A Different Kind of War Story

Carolyn Nordstrom

PENN

University of Pennsylvania Press

Philadelphia

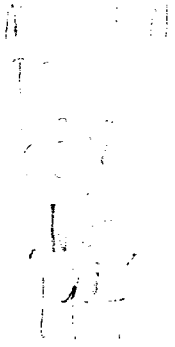
Printed in the United States of America on acid-free paper

10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3

Published by
University of Pennsylvania Press
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19104-4011

Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication Data

Nordstrom, Carolyn, 1953.
A different kind of war story / Carolyn Nordstrom
p. cm.
Includes bibliographical references and index.
ISBN 0-8122-3406-5 (cloth : alk paper) 0-8122-1621-0 (pbk., alk. paper)
1. RENAMO (Organization)—History. 2. Violence. 3. War and society.
4. Mozambique—History—Civil War, 1976-1994 I. Title.
DT3398.N67 1997
967.905—dc21 97-015034
CIP



Time passes by and it never comes back
Too much violence
The unstoppable cannon
Stunned people running aimlessly
The moment has come
Kidnaps without days, hours, minutes
Helpless children
Who do not know where they came from, or where they will go
Who will justify this moment?
The regions of Coloa, Muaquia
Without people
because of these [war] criminals
My uncles and aunts killed without thought
How can one forget this moment?
How can we call peace?
Where is peace?
How can I return to my homeland?
Taking up arms?
Talking?
Nothing is impossible in this world
Everything depends on us
And it is we who will conquer
with Peace

—Santos

Contents

My second caveat against the indiscriminate application of textually based analysis is also evident in this woman's words. Certain aspects of human existence are not easily captured by the text, nor should they be. Pain, profound grief, and the existential horror of watching and responding first-hand to war's atrocities are examples of fundamental realities that can be only partially, and perhaps never responsibly, bound to a text. Jean Comaroff (1991) has stressed that to textualize personal tragedy and horror, such as restricting one's research "gaze" to "the inscriptions of power on the body" when one is talking about a person being tortured and dehumanized, is to risk losing the immediacy of the personal altogether.

Finally, people protect themselves through silence as well as speaking. People define themselves in narration, but they equally constitute themselves in the silent space of the unsaid. The untold story, the unnarrated tale, leaves the world unformed, or at least that piece which remains unsaid. History does not flow logically from past to present; identities and roles are not set; outcome is not determined. These truths can be used as weapons against a threat or an enemy. In the unformed world, a person has a multitude of options to create a survivable world. With this irony, meaning and nonmeaning, creativity, order, and chaos interfuse in a more accurate approximation of experience.

Taming the Scholar?

> I'm forty-three years old, and a writer now, and the war has been over for a long while. Much of it is hard to remember. I sit at this typewriter and stare through my words and watch Kiowa sinking into the deep muck of a shit field, or Curt Lemon hanging in pieces from a tree, and as I write about these things, the remembering is turned into a kind of rehappening. Kiowa yells at me. Curt Lemon steps from the shade into bright sunlight, his face brown and shining, and then he soars into a tree. The bad stuff never stops happening: it lives in its own dimension, replaying itself over and over. But the war wasn't all that way. (O'Brien 1990:36)

I read these words by Tim O'Brien in the introduction to his book about life as a soldier in Vietnam, and, while I understand them, I know that they are not my story. As important as it is to situate ourselves as authors for our audiences, when I read O'Brien's words I am not sure what best answers the question, "Who am I, to be studying what I am, putting my experiences into words in the way that I do?" On one level it is obvious. Having seen the horrors of war, I want to do what I can to stop them. To me it is equally obvious that the war in Mozambique has been shaped in powerful ways by an international culture of violence, militarization, and politico-economic power that moves across borders with

a frightening fluidity transported by every military advisor, arms merchant, mercenary, blackmarketeer; with every violence-glorifying movie, neocolonial practice, terror-based counterinsurgency theory. This fluidity transports a violence we all face in one way or another, a violence that harms us all.

But is it enough to "position" myself in this way? What indeed is this process of positioning? I remember walking out in the bush in Mozambique in an area of heavy fighting with two other foreigners, a man and a woman doing medical work hundreds of kilometers from the protection of a provincial capital. They, too, hated the war and were committed to assuaging its injustices. They, too, had left the relative comfort of the provincial capitals to sleep in cane huts, their sleep disturbed periodically by gunfire. But I had just learned that the man had gone to the highest authority in the area to request that he be permitted to burn refugees' huts if they did not come to his medical center. I knew from experience that he required all attendees to sit all day under designated trees in the hot sun to make sure they got their prescribed food and medical allotments and did not try to steal any. If people refused to come to his makeshift center, he harangued them about being evil parents who were killing their children. I was trying to explain to the man that, if he burned refugees' huts, he was little different from abusive troops: he was employing terror to gain consent. I added that people could not sit under trees for twelve hours a day just to obtain his medicines and food. He came to villages only when security clearances, airplanes, fuel, and fickle funding made his visits possible. He was here one week and gone the next—his food and medicines as fickle as his funding. Under serious threat of marauding troops, people were making the walk into the bush every day to try to eke out crops for their families. If people did not go to the fields to plant crops, they would starve in the upcoming months—and by their estimation, if they neglected their fields, they would be bad parents.

My words fell on deaf ears. The man was convinced of his "right" in his commitment to peace. I did go to the authority he had talked to and reported that, despite the fact that the man said he had permission from "high ups" to pursue the policy of burning huts, this was not true. The authority, fearing retribution if he did not allow this gruesome policy, was greatly relieved. As I talked to the foreigner, the third person accompanying us, his partner, shook from fear and prayed to God to deliver her from harm. She was so concerned with her prayers that she did not hear gunshots or watch her footing. I wondered whether her god, who had allowed one million Mozambicans to die in this war, would worry about one more.

Can positionality tell you about the day I held a young child who

had been wounded, and understood in the mother's eyes the grief she was feeling? Can it explain the day I watched a son die of starvation and wanted, in typical American fashion, to "do something," to make it better? How a Mozambican journalist there stopped me from making a fool of myself with his respectful attitude toward the mother, something for which I will long be grateful?

The fact of being an American born of Northern European tradition is an inescapable position, and one that calls up critiques of occidental research by authors like Gayatri Spivak (1988) and Trinh Minh-ha (1989). These authors challenge western scholars to question their motives in studying non-western peoples, their witting or unwitting location in power relationships when they try to "speak" for those they have worked among, and the effects, both intended and unforeseen, that accrue from their work. Research and representation are irreducibly intertwined with politics and power.[3]

I take such critiques seriously. One need only read V. Y. Mudimbe's (1988) *The Invention of Africa* to come to the embarrassing realization of the extent to which the colonial enterprise resonated in anthropological texts. Yet organizations like Human Rights Watch and Amnesty International and scholars like Michael Taussig (1987) and Nancy Scheper-Hughes (1992) are equally right when they challenge people to speak out against the inequalities and injustices they encounter wherever they encounter them. To do anything less is tantamount to condoning these injustices. We have reached the stage of theoretical development where we can no longer throw out such uncomfortable contradictions as worrying about the abuse of privilege in speaking for another and simultaneously recognizing the need to speak against the injustices another is subjected to. I do not attempt to resolve this seeming contradiction, nor do I think it can be resolved. This dilemma is part and parcel of our scholastic world as I see it. I cannot pretend to escape the negative ramifications my presence and my culture will have on those with whom I work by virtue of my concern for them. Nor can I turn my back on pressing questions and problems because I can only paint the world from a palette whose colors have been tinted by the force of my culture(s).

This discussion throws into stark relief a question we cannot afford to leave unanswered. Does not theory create the other in its attempt to protect it? Do we not (re)create and perpetuate the very (post)colonial divisions and hierarchies we seek to dismantle in associating author with *author*ity? Several metamessages are carried in the admonition made by westerners themselves that they should not presume to speak for non-westerners. One of the most powerful is the distinction that "we" are not "they." Encrypted in the message is a clear accounting of who is us and not-us, the hierarchy of relationships that characterizes these divisions,

and the power that accrues to this naming, this control over classification. It implies that we *can* speak for others (and since we do not extend the warning to non-westerners not speaking for us, the added implication is that "they" *cannot*). It implies that our speaking has some meaning, some relevance. With this statement, "we" are associated with a power supraordinate to the other: "their" words may be important, but theirs are not the threat to us that ours are to them. In the final analysis, this message creates a hierarchy, imbues it with privilege, charges it with unequal power relationships, and places "us" on top. In this way, scholarship reifies the same divisions that produced the injustices being condemned; it reaffirms the divisions through which domination and subordination have been constructed.[4]

The ramifications of "privileged thinking" are considerable. I am reminded of an event that occurred soon after returning to the United States from my fieldwork in Mozambique. I found myself in an argument with a philosopher at a professional meeting, who said: "In the contingencies of war, people just try to survive first; they work single-mindedly to procure what they need to live, and only then can they turn to thinking." I rebutted by saying that everything I had learned about warfare taught me that, to survive, people must first think. This thinking involves creating viable realities from chaos, creating a future from the timelessness of destruction. Without this, survival is impossible. I was also challenging a more subtle point: the philosopher's premise that what "scholars do" is epistemology and what "informants do" is popular thought.

