Congregational Tabernacle Church) in South Africa and was its pastor until the day he died.¹⁰²

He died on 24 January 1967 in Lourenço Marques, leaving manuscripts of stories and philosophical work on religion. He had published two books in Ronga, *Buku dya Malubela nikugandyela* ("Book of Prayer and Worship") in 1937 and *Psibitana psa ba Kokwana* ("Stories of our Ancestors") in 1952.

ROBERT MACHAVA

Robert Machava was born in Catembe around the middle of the nineteenth century. He and others of his generation used to buy skins near Chicualacuala in Hlenguene, Gaza Province, and then go to South Africa to sell them to the Boers. That's how he came to be interested in the English language. Later on he went to South Africa to study, and much later he founded the Igreja Metodista Wesleyana (Wesleyan Methodist Church) and became its pastor.

Robert Machava was a scholarly man and became very involved in the study of the history and geography of southern Africa as well as the Ronga language. He wrote the first Ronga translation of the Bible around 1886 (more or less when the Swiss Mission Presbyterian church was founded). It was only later that the Swiss involved with the Presbyterian church developed the second Ronga version of the Bible. So Robert Machava was one of the pioneers in transforming Ronga into a written language. He established schools for the teaching of English and Ronga and also taught in them.

During the last decade of the 1800s, when resistance to colonialism intensified in southern Mozambique, the Portuguese believed that Robert Machava continually traveled between Mozambique and South Africa because he was the link between the Mozambican insurgents and the English who were selling them arms. As a result, toward the end of the wars of resistance, he was arrested and deported to the Island of Sal in Cape Verde and later to the city of Porto in Portugal, where he was imprisoned.¹⁰³

After the Portuguese republic was established in 1910, the Albasini brothers and other Mozambicans interceded with the Portuguese government on behalf of Robert Machava, asking for his release. Although the Portuguese republicans did release Machava from prison, they kept him in Porto under house arrest.

He became associated with the Igreja Protestante Portuguesa (Portuguese Protestant Church) in Porto. Even today in the hymnals of the Igreja Evangélica Portuguesa (Portuguese Evangelical Church), you can find the hymns that he wrote.

In the 1930s Robert Machava received permission to return to Africa, but not to Mozambique. So he went to Cape Town to live. Much later when he was quite old and seriously ill, he asked for permission to return to his homeland so that he wouldn't have to die in exile. His request was granted, and he died and was buried in Catembe in 1937.

Robert Machava was a first cousin to Elida Machava, my wife Naly Nhaca's maternal grandmother.

NWA XIYAKELAMUNGA AND SOMMERSCHIELD (DOKODELA MACHIQUICHIQUE)

Apropos the last name of Nhaca, I want to relate an interesting story about a Nhaca and a Dr. Sommerschield.

The Nhacas originally come from the Island of Inhaca. Their praise name is Tchai N'komo or Xi Ba Homu (those who beat oxen).

Nwa Xiyakelamunga Nhaca Tchai N'Komo was born on Inhaca and around the middle of the last century (say about 1855), he decided to make his home in the Mpfumo area (currently the capital, Maputo) known as Phulana (or Polana). He built his little village there, cleared some land, and began to raise cattle. About 1870 a Dr. Sommerschield, from England or Germany, came to the area and built his home nearby. This doctor, who was known in Ronga as Dokodela (doctor) or Machiquichique (probably an adulteration of Sommerschield), lived with an African woman named Nyanisse.

Machiquichique and Nwa Xiyakelamunga were good neighbors for a long time. In fact, they became such good friends that Nyanisse gave her name to a granddaughter of Nwa Xiyakelamunga who was born in 1891. The friendly and harmonious relationship between the two men was seriously weakened, however, when one day Machiquichique came to tell Nwa Xiyakelamunga that the government had given him rights over the large area in which both of them lived.

Nwa Xiyakelamunga could not accept this. After all, he had been the first one in the area and by right the land where he had lived and worked for so many years should belong to him.

The dispute became hot and heavy and on one occasion, after having drunk quite a bit of *ucanhi*,¹⁰⁴ Nwa Xiyakelamunga picked

up a spear and was ready to kill Dr. Sommerschild and was only prevented from doing so by his family.

Now it happened that a brother of Nwa Xiyakelamunga, whose name was Xilepfu but was also known as Nwa N'Kwangana, had moved from Inhaca to Catembe at the same time that Nwa Xiyakelamunga had moved to Phulana. Xilepfu, upon learning what the conflict between his brother and Dokodela Machiquichique had come to, convinced his brother to leave his land and to come to Catembe to live. And that's just what he ended up doing.

Nwa Xiyakelamunga had only one child, Dick, who became the father of six children: Rabeca, Janisse (or Nyanisse), Jeremias, Abias, Elice, and Tomás. Jeremias was the father of Naly Nhaca, my wife. Only the descendents of one Tchai N'Komo of the Nhaca family remained on the island to which the family had given their name. He was a cousin of Xilepfu and Nwa Xiyakelamunga.

And that's the story of how one branch of the Nhaca family settled in Catembe after having lived for many years in the area of Ka Phulana, later called Ka Dokodela Machiquichique, and much later called Sommerschild.

ASSIMILATION

It was 1931. I was still working in the Bela Vista administration, and at the time I was in charge of organizing the assimilation papers for various people in the area. Many of them were Africans, but there were also many mestizos who wanted to become assimilados.

People wanted to become assimilados so that they wouldn't have to take part in the forced labor system—that is, the "military service" for Africans. They didn't want to be deprived of at least the very minimum rights of citizenship.

When people became assimilados, they weren't automatically denying their own culture, race, or basic beliefs. They were simply seeking a better life, as was their right. But it was also true that for colonialism the control of the few people who were assimilados was a critical factor.

I became an assimilado in 1931. In those days obtaining that status was a way of seeking a less degrading life for our children. It was a way of ensuring that they would have access to an education. I know of very few Mozambicans of my generation who really aspired to become assimilados in order to be considered as equals of the whites, or because they actually felt themselves to be Portuguese. It should be understood that one thing was our feelings, our

personalities, our pride in our African culture; this we all shared. But it was something else again to have the courage to stress our values openly, thus rejecting colonial values. It was almost suicidal to do this on an individual basis. And most of our people only managed to cope during those very difficult years because of a finely honed instinct for survival. Unfortunately I am well aware that there were Mozambicans who internalized Portuguese values—values the colonial regime used to demean and oppress us. But that kind of behavior wasn't the automatic result of assimilation. Take the chiefs, for example, who served colonialism so well and enslaved their own brothers. They weren't assimilados (nor would they have qualified to be such under the colonial laws).

EDITOR'S NOTES

1. Raúl Honwana's main responsibility in the office of Migration was to collect taxes from the returning miners.

2. According to Raúl Honwana 600 escudos was "a good salary." A pair of shoes cost between 100 and 150 escudos, a shirt cost approximately 50 escudos, and a suit cost about 300 escudos. In addition he was exempt from taxes (interview with Raúl Honwana, Maputo, 27 May 1987).

In 1922 the value of the escudo was approximately 6.7 cents. See U. S. Board of Governors of the Federal Reserve System, *Banking and Monetary Statistics 1914-1941* (Washington, reprinted 1976), 676; and Bidwell, *Conversion Tables* 38. The value for the escudo used herein after 1929 is based upon conversion rates found in American International Investment Corporation, *World Currency Charts* (San Francisco, 1969), 50.

3. Africans returning from the mines were called *magaiças*, which connotes "people who flee in times of hunger and scarcity, then return home with very desirable goods." It also refers to a "newborn" who brings happiness when he or she arrives, as did the returning miners (interview with Paulo Zucula, Minneapolis, 12 September 1987). In the *Dicionário Ronga-Português* (Lisbon, 1960), edited by Rodrigo de Sá Nogueira, *ma-gayisa* is defined as "African workers who return from the mines of Johannesburg." The term is a Rongaized variant of the Zulu word *ama-ngisa*, which signifies "the English." See pp. 220-221.

4. The Macua (or Makua) are an ethnic group from the northern province of Nampula. They are primarily Muslims. A number of educated Macua held posts within the colonial civil service. Both white workers and the mestizo elite periodically complained about Macua being allowed to hold such coveted positions. See Penvenne, "We Are All Portuguese."

5. African police ("cipaios" or "sepais") worked in the service of the state. They were often recruited from the ranks of colonial soldiers, ex-warriors, and ex-slavers. Others were press-ganged into state service. Stationed at every post in the colonial administration, their principal functions were to collect taxes, recruit labor, transmit the administrators'

orders, and arrest dissidents. As long as they satisfied the local administrator's concerns, they were often given license to prey upon the rural population. See Allen Isaacman and Barbara Isaacman, *Mozambique: From Colonialism to Revolution, 1900-1982* (Boulder, 1983), 30-32.

6. The *chefe do posto*, or local administrator, was the Portuguese official who presided over localities that were the smallest Portuguese administrative units. During the colonial period they virtually had absolute power to accuse, apprehend, try, and sentence any African in their jurisdiction. While some exhibited a paternalistic concern for Africans, most of them regularly abused their authority. See Isaacman and Isaacman, *Mozambique: From Colonialism to Revolution*, 29.

7. The town of Namaacha is the seat of Namaacha District, which is located on the frontier with Swaziland.

8. Dr. Moreira da Fonseca served as interim governor-general of Mozambique from 1919 to 1920. See *Anuario de Moçambique*. 1940.

9. Komatipoort is a South African border town located on the banks of the Incomati River across from Ressano Garcia.

10. Mine captains (*ndunas*) were Africans responsible for the social control of the mine workers in their compound. At the Moderby mine, which Raúl Honwana visited, the mine captains supervised between 1500 and 3000 workers. They were aided by a number of compound police. They lived in separate houses within the Moderby mine compound, received better food, and earned several times the average miner's wage (interview with Raúl Honwana, Maputo, 16 May 1986). For an important discussion of the living and working conditions of the miners, see Frederick A. Johnstone, *Class, Race and Gold* (London, 1976), 168-200. For an excellent study of African mine labor in neighboring Rhodesia, see Charles Van Onselen, *Chibaro* (Johannesburg, 1980).

11. The battle of Serra Mecula took place in Niassa Province in northern Mozambique between Portuguese troops and German forces from Tanganyika. For a summary of that battle and the conflict in northern Mozambique, see Botelho, *História Militar*, 2: 627-726; and Pélissier, *Naissance du Mozambique*, 2: 681-721.

12. Splonken is located in the northern part of the Transvaal, on the border with Mozambique. Many people from Gaza fled there after Gungunhana's defeat and have continued to live there until today. Several of Raúl Honwana's family also live in that area (interview with Raúl Honwana, Maputo, 16 May 1987). Among this group were probably many former slaves belonging to the Gaza who took advantage of the demise of the Gaza state to regain their freedom. See Harris, "Slavery, Social Incorporation and Surplus Extraction," 309-330.

13. Vítor Hugo de Azevedo Coutinho served as governor-general and high commissioner of Mozambique from 1924 to 1926. Previously he had been a naval officer. See *Anuário de Moçambique*, 1940, 164.

14. Faustino da Silva was a leading member of the railroad and port workers movement in Mozambique (Associação do Pessoal do Porto e Caminho de Ferro de Lourenço Marques), which was organized in 1911 and continued until 1933. See José Capela, *O Movimento Operário em Lourenço Marques, 1898-1927* (Porto, n.d.).

15. *O Emancipador* was a weekly socialist newspaper published by the railroad workers. It began publication on 6 December 1919 and ceased

publication on 19 June 1937. See António Jorge Diniz Sopa, "Catálogo dos Periódicos Moçambicanos 1854-1984," (M.A. thesis, Universidade Eduardo Mondlane, Maputo, 1985), 92; Capela, *O Movimento Operário*, 67-83.

16. Manuel Alves Cardiga was a Portuguese railroad worker who subsequently left the railroad and became a prosperous farmer, builder, and property owner. He owned a number of buildings in Lourenço Marques.

17. The strike actually lasted from 11 November 1925 to 12 March 1926. For a detailed account of the strike, see Capela, *O Movimento Operário*, 196-212.

18. The Secretaria Geral do Governo, later renamed the Direcção dos Serviços de Administração, was the state organ that staffed and oversaw the bureaucracy.

19. Jorge Correia de Sepúlveda was the administrator of Namaacha in 1926. Subsequently he was promoted to the position of administrator of Xai-Xai.

20. Joaquim Serra Cardoso was the administrator of Bela Vista. Raúl Honwana worked with him from 1927 to 1935 and again from 1936 to 1937. Raúl remembered him as "a man of justice who knew how to treat people. He was an exception." (Interview with Raúl Honwana, Maputo, 17 May 1987.)

21. Derived from Bidwell, *Conversion Tables*, pp. 38-39; and U. S. Board of Governors of the Federal Reserve System, *Banking and Monetary Statistics*, 676.

22. *Pequenino* is a nickname meaning tiny or little one.

23. Impamputo is in the district of Namaacha between Boane and the city of Namaacha.

24. José Ricardo Pereira Cabral was the governor-general of Mozambique from 1926 to 1938. See *Anuário de Moçambique, 1940*, 164.

25. Breyner Wirth was a Lourenço Marques-based company that organized the transport of miners to South Africa.

26. Tchuluine is located in the area of Bela Vista, in the district called Matituine today in the southern part of Maputo Province.

27. Such gatherings were called *batuques*, which is a generalized term for an African dance accompanied by drums. The dancing could be associated with religious rituals or be merely for entertainment.

28. Mpochana was a minor chief in the area of Bela Vista.

29. Consulting ancestor spirits before a hunt is a very common practice throughout Mozambique. With specific reference to southern Mozambique, see Junod, *The Life of a South African Tribe*, 2: 54-64.

30. The Curadoria dos Indígenas Portugueses na África do Sul was a branch of Native Affairs located in South Africa. The mandate of the Curadoria was primarily to supervise the collection of taxes and to send Mozambican workers' wage remittances home. According to Honwana they also made certain that the Mozambican workers received the minimal conditions of employment in addition to appropriate housing, food, and access to health facilities. In theory the Curadoria had ultimate responsibility for the health and well-being of "Portuguese natives" (interview with Raúl Honwana, Maputo, 17 May 1987).

31. Whitbank is located between Komatipoort and Pretoria. Raúl Honwana's principal function was to visit the African mine workers' compounds, meet with the Mozambican workers, and try to resolve their

problems, which ranged from complaints about working conditions to problems with transferring money home (interview with Raúl Honwana, Maputo, 17 May 1987).

32. The Xhosa (or Xosa) are a South African ethnic group who live primarily in the Transkei and Ciskei. They number about five million today.

33. Dr. A. B. Xuma was elected president of the African National Congress (ANC) in 1940. He was responsible for helping to streamline the ANC's political structure and making a number of reforms that gave full equality to women and increased the voice of young militants through the organization of a youth league. See Tom Lodge, *Black Politics in South Africa Since 1945* (Raven, 1983), 25-27.

34. Bobole is located between Marracuene and Manhiça.

35. Unlike the *nyanga*, the *nyamussoro* was believed to have the ability to detect the source or nature of the disease by invoking spirits or by reading knuckle bones (personal communication from Gita Honwana, dated 23 September 1987). For a discussion of divination, see Junod, *The Life of a South African Tribe*, 2: 489-506.

36. Umpala is a station on the railroad line between Goba and Boane.

37. *Direito* was an independent daily newspaper published in Lourenço Marques between 1922 and 1933. Manuel de Nascimento Ornellas was the editor. *Direito* promised "to defend the interests of the Province and to combat errors committed by the administration . . ." See Sopa, "Catálogo," 83.

38. *The Guardian* was Lourenço Marques's only bilingual (Portuguese-English) newspaper. Founded by Arthur William Bayly, it first appeared in 1905, making it one of Mozambique's oldest newspapers, and it ceased publication in 1952. See Sopa, "Catálogo," 141-142. For a survey of newspapers and serials published in Mozambique, see Ilidio Rocha, *Catálogo dos Periódicos e Principais Seriados de Moçambique* (São Paulo, 1985).

39. *Notícias* began publication on 15 April 1926. It had the largest distribution of any paper in Lourenço Marques and throughout the rest of Mozambique during colonial times and continues to enjoy that position today. Its first editor was Manuel Simoes. See Sopa, "Catálogo," 163-164.

40. For a discussion of this newspaper and the Grémio Africano, see a later section in this chapter entitled, "João Albasini, the Grémio Africano, and *O Brado Africano*."

41. See later section in this chapter entitled, "The Story of Karel Pott."

42. See the first story in this chapter about the "lynching" in Ressano Garcia, in which the administrator Simões da Silva was involved.

43. For information on the Portuguese colonial system of forced labor, or *chibalo*, see Jeanne Penvenne, "Forced Labor and the Origin of an African Working Class: Lourenço Marques, 1870-1962," Working Paper no. 13 (African Studies Center, Boston University, 1979), passim; and Manghezi and Head, "O Trabalho Forçado," 27-36.

44. For a discussion of the forced cotton regime, see Isaacman, et. al., "Cotton Is the Mother of Poverty," 581-616; Vail and White, "Tawani, Machamero." 239-263.

45. These meetings, called *banjas*, were often convoked on the orders of colonial authorities. For a discussion of the role of chiefs, see Isaacman, "Chiefs, Rural Differentiation, and Peasant Protests," 15-56.

46. For a discussion of peasant opposition to the growing of cotton, see Isaacman, "Cotton Is the Mother of Poverty," 581-616.

47. It was widely believed in those days that some people had the ability to bring on a thunderstorm and aim the lightning at someone or something. The expression "to send someone a thunderbolt" is common in the oral history of many Bantu-speaking peoples. Reproduced from note 19 in the original Portuguese text of *Memórias*.

48. Qapezulo was the son of Madubula, who had succeeded Ngwanaze when the latter emigrated to Ingwavuma at the time of the war with Mousinho de Albuquerque. According to the rules of succession, Qapezulo was the legitimate chief, but he had emigrated to Zululand at one point and his position was filled temporarily by his cousin Santaca. Derived from note 20 to the original Portuguese version of *Memórias*.

49. João dos Santos Albasini was born in Magul on 2 November 1876 and died in Lourenço Marques on 16 August 1922. He was also known as Nwanzengele. A mestizo from one of Mozambique's leading families, he helped to found the Grémio Africano (African league or guild), as well as two opposition newspapers, *O Africano* and *O Brado Africano*. He wrote and spoke out against the colonial policies of forced labor, hut taxes, and other discriminatory legislation. Although he quickly gained a reputation as a champion of the downtrodden, he apparently had no difficulty reconciling his moral opposition to forced labor with his state position as head of "native services" at the Lourenço Marques port and railroad complex. See Sopa, "Documentos," 254; and Penvenne, "Forced Labor," 18-20.

José Albasini, João's brother, was a leading member of the Grémio Africano and a writer for *O Brado Africano*. Also known as Bandana, José Albasini was born in 1878. He was the son of Francisco João Albasini, whose local name was Nwadywawo. His mother was probably Agueda M. da Silva. In his earlier career he was the cashier for an unknown commercial firm and subsequently worked as a forwarding agent and journalist (personal communication from Jeanne Penvenne, 18 December 1987).

50. *O Africano* was the official organ of the Grémio Africano. It was first published in 1908. Its masthead in 1909 boldly proclaimed that it was "devoted to the defense of the native population of Mozambique." The newspaper was an important voice of protest against colonial abuses.

51. In note 21 to the original Portuguese version of *Memórias*, Honwana cites the legislation that established the assimilado category as *Portaria Provincial* no. 1041 in *Boletim Oficial de Moçambique*, no. 3 of January 18, 1919. The first legislation concerning assimilation was actually introduced two years earlier. See *BOM Portaria Provincial* no. 317, January 9, 1917.

52. Pedro Francisco Massano de Amorim was governor-general of Mozambique from 1918 to 1919. See *Anuário de Moçambique, 1940*, 164.

53. The registration of a child's birth under Portuguese civil law gave that child legitimate civil status in colonial terms.

54. For a detailed discussion of how effectively Albasini and other members of the Grémio Africano resisted the government's attempts to implement the new assimilation laws, see *Actas do Conselhos do Governo 12ª Sessão 24 Agosto 1927* (Lourenço Marques, Imprensa Nacional, n.d.), 1-11.

55. João dos Santos Albasini was the grandson of João Albasini, an ivory trader and labor recruiter who also served as Portuguese consul in the Transvaal. Francisco Albasini, João Albasini's son by an African woman from the Magul area, later married the daughter of the chief of Maxaquene, and they had four children, among whom were João dos Santos Albasini and José Francisco Albasini, editors of *O Africano* and *O Brado Africano* at different times (personal communication with Jeanne Penvenne, 2 December 1987).

56. *Cafuso* was a pejorative term for a mestizo with a dark complexion and kinky hair.

57. Manuel de Brito Camacho was high commissioner and governor-general of Mozambique from 1921 to 1923. He governed during a period in which Lisbon allowed the colonies a large measure of self-government. Despite the experiment his tenure was marred by serious economic problems, a chaotic financial situation, increasing pressure from South Africa, and international criticism of the colonial labor policies. See Vail and White, *Capitalism and Colonialism in Mozambique*, 200-237.

58. Honwana's memory is wrong here about the dates. Albasini died in August 1922. See Sopa, "Catálogo," 254.

59. José Mendes Ribeiro Norton de Matos was the high commissioner of Angola from 1921 to 1924. He was a strong critic of the colonial forced labor policies and promoted the idea of creating a class of white and black artisans and smallholders. See J. M. R. Norton de Matos, *A Situação Financeira e Econômica da Província de Angola* (Lisbon, 1914).

60. Albasini's common-law wife was named Bertha Mwatilo. By the 1940s most Mozambicans living in Lourenço Marques no longer made a distinction between common-law marriages and civil marriages. Bertha Mwatilo was clearly acknowledged as Albasini's wife at his funeral. They had two children, Beatrice and Carlos, who certainly do not consider themselves to be illegitimate (personal communication with Jeanne Penvenne, 2 December 1987).

61. José Albasini, Estacio Bernardo Dias, Francisco de Haan, Joaquim Swart, Mário Ferreira, Joaquim Dourado, and Edmundo Benedito da Cruz were all leading members of the Grémio Africano and wrote for *O Brado Africano*.

62. For a discussion of Moslem traders in northern Mozambique, see Hafkin, "Trade, Society and Politics." It is important to remember that Muslim traders were operating in central and parts of southern Mozambique when the Portuguese arrived in the sixteenth century. See G. M. Theal, *Records of South-East Africa* (Capetown, 1898), 1: passim.

63. Daman, Diu, and Goa were all part of Portuguese India.

64. See last note in Chapter 2. The WENELA was the labor recruiting arm of the South African Chamber of Mines.

65. The Grupo Desportivo Mahafil Isslamo (Mahafil Isslamo Sporting Club) was the first Muslim athletic club in Lourenço Marques. According to Honwana, it fielded quite a good soccer team. An intense rivalry developed between it and the Atlético Maometano (Muslim Athletic Club). During this period all sports or athletic clubs were segregated.

66. Kokolwene-Minkadjuine was located in an African township on the outskirts of Lourenço Marques in the area that became known as Xipamanine.

67. Raúl Honwana vaguely recalled that the colonial government helped to precipitate this split in order to undercut the power of the Grémio Africano. He was not able to specify, however, the extent to which the government might have assisted the dissidents (interview with Raúl Honwana, Maputo, 4 June 1987).

68. Lindstrom Mathithe was on the executive board of the Congresso Nacional Africano. He enjoyed substantial influence not only among educated Africans but within the mestizo community as well. He also had close ties with the African National Congress (ANC) of South Africa, particularly with D. D. T. Jabavu and Dr. Musimango (interview with Raúl Honwana, Maputo, 4 June 1987).

69. Jeremias Nhaca was the father of Raúl's second wife, Naly. He was one of the leading African members of the Grémio Africano and helped to plan the walkout and the organization of the Congresso. He was fluent in English. He followed events in South Africa closely, and his political education was informed by ANC activities in South Africa (interview with Raúl Honwana, Maputo, 4 June 1987).

70. João Tomás Chembene worked in South Africa where he developed close ties with the ANC. He was well-educated and spoke English fluently. When he returned from South Africa, he worked in the office of Allen Wack, a British firm based in Lourenço Marques. He was actively involved in the Grémio Africano and subsequently became the president of the Congresso (interview with Raúl Honwana, Maputo, 4 June 1987).

71. José da Conceição Hobjana was a railroad worker. After the split with the Grémio Africano, he became the treasurer of the Congresso (interview with Raúl Honwana, Maputo, 4 June 1987).

72. Josina Machel was a leading FRELIMO militant during the armed struggle and the wife of FRELIMO's late president, Samora Machel. She died in 1971.

73. Despite the fact that Africans left the Grémio Africano because of racial tensions, they permitted mestizos to join the Congresso and to hold leadership positions within it.

74. Benjamim Moniz was an African who worked as a civil servant in the Marracuene administration.

75. The author said that the lyrics were more or less as follows: "*Eu sou esposana mas que vinde câ / Eu sou esposana mas que vinde câ / Eu sou rapazes mas que vinde câ / Eu sou rapazes mas que vinde câ*"

76. For an account of this split within the Grémio Africano, see Friedland, "Mozambican Nationalist Resistance," 158-172.

77. Brown Paulo Dulela was employed at the time as the manager of a British cement company (Fábrica de Cimentos do Lígamo, which was a division of Portland Cement). He was the only African to have achieved such a prominent position professionally in Mozambique. For a discussion of his political activities and ties to the Congresso Nacional Africano, see the section later in this chapter entitled "About Brown Paulo Dulela." Dulela traveled widely throughout Europe, visiting Spain, France, Italy, and Germany; he died in Berlin on 4 February 1933 (interview with Raúl Honwana, Maputo, 4 June 1987).

78. Levim Maximiano was a civil servant.

79. Enoque Libombo worked for the Portuguese company, Paulo dos Santos e Giro. Unlike many of his compatriots, he neither worked in South

Africa nor had any visible ties to the English-speaking world.

80. Karel Pott was born in Lourenço Marques in 1901 and died in 1953. He was a track star and in 1924 was selected to represent Portugal at the Olympics. He completed a law degree at the University of Coimbra and became one of the most prominent lawyers in Mozambique. He was director of *O Brado Africano* from 1931 to 1932. See Sopa, "Catálogo," 266; also see section later in this chapter entitled "The Story of Karel Pott."

As a very light-skinned mestizo and with a law degree, Karel Pott moved easily across race and class lines in pursuing reformist policies. Several African elders recalled that "everybody liked Karel because he could complain in the open about the Portuguese" (personal communication from Jeanne Penvenne, dated 24 September 1987).

81. José Ricardo Pereira Cabral served as governor-general of Mozambique from 1926 to 1936. See *Anuário de Moçambique, 1940*, 164.

82. António Augusto Pereira Cabral wrote one of the first ethnographic surveys of the colony, entitled *Raças, Usos e Costumes dos Indígenas da Província de Moçambique* (Lourenço Marques, 1925).

83. João da Silva Pereira served as the director of Customs before becoming the mayor of Lourenço Marques.

84. See Friedland, "Mozambican Nationalist Resistance."

85. Magaia was the president from 1959 to 1961. In note 23 of the original Portuguese edition of *Memórias*, Raúl Honwana added that there were two other presidents before independence, Filipe Junior and Domingos Arouca. Arouca was a wealthy farmer and lawyer whom the colonial regime sought to promote as a "moderate" alternative to FRELIMO.

86. Afonso Ferraz de Freitas was the administrator of the city of Lourenço Marques. Subsequently he worked for the Portuguese secret police and, according to Raúl Honwana, "he persecuted Africans and was one of the worst administrators" (interview with Raúl Honwana, Maputo, 20 May 1987). Afonso Ferraz de Freitas also wrote in 1957 a four-volume report on Zionist and Ethiopian churches, entitled *Seitas Religiosas Gentílicas*, which is deposited in the Arquivo Histórico de Moçambique (see Introduction, n. 93).

87. See note 77 in this chapter concerning Brown Paulo Dulela.

88. Kadhali is Clement Kadalie who headed the Industrial and Commercial Workers Union, the most powerful labor movement in South Africa during this period. By 1927 it had a membership of over 100,000. See Clement Kadalie, *My Life and the I.C.U.* (London, 1970).

89. Dr. Jabavo is D. D. T. Jabavu who was a major figure in African education and a professor at Fort Hare College. In 1927 he tried to forge an alliance of nonwhite organizations in South Africa but was unsuccessful. In 1935 he played a critical role in organizing the All African Convention, the largest conference to date of Africans, Indians, and Coloreds. See Mary Benson, *The Struggle for a Birthright* (Middlesex, 1966).

90. Chamanculo is a neighborhood in Maputo (then Lourenço Marques).

91. Gerard Pott was a Dutch businessman and a representative for many foreign firms that wanted to do business in Mozambique. He was a close friend of Paul Krueger, who appointed him to be the consul for the Transvaal Republic in Lourenço Marques. Contemporary accounts noted that he had enormous prestige and owned the finest mansion in the province of Mozambique. He was also referred to as "King Pott." He is reputed to have

made considerable sums of money through the sale of property in Lourenço Marques. He died on 20 September 1927 in Holland (personal communication from Jeanne Penvenne, dated 24 September 1987).

92. Karel Pott's older brother Gerard was on the Grémio Africano executive board from 1932 to 1936. He owned a great deal of land, and as a landlord he was often in trouble with the Portuguese administration. Several African elders complained that he used to rob his tenants. In the late 1940s he was the president of the Associação Africana, formerly the Grémio Africano (personal communication from Jeanne Penvenne, dated 24 September 1987).

93. João Viana de Almeida was a mestizo writer born in São Tome. His book, *Maia Poçon* ("Maria from the City"), published in 1937, represents an early effort by a São Tomean writer to fictionalize his views on the issues of race and class. He gave a series of controversial lectures in Mozambique and was subsequently arrested by the colonial regime and deported to Portugal.

94. Assistência Pública was a social service run by the state in conjunction with the Catholic church. One of its objectives was to "civilize" Africans, including "teaching" African women how to cook, how to dress, and basic hygiene (interview with Paulo Zuculu, Minneapolis, 18 October 1987).

95. See Chapter 2, note 14, concerning the educational system in colonial Mozambique.

96. It was only after Salazar that entry to the civil service as anything other than a low-level functionary or servant required completing of the normal military service in addition to completing of the fifth year of high school. Since at the time Africans did not have a normal military service obligation, individuals such as José Cantine would not have been eligible for employment in the civil service in spite of his educational background. See Raúl Honwana's parenthetical explanation in the original Portuguese version of *Memórias*.

97. The school was named after the Marques de Sá Bandeira who was the prime minister of Portugal in the 1830s and a major opponent of the slave trade. See Marques de Sá da Bandeira, *O Trabalho Rural Africano e a Administração Colonial* (Lisbon, 1873). In note 24 to the original Portuguese version of *Memórias*, Raúl Honwana added that Sá da Bandeira had tried to reform the colonial educational system in 1833 but had been defeated by those who felt his reforms were too liberal.

98. The law to which Honwana referred is actually the infamous "João Bello law" of 1926. See Rocha, *Catálogo dos Periódicos*, 11.

99. Chico was the popular nickname for Francisco de Haan, mentioned earlier as a journalist and leading member of the Grémio Africano.

100. See note 30 in this chapter for a discussion of the Curadoria.

101. The miners who attended his classes paid Mansidão a small amount, which enabled him to eke out a living (interview with Raúl Honwana, Maputo, 20 May 1987).

102. The Igreja Tabernáculo Congregacional Evangélico Africano (African Evangelic Congregational Tabernacle Church) was one of many Zionist and Ethiopian churches organized by Mozambicans working in South Africa. The history of these separatist churches has been virtually ignored

both by students of Lusophonic Africa and by scholars studying the separatist church movement in southern and central Africa. The one major exception is Ferraz de Freitas, *Seitas Religiosas Gentílicas*, previously cited. It is interesting to note that in his illuminating essay on religious movements and politics, Terrence Ranger makes no mention of separatist churches in Mozambique. See Terrence Ranger, "Religious Movements and Politics in Sub-Saharan Africa," *Africa Review* 29 (1986): 1-70.

In much the same vein, in his important study of Lusophonic Africa, Newitt concludes that "in the modern history of African religion, Angola and Mozambique appear altogether exceptional in the small number and overall weakness of their independent churches and messianic religious cults." See Newitt, *Portugal in Africa*, 133.

103. The Portuguese colonial authorities claimed that Machava was helping the insurgent Ronga chiefs Mahazule and Matibjana to obtain arms from British interests in South Africa. They also accused him of introducing "subversive political ideas" in the colony.

104. *Ucanbi* is an alcoholic drink made from a small red fruit.

1936 to 1961

MOAMBA

Moamba, where I was transferred in 1936, represented a new and important chapter in my life. To open this chapter I would like to talk about Vundiça,¹ the last ruler of Moamba, about events that took place in and around Moamba, and about the effect of the hut tax there.

About 1930, before my arrival, Moamba had an administrator, Júlio Augusto Pires,² who conscripted young African men to work in the cotton fields.³ Vundiça told the administrator that his people were emigrating to South Africa because they didn't want to do that kind of work. The administrator sent Vundiça to the Bureau of Native Affairs in Lourenço Marques to speak with the director personally about the issue.⁴

The story goes that Vundiça decided to take his advisers with him. I was told this, but I also knew about it from reading *O Brado Africano*.⁵ Instead of going directly to Native Affairs, Vundiça first went to the Grémio Africano to present his case. So the Grémio sent a member of their executive board to accompany Vundiça to Native Affairs and to be his interpreter with the Portuguese authorities. That individual was Francisco (Chico) de Haan, a mestizo of Dutch ancestry from Catembe who spoke perfect Ronga.

The acting director of Native Affairs, one António Jaime Teixeira,⁶ received Vundiça in his office and asked him to sit down. When he was seated, Vundiça said, "*Hi ko ndji nga hosti, nhambose*" (Now I am truly a king).

Then Vundiça explained that the Moamba administrator had given him orders to furnish the local farmers with a certain number of forced laborers, but because the wages were very low and working conditions were awful, his people were fleeing from the area. Jaime Teixeira promised to take measures but first wanted to bring Vundiça to the governor-general so that he could explain personally what was going on. In the meantime, so the story goes, Vundiça wanted to go to the bathroom. When he left the office

where he'd been sitting and walked out onto the veranda on his way to the bathrooms, he was greeted with three *bayetes*⁷ shouted in unison by his advisors who had stood up immediately upon catching sight of him. This caused a big commotion in the offices, and everyone wanted to know what had happened. It was then explained that as a sign of respect for the authority of a monarch, Vundiça's advisers always shouted three *bayetes* whenever he appeared.

Vundiça then accompanied the director to the governor-general's office. The governor-general also promised to take measures, and Vundiça returned to Moamba.

Jaime Teixeira was really an assistant director. The actual director, Augusto Cabral, was away on leave. When he returned he learned that the governor-general was annoyed with the administrator of Moamba, Júlio Pires, because of what Vundiça had told him. Augusto Cabral, who was a friend of the administrator, did everything he could to defend Pires to José Cabral, the governor-general.

I don't know any other details of the story, but I do know that Vundiça ended up being banished with many of his wives to Vilanculos in Inhambane, where he died. His son Nganhaza succeeded him. Júlio Augusto Pires was transferred to Inhambane also, but later on he was made an assistant director and after that an administrative inspector.

As for the forced labor system and forced cotton cultivation, that went on as usual.

THE "NATIVE" TAX

Near the end of 1943 there was a lot of turmoil among the people around Moamba because of the native tax. First there was a hut tax whereby every head of family had to pay 50 to 75 escudos (\$2 to \$3) annually for each of his huts. Then there was the head tax whereby the men paid 150 escudos (\$6) annually and the women 110 escudos (\$4.50). The women's head tax, which the people called *mudende*,⁸ was applied to all women over eighteen—single, married, or widowed—except for the first wife in a polygamous relationship. She was exempt. The tax for either widows or single women caused some fathers to "sell" their daughters and some women to become prostitutes.

In July of 1945 Marcello Caetano was visiting Mozambique as minister of the colonies.⁹ The Moamba administrator, Costa Neves,

ordered the local chiefs to call meetings to prepare their people to receive the minister. The administrator also told the chiefs that they should express any concerns they had to the minister, and Chief Nganhaza was assigned to speak for them.

Marcello Caetano arrived in Moamba accompanied by General Bettencourt,¹⁰ the governor-general, and by Lieutenant Colonel Paulo Augusto Rego, who was the governor of what was then the region of the Sul do Save. They were greeted by a tremendous crowd.

I, naturally, had only one duty: to interpret for the Portuguese speakers and the Ronga speakers.

When it was time for the chiefs to speak, Nganhaza presented a complaint concerning farm workers' wages of 75 escudos (\$3) per month. He pointed out that if a man had two or three wives plus some additional huts and single daughters over eighteen, even if he worked in the forced labor system for more than a year, he would never earn enough to pay his taxes.

To our utter amazement, Governor Rego responded by saying that wasn't true and that 75 escudos per month was quite sufficient for African workers because under the forced labor system they were provided with food and clothing.