To relegate theory, philosophy, and epistemology to academia is to say that quests into the nature of thinking is a privileged scholarly process. The implications of this are legion: scholarly literature is replete with words like "popular knowledge," "indigenous traditions of thought," "local belief systems," and "local-level philosophies" that refer to the production of knowledge in ethnographic settings. When did we begin to distinguish theoretical from popular knowledge, garnishing the former for ourselves, the researchers, and assigning the latter to those we study? By applying such arbitrary distinctions, we imply that the locals (read "natives") do not theorize unless they are themselves academicians. We also imply that somehow epistemology is not popular knowledge about knowledge, but something "better," even though countless studies on the sociology of knowledge demonstrate the degree to which our "scientific frameworks" are rooted in personal and social process.

I suggest instead that theory, philosophy, and epistemology are part and parcel of cultural process. In Òkot p'Bitek's (1983:106) words, "Culture is philosophy as lived and celebrated in a society." Just as society is culturally constructed, it is philosophically constituted—by its citizens.

Not everyone in a society conducts formal epistemology, but all societies have their philosophers. The respected member of a village who makes war "comprehensible" and strategies for thinking about it "graspable" in a reflexive and self-reflexive way is engaged in epistemology. Epistemology and worldmaking are related: both constitute creative and theoretical processes. These conjoined processes are necessary for those whose towns have been burned, whose families are scattered by war, and whose present (war-afflicted) life is unrecognizable by any previous standard. Not everyone in a community is equally adept at this process, and those who are most adept share their insights, constructions, and possibilities for a future with others. Knowledge systems are introduced, argued, revised, philosophized, and shared.

Countless are the times I sat with Mozambicans who theorized about knowledge and how to use it to explain and sustain their shattered worlds. To deny this the status of epistemology, to distinguish scholarly from popular knowledge among people respected for providing formal paradigms of thought for their communities, to deny that such people are our colleagues raises the hoary question of whether such acts are simply hierarchical recolonizations of the "less privileged." No epistemology, no knowledge system, is inherently more rigorous than another—though it may be privileged in terms of the power it holds over others. To try to privilege a knowledge orientation, as has been wont to occur in academia and in other institutions heralding formal versus popular distinctions, is to (attempt to) impose a hierarchical ordering. This attempt is always a statement about power.[5]

* * *

Whether we as researchers are responding to the critiques of occidental scholarship or to the profound dilemmas of our own research experience, situating ourselves in narrative is a bit like narrative: it is necessary, but it glosses over and smooths out the chaotic, timeless, and multidimensional qualities of lived experience. It provides ordering. And like narrative, situating ourselves all too often seems to be imbued with a moral component. I am reminded of Tim O'Brien's words on war:

> A true war story is never moral. It does not instruct, nor encourage virtue, nor suggest models of proper human behavior, nor restrain men from doing the things men have always done. If a story seems moral, do not believe it. If at the end of a war story you feel uplifted, or if you feel that some small bit of rectitude has been salvaged from the larger waste, then you have been made the victim of a very old and terrible lie. (1990:76)

My work is not a simple act of writing. It will suggest theories of human behavior, it is inscribed in a moral context, it is intended to instruct—for I believe that in order to do something about the atrocities of war, we must first understand the realities, not as we wish to see them, not in metaphors that gloss over pain, but as close to the experience as words and a second-hand account make possible. But within all this is sympathy for O'Brien's observation: "If a story seems moral, do not believe it." Morals, like all cultural relationships, are fraught with contradictions, confusions, and the attendant imbroglios of human reality. Any pat constructions of morality, ethics, or theory are likely to be more ideological than accurate. Hans Magnus Enzensberger captures this well:

> Just the mention of civil war sooner or later turns into a kind of self-experimentation. No bones are broken; and yet every disagreement about civil war fuels the war itself. I am not neutral. . . .
>
> It is impossible to have a linear discussion on this theme. Merely stating your own position fans the flames of conflict. There is no Archimedean point. I have stepped into an intellectual and moral minefield. I have to move with great care. But I know that although I might, if I'm lucky, find my way through, I'll never be able to clear the field. I don't even see eye to eye with myself. (1990:49)

From considerations of experience to epistemology, from situating ourselves in the act of research and writing to challenging these very situations, it is important to craft our discipline with as much care as possible and to respect those we write about more than we respect our own love of theory and practice. This is neither a smooth nor an uncontested process. Like Enzensberger, "I don't even see eye to eye with myself" throughout much of this process. But that doesn't negate the academic endeavor. For me, it simply makes it more real.

Notes

1. Postmodernism and Jackson's radical empiricism build on a concept of experience that has been honed within several contemporary scholarly traditions. Phenomenology placed experience in the context of socially constructed realities, clearly rejecting any notion of an external objective reality that is experienced and is reflected in experiencing (Husserl 1962; Schutz 1962, 1964). As there is no fixed and given reality, people cannot "know" or share the same experience of reality in the same way. Experience cannot be separated from interpretation. Phenomenology combined being and thinking about being (Heidegger 1962). Scholars such as Dilthey (1954) posited "structures of experience" that equally combined thought, feeling, and volition or will, and sought to cast experience as comprising both the typical and the exceptional, the habitual and the fleeting. Many traditional phenomenologists, however, tended to focus on

the conscious, the cognitive, and the volitional in their analyses. Existentialism refined the concept of experience by expanding from a focus on epistemological realms concerned with *thinking* to include ontological considerations concerned with the nature of being. In this development, the emphasis on the volitional was refashioned so that experience included conditions of absurdity (the desired but not-known) and "négatité" (the expected but not-there) (Camus 1955; Sartre 1957). For the existentialists, discovery, both of oneself and of what is there as well as what is perceived as not there, unfolds in praxis. Inverting traditional phenomenology, authors like Sartre posited existence as preceding essence.

Contemporary feminist literature has provided perhaps the most compelling perspectives on experience in considering identity/culture/power relationships. Recognizing the contested culture of human relationships within a framework of dominant constructs, feminist critiques of modernism and postmodernism have taken this a step further to insist on gendered sensibilities, and to place these in transnational analyses of war. This has not been common: despite the fact that 90 percent of all war-related casualties today are civilians, and the majority of these women and children, traditional political science approaches continue to influence research foci on power brokers (male), soldiers (male), and battlegrounds (soldiers). Cynthia Enloe (1993) reminds us that behind these carefully crafted masculinized images of warfare are a host of enduring realities. The war enterprise relies on strategies of targeting women; it relies on systems of prostitution and the work of women; it is grounded in gendered ideals of family and state. Yet these facts are all too often obscured in the formal presentations of war. To depict the realities of war is to acknowledge and research how conflict and its resolution is engendered.

2. If I reproduce a narrative here like ones I heard in Mozambique about a chameleon (the untrustworthy), a rabbit (the quick and unaggressive), a bird (knowledge), and a dead body (the truth of violence); if I present this as a text that conveys secondary information, but let it stand, eternal, as a text that can be decoded in and of itself; if I leave it decontextualized from its telling and the motivations of the teller as these shift from speaker to speaker, telling to telling—what can this say about the experience of narrative? What can this convey about the particular circumstances in which a person finds herself or himself in relation to soldiers, rebels, collaborators, abusive and helpful power brokers in the community, blackmarketeers who profit from the war and the selling of information, illicit tax collectors and renegade troops, all of which affect a person's survival—since that is, in fact, what the narrative is about?

3. The anthropologist who claims to "give voice" to those less able to do so, warns Spivak, is often engaged in little better than postcolonial discourse refashioned for a postmodern world. Unless western academics undertake serious self-critique—not only as academics, but as westerners, as historical products, and as a nexus of privilege—Spivak warns, their sincerity and abilities must be doubted.

4. Abu-Lughod (1991) provides an excellent analysis of the power relations attendant to western scholarship and, as part of her argument, writes: "Even attempts to refigure informants as consultants and to " 'let the other speak' in dialogic (Tedlock 1987) or polyvocal texts—decolonizations on the level of the text—leave intact the basic configuration of global power on which anthropology, as linked to other institutions of the world, is based" (pp. 142–43).