Then Nganhaza referred to the fact that single women and widows were turning to prostitution for money to pay their head tax because it was so high. And Rego also denied that. He said that only women who could afford to pay the head tax did so and that no action was taken against those who couldn't pay. Obviously that wasn't true either. Anyway, the minister said he would look into the matter when he returned to Lisbon, and the ministerial party then left Moamba for Magude.

After their special train had departed, the administrator Costa Neves decided to make a comment, in a most unpleasant way, about my having worn a tie. According to him I had no business wearing a tie since my uniform buttoned right up to my neck. This completely ridiculous incident demonstrates not only how upset the administrator had been about the tax questions posed to Marcello Caetano but also the manner in which that same administrator vented his frustration.

The administrator in Magude was forewarned by his colleagues to keep the chiefs from talking to the minister about taxes. So when Marcello Caetano asked the chiefs if they had something they wanted to say, they mentioned that they didn't have enough water. The minister found that a little strange, and not surprisingly as far I was concerned, because he had just come across the Incomati River. So then the chiefs had to say that they were really asking for wells for

the rural areas.

That same year, 1945, with Karel Pott's brother Gerard Pott as its president, the Associação Africana joined with the Centro Associativo dos Negros to formulate a petition requesting both a wage increase for African workers and the abolition of the head tax for women, the *mudende*. Much later the *mudende* was finally abolished and monthly wages were increased, but only by 50 escudos (\$2), under orders from Lisbon.

1940: SECOND MARRIAGE

By 1940 I had been working in the Moamba administration as an interpreter for four years. My two sons from my first marriage were living there with me. I usually spent at least one weekend a month in Lourenço Marques with my relatives. It was during this period that I met my future wife Naly. My second wife is the daughter of Jeremias Dick Nhaca, whom I mentioned earlier in reference to the Congresso Nacional Africano and the Instituto Negrófilo.

Our civil wedding took place on the 2nd of May 1940 and the religious ceremony on the 4th of May in the Wesleyan church, where my wife and my in-laws were members. In those days if a religious ceremony were planned, it usually took place in the bride's church. But after the wedding the bride would become a member of her husband's church. And so it was that after we were married, my wife became a member of the Swiss Mission Presbyterian Church, to which I belonged. It was also only after the religious ceremony that the bride would go to her new home.

After the religious ceremony we had a reception at the Centro Associativo dos Negros.

I remember that my little house in Moamba was made of wood and zinc and had only one bedroom and a living room. Then in February of 1941 my third son Raúl was born, and in November 1942 Luís was born. By early 1943 I had rented a wood and zinc house with two bedrooms and an enormous living room. It was a colonial-style structure with verandas all around it, and it had a large backyard patio with some additional quarters. The house had once been a shop and was owned by an Indian named Abdul Sacoor, or Xipissile¹¹ as he was more commonly known.

We also had a farm of about six or seven hectares located near the rail line. We grew corn, beans, and peanuts and had a few head of cattle.

It was during 1943 that Costa Neves, the Moamba administrator, began to mistreat me. So I asked to be transferred to Marracuene by

exchanging places with a colleague of mine, Angelo Barrama. He wanted to leave Marracuene because he had recently lost two children who had drowned in the nearby river.

But life in Marracuene also became a problem. Not only did we have to live in two miserable shanties, but the work I had to do was nothing more than slave labor as far as I was concerned.

The adjunct administrator in Marracuene was Santa Clara, whom I have already mentioned in connection with the cotton rebellion in 1932. He gave me the task of conducting a census of the Marracuene population. At the time the district of Marracuene extended practically all the way from Bobole to Boane. I had to cover the area on foot, and it was exhausting work. I walked around counting the population all the way to the Kassimatis area¹² on the other side of the Matola River.

While I was conducting the census, I became ill. Some local people took me in and then sent me to Lourenço Marques. As soon as I was better and back in Marracuene, I told the administrator that I didn't like having to work without even the most minimal conditions and on a job that kept me away from home for long periods of time. The administrator told me that I should do whatever I thought I must, and I decided to return to Moamba. The colleague with whom I had exchanged positions wasn't really that happy in Moamba anyway.

I went to talk with an assistant administrator, Perpétuo da Cruz, who agreed that I should go back to Moamba. So on 2 January 1944, after only six months in Marracuene, I returned to Moamba. At least in Moamba I had some friends who were looking forward to my return. One of them was the head of the local post office, Eduardo Saraiva de Carvalho,¹³ who was the father of Otelo Saraiva de Carvalho,¹⁴ one of the officers involved in the April 25th coup in Portugal.

In the meantime, after we had left Moamba for Marracuene, Xipissile had sold the house we had been living in to a settler named Campos. When we returned to Moamba, the settler agreed to sell the house back to me for 25,000 escudos (\$1,000). I was earning 750 escudos (\$30) a month at the time, but even so I thought that raising the money to buy the house was a good idea. I had begun to receive the government's family subsidy¹⁵ in 1944, and it represented a significant addition to my wages. So by 1947 I finally had enough money to buy the house.

Now we could organize our lives. We set up a new farm near our house. We started raising pigs and I bought some cows and goats. We finally felt that Moamba was really our home. I had

become disillusioned in Marracuene. When I originally decided to move there, I had been thinking that in Marracuene I would be back where my parents had lived and be closer to my mother's family. But in reality there were very few people left there and almost none of my relatives.

LIFE'S JOYS AND SORROWS

Maria Violante (Tina), my fifth child, was born in February of 1945, and we spent Christmas of that year in the house I would eventually own. My first two sons, Mário and Joaquim, were studying in the Escola Técnica Sá da Bandeira (a vocational school named after Sá da Bandeira), today called the Escola Industrial Primeiro de Maio.

Around June or July of 1946, while on a visit to Lourenço Marques for a family mass, my son Raúl became ill with a high fever. We took him to a Dr. Pacheco who advised us to take him to the hospital. We went to the Swiss Mission hospital where the boy was seen by Dr. Garin, who also thought he should be hospitalized. Raúl's high fever continued, and he became steadily weaker until he had no strength left in his arms or legs. He was in the hospital nearly a month. Then one day he asked for a glass of water. When it was brought to him, he groped around for it, complaining that he couldn't see anything. Alarmed by this we spoke with Dr. Garin. After examining Raúl's eyes, he said it wasn't anything to worry about, that it was simply the result of the child's generally weakened condition. So we went back home. That was a Thursday; I'll never forget it.

The following day Raúl still couldn't see, so we took him to an ophthalmologist, Dr. Sousa Lobo. After examining our child, the doctor concluded that Raúl had been suffering from a meningitis that had affected his vision and that it was probably too late to do anything about it. Raúl had to go back to the hospital, where he stayed for two more months. During that time he was seen by another physician, Dr. Cordato Noronha, who finally told us that our son was incurably blind.

My sixth child, Maria Isabel (Lolota), was born in December of 1946. Then in early 1947 my son Joaquim became ill in Lourenço Marques. We brought him to Dr. Maurício Neves, who diagnosed malaria. Joaquim was seventeen at the time, he had quit school and was working as an apprentice locksmith for the railroad. We brought him back to Moamba where the doctor prescribed a medication called "nivaquina." The physician, a Dr. Mário Barradas, was already

along in years, and apparently he had prescribed an excessive amount of medication, because Joaquim began having psychological problems. We had to hospitalize him in Lourenço Marques, where he died on the 27th of February 1947.

Gita, my seventh child, was born in December of 1948.

THE PREMIER COTTON ESTATES AND THE PROBLEM OF LAND OWNERSHIP

There was a huge cotton plantation in Moamba before my time. It was owned by a British company called Premier Cotton Estates.¹⁶ The company grew large quantities of cotton and was a major center for forced labor. The great majority of its workers had been press-ganged into working on the plantation because they couldn't pay the native tax.

Premier Cotton Estates was established around 1924, when the Portuguese were strongly pushing cotton cultivation. At the time it was very easy for Portuguese settlers and large foreign companies to get titles to farmland. They had no trouble obtaining credit and agricultural loans, and they had the great advantage of cheap labor through the forced labor system. The workers were sent from Gaza and even Inhambane. In those days African farm workers earned 75 escudos (\$3) a month. Africans did not have access to agricultural assistance. To the contrary, they were chased off the best lands, where they and their families had lived for generations, in order to provide farmland for the settlers and the big companies. Land concessions were simply not available to Africans.¹⁷

With respect to the colonial system of land concessions, I remember the farmland in Chief Mahubana's¹⁸ area where I was doing a census in 1922. I was working in the Ressano Garcia administration at the time. The area was known as Ka Nwa Xiguavulane, and it was highly populated. The people farmed the land and also owned cattle. In fact, there was a rather prosperous merchant in the area, a Jackson Cossa,¹⁹ who also raised cattle.

By the time I went to Moamba to work as an interpreter, in 1936, all that land had been granted as concessions to Portuguese settlers. One part now belonged to the settler João Cristóvão,²⁰ another to Pina Cabral,²¹ and yet another to some Germans, the Requardt.²² The Africans who had been there previously had been pushed far away from the Incomati River, to the mountains and to Hlanzini.²³ Even Chief Mahubana had been chased off, along with his family and his cattle.

THE "JUSTICE OF SOLOMON"

It happened in 1941.

Saldanha Pereira,²⁴ a settler who lived in the Tsombene area near Moamba, accused an African named Nginja of having stolen a head of cattle from him, and he brought the matter to the attention of the Moamba administration. Pinto da Fonseca, the Moamba administrator at the time, ordered Nginja to appear before him. Nginja explained that the situation was exactly the opposite of Saldanha's claim, that Saldanha had stolen a heifer from him, Nginja.

Saldanha supported his claim that the heifer belonged to him by affirming that the animal was clearly a purebred and that only whites owned purebreds. The administrator then ordered both men to bring all their cattle to Pessene, an area near the railroad station that was neutral as far as the dispute was concerned.

On a Sunday morning the cattle were brought to Pessene, and the two herds were placed head to head with a small strip of land between them. Almost immediately one cow from Nginja's herd walked to the open space separating the herds. Whereupon, the heifer in question left Saldanha's herd for the cow, which began to lick the heifer affectionately.

The administrator had no choice but to declare that justice had been met, and Nginja left with his herd, which once again included the heifer.

AN EPISODE OF ESPIONAGE

Around the end of 1938, or maybe it was already 1939—anyway, just before World War II started, there was an episode of espionage in Moamba.

An individual of German nationality, who claimed to be a hunter, appeared one day in Moamba's Hotel Internacional. He was accompanied by some African employees. He settled into the hotel and began to hunt crocodiles in the Incomati River. A short time later an Englishman also registered at the hotel, but no one knew who he was or why he had come to Moamba.

Some days passed and then the Englishman sent a complaint to the administration, through the hotel owner, João Cristóvão, that during the night a briefcase containing documents and money had been stolen from his room. He claimed that the missing money wasn't a great problem, because it didn't amount to very much, but that the documents were very important for his work.

An investigation into the missing briefcase was begun immediately. Suspicion fell on one of the hotel workers who had entered the Englishman's room to clean it. The worker was a young man in his twenties from Gaza.

The worker admitted to having entered the Englishman's room in order to clean it as usual, but insisted that he had not touched anything belonging to the man. As was customary in those days, the administrator, Perpétuo da Cruz, ordered the boy's hands beaten with a ferule, but he still denied being the thief. Then the administrator ordered two African policemen to beat him with a hippo whip. This kind of punishment was even harder to bear and the young man was rolling around on the ground screaming, but still didn't admit to being the thief. Late in the afternoon the suspect was brought to the jailhouse, where he was to be kept overnight so that the interrogation could begin again the next morning.

Meanwhile the administrator decided to spend the weekend in Namaacha, leaving only Josué Knofli Júnior, a secretary and substitute adjunct administrator, to handle things. The next morning the African jailer came to tell Knofli Júnior that the prisoner had become ill during the night and had been taken to the hospital for treatment, but that after being returned to the jail he had died.

The hospital physician, Dr. Costa Monteiro, ordered the corpse brought to the hospital for a post-mortem. And we sent word about what had happened to our administrator in Namaacha, who immediately returned to Moamba. The autopsy took place the next day. The doctor reported that the young man had died from double pneumonia, then proceeded to have him buried. That same day, a Monday, the Hotel Internacional informed the administration that both the Englishman and the German crocodile hunter had disappeared.

The story going around Moamba later, which had originated among the hotel's other guests, was that both the Englishman and the German were spies, that the Englishman's documents must have been stolen by the German, or by one of the hotel workers on the orders of the German, and that the documents must have had something to do with espionage.

A CASE OF NEAR MURDER

This event took place in Chinhanguanine²⁵ in 1944.

A shop belonging to a settler named Júlio Silva was broken into and robbed. The thieves took some money and a few bottles of

wine. Júlio reported this to the administrator who asked him if he suspected anyone. Júlio said that his brother, Celestino Silva, who managed the store, suspected an African who worked in the railroad maintenance shop because he had found some slipper tracks going from his store to the railroad's African compound. The administrator sent two African policemen to Chinhanguanine to investigate. When the police arrived, the shop owner, Júlio Silva, offered them some wine and soon won them over to his side of the issue.

Now, there was a man from Inhambane, named Malawene, who was living in the railroad's compound and who was known to wear slippers. That was enough for the African police to arrest him. But then they brought him to the store as Silva had instructed them, instead of taking him to the administration. Malawene was beaten with a hippo whip, then tied to the roof and left without food for twenty-four hours. By the end of that time and as a result of this savagery, his right hand was crippled permanently.

Two or three days later a brother of Malawene went to Lourenço Marques, determined to take the case to court. He was lucky enough to find a good lawyer, who advised him to present his complaint to the Moamba administrator first. This would eliminate any future difficulties, because the case could only be tried in Lourenço Marques if the administrator refused to take action. And if that happened, the lawyer said he would handle it.

The Moamba administrator received the complaint and ordered the African policemen to bring the prisoner to him. He also ordered the manager of the shop, Celestino Silva, to appear before him. Malawene arrived in Moamba with his wrists scraped open to the bone. When he was questioned, he insisted that his only crime was to wear slippers. He was finally treated in the Moamba hospital, and the two African policemen were arrested.

Now, up to this point in the case, nothing surprising had occurred. But then something unusual did happen; that is, the shop manager Celestino was also arrested. Maybe it was because the case was already threatening to become a scandal since the lawyer who had been contacted would certainly intervene. It was not very common in those days for a lawyer to be willing to defend an African, but in this case the lawyer was Dr. Karel Pott.

The briefs were prepared and the case was passed on to Lourenço Marques because it was beyond the competence of the Moamba administration.

One or two months later I learned that the court had acquitted Malawene and that Celestino Silva had been sent to prison, but not

before having to pay Malawene 15,000 escudos (\$600) in damages. The two African police were also given prison sentences, but in the meantime they had run away.

RITUAL MURDER

One day some railroad workers discovered the body of a man next to the railroad tracks between Chinhanganine and Magude. The man's stomach had been cut open, but it didn't look as though he had been run over by a train. The workers decided to inform the local chief, Gweva. Gweva then told the Moamba administrator, who ordered a post-mortem.

According to the local people, five strangers had been drinking in a Chinhanganine shop until closing time the previous night. After further investigation it was learned that the men were from a locality between Magude and Moamba. They were apprehended and taken to the Moamba administration for questioning, but they denied everything.

So the administrator decided to have an African policeman, named Zinemba, placed in their cell under cover. First Zinemba had to go to the clinic where they put some tincture and a bandage on his arm so that he could pretend he'd been hurt. Once in the cell with the five other men, the fake prisoner cried and moaned and went into all kinds of contortions about the pain in his arm. Finally he pretended to fall asleep, and the five men resumed their conversation. One of them was trying to get the others to confess. As the conversation went on, Zinemba learned that they were all involved in the murder and that they had committed the crime because they needed some human entrails to bring to a traditional healer in South Africa. After a while Zinemba was "awakened" by another African policeman and led away, presumably to "get his own case resolved." Once back at the administration, Zinemba told the administrator everything he had heard, and that's how the administrator was able to solve the case.

THE STORY OF NWA PAMULA

This story takes place in the 1950s in the area around Sábie. It wasn't uncommon in those days for men in that area to go through something called *ku tsema siphoso*, a ritual which brought one

control over the supernatural. Men who subjected themselves to this ritual were not qualified to be traditional healers, but they did gain the ability to cause something bad to happen, although only something bad, through their "supernatural powers."²⁶ So whoever wanted to take revenge on someone, to cause something bad to happen to that person or even have that person die, would seek the services of a man who had gone through the ritual. The fee for the service was about 3,000 escudos (\$95).

Well then, in the village in the Makipaze region where Nwa Pamula lived, a series of inexplicable suicides occurred in 1958/59. The chiefs in the area knew that Nwa Pamula had gone through the *ku tsema sibhoso* ritual in South Africa, and they began to suspect that he may have had a role in the deaths. But Nwa Pamula categorically denied any involvement.

The situation deteriorated to such an extent that the local population began leaving the area, so Chief Makipaze²⁷ decided to bring the case to the attention of the Moamba administrator. Nwa Pamula was arrested as a suspect. He suffered through more than one interrogation, and many of the local people gave testimony. A number of the witnesses implied that two of the accused's wives knew their husband's secret.

The two women were held in different cells and were interrogated separately. One of them denied any knowledge of the events, but the other admitted that their husband did possess powers that could cause someone's death and that he was somehow involved in the suicides. The administrator brought this woman to confront Nwa Pamula, and in front of her husband she said that she was ready to go to the house to point out where her husband kept his special potions. Nwa Pamula's only response to that, and these were his exact words, was "Let her go to our house. I want to see if she'll ever come back."

The next day the woman was sent to the house with an African policeman to get the potions. They went by bicycle. When they got to the house the woman fetched a receptacle with something powdery in it and gave it to the policeman.

They were on their way back when they saw a truck coming toward them from the opposite direction. They were near the hospital in the central part of Moamba, where the road was rather wide and normally had very little traffic. Nevertheless the truck seemed to be approaching them on their side of the road. The policeman tried to veer off onto the shoulder of the road when the truck crashed into them and hurled them both into the brush.

The woman, the principal witness against Nwa Pamula, was killed instantly. The policeman, however, suffered no injuries from this incredible accident and was able to bring the potion to the administration. But without the woman, there was no way to prove anything. The administrator was limited to placing Nwa Pamula under house arrest in Ressano Garcia. And there were no more suicides in Chief Makipaze's region.

FROM "NATIVE" TO "NON-NATIVE," AUTOMATICALLY

I know that this happened sometime during the 1950s.

A couple of African policemen were ordered by the railroad stationmaster to arrest a man named Adelino Machado, who carried the identification card of a "native." The stationmaster told the policemen that he would be bringing them information about the case later, but that for now they should put that native in jail because he had been disobedient and disrespectful to him, a stationmaster.