5. I am reminded, in considering core themes concerning knowledge, of Francis Bacon's idols of the mind. Bacon, writing in the early seventeenth century, was fascinated with the topic of knowledge and with those traits that stand in the way of our knowing, or understanding. (See his *Novum Organon* 1620 and *Advancement of Learning* 1605.) Bacon foreshadowed the present concern with the sociology of knowledge and highlighted the timeless nature of these problems. He identifies four idols of the mind to explain the existence of human error in understanding, and, while he labels each in what today appear to be sociological categories, he clearly intended these to refer to humankind in general. First are the idols of the tribe, obstacles to the intellect that affect all humans. These involve the tendency to ascribe more order to events and systems than actually exists, and to oversimplify explanations. Novelty is embraced. The latest explanatory model always appears the most profound until it is replaced by a newer one, which is then wholly embraced. Next are the idols of the cave, fallacies caused by personal idiosyncrasy. People have a habit of seeing the world in their own terms, and some focus on similarities while others are concerned with differences. Understanding is cast in the mold of the speaker, and it is only by comparing the versions of many that a more comprehensive understanding can be achieved. Third are the idols of the marketplace. These presage the works of scholars like Saussure and Derrida, and speak to the problems caused by language itself. Each person uses language differently, each word carries a slightly different significance for the speaker. Yet any claim to a universal language is bound to fail, for, ultimately, shared truths cannot be comprehended by everyone until they are translated into the systems of signification understood by each person. As each person understands words, concepts, and usage in a different way, distortions in understanding, in the framework of knowledge itself, invariably follow. Last are the idols of the theater. These are the philosophical systems within which each person operates that provide the tools of analysis for epistemological investigations—systems of ideas that cloud a fresh and unfettered perspective. Political ideologies, religious doctrines, cultural ideals on the nature of human existence, and philosophical assumptions about reality define "truth" and the parameters of knowledge and action for each individual, but vary considerably among people. Yet the degree to which each belief system is embraced by a person ensures that little understanding is possible between people holding different philosophies, different "truths." Bacon's ideas are not original, nor are they unrecognized today, but they point to some of the profound problems that continue to complicate understandings of experience, knowledge, and action—concerns that have been recast in the contemporary philosophies of postmodernism, feminist theory, and social science endeavor.

their lands of Renamo troops, and they operated mainly in two of the north central provinces of Mozambique.

5. Manuel Antonio here is enacting his own resurrection from burial, and, by implication, his links to Christ. As I wrote in Chapter Two explaining Manuel Antonio's history, the themes of burial and rebirth are common in Mozambican medicine and power.

6. A colleague, Tamara Jane, read this manuscript before publication and wrote in the margin: "This is amazing in terms of how *mass* daily compliance is essential to legitimize power—unless the power is used to control people solely through terror—and how both of these constantly interact. I resist mentioning Foucault . . ."

7. Whether this is true I cannot say, but I found a dedicated group of people working within the province doing as best they could with very limited resources. The twenty minutes of water and several hours of electricity a day serving the provincial capital (and this during "good" conditions) convinced me that at least some apathy on the part of Frelimo existed toward this area.

8. I am indebted to Karl Maier for aiding me in understanding Geffray's book *La cause des armes*, which is written in French.

9. Reminiscent of Foucault's panoptican.

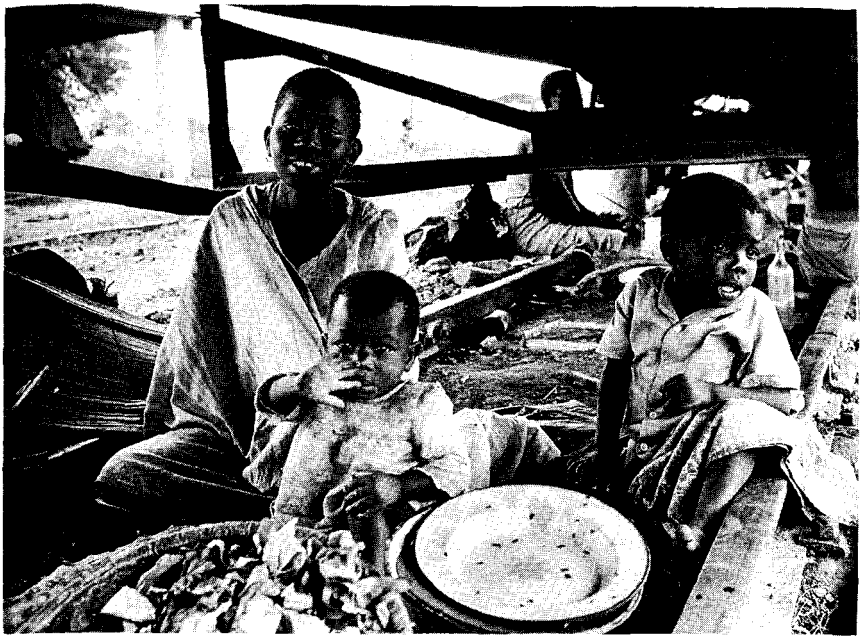
Chapter 4

Living on the Frontlines

Departure

Anger is creaking and
authoritarian forces vibrate
strange things are advancing without scruples
in a bewildered way and
a hoarse voice
cries out without hope or fear
resounding in his heart
pain and grief.
Pools of blood and evil
emerge criminally in the land and
escaped souls
drown life without distinction!
How it hurts to evoke a destiny!
Splendid sunbeams
tearing the yellow belly of the dawn
will shine through
eyes rebelling against death and sleep
in one beautiful morning of departure.

—Bernardo



Displaced people, Moatize, Tete province, 1987. Photo by Anders Nilsson.

Violence

> They have not just killed my family and taken my home, they have killed my soul. They have spit on it and killed it. (Mozambican woman, at the height of the war)

It may at first seem curious that in a book entitled "a different kind of war story" this chapter is devoted to issues of violence and its resolution, not "war." There are several reasons for this.

The most important involves the pursuit of the definition of war. Not war in the abstract, as in a Clausowitzian treaty, but as enacted by real people in real places. If I am to conduct an ethnography of a warzone, what exactly is this war I plan to study, where do I go to find it, what does it look like? Traditional political science would have it that going to the offices and institutions of (elite) political and military actors constitutes a reasonable place to study (the phenomenon of) war. But both the people who populate the institutions and the structures and ideologies that shape their expression exist across war and peace. How, then, can they be said to be indicative of war if they exist and operate equally in peace? Political alliances and antipathies, clashes of ideologies, the intoxication of power, and the activities of militaries define the very institutions and actions of militaries and political power brokers, in war and out. The institutions that are defined as carrying out the enterprise of war—political and military—are fundamentally concerned with controlling the definitions of what war is, not with making the definitions responsible to the realities of war. In fact, one can argue, these institutions have a vested interest in defining war in precisely nonrealistic terms. If any warmaking institution in the world were formally to publish strategic texts or policy statements that included, for example, the 1996 United Nations statistics that more children are killed in war than soldiers or data on the extensive international profits that accrue to war, public support for war could evaporate rapidly. Therefore studying the nature and culture of war from a purely institutional vantage is less about the actuality of war than about the politics of power.

If the staging ground of war is not to be found in institutions and their ideologies, where, then, is it? Logic supplies a single answer: war comes into existence when violence is employed. Political aggressions may become flamed, threats may be flung back and forth, military exercises may take place, but it is only when bullets are fired and people are maimed and killed, when bombs destroy strategic targets, that war is said to exist. It is in the act of violence, then, that the definition of war is found. Militaries operate on one single truth: the strategic em-

ployment of violence. Politics is rooted in one paramount definition of security: military might that is ultimately predicated on the ability to employ (and deploy) violence effectively.

To understand war is to understand not only the places where it is formulated and directed, but the places where violence is enacted in the name of war. It is perhaps a profound irony that the political and military institutions themselves are precisely where war does *not* take place. Politicians may launch war, but they are seldom out on the frontlines facing and inflicting violence. Military command centers may direct battles, but the ground soldier advancing weapon in hand, the bomber flying toward a target, and the ICBM launchpad constitute a reality far removed from these command centers and their personnel.

Yet it is notoriously difficult to study the actual sites of violence. In fact, it is as hard to study the actuality of war as it is easy to study its institutions. This fact, perhaps more than any other, explains why so many studies of war have focused on political and military leaders and their institutional bases—as unrepresentative of actual war as this may be—rather than following the actual deployment of violence in situ. How many researchers collect data and hone their theoretical acumen in the midst of firefights, are witness to massacres, are allowed to observe and take notes during torture sessions in military prisons?

Locating war in the strategic use of violence does not provide easy answers to studying either war or violence. The question then becomes: what is nonviolence, and how do we study it? Answers are far more difficult to obtain than either popular or scholarly theory would suggest.

A major conundrum in the study of violence is the definition of violence. To sum up the dilemma: violence is not defined. This statement at first appears patently incorrect or frivolous, but it is not. It is a serious statement about the politics of power and about the way war is, and can be, conducted. Let me begin with a simple observation. In the decade and a half I have been teaching and researching issues of violence and its resolution, I do not recollect ever hearing anyone ask for a definition of violence. Because, quite simply, speaking at the level of cultural epistemology, people simply *know* what violence is. This knowledge of violence brooks no question into the accuracy of these definitions. It is what I call an "essentially defined concept." The knowledge people hold about violence they take, quite literally, to be true. It is accepted as a given, so much so that its givenness is not questioned. It is knowledge that is "always already" in social epistemology—the foundation from which all questions derive, but which is itself not questioned.

Nor, observation would indicate, can it be questioned. At a certain point, again speaking at the level of cultural epistemology, the basic

assumptions "defining violence" become incontestable. A second observation joins the first: in my experience people are as loathe to accept definitions of violence as they are to ask for them.

There is what may be termed "definition by a strategic lack of definition." For ultimately the key to controlling a phenomenon or event is defining it. If these definitions are essentially underdefined, the harsh realities of violence on the frontlines remain obscured from formal discourse and censure. If the lack of definition surrounding violence is not apparent, think of all the presentations available on violence and ask exactly what is violence?