Well, at the time Machado was working in the Escola de Artes e Oficinas²⁸ where he was in charge of the students. When the school principal, a Mr. Sousa,²⁹ learned of the incident, he went immediately to speak to the administrator, who was Gama Amaral at the time.

The administrator ordered Machado to be brought to him for questioning. The administrator asked him for his identification papers and for information on his level of education. Machado presented his native ID card and said that he had completed the fifth year of high school in a seminary, but that he had left the seminary because of illness and because he didn't want to be a priest. The administrator decided to release Machado but told him that he had to prove that he had completed the fifth year. Some days later Machado appeared in the administration with the appropriate documents, which he had obtained from the archdiocese in Lourenço Marques. After reading them the administrator informed Machado that with this kind of background Machada had earned the right to stop being a native, that he had moved to the category of non-native, and that, therefore, he should not be using a native ID card nor should he be paying the native tax.

Machado was certainly shocked to hear this, since he had lived his whole life convinced that he was a native.

Later on Machado left the Escola de Artes e Oficinas and went to Lourenço Marques where he practiced nursing for some time. After

that he went to work for the Treasury Department and later the Justice Department.

It is interesting to note that the "disobedience" of which Machado had been accused consisted of the fact that he and his wife had sat down on a bench in the train station that was reserved for whites. It is also interesting to note that if the administrator had decided that Machado was a native, Machado would probably have been convicted of the "crime of disobedience."

ESCOLA DE ARTES E OFÍCIOS (VOCATIONAL SCHOOL OF ARTS AND CRAFTS IN MOAMBA)

The Escola de Artes e Ofícios in Moamba was founded in the very early 1930s. Joaquim José de Sousa was its principal for twenty years. We knew him as "Nhoca" because of the furtive way he seemed to do everything, including the way he walked, the way he talked, and the way he drove his car. In fact, instead of bouncing along the rocky, pitted, dusty roads of Moamba, his car always seemed to be gliding on ice.

The Escola was a boys' school for the sons of Africans. It provided a primary school education in addition to a vocational one. I remember the school very well. Besides the principal, there was a vice-principal who also taught the primary school classes. For the trades there was an instructor in tailoring (I remember one such instructor, Francisco da Costa, who was there during my days in Moamba); a carpentry instructor, Master Veiga; a locksmith instructor, Master Pinto; and a shoemaking instructor, Fernando Brígido.

The school also had a band, and every Sunday it would march with the students in formation to the administration and play the Portuguese national anthem as the flag was raised. The school band was kind of a badge for the little town. The music teacher was Master Costa.

Even though the school's teachers were of humble origin and pursuits, they had nothing to do with me or my family on a social level. We were the blacks and they were the whites. To them I was always "Raúl," no matter how much older I might have been, and my children were always "all those cute little Negros who're that boy Raúl's children, the interpreter at the administration."

There were two aspects about the Moamba school that were important to me. First, many of my nephews and godsons went there; in fact I was able to get a lot of children into that school. And that was better than no school at all. Second, our family and others

with modest means could buy sandals and shoes from the school, good shoes for children and for a reasonable price.

FARMING AND A LITTLE BUSINESS TO MAKE ENDS MEET

The idea of having my own farm began in Bela Vista. After my involvement in the handling of the elephant hunt for the Count of Athlon, the administrator offered me six cows. At first I kept them in Pinto's corral. (Pinto later became the godfather to one of my children and owner of the Hotel Pinto of Namaacha.) That was in 1935.

By 1936 I already had twelve head of cattle. So I began to think about having my own farm in Matutuine, on the empty land along the Maputo River. A man named Narciso Matola promised to help me clear the land and get the farm going. My house was near the administration but quite far from the farm. So Narciso was supposed to supervise and take care of everything related to the farm. But that crook cheated me; at the very first harvest he sold all the corn and kept the money. After that I gave up the idea of a farm.

But when I was transferred to Moamba later in 1936, I saw that there was good land to be had near the little town, and I proceeded to buy some livestock at the local country markets. I was earning only about 750 escudos (\$30) a month at the time, as I mentioned earlier, and my home was just a shanty. So whatever I would earn from my farm was important because it represented an increase to the family budget.

I had a farm and livestock during all the twenty-seven years I lived in Moamba. I raised goats, sheep, pigs, hens, and rabbits, and at one time I had seventy head of cattle. I didn't raise these animals as a business, I raised them to feed my family. I only sold them when I was transferred away from Moamba. As far as crops were concerned, we usually had corn, peanuts, beans, and sorghum.

In 1942 I began a firewood business. We'd gather the wood and load it in wagons to take it to the train station, from where it would be shipped to the ceramics factory in Xinavane. Later on, in 1952, I bought an old, second-hand truck with the idea of expanding my firewood business. But the business failed not long afterwards. I never really was a very good businessman.

About 1955 I was given permission to apply for a land concession. I was granted five hectares (or about eleven acres), which was the most land Africans could apply for in those days. Whites could get as much land as they wanted, however.

**CLUBE DA MOAMBA (MOAMBA CLUB) AND THE GRUPO DESPORTIVO
AFRICANO DO SÁBIE (AFRICAN SPORTS CLUB OF SÁBIE)**

At the beginning of the 1950s, a recreational association called the Clube da Moamba³⁰ was formed in Moamba. The administrator at the time, Soares de Lima,³¹ decided to encourage people to build the club a center. Requests for financial contributions were extended to Indian merchants and African farmers and cattle raisers. When the center was completed, however, Africans were denied entry. The only place where the Clube da Moamba allowed the races to mix was on the soccer field. But with rare exceptions—that is, when African, mestizo, or Indian players were considered to be absolutely indispensable to a team—did that mixing ever mean there were teams whose players were of different races. It meant that the white teams would very occasionally tolerate playing against a nonwhite team.

As a result we started thinking about forming a sports group of our own, that is, for our own children. I was one of the founders of the Grupo Desportivo Africano do Sábie,³² which began in 1951. I was the president; the vice-president was António Rangel Magrimussa, a carpenter; the first secretary was Manuel Salvador, a nurse; the second secretary was Jaime Samo Gudo, a driver; the voting member was Domingos Hausse, a railroad station clerk; and the treasurer was Issufo Adamo, a merchant.

And that's how we started our soccer club, since soccer was really the club's main activity. In addition to the African youngsters, who were the majority, there were also some mestizo and Indian boys. For our first practice session, we asked the administrator's permission to use the Moamba club's soccer field, but he refused us that "privilege." So we practiced on an improvised field in front of the Escola de Artes e Ofícios. Our first game was against a team from Ressano Garcia called "Amor de África" (love of Africa), and the second game was in Manguluane against a group of workers from the quarry there.

One time our club organized a dance. It was held at my house and was considerably enlivened by the "Baía" band whose leader was a nephew of mine, Mamade Mogne, from Ressano Garcia.

I don't know if our proximity to South Africa had anything to do with it, but in those days Moamba society was almost completely segregated, as though we had our own system of apartheid. Incidents of racism were part of our daily lives. At the railroad station there was one place for white passengers and another for black passengers. We couldn't use the same passageways or

balconies, and we couldn't sit on the same benches. João Cristóvão's Hotel Internacional, the only one in town for a long time, had a little restaurant annexed to the main bar where the only people allowed admittance were the local settlers, one or another mestizo from the railroad office, and whites from South Africa who stopped there for refreshments on their trips between South Africa and Lourenço Marques.

The closest Africans got to dances at the Moamba club was the balcony, where they could stand and look through the windows to watch the settlers and their families enjoying themselves. When a movie was shown, mestizos and assimilados could buy tickets, but not those corresponding to an assigned seat. We had to bring our chairs from home and put them in extra rows next to the block of seats where the whites sat. Those extra rows were at the back of the theater. Nonassimilated Africans had to sit right up next to the screen on old worn-out benches instead of theater seats. Naturally most Africans sat on the floor.

There was a certain amount of integration among Indians, Africans, and mestizos, although there were occasions when the settlers would do something to drive us apart. For example, there would be a rivalry over the few privileges that the whites would occasionally grant to nonwhites. For all intents and purposes Moamba had a quite rigidly stratified society, one in which we Africans had our own forms of socializing. For example, there was a season of the year when the home-brewed fruit wines (*xicadu* and *ucanhí*)³³ would be ready, and either someone's relative, a local chief, or a neighboring farmer would invite all of us to a party for the occasion. We also entertained friends from Lourenço Marques, made trips to Ressano Garcia, and organized our own soccer games.

In November of 1951 my eighth child, Fernando, was born. João, my ninth child, arrived in August of 1954.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AND A PRIMARY SCHOOL FOR AFRICANS

Moamba did not have a Catholic church until about 1955. On Sundays a priest would usually come from Ressano Garcia to say mass at the Aires de Ornelas primary school.

The Moamba administrator and other Catholic settlers decided to contribute money for building a church. I can remember very well that one of the most enthusiastic contributors was António Lopes da Silva, a settler and merchant in Pessene. When still more money was needed, the administrator decided to use the chiefs to get

contributions from Africans in the surrounding area. Even though I wasn't a Catholic, I thought the idea was a good one for the very simple reason that a local Catholic church would most likely have a primary school for African children. Until then, aside from the Escola de Artes e Ofícios, Moamba had only one official primary school that admitted only whites, mestizos, Indians, and assimilados. As a result the great majority of the children in the immediate vicinity of the town had no school to go to. With that in mind the local African population agreed to contribute to the building of a Catholic church.

So the chiefs were able to raise a lot of money. Everyone participated, even the Hindus and the Moslems contributed.

When construction was completed, however, there wasn't enough money left for a church bell. Father Campos from Ressano Garcia refused to inaugurate the church without the bell. The administrator spoke to me, suggesting that the money for the bell could come from another collection by the regional and local chiefs. Once again the local Africans came forward; they rounded up a large herd of cattle to sell at the country market and made enough to buy the bell.

The church was officially inaugurated by Cardinal Dom Teodósio³⁴ and Governor-General Gabriel Teixeira.³⁵ After the inauguration a primary school for Africans was built next to the church. Later, when a residence was added, Father Campos moved to Moamba.

Much later Father Campos, with whom I always had a good relationship, was made a canon of the church. One day one of my younger children came to tell me about hearing in school that Father Campos was no longer a priest but had become a comedian.³⁶

PEOPLE FROM MOAMBA

Ana Rosa Barral, or "Rossana"

When I look back to my life in Moamba, I can't help but remember certain people who made a lasting impression on me. They were also individuals who prospered in spite of the acute colonial and racial constraints.

One of them is my cousin Ana Rosa Barral, or Rossana. She was born in Marracuene of an African mother and Portuguese father. Her mother, Ussinge Mpfumo, was my mother's cousin, and her father, a settler named Fernando Barral, owned a shop in the area.

Rossana was raised by her mother but was converted to Islam while still a child. Her first husband was an Indian merchant from

Moamba; in fact he was the Abdul Sacoor, or Xipissile, whom I mentioned earlier as being the owner of the wood and zinc house I bought in 1947. When he died, Rossana inherited his business. She also became a cattle raiser.

Rossana was a hard-working, courageous woman. She lived essentially on her own and used an iron hand in her business affairs. I remember what a powerful voice she had and how aggressive she could appear to those who didn't know her. Yet, in fact, she was quite sentimental in her own way. No child ever left her shop without a piece of candy or chewing gum and sometimes even a soft drink.

Rossana had a loyal assistant, Ngomana, whose principal duty was to entice the mine workers to patronize her shop.

After finishing their tour of duty in the South African mines, African mine workers would stop in Ressano Garcia to collect their wages and to pay the respective taxes. After that they would roam around Ressano Garcia, visiting the local shops and nearby villages for drinks and to buy something or other. That night they would sleep in the WENELA compound in Ressano Garcia. The following day they would leave for their respective homes.

Those who were on their way to Xinavane and Xai-Xai would come by train to Moamba, where they would stay awhile before going on. After being given breakfast by the WENELA representative, Mr. Sultane, who was also known as "Nwa Timbawene,"³⁷ they would still have time to visit some of the local shops before their train left for Xinavane.

It was at this point that Ngomana and others who worked for the local merchants would get busy. I believe that these men received a certain amount from their employers for every mine worker brought to the particular shop. Thursdays and Sundays in Moamba were mine-worker days, when the shops had permission to open before their regular hours because the train bringing the mine workers arrived in Ressano Garcia quite early.

My cousin Rossana had four children—Rui, Alda, Dalila, and Carimo—and she also raised a niece, Zaida.

Ximezana

Ximezana was a well-to-do African farmer who owned about three hundred head of cattle, quite an exceptional number for those days. Ximezana's home was located near the property of a settler named Lopes de Castro.³⁸ One day this settler sent for Ximezana. (As you

can see, the white man was the boss around there; if a white wanted to talk to an African, all he had to do was send for him.) Anyway, Castro complained that Ximezana's cattle were ruining his crops. The fact that Castro only raised cattle and didn't have any crops was ignored. So, summarily judged, Ximezana was bound hand and foot on orders from Castro who put him in a pickup truck and took off without a moment's hesitation.

At first Ximezana assumed they were going to the Moamba administration, but it wasn't long before he realized that they were headed toward Boane. Luckily Ximezana was able to untie himself, and he jumped from the pickup without Castro noticing.

Ximezana went to the Moamba administration to find out if Castro had registered a complaint against him, but there was nothing. It was never learned what terrible punishment Castro had in mind for Ximezana since he never did "execute the sentence." But the story doesn't stop here.

After Castro died, one of his sons became involved in a dispute with his workers. I'm not sure what the problem was exactly, but I do know that one of the workers, in fact a youth sent here from Manjacaze as a forced laborer, was scarred on his forehead by a branding iron that the son was using. The young man appeared in the administration to lodge a complaint. That was when I saw him, and his scar was simply horrible. When Castro's son was ordered to come explain, he told the administrator that he had struck the African by accident, that he had been branding cattle when the African got in front of the iron" And the case went no further.

That happened around the mid-1950s.

Returning to Ximezana, sometime later he became the first African farmer in the area to buy a tractor.

Xicotela

Xicotela means "tin can." I don't know why this friend of mine and cattle owner from Matucanhane, near Moamba, was given that name. He owned around two hundred head of cattle. When I was working in the vicinity of Matucanhane, I was often a guest in his home.

Xicotela was a rather influential person in that area.

It's interesting to note that reasonably well-off African farmers or cattle raisers had a special relationship with the local chiefs. Their power was a direct result of their economic position, which brought them a certain respect and prestige. On occasion these individuals

would help less fortunate farmers with loans or other things. In sum, they were respected by the regional chiefs, the local chiefs, and the village headmen.

In addition to Xicotela, there were a number of other such individuals. For example, I remember a man named Massoquise Nkosi, Ximezana's brother-in-law, who was also a large cattle owner in the region around Moamba.³⁹

Labote Ubisse

Labote was another individual with influence among the Moamba population. He was a traditional healer and a well-to-do cattle owner. He was also an advisor to the so-called local African court.⁴⁰ Each administrative area such as Moamba had, as part of its municipal judiciary, a special court for issues between Africans. The head of this special court was the administrator, who also functioned as the district judge.

Sometime in 1958 Labote decided to start a club, the Clube Africano. It was located in two large shanties and consisted of a bar, a dance floor, and a meeting room. It was Labote's belief that the Africans of Moamba needed their own place of entertainment since they weren't allowed entry to the whites' club.

The Clube Africano was inaugurated by a big dance with Badrudin Galbo Canji's musical group, the "Monte Carlo," providing the entertainment. It took place on a Saturday. (The dancing continued through the next day when, as I recall, my son Raúl played the accordion.) It was quite a big event. People came from Lourenço Marques, from the Centro Associativo dos Negros, and from its youth branch, the Núcleo dos Estudantes.⁴¹

THE FARMERS' COOPERATIVE OF TSOMBENE

The Matola River begins in the Tsombene region near Vundiça and the area is good for farming. In the early 1930s a group of African farmers from around Marracuene, where the best farmland had been occupied by settlers, went to Moamba to ask Chief Vundiça if they could farm in the Tsombene region.⁴² The chief gave his permission, and this group set up their farms in Tsombene while maintaining their homes near Marracuene.

As time passed their numbers increased, and they decided they

should discuss their situation with the Moamba administrator. The administrator didn't foresee any problems and told them that they didn't have to pay any taxes to Moamba as long as they were paying their taxes in Marracuene.

And that's how the Farmers' Cooperative of Tsombene was created.

In the early 1950s the Moamba administrator, Soares de Lima, offered the cooperative twenty plows, as well as cattle from the administration's livestock to pull them. Farming by animal-driven plows was not very propitious in those humid lowlands, however, and the farmers began to have problems with production.

In 1953 the new administrator, Andrade, went to visit the cooperative and could see that production had dropped a great deal. He ordered the farmers to return the administration's livestock and plows and threatened to send all the cooperative's members out as forced laborers if they didn't improve production. The farmers asked the administrator to give them some more time and then to come back. When he returned to the cooperative, accompanied by the governor of the district of Lourenço Marques, the scene was quite different. There had been so much production and so much work done by the cooperative that the administrator had to praise the farmers, although he didn't return the cattle he had taken back.

I remember the names of some of the cooperative's members, such as Alson Malengana Nkuhle, Ruben Magaia, and João Mulocha, among others.

THE COLONIAL ADMINISTRATION

I would like to explain a little about the colonial administrative structure, using the Moamba administration as an example. Moamba was a municipal judiciary, today a second-level district. The personnel in the Moamba administration included the administrator, an adjunct administrator, two secretaries, an interpreter, twelve African police, an assistant, a driver, and a carpenter.

Whites always filled the positions of administrator through secretary; on rare occasions one or another Goan might be made a secretary. Africans filled the positions of interpreter on down.

The secretaries had to have completed at least the fifth year of high school. After a few years as secretary, they took exams for promotion to the position of local administrator (the head of the smallest administrative entity). After some more years as a local

administrator, they could become adjunct administrators. Then it was possible to become an administrator through seniority, although there was a school in Lisbon for creating colonial administrators called the Instituto Superior de Estudos Ultramarinos (ISEU).⁴³ But even those who graduated from the ISEU had to begin as local administrators in order to gain experience.

Within this system, young men who had started out as secretaries, who had worked with me and learned their jobs with me, would be transferred and promoted until they returned to the very administration where I had been the interpreter and would continue to be the interpreter. Only now they would be adjunct administrators or even full administrators and would start addressing me as their inferior, with "Hey, Raúl" here and "Hey, Raúl" there.

There was no such thing as promotion for Africans. The regulations of the colonial administration simply did not permit it. Let me give you an example. To be a candidate for the position of secretary, one had to have completed the fifth year of high school, as I said earlier, but it was also necessary to have completed a tour of duty in the normal military service. Well, let's suppose that an African was somehow able to get an education equivalent to the fifth year of high school outside Mozambique. He still couldn't become an administration secretary because Africans were simply not eligible to enter the normal military service. Africans had their own military hierarchy, which only went as far as first corporal. Furthermore, under colonial regulations concerning the education of Africans, it was highly unlikely that an African would ever finish the fifth year of high school. Assimilados simply had no military service (although they had to pay a military tax after the age of twenty), nor did mestizos or Goans.

In September 1958, my first grandchild, Stella Mónica, was born. In June 1959, my tenth child, Carla, was born.

MY SON RAUL

I described earlier how my son Raúl became blind. Because of this he was deprived of going to school. But at home when his brothers and sisters went over the lessons they had learned in school, he would listen and learn from them.

One day a Swiss missionary named Jermiquet appeared in Moamba. He worked in the Antioca mission in Magude and was also responsible for the local branches of the Swiss Mission, for example

the Malengane and Vundiça missions near Moamba.⁴⁴

Anyway, Jermiquet had to come to the Moamba administration to take care of certain matters related to his work. I invited him home for lunch and he accepted. He noticed that one of my children was blind, so I explained what had happened to Raúl. Moved by the child's situation, Jermiquet offered to teach him Braille. The problem, however, was that his books in Braille were written in French and Raúl didn't know French. So Jermiquet offered to take my son back to his home at the Antioca mission and teach him French.

My wife and I accepted his offer, and Raúl lived with Jermiquet for six months. This occurred in 1953. Raúl took good advantage of his French lessons and the primary school classes he attended at the mission. During those six months he learned how to speak French and also English from listening to the English lessons on the radio.

Then suddenly Jermiquet's wife became seriously ill and had to go to Switzerland, so Raúl came home. We took him to Lourenço Marques to his grandparents' home because at least there he could have a more active life. He could be with his cousins, his uncles and aunts, and with people from the Swiss Mission. He continued to listen to English lessons on the radio, which was his constant companion, and had conversations in English with his grandfather, my father-in-law, who had lived in South Africa for many years and had been educated there.

One day my son heard on the radio that a school for the blind had been opened in Lisbon and that it was accepting students from the colonies. Raúl asked me to come see him in Lourenço Marques the very next day, and when I arrived he told me what he had learned. This was clearly an opportunity to provide Raúl with the prospect of a different life, with a future as a healthy, useful man. But we didn't have even a minimal possibility of being able to afford this opportunity for him. We were only barely able to support the costs of the other children's education in the local schools, and that was with the help of subsidies from the Swiss Mission and an occasional tuition waiver.

I decided to ask for an audience with the district governor. After I had explained the situation to him, he suggested that I request assistance from the *Ministro do Ultramar* (the colonial ministry). I did so, and six months later they informed me that my request had been granted.

Thus in 1960, at the age of twenty-one, my son Raúl left for Lisbon to attend the school for the blind. In 1972-1973 Raúl graduated with a degree in philosophy from the Faculty of Letters of the University of Lisbon.

READING AND STORYTELLING AND OUR FAMILY LIFE

I enjoyed reading books when I was still very young. The first time I read a book that wasn't a school book was in 1921, when I was sixteen years old. It was the first volume of *A Thousand and One Nights*, which had been loaned to me by a friend from Ressano Garcia, Ali Tajú. He was a businessman and a frequent visitor at my brother-in-law Hassan's home, where I was living at the time.

When Ali Tajú saw that I enjoyed reading, he brought me more books. He had a brother in Lourenço Marques, Rachid, who worked for a company called Paulino Santos Gil⁴⁵ and who also loaned me books. Then a friend of the Tajú brothers and another avid reader, Valgi Tricamegi, started to loan me books. My friendship with these three individuals was encouraged by the fact that each of them contributed to my favorite paper, *O Brado Africano*, writing either in Portuguese or Ronga. I remember that their articles usually concerned issues within the Moslem community.

After passing through an initial phase of reading everything, I fell in love with the novel. I read Jules Verne, Victor Hugo, Eça de Queiroz,⁴⁶ Camilo Castelo Branco,⁴⁷ and Leo Tolstoy. I started ordering from Portuguese publishing houses, which would send me books on account. I also subscribed in the 1920s and 1930s to *Mocidade Africana*,⁴⁸ a magazine for students from the colonies living in Portugal. I read, among others, the *Reader's Digest*; *Zonk*, a magazine for South Africans written in Zulu and English; and *Cruzeiro*, a Brazilian magazine.

After dinner we usually would sit around the table, or out on the porch, and talk. I always enjoyed, still do in fact, talking with my wife about items in the newspaper. Over the years I remember our discussing events of the Second World War, the Korean War, and then the war in Vietnam. Sometimes I would read aloud sections from the paper *Notícias*. It was also our custom to read to our children from the Bible and then explain the passages we had read.

So from a very early age my children were accustomed to listening to our stories. And whenever I told them about something I had read, I would always mention where I had read it as a way of encouraging them to read for themselves. I think that was how they developed a taste for reading.

Storytelling (whether true stories or from books or folklore) was really an integral part of our family life. I believe I contributed quite a bit to my children growing up aware of the richness of our folklore. I had a cousin named Mahlenheza who lived in Dingue and visited us very often. She was an amazing teller of folktales,

including the terrifying stories of evil creatures (*psitukulumukumba*) and the countless episodes of the rabbit (*nwa mpfundla*).⁴⁹ Mahlenheza would come to Moamba just for these storytelling sessions with the children and at their request.

Mahlenheza told her stories in perfect Ronga. I should mention that we were a bilingual family. My wife and I usually spoke to each other in Ronga, which was our mother tongue and which we taught our children when they were still quite young. Because of school, however, they could express themselves better in Portuguese.

Culturally and socially my family's strongest ties were in Lourenço Marques. We frequently visited the capital for parties and family occasions, to attend church at the Swiss Mission, or to spend Christmas in the home of my in-laws. Perhaps the biggest social event in Moamba for us was the annual party to drink the first wines from the new season. These parties were always very lively. Everyone in the area would congregate at one place, bringing countless bottles of wine. There would be entertainment and a variety of choice dishes to snack on, and we would all spend a delightful day in each other's company.

EDUARDO MONDLANE

Once I became a Presbyterian, I attended Sunday services in the Swiss Mission church in Lourenço Marques whenever I was in town. One Sunday in 1961 my wife and I were at the Swiss Mission Presbyterian Church in Lourenço Marques when who should appear but Dr. Eduardo Mondlane,⁵⁰ who was also a member of that church. He had completed his education abroad and was married by now, and he was on a visit home to see his parents. Actually, his wife Janet Mondlane,⁵¹ an American woman, had arrived in Lourenço Marques earlier and was a guest in the home of the Swiss missionary, Professor André Daniel Clerc.⁵² Dr. Mondlane had come later.

After the service that Sunday, Eduardo Mondlane spoke to the congregation. It was customary with the Swiss Mission to ask a visitor to speak to the congregation at the end of the service. I can remember very clearly Mondlane's great vitality and intelligence and what an impact his talk had on all of us that day.

He began by asking if he could be allowed to speak in Portuguese in order to express himself better. He explained that he had been away for ten years, during which time he had not used his mother tongue. When he noticed that some of his listeners were

preparing to take notes, he made reference to the fact that there was a tape recorder right next to him that would record everything he said.

There was a lot of interest in Eduardo Mondlane because he was an African who, in spite of Portuguese policy, had obtained a higher education. After his return to Lourenço Marques, everyone was talking about this extremely intelligent man who had been so determined to obtain a higher education. Not surprisingly the PIDE,⁵³ who were the Portuguese secret police, were rather apprehensive about Mondlane once the Portuguese began to fear the influence that this African Ph.D. might have on other Africans, especially among the African youth, with the "foreign ideas" he was sure to have brought home from abroad.

I learned about Mondlane from a variety of sources, himself for one. He had talked a bit about himself that Sunday. But Mondlane was also mentioned on a number of occasions by Dr. Clerc, a personal friend of mine, and by my cousin Zedequias Manganhela,⁵⁴ the pastor of the Presbyterian church. Both men knew him intimately.

Eduardo Mondlane was one of the founders of the Núcleo dos Estudantes Secundários Africanos de Moçambique (Nucleus of African Secondary Students of Mozambique), the youth group of the Centro Associativo de Negros, in 1949. Before leaving Mozambique to study abroad, he had also attended the Swiss Mission church. It was through the Swiss Mission that he began primary school in Manjacaze.

When he first came to Lourenço Marques, he had completed only the African third grade. He lived in Dr. Clerc's home for some time. At one point the Swiss Mission sent him to Chicucue, the American Methodist Mission in the Province of Inhambane, where he learned English.

When he finished primary school, he wanted to go on to secondary school but had problems enrolling because he didn't have the documents of an assimilado. He ended up being sent to Spelonken in the northern Transvaal.

After secondary school Eduardo Mondlane enrolled in the University of Witwatersrand in Johannesburg, where he distinguished himself as a brilliant student. In the meantime the South African government had undergone changes that brought Daniel Malan to power.⁵⁵ He implemented the policy of racial segregation, including in education. That brought about Mondlane's expulsion from the university, in spite of protests from his colleagues, including some whites, who recognized his intellectual abilities.

Mondlane returned to Mozambique during the tenure of Governor-General Gabriel Teixeira⁵⁶ and stayed for some months. It was said that the colonial government here had received confidential correspondence from South Africa with information against Mondlane. He was summoned and asked to explain why he had gone so far away to study. Then they made a point of arranging for him to go to Portugal to study.

It was during this period that he rejuvenated the embryonic students' organization. He changed its name from Comissão Juvenil do Centro Associativo dos Negros (Youth Committee of the Association of Blacks) to the Núcleo dos Estudantes Secundários Africanos de Moçambique (NESAM). The Comissão Juvenil had been created about two years earlier by a group of young people that included Herbert Matsolo, Georgette Libombo, Mário Bernardo (my son), Mateus Mabote, João Daniel Hunguana,⁵⁷ and César Augusto Matavele; all of whom were attending the Sá da Bandeira technical school at the time.

Even before its name change, the student group was being persecuted by the regime, which clearly did not look upon it with favor. Both Herbert Matsolo and Georgette Libombo had been harassed by the PIDE and even arrested for a few hours. Nevertheless, the Comissão Juvenil, and later the Núcleo dos Estudantes under Mondlane's leadership, continued to hold many informative meetings, which the young people attended enthusiastically.

Eduardo Mondlane stayed in Portugal for only a year, after which he went to New York. According to his own words that Sunday in church, he received a doctorate from Northwestern University and then taught at the University of Syracuse before going to work for the United Nations. He told us that after finishing all those years of school, he had asked himself why he had studied so much and how he would put all that knowledge to work. In attempting to answer these questions, he realized how important it was for him to come home. Then he told us a story that had an impact on all of us:

There was a man who had some chickens and who decided to raise an eagle with his chickens.

One day a friend of his came by, and he told his friend what he was doing. He told his friend that he had almost changed that eagle into a chicken, that the eagle had even forgotten how to fly. His friend warned him not to be fooled because once an eagle, always an eagle. Then his friend picked up the eagle and gently

threw it into the air so that it could fly away. The eagle beat its wings a little, then fell to the ground. The next day his friend picked up the eagle again and threw it into the air. This time the eagle beat its wings harder and flew a little further before falling. The day after that the friend did the same thing, and this time the eagle flew away.

And that was how the man's friend proved to him that an eagle could never stop being an eagle, no matter how long it lived among chickens or behaved like a chicken.

There was a lot of talk about that story, especially because of its message.

After his visit to Lourenço Marques, Mondlane went home to Manjacaze. On the way he stopped to greet the governor of Gaza, Captain Oscar Ruas, who rendered him public homage. From Manjacaze Mondlane went to Inhambane. After some time he returned to the United States, then left his job there and came to Tanzania (Tanganyika at the time) where he started FRELIMO.

The next time someone spoke to me about Eduardo Mondlane was during my interrogation by the PIDE after they arrested me in May 1962.

THE IMPRISONMENT OF INDIANS

In December of 1961 the Portuguese colony of Goa in India was taken over by India. The Portuguese government reacted by taking reprisals against the Indians living in Mozambique. In the areas of Moamba and Ressano Garcia the colonial authorities forced all Indian nationals into relocation centers set up specifically for this purpose. To escape these veritable concentration camps, one had to have Portuguese, Pakistani, or any other citizenship as long as it wasn't Indian. In Moamba the commercial establishment of Haribhai Premabhai, which happened to be quite close to my house, was used to house the Indians.

After a few days of this imprisonment in Moamba, all the Indians were sent to Lourenço Marques to be placed in larger centers.

Shortly before their imprisonment, in fact as soon as it was known that Goa had been taken, administration officials and others from the railroad company went from house to house demanding large sums of money from every Indian, which, these officials claimed, would be used to defend the Indians against any act of retaliation on the part of the government. This was clearly just part

of the process of pillaging the Indians, who ended up being expelled from Mozambique with nothing more than the shirts on their backs. Even the women's gold earrings and bracelets were taken from them.

Only those Indian children who had been born in Mozambique were allowed to stay here. But they were deprived of any rights with respect to their parents' property, all of which was nationalized. In fact, after the expulsion of the Indians, many of the Indian girls remaining behind in Lourenço Marques were forced to turn to prostitution just to survive. It was a situation that shocked all of us.

The whole episode was one more demonstration of the evil and violence of colonialism. There was a lot of commentary among us at the time about the misery into which the colonial government had suddenly thrust tens of thousands of Indians.

EDITOR'S NOTES

1. Vundiça was a senior Ronga land chief (*bosi* in Ronga).
2. Raúl Honwana remembered hearing accounts of how Júlio Augusto Pires, the Moamba administrator, ruthlessly enforced both the forced labor system and forced cotton cultivation (interview with Raúl Honwana, Maputo, 23 May 1987).
3. It was quite common for European firms owning cotton plantations in Mozambique, as well as the smaller Portuguese farmers, to use press-ganged labor to supplement their work force. See later section in this chapter concerning the Premier Cotton Estates.
4. On 3 March 1927 the Lourenço Marques *Guardian* carried an account of Vundiça's complaint. The article reminded Vundiça that he served at the sufferance of the state and that if he were not more respectful, he could find that much of his territory could be resurveyed and given to his more cooperative nephew Machantine.
5. *O Brado Africano* of 26 February 1927 reported that state officials found that Pires had not abused his authority and "like all inquiries here revealed no wrong doing."
6. Raúl Honwana characterized António Jaime Teixeira as far more reasonable and open minded than his superior, Augusto Cabral. "At least he listened to our petitions about the abuses associated with the cotton regime." (Interview with Raúl Honwana, Maputo, 23 May 1987.)
7. *Bayete* was an historic Ronga greeting reserved for the royal family or individuals with power and authority. It was both an expression of gratitude and a mark of deference. During the colonial period local chiefs used this term when addressing the colonial administrators (interview with Paulo Zuculu, Minneapolis, 12 September 1987).
8. *Portaria Provincial* no. 3245 (December 22, 1937), legislated a head tax for men and for women to go into effect on 1 January 1938. The head tax for women became known as the *mudende*. Faced with a substantial

outcry in 1942, Governor Bettencourt promulgated *Portaria* no. 4768 July 27 1942, which allowed for the reduction or deferral of the *mudende*. See José Carmona Ribeiro, *Sumários de Boletim Oficial de Moçambique* (Lourenço Marques, n.d.); *O Brado Africano*, 15 January 1938; and José Tristão de Bettencourt, *Relatório do Governador-Geral de Moçambique, 1940-1942* (Lisbon, 1945), 2: 203-204.

If a woman were married, the *mudende* was paid by her husband, who controlled the household resources. Fathers were also expected to pay the taxes for their unwed daughters who were over eighteen. Widows and single women had to accumulate the money to pay their head tax from their own labor; occasionally a father or brother would pay it for them. Clearly the imposition of the *mudende* added another burden on peasant households, many of which were already close to impoverishment (interview with Raúl Honwana, Maputo, 27 May 1987). For women living in Lourenço Marques, many of whom were heads of household and had less access to land and community support, the *mudende* was a particular burden (personal communication, Jeanne Penvenne, 2 December 1987).

9. Marcello Caetano was a minister of the colonies, a finance minister, and succeeded António Salazar as prime minister. In 1974 the Armed Forces Movement deposed him, marking the end of forty years of fascist rule in Portugal. For his colonial philosophy, see Marcello Caetano, *Colonizing Traditions, Principles, and Methods of the Portuguese* (Lisbon, 1951).

10. José Tristão de Bettencourt was governor-general of Mozambique from 1940 to 1947. See David Henige, *Colonial Governors* (Madison, 1970), 253. In 1942 Bettencourt introduced legislation that redefined the work obligations of Africans. Circular 818/D-4 noted the shortage of labor and ordered that all African men between the ages of eighteen and fifty-five had to work for six months of the year for either the state, private companies, or the settlers. The only exceptions were migrant laborers who had recently returned from South Africa or Rhodesia, African commercial farmers, businessmen, or soldiers who had just completed their tour of duty. See Bettencourt, *Relatório do Governador-Geral*, 11, 78-79.

11. "Xipissile" is a Ronga word meaning "he who sells cheaply."

12. Kassimatis was the name of a Greek merchant who lived near Matola (interview with Raúl Honwana, Maputo, 23 May 1987).

13. Raúl Honwana recalled that Eduardo Saraiva de Carvalho, a settler, had particularly good relations with Africans.

14. Otelô Saraiva de Carvalho was a leading member of the Armed Forces Movement that overthrew the government of Marcello Caetano in 1974.

15. "Civilized" state employees received a government subsidy for each child, which was known in Portuguese as the *abono da família*. This was a major, if not the principal, incentive to assimilate.

16. The major cotton company in Moamba during the 1920s was the British firm, Premier Cotton Estates, which acquired 75,000 acres in 1924. See United States National Archives, Record of the Department of State Relating to Internal Affairs of Portugal 1910-1929, "Cotton Prospects in Portuguese Africa for 1925," Cecil M. P. Cross, 21 November 1924; see also note 3 at beginning of this chapter.

17. In 1909 the colonial government approved Decree 9, according to which the government could set aside certain land for Africans without

implying, however, that Africans would then be given title to that land (article 13, sole paragraph, in Decree 9 of 9 July 1909). In 1918 the general system of land occupation and concession was changed, but not with respect to Africans (Decree No. 3,983 of 16 March 1918). Later on, assimilados could petition for land concessions, but in practice such concessions were extremely difficult to obtain. Decree No. 43,894 of 6 September 1961 further refined the discriminatory system of land concession by limiting the people neighboring colonial administrative areas (in other words, Africans) to the occupation and use of, or profit from, second-class lands only, and then still without implying that Africans would be given title to that land. See note 26 in the original Portuguese version of *Memórias*.