- an act, a drive, an emotion, a sensation, a relationship, an intent to harm?
- a thing, an event, a concept, a process, an interaction?
- an intangible threat, a tangible force?
- something physically felt, something emotionally registered, something conceptually recognized?
- something that is over with the end of the act, or something that reconfigures reality in its very occurrence, making the concept of "over" meaningless?

Can the ontics of violence (the lived experience of violence) and the epistemology of violence (the ways of knowing and reflecting about violence) ever be realistically separated? Should an attempt even be made to situate violence in any of these domains? While recognizing that violence may be expressed as actions, emotions, responses, drives, or states of being, is it not dangerous to essentialize the definition of violence? To do so stereotypes core dimensions of human existence and leads to a *tendency* to fix violence as a "natural" category with "universal" expressions. To essentialize violence theoretically is to reify it, and to do so from the idiosyncratic cultural heritage of the theoretician is to lose not only the experiential force of violence lived but to endanger an adequate understanding of complex dynamics that define this phenomenon in thought and action.[1]

If reality is indeed culturally constructed, then fixing definitions is at once both political and impossible. In fact, I will suggest, the widespread Mozambican redefining of violence constituted one of the most profound acts of resistance to war's oppression I have ever encountered. It was the very flexibility of definition, hidden behind the hegemonic presentation of "what war is" so common in formal and popular thought, that noncombatant Mozambicans used to their advantage.

Regardless how we answer these questions, there is a truth of violence that cannot be ignored. Simply put: every military, every police repres-

sion, and every war or battle of the modern era has one and only one thing in common: reliance on the use of violent force to accomplish political goals, to vanquish enemies, and to enforce power over others. In this sense, violence is deconstituting and profoundly enmeshed in the politics of unequal power hierarchies. The millions of victims of political violence emerging each year share a significant experience of power politics in its most ontological dimension. What exactly is this ontological experience of violence that makes it the handmaiden of politics?

This book has continually demonstrated the difficulty of studying violence rather than a second-hand account of violence-passed. Even investigations into violence first-hand are fraught with possibly unanswerable questions. The foremost of these questions, and one that undermines the definitions of violence discussed above, is the issue of where we *situate* violence.

To study violence, even to talk about it, is to make a determination as to what constitutes violence where and among whom. Before we can study it, before we can even ask about it, we must situate what we deem to be violence. In the most basic terms, to what person or text in what location do we as researchers go in conducting a study of war and violence? The decision, from military commander to maimed civilian, situates our definition of violence and thus determines our definition and approach to violence. Do we situate it:

- in the leaders who define and command, the soldiers who enact, or the civilian population who constitute 90 percent of all war casualties in the world today?
- in actual troop actions in war and peace, only in troop engagements engaged in violence, or in the whole of the politico-military enterprise?
- in the perpetration of violence, or in victims and target populations?
- as outside everyday society, or as within it?
- in war, or in the mere possibility (threat) of war?
- in (violent) actions, or in narratives of violence?
- at the nexus where violence meets resistance and conflict resolution?

Do we locate violence in action, culture, society, physical realities, conceptual ideologies, biology, ontology? Does a child's song about an encounter with violence carry the same analytical weight as troop deployments and adults' resistance movements?

Where do we locate viable discussions of violence? In military texts, military accounts, political policies, academic treatises, with the victims, the onlookers, in the stories true and false that circulate in and throughout everyday society and life?

If the answer is all of these and more (which I would strongly agree with), the next question of course is, how many researchers require how many years to make even a dent in collecting representative information? Given this restraint, how do we make the study of violence responsible? Where does one person turn her or his focus to collect information on violence?

The Question of Violence and Anna's Story

So, what is violence? I hold with philosophers like Nietzsche who say that all too often theory is a mirror held up to reflect one's own presumptions and worldview, not one positioned to reflect the world outside. Or, as Bacon—ironically, one of the forebears of scientific realism—observes:

> The human understanding is no dry light, but receives an infusion from the will and affections; whence proceed sciences which may be called "sciences as one would." For what a man had rather were true he more readily believes. (1960:52)

This is nowhere more evident than in considerations of violence, a topic so politically loaded and emotionally charged that opinions often speak more to how people want to see the world than how it really is. Violence is a cultural construct, as are the theories intended to explain it. Each is embedded in a spiral of personal, social, and cultural histories and experiences that color one's orientation toward the topic, researcher and informant alike.

Violence fits well with Bacon's list:

> There is no soundness in our notions, whether logical or physical. Substance, Quality, Action, Passion, Essence itself, are not sound notions; much less are Heavy, Light, Dense, Rare, Moist, Dry, Generation, Corruption, Attraction, Repulsion, Element, Matter, Form, and the like; but all are fantastical and ill defined. (1960:42)

The *notion* of violence is an abstracted category, by definition an order of reality altogether different from that of the experience of violence. As a "notion" it is removed from "actuality" as we live it. Moreover, notions are conceived, politicized, even poeticized in ways experiences never are. Many of the definitions of violence I held to be "true" before I began to study it were dispelled as I listened to the hundreds of stories of people living on the frontlines of conflict. I realized that many of the assumptions we take to be valid are more a part of our cultural heritage than a product of scholarly endeavor. To illustrate the complex nature of violence and the questions that accrue to it, consider the story of Anna, whom I met in 1991.

Anna lived on the outskirts of one of the larger towns in Zambezia. She had arrived a year or two before—a refugee from the war in her own village. She had fled an attack, and before fleeing she had seen one of her sons, and a number of her friends, brutally murdered. When she ran, she took her youngest child with her, but lost track of her husband and the rest of her family, who had scattered to avoid the violence. As she paused to look back at the village where she had grown up, she saw flames consume her home, the market where she bought her goods, and the houses of her friends where she went to talk and share chores.

As she tried to reach safety, she was captured by a group of Renamo soldiers. She was raped and beaten, and forced to carry the loot of her own village for seemingly endless days through the bush, heading toward, she guessed, the Renamo base camp. Other people from her village that were kidnapped during the attack shared her plight. One older man could not keep up. He had a cough and the loads were too heavy for him. He was beaten and left to die. She hoped he somehow had made it to safety.

One night when the soldiers seemed to relax their guard, lulled into complacence by the vastness of the bush and the distance from any village or Frelimo base, she and her child slipped off quietly into the night and ran, hungry and full of fear, until dawn. She walked, her child in her arms, for days, living on what little she could scavenge from the land, until they came to a town. There she was told she should try to make it to a larger town several days' walk away—the town where she now lived—for there she would find refugee assistance. Along the way she met several others in her predicament, and they made their way to the new destination.

There was a refugee center, but it was like nothing she had ever seen before. There was food, but not much; there were houses, but they were small huts all crammed one on top of the other, stretching as far as the eye could see. Not long after she arrived, she and her child moved in with a man she had met. He was all right, but he beat her when he became angry or frustrated, which was often. But she told herself it was better than being alone and on her own.

Food was more than a daily preoccupation, one she, like all of the deslocados, worried about hourly. The food made available through the center was not enough. By the time the distributors had their cut and the blackmarketeers had siphoned off what they could to sell, there was little left for the many who were hungry. The village leaders and the military, if present, often took the lion's share of what was left. People were encouraged to make and farm their own machambas, but that was fraught with danger. The townspeople were embittered

with the arrival of so many deslocados competing for resources, and fights over rights to farmland often became bloody. The townspeople usually won—they had rights to land that spanned generations and bureaucracies, and they had the force of family and friends to back them up. That meant the recent arrivals like Anna had to go far into the bush, often several hours' walk, to plant a machamba. Traveling so far on one's own left a person vulnerable to attack from soldiers in the bush. For those who had already escaped from Renamo attack or capture once, this was an unbearable possibility. However, so was starvation. The dilemma became whether to risk kidnapping or death at the hands of Renamo while traveling to and from one's machamba, or to procure food in the camp or in town either legally, which was sometimes impossible, or illegally, risking imprisonment. In addition, even if one could procure land to farm, a newcomer had no ancestral rights to it. Ancestral rights were significant because of the traditions that linked lineage and ancestral rights to specific land(s). One's ancestors came to live in the land, ensuring the right of their descendants to live and work the land, and ensuring fecundity. Living on someone else's land meant that deslocados either lived without the protection of their ancestors or, if they chose to perform ceremonies to bring the protective spirits of their ancestors with them, lived on land under the rule of someone else's ancestral lineage. Many people told stories of becoming sick because their ancestors fought with the ancestors who had historical rights to the land, the former hating to succumb to the domination of the latter.

Amid all this, Anna was profoundly troubled by the fact that she had not been able to do a proper burial and ceremony for her son who had been killed in the attack on her village. She worried about what would happen to his spirit, and what that meant for both him and her family. She was never able to express the grief she felt.

Anna was hungry, her child was hungry, and she had nothing; all her possessions had been lost when she fled her village. Many people were in her position: refugees who had lost everything and fled here for safety. Embittered, angry, exposed to too much violence, and unable to work or farm, the more aggressive and desperate turned to thievery and violence to put food on the table. This was especially true in the town areas, where even walking in certain places or at certain times was unsafe. You never knew when someone might catch up with you walking at night and take your last piece of clothing, the few coins you had, or the bit of food you had been able to coax from the ground or another person. As Anna spoke a different dialect from that spoken in the area she now resided in, she feared this might leave her even more vulnerable to the unscrupulous.

> The thing that kept Anna going was dreaming of returning to her home village, of finding her husband and the rest of her family, of rebuilding her house and replanting her machamba. But she was pregnant again, and what would her family say to that? In all likelihood, the pregnancy had resulted from the rape she suffered at the hands, so to speak, of Renamo. She had heard women gossiping about other women who returned home with one more child than they had left with, only to be cast out by their husbands.

I met many Annas in Mozambique, and I tell her story here to explore the question of what violence is. The question is complex, and the layers of violence to which people are subjected are stacked one on another in an experiential whole that can be understood only by investigating all the strata. Military assault is the most compelling font of violence, but from where Anna stands, violence extends out from her world in many directions. The layers of violence in her daily world are manifold and indivisibly intertwined:

- There is the violence that extends into her home. Probably most immediate to her is her child's hunger, a product of a world of inequalities whereby some can feed their children and some cannot. Yet it goes deeper than this: her child's normal destiny has been taken from him. Her son does not play lightheartedly with the other children of his birth village, grow strong on the stories and the food of his extended family, delight to the tales told by his grandparents. He does not learn the landscapes, the animals and the plants of his village, but the harshness of a town of strangers and how to listen for the attack of soldiers or thugs. There is the violence done to her murdered son, and to her in watching him killed—an unresolved pain for Anna because she has never been able properly to express her grief, conduct the ceremonies necessary to ensure his place among the dead, and to mourn him and his spirit in a healthy way. Then there is the violence of her home life: her partner who beats her and has little respect for her traditions and values.
- There is the violence unleashed on the community: of people competing, at times viciously, for insufficient food and goods; of crime and feeling continually unsafe.
- There is the violence of being a *deslocado*, a person of a different language group, of being an outsider. This is an everyday fact of life that ultimately impinges on her very identity: to be dis*placed* is to be uprooted from that which grounds notions of self and self-worth, suddenly to confront a world lacking in signifiers that give meaning and sense to being-in-the-world.
- Then there is the violence of her memories. As she describes it, each thought of her family, of not knowing if they are dead or alive, is

like a knife wound. Her yearning for her once-happy home life is, she says, like a crippling pain. Her nightmares of her village burning make her physically sick.

• And then there is the physical violence of the war itself, both that done to Anna and all those like her, and that which they were forced to witness. It is a violence, Mozambicans tell me, that goes far beyond the physical bloodshed to injure family stability, community sustainability, and cultural viability. The continuity of the historical present is obliterated, respected traditions are dismantled, values rendered moot. Psychological peace and emotional security are bygone memories. Tomorrow, once taken for granted, now becomes a tenuous proposition.

Multiply Anna's story not by the thousands but by the hundreds of thousands, even the millions, and a picture of what the war in Mozambique was like for the citizens begins to emerge. Widely accepted figures demonstrate that fully one-half of the population, more than eight million people, were directly affected by the war.

Nuancing Our Understanding of Violence

What does this say about Mozambique? In terms of sheer overt violence how do we compare the experiences of the people who are mutilated in individual acts of terror; the villages that are totally destroyed; the communities that bribe paramilitary soldiers not to harm them; the districts on the margins of the fighting that have never seen actual warfare but slowly starve because of ruined infrastructure; the children kidnapped and forcibly trained to become soldiers; the refugees who continually flee war and never see it but lose family members to it; the traditional healers who treat the devastating wounds of war but are then placed at the center of fighting as targets and booty for both armies alike; the people who make fortunes selling information and acquiring loot; the war orphans who have seen their parents killed; and, finally, the experiences of the soldiers and political leaders themselves? How do we successfully juxtapose the violences Anna has endured to those of the woman who told me:

> I love this country and I hate it. It is my country, its blood flows in my veins. No one who has not lived like this can understand. The war has gotten into us all, it lives in us, affecting our every move and thought. If I walk outside, I wonder if today is the day I will die. If my brother is late coming to visit me, I wonder if he has been kidnapped or killed, and the terror lives in me. I have not heard from my mother—she lives in an uncertain area behind Renamo control—and I live daily

not knowing if she is dead or alive, whether her spirits are calling for me to do a proper ceremony for her, or if her body is calling for food and family. You do not have to see the war to live the war, and the war lives in all of us.

Each story, each experience, is as personal as its narrator; but all, taken together, begin to make up the cultures of violence and survival that shape the lives of Mozambicans. And this culture of violence is inserted into the daily life-worlds of people on myriad levels, from the actual to the symbolic, from parable to representation, from personal interaction to dream. It is less about actual institutions of violence than about the reality of violence as an inescapable fact of life. It is the knowledge systems made necessary by war and threat; it is the site of resistance. This culture of violence is not activated only during or near actual encounters with physical violence; it does not disappear when the physicality of violence ceases. Violence becomes a cultural fact, a persistent enduring dynamic. This cultural force of violence maintains the reality of violence beyond its mere physical expression.

Because violence was so widespread in Mozambique, stories about violence—stories of suffering, of compassion, of survival—circulated constantly in everyday conversation. These discussions were a survival skill intended to take care of the victims of violence and to warn others how to avoid victimization if at all possible. But to accomplish this, an accurate understanding of how violence is experienced was crucial, and thus many discussions revolved around the many "casualties" of violence, the many ways it could harm. This knowledge was essential to understanding how the harm could be ameliorated.

Readers may have noticed that the songs, the stories, and the quotes so far presented in this book do not often deal solely, or even mainly, with actual physical acts of violence, but rather with a type of violence that is much deeper and enduring. This perspective stands in contrast to the more official accounts of violence in global culture. In journalistic reports, official statements, academic publications, and popular movies physical acts of brutality are the main focus, and stories of gruesome mutilations, rapes, and murders abound. The stories that most violate notions of human decency tend to be the most circulated. Yet when I listened to average Mozambican civilians discuss the war, these barbarous accounts, while present, were not the focal point. The destruction of home and humanity, of hope and future, of valued traditions and the integrity of the community resonated throughout these conversations.

To illustrate these nuanced perspectives of violence, I start with a classic example of violence, and move on to examples of some of the more common themes surrounding the experience of violence Mozam-

bicans frequently discussed. Lina Magaia's well-known book on the war in Mozambique, *Dumba Nengue—Run for Your Life: Peasant Tales of Tragedy*, contains what many consider classic accounts of violence, no matter what culture or position one holds. Magaia's book is a compendium of accounts of military (Renamo) attacks against noncombatants, each a story she collected in the course of her work with the Ministry of Agriculture. Magaia is careful to point out that these stories are not the worst or most uncommon, but just the opposite, the most commonly heard war stories of the most average of civilians. Her book opens with the following account.

Classical Example of Violence

It happened at night, as it always does. Like owls or hyenas, the bandits swooped down on a village in the area of Taninga. They stole, kidnapped and then forced their victims to carry their food, radios, batteries, the sweat of their labor in the fields or in the mines of Jo'burg where many of those possessions had come from.

Among the kidnapped were pregnant women and little children. Among the little ones was a small girl of nearly eight. . . . And the hours went by and dawn broke and finally there was a halt. They put down their loads and the bandits selected who could return home and who had to carry on. Of those who had to keep going, many were boys between twelve and fifteen. Their fate was the school of murder—they would be turned into armed bandits after training and a poisoning of their conscience. Others were girls between ten and fourteen, who would become women after being raped by the bandits. Others were women who were being stolen from their husbands and children.

To demonstrate the fate of the girls to those who were going back, the bandit chief of the group picked out one, the small girl who was less than eight. In front of everyone, he tried to rape her. The child's vagina was small and he could not penetrate. On a whim, he took a whetted pocketknife and opened her with a violent stroke. He took her in blood. The child died. (Magaia 1988:19–20)

Nuancing the Classical

Such stories as this have come to be associated with the very nature of violence. They have come to define it. But violence is not so easily rendered. While Magaia lived with the truth of this violence in her everyday life, readers outside Mozambique do not have this same depth of knowledge. If we take this description alone, as journalist reports and anthropological vignettes are wont to do, what do we learn about the ontological dynamics of violence? How did the act described above reconfigure the definitions of self, the lives, and the daily realities of the people present? What does it convey about the nature of grief and fear? How did this act of violence insinuate itself into the society and culture of those who witnessed it or heard of it? How did it reconfigure cultural truths? What is it that is so powerful about this kind of violence that it

is found in virtually every war taking place in the contemporary world? If war is about hegemony and control, and violence is fundamental to the carrying out of war, what is the relationship between violence and the abuse of power and control?

We also need to ask: would we as readily see violence in the plight of the mother whose son works in an area behind Renamo lines, who has no way of knowing if he is kidnapped or safe, dead or alive? Would we label as violent the situation of the child who may never have seen bloodshed, but listens, in both fascination and fear, to the stories told around the cooking fires at night of the treachery and terror the war has brought to the child's land? And whose definitions of violence do we take to be most true?