18. Mahubana was a Ronga chief.

19. Jackson Cossa worked in South Africa. He invested the money he had saved from his wages in cattle and subsequently opened a shop in Moamba where he sold clothing, wine, and a variety of other goods. Honwana remembered "that many Africans preferred to go to his shop, rather than the Indian-owned shops, because they knew him." He was imprisoned and put in chains on charges that he had stolen cattle belonging to the local population. He was never formally charged with the crime, however, and was released after three months (interview with Raúl Honwana, Maputo, 23 May 1987).

20. João Cristóvão was a Portuguese cattle raiser and the owner of the segregated Hotel Internacional in Moamba. Africans could purchase food at his hotel but were not permitted to sleep there in spite of the fact that it was Moamba's only hotel. Cristóvão was married to an Afrikaner (interview with Raúl Honwana, Maputo, 24 May 1987).

21. Pina Cabral was a state functionary and owned a farm in Moamba (interview with Raúl Honwana, Maputo, 24 May 1987).

22. Requardt was a German farmer who also owned a ceramic company in Moamba (interview with Raúl Honwana, Maputo, 24 May 1987).

23. Hlanzini is a region near the Pequeno Libombo River, southwest of Moamba near the Swazi border.

24. Saldanha Pereira was a medical assistant working for the state. He subsequently acquired a large tract of land near Moamba and became a prosperous cattle raiser. Raúl Honwana recalled that "he treated workers badly and was notorious for stealing cattle belonging to Africans." (Interview with Raúl Honwana, Maputo, 26 May 1987.)

25. Chinhanganine is located on the railroad line north of Moamba on the route to Xinavane.

26. Raúl Honwana used the case of two different miners to illustrate this distinction. The first miner was a boy of eighteen who was going to South Africa for the first time. He went to a traditional healer in order to obtain protection while traveling and in his new job. The second individual was a veteran miner who sought a man who had gone through the *ku tsema siphoso* ritual because he wanted a particularly brutal mine captain killed (interview with Raúl Honwana, Maputo, 26 May 1987).

27. Makipaze was a subchief in the region of Moamba.

28. The *Escolas de Artes e Ofícios*, or Schools of Arts and Crafts, were vocational schools in which Africans learned tailoring, shoemaking, carpentry, and other trades. At the time there were three of these schools: one on the Island of Mozambique, one in Inhambane, and one in Moamba.

For young Africans from around Lourenço Marques, the opportunity to attend the school in Moamba offered the only possibility of acquiring a skill or craft (interview with Raúl Honwana, Maputo, 26 May 1987).

29. Joaquim José de Sousa, known also by his African name "Nhoca," was the first principal of the Escola de Artes e Ofícios in Moamba. It was founded in 1931.

30. The Clube da Moamba was a "whites-only," social and sports club. Because of Raúl's official position (in the Moamba administration), his children were allowed to enter the premises, which other Africans were not.

31. Soares de Lima was the administrator of Moamba in the early 1950s. He was also known by the Ronga name, Buyani-nonhe, which means, "they all returned." Soares de Lima received this name after initiating a policy of clemency for peasants who had fled to South Africa to avoid the forced labor system. Under his program those who returned voluntarily would not be arrested, nor would they be imprisoned if they couldn't pay their back taxes. Instead, they were given public works jobs and guaranteed salaries, from which their back taxes were deducted (interview with Raúl Honwana, Maputo, 26 May 1987).

32. The Grupo Desportivo Africano do Sabie was a nonwhite soccer team founded in Moamba. The players were Africans, mestizos, and Indians.

33. *Xicadu* is made from the fruit of the cashew tree, and *ucanbi* is a wine made from another type of fruit.

34. Don Teodósio Clemente de Gouveia was appointed bishop in 1937 and cardinal in 1947. He died in Lourenço Marques in 1962.

35. Gabriel Maurício Teixeira was the governor-general of Mozambique from 1947 until 1958. See Henige, *Colonial Governors*, 252.

36. In Portuguese the word for a church canon, which is *cónego*, is similar in sound to the word for comedian, or *cômico*.

37. "Timbawene" means beans in Ronga. The mine workers gave Sultane this nickname because the WENELA breakfast usually consisted of beans. Reproduced from note 28 in the original Portuguese version of "Memórias."

38. Lopes de Castro was a labor overseer who worked for the state. His principal responsibility was to supervise and control forced laborers on road construction and other public works projects (interview with Raúl Honwana, Maputo, 26 May 1987).

39. Raúl Honwana recounted that none of these three commercial farmers—Massequise Nkosi, Ximezana, and Xicotela—ever worked for the Portuguese settlers or European agricultural companies. They accumulated capital from the sale of agricultural and dairy products, as well as through inheritance and the bride price (interview with Raúl Honwana, Maputo, 26 May 1987).

40. Called in Portuguese the *juízo privativo dos indígenas*, this was the local court that handled legal cases between Africans. Disputes over the bride price, cattle, land tenure, robbery, witchcraft, and even murder were brought before this tribunal. It was presided over by the local administrator who was advised by two African elders knowledgeable in "traditional custom and practice." (Interview with Raúl Honwana, Maputo, 2 June 1987.)

41. For a discussion of the Núcleo dos Estudantes, see later section in this chapter entitled "Eduardo Mondlane," and section in Chapter 5 entitled "The Centro Associativo dos Negros and the Núcleo dos Estudantes," as well

as the discussion in the Introduction.

42. The Tsombene cooperative was founded by Africans from the Moamba and Marracuene areas whose land had been appropriated by European settlers in the 20's and 30's. They relocated to the fertile Tsombene region with the approval of the local administrator. At the time the number of European settlers was limited, and they expressed no interest in farming this region (interview with Raúl Honwana, Maputo, 2 June 1987).

For a discussion of the colonial state policies to promote African cooperatives, see Homero Ferrinho, "Cooperativismo," *Boletim da Sociedade de Estudos de Moçambique* 35(1965): 9-17; and Allen Isaacman, "The Mozambican Cotton Cooperative," *African Studies Review* 25(1982), 5-26.

43. The ISEU trained most colonial administrators. It also helped to formulate colonial policies and undertook research primarily in agriculture, anthropology, and public administration.

44. By 1960 six Protestant churches supported eighteen missions in Mozambique, located primarily in the southern part of the country. The two Swiss and three Anglican missions were the most active and had the best facilities. The Swiss Mission of Lourenço Marques was the first one established and by 1960 included eight sub-missions in the southern Gaza and Lourenço Marques districts. The Anglicans had missions in Gaza and Lourenço Marques, as well as a station in Niassa district in the north. The American Methodist church was active in the southern coastal regions of Inhambane. In all, about 200,000 Africans had become Protestants, out of a population of 5 million. The overwhelming majority lived in the southern part of the colony. See Allison Butler Herrick, et al., *Area Handbook for Mozambique* (Washington, D.C., 1969), 108-110.

45. Paulino Santos Gil was a diversified commercial and industrial firm in Lourenço Marques. It was named after its founder, who was also the president of the Chamber of Commerce, a member of the Concelho do Governo, and one of the major power brokers in Lourenço Marques.

46. Eca de Queiroz was one of Portugal's most famous writers. He was a leading figure in the generation of 1870, which sought to align Portugal with mainstream European culture. His major novels include *The Sins of Father Amaro*, *Maias*, and *Cousin Basilio*.

47. Camilo Castelo Branco was a writer and member of the Portuguese romantic movement in the second half of the nineteenth century.

48. The Mocidade Africana (African Youth) was also an association of African students studying in Portugal. The majority of these students came from the Portuguese colonies in west Africa. It was subsequently replaced by the Casa dos Estudantes do Imperio, an association which the Portuguese government carefully controlled.

49. In southern African oral literature the rabbit often is depicted as a proud and wily creature that generally outsmarts the stronger elephant or lion. Reproduced from note 34 in the original Portuguese version of *Memórias*. See also A. C. Jordan, *Tales from Southern Africa* (Berkeley, 1973).

50. Eduardo Mondlane was employed by the United Nations at the time that he visited Mozambique. As a result he enjoyed diplomatic immunity, although he was under constant surveillance by the Portuguese secret police. On at least one occasion during his visit, there was a serious attempt on his life. Mondlane was overwhelmed by the thousands of people who

flocked to see him in the churches, villages, and townships in southern Mozambique. His trip to Mozambique convinced him to take a more active role in the nationalist struggle for independence. In 1962 he went to Tanzania and unified the three principal Mozambican nationalist groups in exile—MANU, UDENAMO, and UNAMI—under the banner of FRELIMO. He was elected the first president, and under his direction FRELIMO began in 1964 the ten years of armed struggle. Eduardo Mondlane was assassinated on 3 February 1969.

51. Janet Mondlane served as director of the Mozambican Institute during the armed struggle. Born in the United States, she is a Mozambican citizen and currently heads the Mozambican Red Cross. She is also currently editing a volume of her late husband's correspondence. For additional biographical information, see Shore, "Resistance and Revolution," in Mondlane, *The Struggle for Mozambique*.

52. Professor André Daniel Clerc was a teacher, mentor, and friend of Eduardo Mondlane. He took on major responsibility for Mondlane's welfare and education. He helped Mondlane obtain his secondary school education (at the American Methodist Episcopal Mission in Khambane and later in a school in Spelonken), then entrance to the University of Witwatersrand, and subsequently a scholarship to study abroad. He wrote a fictional biography of the Mozambican leader. See A. D. Clerc, *Chitlangou, Son of a Chief* (London, 1950).

53. PIDE is the acronym for the Polícia Internacional da Defesa do Estado, the notorious Portuguese secret police. See Alexandre Manuel, et al., *PIDE: A História da Repressão* (Lisbon, 1974).

54. Zedequias Manganhela was a pastor, an influential figure in the Swiss Presbyterian church, and a nationalist. He was arrested by the PIDE and died in prison. See the section in Chapter 5 entitled "1972: The Burial of Zedequias Manganhela."

55. Daniel Malan served as prime minister of South Africa from 1948 to 1954. His election marked the domination of the Nationalist party in white politics.

56. Gabriel Maurício Teixeira was governor-general of Mozambique from 1947 to 1958. See Henige, *Colonial Governors*, 253.

57. João Daniel Hunguana graduated from a vocational high school around 1946. He was a member of the Comissão Juvenil. He argued strongly that the youth movement should not be limited exclusively to students. This controversial opinion was defeated. In the 1960s he was a member of the government-sanctioned Centro Associativo dos Negros da Colônia de Moçambique and wrote a number of articles for the newspaper, *Voz de Moçambique*, in support of the colonial regime. In 1974 he joined the transitional government and was reported to have participated in a meeting in Swaziland with Jorge Jardim, a major power within the Portuguese business community and a fierce opponent of FRELIMO (personal communication from Gita Honwana dated 23 September 1987; and personal communication with Jeanne Penvenne, 2 December 1987).

1962 to Independence in 1975

MY ARREST BY THE PIDE—THE SECRET POLICE

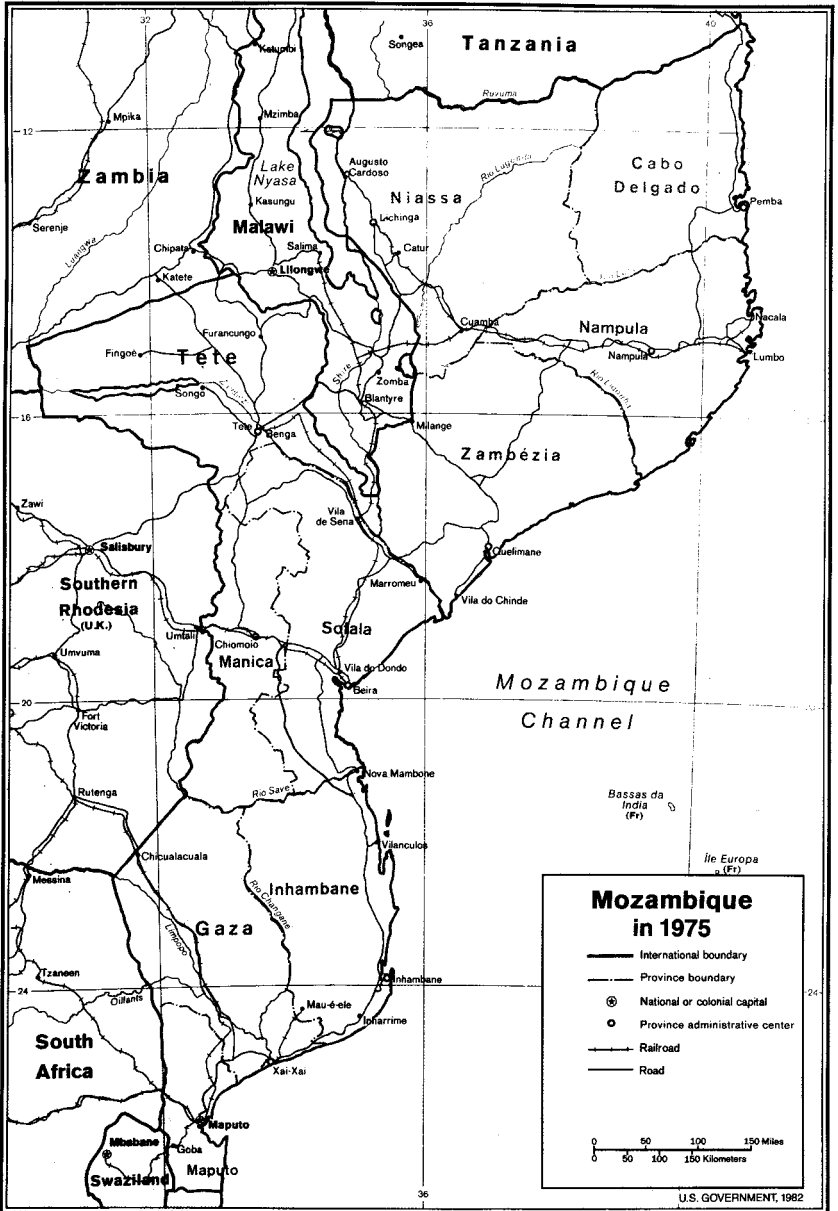
It was a Saturday morning in May 1962. I was in the Moamba administration offices where I worked for the administrator, António de Almeida Azevedo. At about ten in the morning three or four white strangers drove up in a jeep. They came in to get the head of the African police and then went to the railroad station to arrest someone called Manuna and another person. After that they went to the post office where they arrested an African worker named Vicente Matola, who was my niece's husband. They took the three prisoners to the jail, then came back to our offices where the administrator told me that I had to "accompany" these men. They also arrested my assistant, a man named Diniz. We were put in the jeep and driven straight to Lourenço Marques.

Later on my wife told me what had happened to her that day and the following days.

The day I was arrested my wife had started to worry when I didn't come home for lunch at the usual time. Then Estêvão Macia, a boy who worked as a servant in the administration offices, came by the house and told her that I had been arrested by the PIDE. My wife was shocked. She went immediately to the administrator's home to ask him for an explanation. The administrator's wife came to the back door (which is where my wife had to wait) and told my wife that her husband wasn't at home. So my wife went to the secretary's house. He came out into the yard, picking his teeth, and said something to her like, "Well, what do we have here?" After listening to my wife, he said he didn't know anything about what had happened and turned his back on her.

My wife went home, changed clothes, grabbed our baby daughter Carla, and started off to the train station to catch the train for Lourenço Marques. On her way to the station she saw that the administrator's car was now in front of his house. So she marched right up to his front door (instead of going around to the back).

The butler opened the door and then the administrator appeared.



He told my wife that all he knew was that I had been arrested by the PIDE and that its headquarters were in the old Algarve residence in Lourenço Marques. So my wife continued on her way to the train station, but by now she was crying in angry frustration. At the station she found other women whose husbands had also been arrested that morning. They were all in tears and asking each other what to do and where to go once in Lourenço Marques. For all of us, the PIDE was something new.

Anyway, the train to Ressano Garcia came by before the one to Lourenço Marques. My son Luís was on that train, and when he got off his mother brought him up to date on what had happened to me. He told his mother to go on to Lourenço Marques and wait for him there and that he would get back on the Ressano Garcia train to see if he could talk to one of the PIDE officials at the border to find out what was going on and where I had been taken.

My wife caught the Lourenço Marques train, and as soon as she arrived took a taxi straight to the "Vila Algarve." Everything was quiet there. My wife gave the man at the front desk pajamas, toothpaste, a toothbrush, and some oranges for me. He told her to wait while he went to confirm that I had indeed been arrested. He came back right away and said that I was, in fact, a prisoner, but that for the moment I was being held at the police headquarters downtown. My wife was accompanied by my friend, Domingos Hausse, who had come from Moamba on the same train and whom I have mentioned before in connection with the Clube da Moamba (see Chapter 4).

When she left the "Vila Algarve," she decided to stop by the home of a cousin of mine before going on to her parents' home in Xipamanine. This cousin had a lot of contacts among whites in the colonial government, and she thought that he could help her find out what was going on. But he was not at home. Actually, he was "not at home" until after I was released, which enabled him to avoid getting involved in something that might create problems for him with the PIDE.

By nightfall Luís had arrived from Ressano Garcia. He told my wife that Jaime Samo Gudo's son had died. Jaime Samo Gudo was the Moamba administration driver whom I mentioned earlier in connection with the Clube da Moamba. The PIDE had also been looking for Jaime when the rest of us were arrested, but he was in Sabie that morning. At least he didn't have to mourn his son from a jail cell.

Luís also said that all he was able to do in Ressano Garcia was to have my nephew Mamade Mogne (who lived there) talk with the

head of the local PIDE branch, a man named Gonçalves. But that hadn't brought any results.

Later that evening Luís decided to look for Dr. Moreira Rato,¹ an influential economist and someone who might be able to help. You see, my family's concern was to find out the reason for my arrest. They were quite certain that I had not committed any crimes, so my arrest had to be a mistake. Their concern was heightened by the fact that what little people did know about the PIDE was sufficient to scare everyone to death.

It was only the next morning, Sunday, that my son was able to relay his concerns about my situation to Dr. Moreira Rato and three other colonial officials who knew me and had at least shown some respect for me. The other three were Rocha,² an administrative superintendent; Vasco Rodrigues, the district governor; and Abílio Mendes Gil, an administrative inspector.

Meanwhile, my wife returned to Moamba Sunday afternoon on the mail train, since the other children were all by themselves at home.

Luís arrived in Moamba on Monday night. He informed his mother that nothing could be accomplished in Lourenço Marques on Tuesday because Sarmiento Rodrigues,³ the new governor-general, was arriving from Lisbon. Nevertheless, Luís returned to Lourenço Marques on Tuesday morning to continue his "démarches." As he had foreseen, he was unable to make any progress and returned to Moamba that evening. Wednesday morning Luís went to Lourenço Marques again. When he still wasn't back in Moamba by nightfall, my wife became very upset. Luís finally arrived on the 2 A.M. train.