> The war brings many types of violence, and some we can deal with better than others. The physical mutilation and massacres are horrible. . . . There is no excuse for this, no easy solution to the suffering it causes. The foreigners, the government representatives, and the journalists all talk of this as if it were the only kind of violence there is—when you see the blood run. But this may not be the worst form of violence. We have seen people hurt and killed in our lifetime. We know there are dangerous people in the world. We have seen people mutilated from war and accidents. We know there are sorcerers in our midst who wish us harm. Our traditions teach us how to deal with these difficult aspects of life. This war has elevated death and mutilation to a terrible level, worse than anyone should have to live through, it is true, but these things we have seen before. But you want to know what I think is the worst thing about this war, the worst violence I suffer? It is sleeping in the bush at night. The Bandidos come at night and attack while we are sleeping, so we all sneak into our villages, our homes, during the day to do our work and tend our crops, and then sneak back into the bush at night to sleep hidden by isolation in some distant location covered only by the sky at night. Animals live in the bush, not humans. Forcing us to sleep out with the animals makes us no better than them—these Bandidos, they take away our humanity, our dignity, they make us like animals. My marriage bed is the center of all the things I hold dear. It is the center of my family, my home, my link with the ancestors and the future. This war, these soldiers, have broken my marriage bed, and with that they try to break my spirit, break what makes me who I am. This is the worst violence you can subject someone to.

Violence reverberates across personal and social landscapes in ways that move beyond the sheer physicality of the act of harm. Adding to

Magaia's stories, consider the following perspectives on violence I found common in Mozambique.

Grief as a Weapon

One day, during a visit to a town that had recently shifted control from Renamo to Frelimo, several Mozambicans and I walked past a hut where a man's body was being carried out. We had been talking about the fact that more than a score of people were dying each day in the town, and the many ways war kills. One of my compatriots turned to me and said:

> His child died some days ago, and now the war has taken him too in its own awful way. You see it all the time, a young child will die, and in a few weeks the parent will be dead. He had to watch his child waste and die in his house before his eyes, unable to do anything, unable to get medicines or food or help because the war has made all this impossible. And he sits and thinks all during this time, "I am the father, I am supposed to take care of my family, to protect and nourish it; and yet here I sit watching my child die and I can do nothing." And then when the child dies, he just locks himself in his house and his grief, and he doesn't come out—and pretty soon we must perform another funeral.

Attack Against Hope and Normalcy

This is a particularly insidious form of violence. One day, I was speaking to a child of five or six years of age who had walked hundreds of kilometers with his family after his own village had been attacked and burned. He had the countenance of an adult and the weakened body of a child half his age, and he spoke with the detached seriousness of an old man about the violence he had witnessed. At one point I asked him about a wound on his leg, the type of injury children are prone to get. My question was intended only as a demonstration of concern—the wound was not serious. I was quite shaken with his response, a pronouncement delivered with the utmost seriousness:

> The wound? I will die of it. We walked here many days, and we had nothing while we walked. I watched my brother die during that time. We had to leave our home because the Bandidos attacked it, and I saw them kill my father. Now we are here and I watch my mother dying slowly, because we have nothing. I will die too.

Tactical Use of Contradictions

Consider the all-too-common scenario related by Mozambicans who have been attacked by Renamo. When the soldiers came, as they often did at night, they sometimes broke into a home and raped the wife in full view of her husband and children. In fact, they often commanded the husband to remain and watch, or be killed. Sometimes family members were forced to hold the wife down during the assault. Both soldiers and victims know all too well that this is a broad-spectrum form of violence intended to undermine personal integrity and family relations in their most profound sense. Trust, normalcy, power, and control over one's life are all attacked. It is a spectacle of violence. The injustice is made worse by the actions of some of the FAM troops. I have been told by a number of FAM soldiers that if they hear of such a rape, they immediately assume the husband must be a Renamo collaborator—for how else could he sit and watch such a scene? So the violence is carried one step further, compounded layer upon layer. If the husband is incarcerated or killed by Frelimo troops because they assume he is a Renamo supporter, his wife and children suffer yet another assault in a spiral of violence—the survival of their family.

Thwarting Solutions

When chaos comes to define a person's life-world, Mozambicans seek to remedy the situation by returning order and meaning to the world through ceremonies. A constant refrain I heard among people was that, precisely because of the war, they could not perform the ceremonies they needed to. Ceremonies were usually performed at night, and the noise would alert soldiers in the area, potentially eliciting reprisals or attacks. For many Mozambicans, one of the greatest violences they were forced to endure was that they could not perform these ceremonies in order to begin healing the violence in their lives.

Emotional and Existential Violence

These rank equally with, and in many cases outrank, physical violence. The following is an excerpt of a conversation I had with a man in the interior of Zambezia the day after he arrived in town after having escaped from the Renamo band that held him. He was middle aged, his speech was halting, and his affect undermined. He was both a strong and a broken man. The first attribute had allowed him to escape; the second was a product of what he had to escape from. Speaking to him

was like conversing with someone who is simultaneously present and looking off into the far distance.

> We were under Renamo control for several years. They came and took everything, including us. We were forced to move around a lot, carrying heavy loads for Renamo here, being pushed there for no apparent reason. People died, people were killed, people were hurt, assaulted, beaten—there was no medicine, no doctors, no food to help them. My family is gone, all of them. Only I am here. But the violence and the killing is not necessarily the worst of it. Worst of all is the endless hunger, the forced marches, the homelessness—day in and day out a meager and hurting existence that seems to stretch on forever.

Ongoing Violences

But what the above quote does not capture is the fact that the man's suffering is not over. An acquaintance had taken me to see the man, who was staying on the outskirts of town in a bombed-out and deserted quarter that had seen the ravages of the war come and go. Someone was sent to find him, and we spoke to him outside, on the border of a field lying fallow. At the time, I thought it unusual: Mozambican etiquette normally involves making one's introductions, and then sitting and talking inside, on a verandah, or on a patch of ground under a tree or in a clearing. In this case, no introductions were made, and we stood, isolated from paths where others might appear unannounced or rooms where others might overhear. In the harsh sun and on a flat plain, we could see anyone coming from a distance.

Only slowly did I realize that the man's ordeals continued. I remembered a phrase I had heard repeated frequently, both by civilians and soldiers: that one was never sure about these people who had been with Renamo for such a long time, kidnapped or not—for the violence and the way of life, maybe even the ideology, under Renamo might become absorbed, become a habit, become reproduced. Soldiers and civilians grappled with this dilemma in different ways. The soldiers said they investigated the person to try to determine if he or she might have become a Renamo collaborator. If the evidence was strong, the person might be shot or taken to prison. Sometimes this was done even if no apparent proof of collaboration existed, or if there was evidence the kidnap victim had been forced to participate in raids. The soldiers explained these were not necessarily punitive actions. They justified their deeds by arguing that most kidnap victims escape far from their homeland, and without money or family connections they have little means of returning to safety. Should such a person fall back into the hands

of Renamo, he or she will certainly be killed, the soldiers say. So for their own protection, they may be incarcerated. For others' protection they may be killed. Personally, I did not find the soldier's actions to be so reasoned. I encountered a number of towns where FAM troops had arrived and shot Curandeiros, village leaders, traders, and people suspected of being collaborators on the flimsiest of reasons. *Deslocados* were often suspect merely because they were "dislocated," and even for the most innocent victims of war the fact remained that soldiers and officials kept a close eye on *deslocados.*

Civilians have a different means of dealing with the recently escaped, means generally far more grounded in creative resolutions than in violence. Fluent in the realities of life under war, they recognize that the violence to which people have been subjected can remain with them, capable of erupting at a later date, and that this violence can ruin normal sensibilities. The solution, however, is to recommend African medical therapy from a curandeiro or curandeira who specializes in war trauma. Such a professional is adept at recognizing the psychological and emotional as well as physical wounds of war, at treating them, and at helping the patient begin to reintegrate into a normal community life.

But the end point was that everyone was concerned with those who have suffered under Renamo, and were watching them carefully. Because the man I spoke with had just arrived, and had not been interrogated by the troops, embraced by the community, or treated by local methods, his position was volatile. And because he had not undergone these rites of passage, he had not learned how to respond appropriately. As is often the case with people in this condition, they are extremely honest about their ordeal, almost carelessly so—they have not yet learned to "edit" their conversations to fit social and political requirements. It seems clear that my acquaintance felt for the man and was concerned with his protection, but also thought it important that his story be known, and for that reason he took me to see him. So we stood at the edge of a field in an isolated area talking and watching for anyone to approach. I have often wondered if that man finally made it to the safety of his home village, if he languishes in prison, or if he is dead. I never heard of him again.

Destruction of the Future

One day I was speaking with a man in the clinic who had just had his testicles cut off by a contingent of Renamo soldiers he had the bad luck of running into. Although bandaged and clearly in pain, his concern was not with the overt violence to which he had been subjected, or with the wound itself, but with what this wound meant to his future.

> I have two wives. What will they say to me when I return home? I am not like I was before, now I can give them nothing. How will they want to stay with a man who has no sex?

Is the cutting off of the man's testicles the violence? Is it the cutting off of his identity as a man and a husband? Is it the cutting off of his lineage, of the children he will now never father? Or is it something more profound and enduring? The Mozambican scholar Sergio Viera once said to me that the aim of the war was to create a *nonsociety*, and that is why tactics like castration are employed. The spectacle of violence cannot be detached from its experience, its aftermath, its enduring reality. Dirty-war specialists know the actions of today define the truths of tomorrow.

One of the most insidious and powerful targets of violence is the very sense of future that gives definition and direction to people's lives. In an uncertain present, a future is impossible to determine. But to be human is to have a future, and this lack of future, people said, can fuel further violences:

> People do what they do, the atrocities and responses, because they do not see a future. They have no sense of themselves in the future. Thus a man who kills doesn't think of the repercussions of his act—that the spirits of those he has killed will return to harm him, that the society he has violated will hold him responsible.

The assault against a viable future carries a great weight in everyday life. When a friend who lived in a different province asked me to stay a while longer during a visit, I told her I had to go, but that I would return. She responded:

> Don't talk to me of the future, don't talk to me of coming back. Maybe I'll be dead, killed by the soldiers, maybe I'll have had to flee and no one, even me, will know where I am, maybe they'll blow up this damn town with everything and everyone in it and then what will you have to come back to? No, don't talk to me of tomorrow—stay here for we may only have today.

The reverberating effects of violence projected onto uncertain futures is nowhere more evident than with people like Anna, whose story opened this chapter. Her chronicles of violence, from watching her village burned and her son killed to the indignities of life as a *deslocado*, will not be over with the end of the war. In discussing Anna and the people like her that have come to populate the desperation of the Mozambi-

can landscape, Joaguim Segurada, a Portuguese anthropologist working with Action Aid in Mozambique said to me:

> So what happens when these women go back to their homelands? Still they are missing their husbands, their families. Who will want them? Maybe they return to find their lands missing—that they have lost the rights to them when they lost their husband, or maybe some avaricious person or enterprise has taken their land over, and the women have no means, no strength to fight this. But worse than that, they will have lost "normalcy": the context of their family and home can never be the same again—it has been irreparably destroyed. Healthy culture, as they knew it, is gone. How are they to live and thrive, to find new husbands, to find land to work, to build a home where they can raise their children well, to reestablish family ties with a family that has been shattered? Unfortunately, isolation is their plight now, and it will be their ongoing plight in the future; and for Africans, isolation is an impossibility.

I had just heard a woman's account of her experiences that gave tragic illumination to Segurada's words and am reminded with this story that it is not just this woman's, this family's, future that is a casualty of war. This is a stark example of the conditions necessary to reproduce violence across generations if left unsolved.

> I was kidnapped by the Bandidos Armados several years ago when they attacked our village, and forced to march back to their base camp. Life was awful: we had only the clothes on our backs, a fist in our face, heavy loads on our heads to carry, nothing in our bellies, and a soldier with his penis out coming at us every time we turned around. I was "given" to many men, and in the way of nature, shortly became pregnant and gave birth at the Renamo camp. It seemed like I was gone forever, for a lifetime. Sometimes I could not believe I was still alive. Times were always hard for us at the camp, but it became hard for the Bandidos as well. Food became scarce, and there were some attacks a distance away which forced some of the soldiers to leave and lend help in other places. With the confusion, some of us saw the chance to make our getaway, and slipped off one night into the bush. All those long days walking back to my village, all I could think about was how happy I was to be returning to my home, my husband and family, my machamba, my parents, and the land of my ancestors. Little did I know another war was about to begin. When I arrived home, my husband had taken up with another woman. I was disappointed but

> not surprised, I had been gone away a long time. I still expected to live with him [her society is polygamous], but he could not stand the fact that I had a child by another man, even though it had been conceived in rape. He hit the child and called it filth, and threw me and the child out. My parents were still alive, and I moved back with them. But my father felt much as my husband had. He would hit my child and call him Renamo dirt, and tell me I was dirt to have produced him. He would constantly say, "You should take this filth back out to the bush and leave it there along with the rest of the Renamo garbage." No other man will consider me now. I see no future for me. I live with my parents now, but they are growing old and will die someday, and then I have no idea what will happen to me. I cry, and my child cries. But it is worse for him. He is treated like dirt, and he is starting to act like it: he is angry and aggressive, withdrawn and difficult. He does not play and grow and learn normally like the other boys. What will he grow up to be? This war has killed so much, and it is killing generations to come.

Resistance

In the safety of refugee camps people laughed at how a single Renamo soldier or auxiliary, often without a gun, had managed to demand goods and even rape women without the villagers being able to resist. To emphasize this point people told me about a woman in northern Tete who was suddenly overcome by the situation, and axed the Renamo soldier to death herself rather than see her home and family destroyed. People spoke in awe of the woman who had broken the Renamo-spell. (Wilson 1992:537).

Phantoms; and Bento's Story

One day, during a discussion of the war, a man said to me:

> Do you know why, when you meet a phantom on the path at night, you run back the way you came, and never look behind the phantom? Because if you pass him and turn around to look back, you will see there is nothing there. This war, it is a lot like that phantom.

Phantoms and the phantasmagorical are part and parcel of African life. Time-honored traditions enunciate the dangers phantoms bring, the emotions and fears they elicit, the correct behaviors one is to engage in when meeting a phantom, and the curative interventions one must seek if damage has been done. The war has expanded on all of that.

Renamo usually come at night, and follows footpaths across fields and into villages. If people must travel home at night or go out to relieve

themselves after dark, they risk walking the same paths as those who may be coming to do them harm. It is not unusual for a small contingent of Renamo to stand outside a village hidden from sight, capture an unwitting walker, and try to force information from her or him as to the layout of the village; the names and locations of administrators, teachers, health care personnel, and stores of supplies; the existence of any Frelimo collaborators in the village; and any information the person may have on Frelimo troop movements. Then, at their leisure, they can come back to attack the village. Anyone walking at night may be suspect: the point is not to brave a potentially dangerous encounter and risk violence, kidnapping, and even death.

> Do not pass a phantom,

for to do so means the phantom is aware of you and can then interact with you. But the next line is even more powerful.

> Do not look behind the phantom, for you will see there is nothing there.

This is perhaps one of the most profound statements on the war. The phantom like all dangers, conveys a terror that is truly multivocal. Its face is well defined and recognizable, and its countenance, along with its great size, can threaten the average civilian without effort. It speaks, it is full of stories and threats. Its footfalls are silent and its path unerring. And it is, if not invincible, at least perpetual. There are always phantoms. But behind all the many layers of violence and bravado, actions and words, there is . . . nothing. There is, ultimately, no substance, no sense. To die at the hands of violent meaninglessness is the paramount paradox, the source of terror, and the existential absurdity Mozambicans recognize.

Existential absurdity highlighted in the lethal force of war is a theme common to many narratives throughout Mozambique. Folktales, whether produced and reproduced around village cooking fires or by the literary elite of Maputo, capture this powerful dialectic intruding on people's lives in war. One of my favorites is "The Whales of Quissico" by the Mozambican poet Mia Couto (1986:55–62).

The story opens with Bento João Mussavele sitting, just sitting. One has the impression he has been sitting a long time, for although people pass by and talk to him, they do not worry about him. That is how he is. But one day he decided to get up, and his friends began to worry, assuming he was going back to his home and *machamba*:

> But where are you going? Where you come from is full of bandits, man.

But Bento had a plan, and he disclosed it to his uncle:

> You know, uncle, there's such hunger back there in Inhambane. People are dying every day.

And he went on to explain that these people had told him that a whale comes up to land on the beach there.

> It comes from the direction of the night.

As it lands, it opens its mouth and it is full of things, just like a store.

> Like a store from the old days.

All anyone needs to do is fill up a van and take it back into the city.

His uncle laughs, explaining that there is no whale, that it is a product of the imaginations of hungry people. But Bento refuses to be swayed so easily from his belief and his goal, and resolves to talk to two local wise men. The first, the schoolmaster, told him that

> whales are prone to deceive,

adding quickly that this was because they looked like fish, but were in reality mammals. The second, the local white man, replied only that:

> The world was going crazy, that the earth's axis was more and more inclined and that the poles were becoming flatter, or flatulent, he didn't quite understand.

So Bento sets out to find the whale, and finally arrives at the beach, lined by abandoned beach houses.

> Now, all was deserted and only he, Bento Mussavele, ruled over the unreal landscape. He settled in an old house, installing himself among the remains of furniture and the ghosts of a recent age. There he remained without being aware of the comings and goings of life.

Several weeks later, he was visited by some of his friends who had risked the journey over war-ravaged roads where

each bend in the road was a fright to ambush the heart.

Finally one sympathetically explains to Bento:

You know, Bento, back in Maputo it's being rumored you're a reactionary. You're here like this because of this business of arms, or whatever they're called.

And he goes on to explain that South Africa is supplying arms to Renamo, which come via the sea. Bento, agitated and confused, reiterates he is only waiting for the whale. One friend, who is a cadre member, replies;

The whale is an invention of the imperialists to stultify the people and make them always wait for food to arrive from abroad.