Entering the house, Luís didn't say a word. He just hugged his mother and laughed when she started to cry. She realized that I had already been released. Thursday morning my wife and Luís returned to Lourenço Marques and went to my in-laws' house in Xipamanine. Crying and laughing at the same time, my wife kissed me hello. She had never seen me so thin or unkempt, or so angry.

Now let me tell you how things had looked to me from the inside.

The First Day: Saturday

When our jeep arrived at the "Vila Algarve," we prisoners stayed in the vehicle while the PIDE men went inside. Then they came back to the jeep and took us to the headquarters downtown. I was taken to a cell where there were Africans, mestizos, and Indians. I spent

the night on a tiny bunk bed, thinking sadly about my wife and children.

Later on I saw Dinis lying on the floor and I told him to climb up next to me to sleep, and that's what he did.

The Second Day: Sunday

In the morning we were brought to the identification section, where they took our fingerprints and photographed us. After that we had lunch. I ate only because I was already beginning to feel weak.

There was a broken toilet in the cell, which we all had to use. There were about fifty of us. The cell had an iron door that opened onto an inside corridor and a small, barred window on the west side that didn't provide even a tiny breeze. The air was unbreathable.

Late Sunday night we began to hear piercing screams. Once I thought I heard the voice of my son Luís. I convinced myself that he had also been arrested. I didn't sleep a wink that night.

The Third Day: Monday

I was interrogated at the PIDE headquarters from seven in the morning to one in the afternoon. They accused me of holding clandestine meetings in the Moamba train station compound and in a place called Sicongene, about ten kilometers from Moamba. They said that in Sicongene the meetings were held at the home of a railroad worker named Elias, who had also been arrested. They told me that all the prisoners from Moamba had attended these meetings and that I presided over them. They said that we were carrying out Eduardo Mondlane's instructions at these meetings and that I must be one of his emissaries because I had been in contact with him when he was in Mozambique in 1961. And throughout this interrogation they would alternate between degrading insults and brutal threats.

Of course I denied everything, for the simple reason that none of it was true. I explained that my only contact with Dr. Eduardo Mondlane had been on one Sunday in church when I had heard him speak.

The PIDE also told me that I was the one with subversive ideas in Moamba, that I was a black leader. I explained that I expressed my opinions when asked for them and that I was a friend to anyone less fortunate than myself.

The interrogation was interrupted by lunch. It began again at

three in the afternoon and lasted until seven at night, with the PIDE insisting on the same questions and with me insisting on the same answers.

The Fourth Day: Tuesday

I continued to be interrogated by an inspector. I told him about my heart condition, and he said I would be taken to see a doctor on Wednesday. I refused that offer and told him that I would go to see a doctor as a human being and not in the disgusting state I was in. Once again I was brutally insulted.

The Fifth Day: Wednesday

I had to endure the same questions during the morning. It was exhausting, but I was able to remain calm. We stopped at lunchtime.

That afternoon, as they were taking me from the cell to the interrogation room, I saw Luís on the veranda.

In the interrogation room the inspector said to me, "You're lucky. You're getting out. The governor himself intervened. He says that the records don't show any disciplinary action against you and that you are a good civil servant. He says you have too good a reputation to be in jail."

Then the same inspector told me that I should read the transcript of my interrogation and sign it. He also told me that I should cooperate with them since they meant no harm to anyone and only wanted the best for Mozambique and the Portuguese nation. He even gave me his card with his official PIDE title on it. I tore it into little pieces as soon as I was out of there, not only because my son said I should, but because the idea of any more contact with that sinister organization was repugnant to me.

The inspector offered to have us driven home. Luís refused immediately, taking the words right out of my mouth.

We walked along the streets of Lourenço Marques, sometimes hand in hand. Being free seemed like a dream to me. We stopped by the house of some friends of Luís, Bertina Lopes⁴ and Virgílio de Lemos,⁵ where I drank some tea and rested. Then we went home, to Xipamanine.

The following day I went to see the district governor to tell him of my indignation and that I did not want to return to Moamba.

While I was waiting to see the governor, the administrator of

Moamba came by. Smiling as if nothing had happened, he asked me when I would be coming back to Moamba. I told him that I didn't want to go back to Moamba.

The governor dissuaded me from leaving Moamba right away, telling me that I should go back there and use the normal legal channels for requesting a transfer to Lourenço Marques, so that I wouldn't have to "ruin my life." Once again I thought about my children and did what they would want me to do.

When I returned to Moamba, I was considered a "terrorist," even by other Africans like me.

* * *

At a certain point before the end of that year, 1962, people were being invited to so-called self-defense meetings. Other assimilados, mestizos, Indians, and all the whites were included in these meetings, which I later learned were controlled by the OPVDC.⁶ The participants even received weapons. Fortunately no one asked me to attend these meetings; for that matter I would not have gone and really "ruined my life."

In 1963 I was transferred to the Lourenço Marques municipal administration.

THE CENTRO ASSOCIATIVO DOS NEGROS AND THE NÚCLEO DOS ESTUDANTES

In 1963, even before my transfer to Lourenço Marques, all my children with the exception of the two youngest, João and Carla, were living in the city with my in-laws; it had become exhausting for them to take the train to Lourenço Marques every day in order to attend classes in the high school or business school there. We had been able to save a little from our farm in Moamba and had built a wood and zinc house in Xipamanine.

Our house wasn't bad, compared to most of those in the shantytowns. It had eight divisions and some insulation. In other words, it was a shanty that had been improved. It had running water, a yard area ringed by barrel staves, and an outdoor latrine and kitchen. Much later we added a cement bathroom and kitchen to the house itself.

Occasionally, on the weekends the children would come out to Moamba to visit us.

By living in Lourenço Marques, the children could also attend the Presbyterian church and participate in the youth movement of

the Centro Associativo dos Negros, which was called the Núcleo dos Estudantes Secundários Africanos, or NESAM, as I explained earlier.

Beginning in 1963–1964 the Núcleo dos Estudantes began to offer more cultural and social activities, but no thanks to the PIDE. Some of the youngsters began to be harassed, and many of them left Mozambique during those years, either to join FRELIMO or simply to get away from the PIDE.⁷

I remember a number of evening poetry sessions that were organized with the help of people who weren't even members of the Centro Associativo dos Negros, such as José Craveirinha,⁸ Nogar,⁹ João Reis,¹⁰ and others. There were also debates about the practice of bride price and other issues. There were even English classes, movie shows organized by the Cine Clube,¹¹ and excursions. All of these activities were considered abnormal for Africans and therefore subversive.

In 1964, about a year after my transfer to Lourenço Marques, I was chosen to be the first voting member of the executive board of the Centro Associativo dos Negros. As I mentioned earlier, I was a founding member of that organization. Dr. Domingos Arouca,¹² a lawyer from Inhambane and considered a progressive at the time, was chosen as the board president.

At this time there already was a lot of political activity in Mozambique, and the PIDE were operating openly and ferociously. For the first time FRELIMO was becoming known in this part of southern Mozambique.

I would like to mention here that at this phase of my life, when I was fifty-eight years old and had come to know every cruelty and degradation that colonialism had to offer, I still had some friends among the more or less important whites in the colonial apparatus. Some of them were simply humanists and liberals, but there were others who had taken positions at certain stages in their colonial careers that were clearly antifascist and, if not fully supportive of African nationalism, at least manifested respect for our ideas and for us as people.

I remember men such as Mendes Gil, Sousa Santos, Hortêncio Estêvão de Sousa, and Alfredo Rocha, all of whom were administrative inspectors with whom I had worked at one point or another. In fact, Alfredo Rocha was the best man at the marriage of my oldest son. He had worked with me in the Ressano Garcia Migration service as a clerk. One of his sons, Dr. Caseiro da Rocha, is one of the oldest doctors in Mozambique today.

I also remember Dr. Martins Alves, an aide to the attorney general and a genuinely good human being, and Dr. Carlos Moreira

Rato, director of the Statistical services, who was a man capable of caring about his subordinates.

What these men had in common, as far as my own experience was concerned, was the fact that they treated me as a human being. They respected my ideas, my desires, and my concerns; and rarest of all in those days, they believed me to be someone who deserved their high regard.

OTHER ASSOCIATIONS

During that period colonialism was creating a hierarchy of the principal social groups in Lourenço Marques. For the unassimilated Africans there were organizations for different types of workers, such as those for launderers, barbers, shoeshiners, traders, all of which I've already mentioned. Their headquarters were located in the shantytowns, and their directors were usually loyal servants of colonialism and even former chiefs.

For those of us who were "assimilated," there was the Centro Associativo dos Negros, whose formation I described earlier. This organization was always considered somewhat dangerous by the colonial state. They had no problem with the worker organizations, such as that of the shoeshiners, because they could manipulate the membership. But they couldn't do that in organizations whose membership included "blacks who thought," as they put it. I believe that they especially hated Africans who had some education, which led to the harassment of many of the young people belonging to the Núcleo dos Estudantes.

All of this didn't mean, however, that everyone in the Centro Associativo dos Negros thought alike. Our membership included some Portuguese sympathizers and even some PIDE infiltrators. Actually there were always two currents in the Centro, conservative and nationalist. But in the early 1960s, because of the general political situation not only in neighboring countries but also within our own, the nationalist current began to be more firmly established and to be taken seriously as a social force.

For the mestizos of Mafalala, Alto-Mae, and Chamanculo,¹³ the so-called second-class mestizos, there was the Associação Africana (the former Grémio Africano). This organization was also considered a focal point of political activity in the 1960s because of such people as José Craveirinha, who became its president. Yet in spite of the fact that all of us, Africans and mestizos alike, were being exploited, our two organizations did not join forces. In this respect the colonial

state was victorious: Africans were on one side and mestizos were on the other side.

Although its members were also mestizos, the Atlético (Athletic Club)¹⁴ was quite different from the Associação Africana. The so-called first-class mestizos in the Atlético were from the few mestizo families that had aspirations to being an aristocracy or nobility, for example, the mestizos from the Polana area of the capital, or the mestizo doctors and directors. Generally speaking these were people who did not identify with other mestizos. There were mestizos in the Atlético who scorned their African mothers, who openly called us "niggers," and, in imitation of the settlers, said that our African languages were the languages of dogs. They were also bulwarks of racial discrimination, making the work of the colonial regime easier. For many years, the presence of an African at an Atlético dance was unthinkable.

There were also two divergent strains among the Goans. On the one hand was the so-called Mútuo, or the Associação do Mútuo Auxílio aos Operários Indo-Portugueses (Mutual Aid Association of Indo-Portuguese Workers), whose members included the poor Goan fishermen from Catembe. On the other hand there was the Clube Indo-Português (Indo-Portuguese Club), whose members were rich Goans who scorned the so-called *canecos da Catembe*.¹⁵

But everything is relative and even the most well-to-do Goans (as well as "first-class" mestizos) were subjected to discrimination by the colonial government. This simply goes to show that under Portuguese colonialism the only people considered to be 100 percent citizens had to be 100 percent white, in addition to manifesting their support for Salazarism and colonialism.

Apropos colonialism I want to tell you about a situation that I followed in the press in the early 1960s. When Don Rafael Maria da Assunção was the bishop of Lourenço Marques, in about 1921 or 1922, he sponsored the creation of a new school, called the Colégio Europeu, that was only for white Catholics. That fact caused an uproar among the Goan Catholics and some mestizos, and a press campaign ensued in which the bishop was accused of practicing racism.¹⁶ *O Brado Africano* published articles about the issue, but the newspaper that really led the antibishop campaign was the *Oriente*, from the Goan community. I particularly remember the incisive articles by the journalist Vaz Álvares, who was director of the *Oriente*, which represented a frontal attack on the racism of the whites toward the Goans.

The school was eventually closed, and some time later the bishop was sent back to Portugal. He was replaced by Don Teodósio

Clemente de Gouveia, who was made a cardinal during the Salazar period.

LIFE IN THE SHANTYTOWNS OF LOURENÇO MARQUES

I mentioned earlier that before 1963 I had been able to save some money and build a wood and zinc house in Xipamanine, a shantytown of Lourenço Marques. To do that I first had to find a space on which to build. Apropos of that, I would like to explain a bit about the economy of life in the Lourenço Marques shantytowns. As you'll see, it was quite complicated.

Practically speaking, until the 1960s Africans were not allowed to buy land, or even request a land grant, within the city of Lourenço Marques. That was a privilege reserved only for whites, Indians, and the few mestizos with economic means.

The inhabitants of the shantytowns usually were Africans for the simple reason that the economic discrimination against our people coincided with the racial discrimination. There were also the shantytown mestizos, usually those mestizos whose white or Indian fathers had refused to acknowledge them and who therefore had grown up with their African mothers.

Well, in the early 1900s some whites began to acquire land in the shantytowns, which they would offer to their African or mestizo mistresses as a way of supporting them and providing them with an additional source of income, or a kind of "economic independence."

And how was that economic independence achieved? Well, the usual way was to rent the land to people who wanted to build their homes there. The rent for one plot was anywhere from 250 to 1,000 escudos (\$12 to \$50) per year. Another way was for the landowner to build a home on the land and rent that. I remember some of the women who did that, for example, Maria Caldeira, Nwa Ndava, and Sofia (Mi Domingo), all of whom owned a lot of land in the shantytowns.¹⁷

With the passing of time and the increased migration from the rural areas to the city, a new form of subsistence evolved that also was linked to dwelling places in the shantytowns. African women who had to support themselves and their children would find ways to save money so that they could build dwellings to rent out. These shanties would be rented to migrants from the rural areas and the neighboring provinces of Gaza and Inhambane, who were flocking to the city in search of work.

I believe that the most common source of money for these

women was the small-scale marketing of produce from their garden plots and selling their home-brewed beer (*uputo*)¹⁸ and such homemade snacks as fried fish and small bean cakes (*bagias*). In fact, if I remember correctly, what is today the Xipamanine market actually began as a small bazaar where African women sold their products in the shade of a small fig tree (called *xi m'phamana* in Ronga). The money they earned, or at least part of it, enabled their participation in a *xitique*,¹⁹ which was an agreed upon method of saving money among a group of people. In the *xitique*, which is still in use today, the participants contribute a set amount each month, the total of which is then allocated each month to each participant in turn.

Upon receiving an allocation, a participant would buy some sheets of zinc, for example, and put them away. The next time that participant received an allocation, she or he might be able to buy more zinc or some poles or other construction material, and little by little that person would be building shanties to rent out. Once a year, rent for the land would be paid to the landowner.

Having a shanty to rent out, or selling fried fish or *uputo*, was the only way many mothers were able to finance the education of their children. I am convinced that there are many men and women in this city today whose mothers reared and educated them from these sources of funds, which, nevertheless, were never really sufficient to take their mothers out of the misery in which they lived. The real commerce was left to those who could acquire land legally and rent it out; in other words, the whites, those who lived in the asphalt part of the city.

THE IMPRISONMENT OF MY SON LUIS AND LIFE IN LOURENÇO MARQUES

On 23 December 1964, along with a number of other Mozambican patriots living in Lourenço Marques, my son Luís was arrested at our home in Xipamanine at six o'clock in the morning. We were told later that they had all been accused of subversive activities in support of FRELIMO and against Portugal's sovereignty in Mozambique.

My son survived a long period of isolation. Sometimes it was as though he had disappeared, other times we would hear about him being confined to a disciplinary cell. Many were killed in jail during those times.

Because Luís had been working and helping me support our family, his imprisonment meant that we would now go through a period of greater economic difficulties than we were already enduring.

After completing the fifth year in high school, my daughter Gita had to get a job to help us, which meant that she would only be able to continue her education in night school.

But it was the education of my son Fernando²⁰ that became a major financial concern for us. Since 1962, as a result of a suggestion from Luís and support from the architect Miranda Guedes (Pancho), Fernando had been studying in Swaziland at the Waterford School, a newly opened, multiracial school. Luís and Pancho had been able to arrange with the school's principal, Mr. Stern, a certain reduction in the tuition, although we still had to pay something. Luís had been sending our share of the tuition to Swaziland on a regular basis.

Well, Luís could not do this once he was in prison, and because it was completely impossible for me to continue those payments, I decided that I would have to take my son out of that school. Pancho told us not to be precipitous, and we went together to Swaziland to discuss the situation. Mr. Stern refused to listen to any reason for Fernando to leave the school. He told us that Fernando was a brilliant student and that he, Mr. Stern, would find a way to subsidize Fernando's school fees. And that's what he did. Fernando finished high school with distinction in 1968.

By this time Fernando had already reached military age and was on the rolls. As a result his trips home required military approval, which meant that he now ran the risk of being drafted.

Mr. Stern insisted that our son should continue his education and offered to arrange a scholarship to a university in America or England. We agreed willingly, even though we knew that once he left, Fernando would not be allowed to return to a Portuguese-controlled Mozambique. When we said goodbye to Fernando in Swaziland, we told him that we might not ever see each other again, but that what he was going to do was important for his future and for his country. During this period we were also counting on the support of our friend José Forjaz,²¹ who was working in Swaziland then.

Fernando enrolled that same year in the social science department of York University in England. He completed his degree in 1971, and in 1972 he left for Dar es Salaam to join FRELIMO.

Thus our greatest financial worry during the period of our son's imprisonment was ultimately resolved. But I can still remember how

depressed we often felt while Luís was in prison.

There were also many times when we would become disheartened because of the way people acted toward us during his imprisonment. Some people simply stopped talking to us, presumedly because any contact with us could be "dangerous" for them vis-à-vis the PIDE. Others would talk to us on the street, but they would always be looking over their shoulder to see if some PIDE agent were listening, even when we were talking about absolutely nothing. This type of person would treat us as though we were lepers.

Nonetheless, our family and those of other political prisoners endured this period as best we could. We formed a little group and would take turns bringing food to the jail when it was permitted. We would also help each other in times of sickness, death, or financial crises.

But above all else we had the support of our families and friends, a few lawyers, and other progressive men and women who were always ready with support and encouragement at any hour of the day or night and under any circumstances.

1968: THE TRIP TO PORTUGAL

During the 1960s external political pressure against colonialism began to make the Portuguese government very uncomfortable. Furthermore, our consciousness as a colonized people was growing and with it a spirit of rebellion. As a result, internal repression was reaching unprecedented levels, with the PIDE assuming almost unlimited power in the colonies, while the Salazar-Caetano government tried to show the world a liberal side that it didn't have.

This pseudoliberalism was reflected in the civil service when a small number of African candidates were promoted. But that change wasn't really very meaningful. It was still obvious that any position of significant responsibility would continue to be closed to Africans.

I was made a third-level clerk in the civil service in 1963.

In 1968 I was working in the Lourenço Marques municipal administration when they decided to transfer me to Tete. It was a completely unjustifiable move from my point of view inasmuch as I had only a few months to go before retirement. What in the world could I accomplish in Tete when I'd have to pick up my few pieces of furniture and leave right after arriving? It didn't make any sense. So I told them that, and I was excused from the transfer.

In the meantime some friends encouraged me to ask for a leave

of absence since, as of 1963 (after more than forty years of service), I was finally considered to be an administrative civil servant. The leave of absence was a six-month paid leave with a paid trip to the so-called motherland.²² The monthly salary was paid there. It was one of the special privileges usually granted only to white civil servants. Nevertheless, especially during the last decade of colonialism, some African and mestizo civil servants were able to get these leaves of absence.

For me the leave of absence meant that I would be able to visit my children in Portugal: Raúl was studying philosophy, Isabel was studying economics, and Violante was working in a bank while her husband was studying economics and finance. Raúl was living in Lisbon, and my daughters and two grandchildren were living in Porto.²³

My wife and I and our youngest daughter Carla set sail on the *Pátria*, which was a third-class ship at the time. The trip was a great adventure for me since it was the first time I had left this part of the world. Unfortunately my wife was very seasick, but the trip itself was interesting. We stopped at Capetown, Lobito, Mossamedes, Luanda, and Funchal.²⁴

When we finally arrived in Lisbon, we were greeted by our son Raúl and a number of other young men from Mozambique who were studying in Portugal or living there as professional soccer players. We had brought some peanuts and seasonings from home, so we were able to make some memorable curry dinners for all of them. We spent some good times with those young men, bringing them something of home and helping to ease their lonesomeness for their families.

We spent a month in Porto. We also visited Coimbra, Guimarães, Sintra, and the Algarve,²⁵ but we spent most of our time in Lisbon. We stayed a total of ten months. And we made some good friends.

We followed the events surrounding the death of the dictator Salazar on Portuguese television.

For me the trip was important in helping me understand the difficulties our young people had to endure while studying in Portugal during those years. I also saw the misery and exploitation that many Portuguese people had to suffer under that fascist regime, just as we did in the colonies. I saw so much suffering and misery in Portugal.

We returned to Mozambique on the *Infante D. Henrique*, which was bigger than the *Pátria*. The voyage back was calmer, with no high winds or nausea. It was good to be going home.

1972: THE BURIAL OF ZEDEQUIAS MANGANHELA

In 1972 I was living in Matola. Through a loan from the Montepio de Moçambique bank, I was able to finish a cement house in Matola, and we had moved there in 1971.

My cousin, Zedequias Manganhela, was the pastor of the Swiss Mission Presbyterian Church. He was a good man, very cultured, and especially wise and understanding. He had a strong influence on all of the congregation, but especially on the youth, our children. As part of his responsibilities he had to travel a great deal to Switzerland, Portugal, Brazil, and South Africa. Because of all this, the kind of man he was and his influence and activities, he was persecuted by the PIDE. We were all alarmed when the PIDE arrested him in June 1972.

Then one day in December someone came to tell us that Manganhela had died in prison in Matola. Word from the Presbyterian church was that his funeral procession would begin at the Khovo Church (located today on the Avenida Eduardo Mondlane in Maputo) and that his coffin would be open at noon that day.

We learned that an autopsy had been performed, but we were never told the results. Even though the funeral was held on a weekday, the church and church grounds were filled because of Manganhela's popularity and the public indignation at the crime the PIDE had committed.

I went to his funeral to pay my last respects to a man whom I greatly admired. Inside the church you could see among the large congregation a number of whites as well as Africans who clearly were PIDE agents. They formed a closed circle around the coffin, and no one could even get close to it.

Nhancale, the Swiss Mission's pastor, gave the eulogy. We learned later that he had to write it out beforehand and submit it to the PIDE's censors.

In order to transport all those people to the cemetery, the church had requisitioned a number of buses. Many people didn't attend the church service but went right to the cemetery. The flood of people was incredible; there were thousands and thousands.

When the funeral car reached the cemetery, the coffin was removed by the PIDE, who still formed a tight circle around it. It was the PIDE who had brought the coffin to the graveyard, not the family. In other words, even after death Manganhela was a threat to colonialism. The burial service had to be abbreviated because of the PIDE, and they also refused to allow the coffin to be opened so that the family could pay their last respects, which is customary. After the

service we all went home wondering if it really was Manganhela in that coffin.

In spite of the dozens of PIDE agents swarming all over the cemetery, the mourners did not hide their revulsion; Manganhela's burial was a peaceful demonstration of how determined our people had become.

Later on we heard that the body had been exhumed and a new autopsy performed, and that his widow, Leonor Manganhela, had officially identified the body. We also learned that the church in Switzerland had applied a lot of pressure for the cause of death to be clarified.

I believe that the murder of Manganhela by the PIDE in 1972 was one of the great tactical errors of colonialism in Mozambique.

1975: THE TRIP TO TANZANIA

The transitional government²⁶ of independence was installed in Lourenço Marques in September of 1974. Henceforth, FRELIMO would be our official government.

We were all feeling a euphoric excitement as we attended the many meetings where we learned more about the history of FRELIMO and the armed struggle for independence. My wife and I were members of the dynamizing group²⁷ for our area in Matola, so we followed everything that was happening during those exciting days. We celebrated the end of the war for independence with great jubilation. For many of us, Mozambican parents, independence was a deeply felt, tangible reality as we welcomed home the FRELIMO soldiers who were our children or other family members and fellow Mozambicans.

During the transition period that preceded actual independence, many Mozambicans had been invited by FRELIMO to travel to Dar es Salaam. There were delegations that included members of the "Democratas de Moçambique," former political prisoners, families of the freedom fighters, and others.

In April 1975, my wife and daughter Carla and I received an invitation to go to Tanzania. We were accompanied on the trip by the widow and children of Mateus Muthemba (a national hero who had died during the armed struggle) and a sister of President Mondlane's.

When we arrived in Dar es Salaam, we were greeted at the airport by President Eduardo Mondlane's widow, Mrs. Janet Mondlane. And when we reached the residence where we would be

staying, President Samora Machel welcomed us and presented a young woman named Telma Venichand who would be our guide. He told us that our son Fernando, a FRELIMO soldier, was currently abroad on official business.

That night we ate dinner at our president's home with a number of other people. I remember that, among others, there were Vice President Marcelino dos Santos,²⁸ Sérgio Vieira,²⁹ José Júlio Andrade,³⁰ and Aquino de Bragança.³¹

During the days that followed we visited the cemetery where Eduardo Mondlane and other freedom fighters were buried. We also visited the Instituto Moçambicano (Mozambican Institute).³²

On April 7th a delegation from the Organização da Mulher Moçambicana (Mozambican women's organization)³³ arrived from Lourenço Marques. We joined this group for a ceremony to lay flowers on the graves of Eduardo Mondlane and Josina Machel. Afterwards we went to the Bagamoyo educational center where we had lunch with the students and their teachers. Various commemorative events took place at Bagamoyo on April 7th, including plays, poetry readings, dances, and songfests. We only returned to Dar es Salaam at the end of the afternoon.

A visit to the political and military camp at Nachingwea³⁴ had been planned for one of the following days. Unfortunately I was not scheduled to go. President Machel had suggested that I not go because the trip to Nachingwea was a difficult one and at the time my health was not very good. I was sorry about this because, according to what my wife told me, it was apparently the most interesting part of our stay.

She and my daughter had flown there in a small plane with the other visitors. Once in Nachingwea they had to travel a good distance in a jeep. They were received at the Nachingwea camp by Commander Aurélio Manave³⁵ who was the camp director. The group spent about a week there in order to see everything. What most impressed my wife was the fact that FRELIMO had been able to transform the area, which everyone said was completely arid and had no infrastructure, into a self-sufficient farm. They raised goats, rabbits, ducks, and chickens; there were ponds supplied with fish; and they even had banana groves and sugar cane.

My wife found our daughter-in-law Suzete, Luís's wife, at the camp, where she was one of the trainees. At the time Luís was back in Lourenço Marques and was working in Prime Minister Joaquim Chissano's cabinet. Our son João³⁶ had also been at Nachingwea, but he had already left for Zambézia Province where he was working with Commander Bonifácio Gruveta.³⁷

On the last day of their visit in Nachingwea, President Machel arrived with Robert Mugabe,³⁸ Bishop Muzorewa,³⁹ and Joshua Nkomo.⁴⁰ Then the whole group, including my wife and daughter, returned to Dar es Salaam in the same plane that was carrying the president and his guests.

After their return we had dinner one night in Mrs. Janet Mondlane's home, and the following day we attended a goodbye dinner with President Samora Machel.

Our trip to Tanzania was very special, not only because of what we did and saw, but also because of the historical moment during which it took place and the reception we received from FRELIMO.

At zero hour on the 25th of June 1975, at seventy years of age, I witnessed, with indescribable emotions, the moment of the independence proclamation of the sovereign nation of Mozambique.

EDITOR'S NOTES

1. Dr. Moreira Rato was the director of Statistical services. He used his government position to help obtain Raúl Honwana's release.

2. Rocha had been one of Raúl Honwana's superiors in the Moamba administration. He also intervened on Raúl's behalf, informing the PIDE officials that Raúl was a hard-working, responsible individual who would not be involved in political activities.

3. Manuel Maria Sarmiento Rodrigues was governor-general of Mozambique from 1961 to 1964. See Henige, *Colonial Governors*, 253.

4. Bertina Lopes is a designer and painter currently living in Rome. At the time she was teaching design in Lourenço Marques and was sympathetic with the youth movement, Núcleo dos Estudantes. She also befriended a number of young African artists and writers, including Malangatana Valente and Luís Bernardo Honwana, who opposed the fascist and racist policies of the Salazar regime (interview with Raúl Honwana, Maputo, 2 June 1987). Malangatana Valente is among Mozambique's leading painters. His works have been exhibited widely throughout Europe and Africa. He has also written a number of poems, several of which have been translated and appear in Gerald Moore and Uli Beier, eds., *Modern Poetry from Africa* (Baltimore, 1967) and in *Black Orpheus: A Journal of African and Afro-American Literature* 10 (1960).

5. Virgílio de Lemos was one of the first Portuguese in Mozambique arrested by the PIDE for subversive activity. He was also Bertina Lopes' husband.

6. The Organização Provincial de Voluntários da Defesa Civil (Provincial Organization of Civil Defense Volunteers), known by its acronym OPVDC, was a right-wing militia, which Raúl Honwana described as "one of the Portuguese fascist, colonial organizations." Derived from note 35 in the original Portuguese version of *Memórias*.

7. As political pressure mounted in late 1964 and early 1965, a number

of young nationalists fled across the border to Swaziland and from there headed for Tanzania via Rhodesia. Many were captured by the Rhodesian and South African security forces. Others such as Josina Machel ultimately managed to reach FRELIMO bases in Tanzania (interview with Maria Muthanda, 22 September 1979; and interview with Adelina Madzonga, 12 October 1979).

8. José Craveirinha is one of Mozambique's leading poets. Among his anthologies are *Chigubo*, *Karingana ua Karingana*, and *Cela*. He also worked as a journalist for *O Brado Africano*, *Voz de Moçambique*, and several other newspapers. He was arrested by the PIDE in 1965 and released four years later. See Russell Hamilton, *Voices from an Empire* (Minneapolis, 1975), 202-212, 227-229.

9. Rui Nogar is the pen name of Francisco Rui Moniz Barreto, a prominent Mozambican poet who was arrested by the colonial regime in 1965. His best known work is *Silêncio Escanarado* ("Silence Ajar"). Currently he is the head of the Mozambican writers association. See Hamilton, *Voices from an Empire*, 197-199, 222.

10. João Reis was a progressive white journalist who, along with Gouveia Lemos and Ilidio Rocha, founded the newspaper, *Tribuna*. See Sopa, "Catálogo," 232-233.

11. The Cine Clube (Film Club) was an integrated group with a close, working relationship with the youth group, the Núcleo dos Estudantes. It was one of the few multiracial organizations in colonial Mozambique.

12. Domingos Mascarenhas Arouca was the first black Mozambican to get a law degree. He graduated from the University of Lisbon in 1960. He then worked for the Banco Nacional Ultramarino and the administrative tribunal of Mozambique. In 1965 he was elected president of the Centro Associativo dos Negros. Shortly thereafter he was arrested by the PIDE and accused of being a FRELIMO organizer. He was freed in June 1973. After independence he went into exile and is currently living in Portugal. See Sopa, "Catálogo," 256.

13. Mafalala, Alto-Mae, and Chamanculo are townships on the outskirts of the capital.

14. Atlético was ostensibly a sports club that fielded a very good soccer team. As Honwana noted, the competition between the Atlético and the Associação Africana extended well beyond the playing field.

15. *Caneco* is a pejorative term referring to lower-class Asians of Goan descent.

16. The uproar to which Honwana refers took place between July and September 1926. See *O Brado Africano*, 31 July 1926 and 7 August 1926.

17. For a discussion of the ways in which Africans acquired land with freehold tenure in and around Lourenço Marques, see Jeanne Penvenne, "The Unmaking of an African Petite Bourgeoisie," Occasional Paper no. 57 (African Studies Center, Boston University, 1982), 9-12.

18. *Uputo* is a local beer made from corn.

19. *Xitique* is a type of savings society in which each member makes a contribution on a regular basis and, at specified intervals, receives a lump sum in return. If, for example, the *xitique* had twelve members who contributed 300 escudos per month, at the end of each month a different member would receive 3600 escudos. *Xitique* also describes an outdoor area where men and women gather to dance the Makwayela, Makwai, Massesse,

and other dances.

20. Fernando Honwana subsequently became a special adviser to the late president, Samora Machel. He played a major role in the Lancaster House Agreement leading to the independence of Zimbabwe and then served as liaison to the Zimbabwean government. In addition to his role in the presidency, Fernando held a senior post in the Mozambican intelligence service. He was designated to become Mozambique's first ambassador to England, but before his appointment had been formally announced, he died in the mysterious plane crash that killed President Machel.

21. José Forjaz was a prominent architect and antifascist exile living in Swaziland. During the armed struggle he supported FRELIMO and subsequently became Mozambique's secretary of state for housing in the period after independence.

22. Middle-level state functionaries received this opportunity once every four years. This privilege was generally enjoyed only by Europeans since few Africans rose beyond the level of a servant.

23. Located along the northern coast of Portugal, Porto is the country's second largest city.

24. Lobito and Mossamedes (now Namibe) are cities in southern Angola, Luanda is the capital of Angola, and Funchal is the capital of the Madeira Islands. Capetown is located on the eastern tip of South Africa.

25. Coimbra is an old university town north of the capital Lisbon. Guimarães, Sintra, and the Algarve are other popular tourist sites in Portugal.

26. The transitional government, led by Joaquim Chissano, was installed on 20 September 1974. It was composed of six senior FRELIMO leaders and four Portuguese officials. It served as a caretaker government until independence on 25 June 1975.

27. Dynamizing groups were committees of approximately a dozen FRELIMO sympathizers, democratically elected at public meetings in residential areas and the work place. The self-defined task of these committees was "to raise the political consciousness of the masses." They were also expected to organize and mobilize fellow workers and residents in collective economic, social, and cultural activities.

28. Marcelino dos Santos was a founding member and senior leader of FRELIMO. During the armed struggle he served as secretary for External Affairs, secretary for the Department of Political Affairs, and vice president. After independence he held a number of senior cabinet and party positions. Currently he is the secretary of the National Peoples Assembly, Mozambique's parliament.

29. Sérgio Vieira was a leading member of FRELIMO during the armed struggle. After independence he held a number of senior cabinet positions, including minister of agriculture, minister of security, and governor of the national bank of Mozambique. Currently he is the director of the FRELIMO party school, as well as the director of the African Studies Center at the Universidade Eduardo Mondlane.

30. José Júlio Andrade was a member of FRELIMO during the armed struggle and currently is the secretary of state for sports in the Ministry of Education.

31. Aquino de Bragança was a founding member of FRELIMO, and before that he had played a critical role in the Conference of Nationalist

Organizations of the Portuguese Territories (CONCP). After independence he became the director of the African Studies Center at the Universidade Eduardo Mondlane and was one of the leading intellectuals in FRELIMO. He also served as a personal envoy for the late President Machel and is credited with helping to improve relations between Mozambique and Portugal. He died in the same plane crash that killed President Machel and Fernando Honwana.

32. The Instituto Moçambicano was established by FRELIMO in Dar es Salaam in 1963. Initially it served as a tutorial center and rapidly evolved into a secondary school for Mozambican refugees. Its role subsequently expanded to provide schools in the liberated areas of Mozambique and financial, material, and educational support for the refugees in Tanzania. See Mondlane, *The Struggle for Mozambique*, 179.

33. The Organização da Mulher Moçambicana (OMM) was founded in December 1972. Its objective was to mobilize all women, young and old, to involve them in the revolutionary process and combat the exploitation of colonial capitalism and the exploitation of women. See Barbara Isaacman and June Stephen, *Mozambique: Women, the Law and Agrarian Reform* (Addis Ababa, 1980), 16-17.

34. Nachingwea was the principal FRELIMO center for political and military training.

35. Aurélio Manave held a number of senior government positions after independence. He is currently a member of the Central Committee of FRELIMO.

36. João Honwana is currently the head of the Mozambican Air Force.

37. Bonifácio Gruveta served as the governor of Zambézia Province immediately after independence. He is currently a member of the Central Committee of FRELIMO.

38. Robert Mugabe is the president of Zimbabwe. At the time he was a leading figure in the Zimbabwe liberation movement known as ZANU.

39. Bishop Abel Muzorewa was a popular Zimbabwean nationalist leader in the mid 1970s, but his nationalist credentials were severely tarnished when he cooperated with Ian Smith in a 1979 "internal settlement" election that resulted in Muzorewa's election as prime minister for a brief period.

40. Joshua Nkomo is a senior Zimbabwean nationalist leader and was the president of the Zimbabwe African Peoples Union (ZAPU) until its merger with ZANU in late 1987.

Epilogue

I could tell you many more stories, but this book has to end sometime.

The stories I chose to relate were those I thought would be more interesting and more meaningful for many different reasons. Of course I also limited myself to those stories I remembered the best.

I find it interesting that I can remember the details of events that occurred in 1920 or 1930 better than those of ten or fifteen years ago.

I am eighty years old now, and I think that overall my life hasn't been that different from the lives of many Mozambicans of my generation.

But even so, I think this book was worth the effort; it enabled me to tell the younger generations what I know, what I heard, and what I experienced.

Raúl Bernardo Manuel Honwana
Maputo, December 1985