His friends left and the days went by. One night Bento awoke fevered, sure that the sea was calling him. Giddily he walked naked to the water, convinced the dark patch out to sea was the whale. As he waded out into the sea, a voice of reason cut into his senses, telling him there was no whale, and that the water was going to be his tomb.

But to die just like that for nothing?

And he continued out, wading into his dream.

The story ends with the ruminations of those who, finding Bento's clothes and satchel in the abandoned house, claimed they were proof the enemy who had been responsible for receiving arms had been there.

In the story of mad Bento, who is ultimately condemned as an enemy arms envoy, Couto has captured much of the absurdity and pathos that defines the war. And he has brought home the way the war has insinuated itself into every aspect of people's lives—into their hopes and fears, their friendships and politics, their madness and sanity. Each set-off phrase in the rendering of the story above is a theme that comments on the realities and tragedies of the war, themes that are heard in story after story, told in province after province. Each contains a message, an existential comment on the war—existential in the sense of both a philosophical rumination and existence as survival. Following the quotes through their sequence in the story, an example of themes invoked include:

But where are you going? Where you come from is full of bandits, man.

There is no going home. A concept of home is itself a madness in the midst of war. But if there is movement, people assume it is toward finding "home."

You know, uncle, there's such hunger back there in Inhambane.

To be full of war is to be full of hunger. But hunger is a complex phenomenon, including, in addition to physical hunger, a hunger for reason, hope, cultural coherence, and equality—at least enough equality to get a piece of the very large pie that is feeding some while starving others.

It comes from the direction of the night.

Renamo, atrocities, and chaos come with darkness. Attacks come at night, and the arms that make the attacks possible come from the direction of night—the West.

like a store from the old days.

Millenarianism reconstructs the chaotic present by projecting a (safe) history, a respected traditional culture, onto an unknown future. But as well, the "stores" of the past were owned and run by colonists, like the war is today.

Whales are prone to deceive . . . the world was going crazy.

The information you ask for is not the information you get. The African schoolteacher warns of the threat of treachery and deception, while the white man is paralyzed by incomprehensible chaos, unable to distinguish flat from flatulence.

Now, all was deserted.

The war is a scene of intellectual, emotional, personal, and sociocultural desertification. It empties people not only of life and living but also of reason and reality. As one travels in Mozambique, one sees these deserted communities, goods left intact under layers of dust in a silent testimonial that dreams of coming home exist simultaneously with the recognition that one can never go home. These eerie borderlands run

parallel to the margins of animated communities and through the center of the thing called war.

Each bend in the road was a fright to ambush the heart.

Even the mundane, especially the mundane—a bus ride—is fraught with unreal terror elevated to heart-stopping reality. Death is a very real possibility at each bend in the road, and the threat is of death to more than the corporeal body, it is a threat of death to the spirit and the soul.

You know, Bento, back in Maputo it's being rumored you're a reactionary.

Even the mad and the innocent are defined in terms of the polemics of war. And in the capital city, the center of war endeavor and analysis, people do not know the difference between the mad, the innocent, and the political.

The whale is an invention of the imperialists.

The mundane and the mad, dreams and hopes, become parables of power. For the uncle the whale is an invention born of hunger and desperation; for the cadre member it becomes a statement about imperialism and neocolonialism.

But to die just like that for nothing?

Like the phantom one must not look behind, the reality of death at the hands of meaninglessness is insufferable. Dreams, even dreamed in madness, are better than embracing the emptiness of an unintelligible war.

Finally, the interpretations of a poor mad man's fever-ridden death in terms of enemy networks of arms transfers brings the ironic, and the violence it speaks to, into the center of lived experience. The war has permeated every aspect of society, and is capable of turning innocence into complicity, fever into treachery, and dreams into strategy.

Lest we become complacent about the term "folktales"—seeing them as civilian parables attempting to make and convey some sense of the war, however filled with metaphor and fantasy they may be—I will set down a dialogue a colleague of mine had. This person had gone to speak with the head of security of a large international corporation with extensive holdings in Mozambique. My colleague was considering traveling to an area where the security might be dicey, and he thought that, as the

corporation had representatives in the area, its personnel would have a good idea of the current security situation. The head of security told him that travel was possible, but that he should be careful, especially around the first of the month, for:

> That is when the submarine carrying supplies and weapons for Renamo arrives at the beach, and, for days before that, all the Renamo troops in the area are coming down from the hills and out of the bush to rendezvous with the submarine. Then, after the submarine leaves, the troops, brimming with supplies and weapons, make their way back to their camps. Anyone traveling at that time not only has a greater chance of running into Renamo, but of running into a Renamo war-giddy and heavily armed.

I do not intend to cast aspersions on the head of security of this large corporation, but I knew the area he was referring to fairly well and had never seen "hordes of Renamo coming down from the hills on the first of every month." Nor was there any indication, in local gossip or action, that a submarine came to the area with any regularity. Submarines may come and go, they may populate the landscapes of parables and folktales, but the average Mozambican knows that, regardless of the potential technology and weaponry available to Renamo through outside contacts, in fact the war is predominately a ground one. The reason Renamo not only attacks but loots villages and towns is that they are carrying, often by foot, their plundered goods to Malawi and other international destinations to pay for their war effort. For the Mozambicans, whether the submarine actually exists or not is unimportant, for it stands as a symbol of the intricacies of power and the international networks of military exchange that fuel the war they suffer. But for the international company, the submarine had become a reality.

Children's Stories

Child

To talk about a child
is to talk about the causes
of so many wars
is to remember the reasons
why parents are lost.

To talk about a child
is to talk of millions

of ragged faces
innocent victims
of excessive ambitions,
is to talk of hunger
of illness
and of starvation,
is to talk about nakedness
of misery
and of cries muffled
by human wickedness.

To talk about a child
is to talk of the future
of a people
is to talk about the construction
of a nation.

To talk about a child
is to shout loudly
DOWN WITH CORRUPTION
DOWN WITH WAR
LONG LIVE PEACE.

—Vitalina

(written by a secondary school student in Zambezia province when I asked what her experience of war and peace was. This was written in 1991 at the height of the war.)

I have focused primarily on adults as storytellers. Children tell their own tales. One day I was near a coastal village on the beach of Zambezia province. A group of children were singing, clapping, and dancing together. I wandered over to them, and asked if they would teach me their song and dance. While I could master the dance with some ease, having been a dancer in my earlier years, the song was in Chuabo, the local dialect, and I stumbled over the words to the unmitigated delight of the children. After some time, the mother of one of the children came over to join us, and I asked her to translate into Portuguese the words I did not understand. She and the children sat conversing, working out the translation for me. Expecting some ditty children often compose in play, I was surprised to hear:

Papa Chissano [the president of Mozambique],
Papa Chissano,
come and see,
come and see,

the Bandidos Armados are here,
they have taken my shirt,
and my crops don't grow.

I asked the mother if, the next time I was in the area, I could come to visit her at her house and collect some more of the children's songs. She agreed, and some days later I went to call on her at her home. When I arrived, we chatted a bit, and then I asked her about the songs. At that time, all the children except the youngest were outside playing, and she went to call them in. As she went, she said what stands to me as one of the saddest commentaries on the war:

We adults, we don't know these songs. It is the children who know. It is the children who make these songs up and sing them.

I was reminded of Veena Das's (1990) work with children who were exposed to the rioting in the Punjab. She points out that all too often adults treat children as if they have no philosophies, no feelings on war themselves. Yet they have developed remarkable social commentaries, if we only remember to ask.

The children sang a number of songs for me that day, some chronicles of their lives, some chronicles of bravado from those most vulnerable to the war:

On Friday when I was sleeping
I heard the gunshots of the Bandidos Armados
Then we ran away, we climbed, to Micaune
to the islands of Idugo.
We will return to Pebane
Oh Pebane,
Oh Pebane,
I dream of Pebane.

These children had fled Pebane after it was attacked and were now living as *deslocados* several days' hard walk from there. "All we dream of," they told me, "is going home."

The Bandidos Armados sabotaged our District,
called Pebane.
In Zambezia, no one plays [threatens] with us
we have cannons,
we have bazookas,

pistols at our side,
for the enemy.

The pathos of this song lies in the fact that children of five and six have made it up and sing it as they play—children who are refugees, who have been left with little, and who certainly have no means to protect themselves. Nor do their parents, who had no weapons, no means to stave off the attack on Pebane or to drive off the invaders that still controlled the area. I was reminded of Roland Barthes's quote from Blanchot[2]:

> There was something marvelous in that song, secret, simple, and everyday, which had to be immediately recognized . . . a song from the abyss which, once heard, opened an abyss in each word and lured one to vanish into it. (1985:256)

In Mozambique the streets of all the major cities are filled with orphans whose parents have been killed or lost to them in the chaos of the war. Streetwise, tough, and full of bravado, their songs are raw with the reality of their lives. One song a group of street children I had befriended sang to me goes simply:

They got [killed] my mother,
They got my father,
But they won't get me.

What, then, can we say about violence?

Is it the sheer act of force? Of being forced to watch force? Of being subjected to the many humiliating injustices that follow from one (random) act of violence? Of being exposed to homelessness, hopelessness, helplessness, and inhumanity? Of not being able to perform the actions necessary to combat the ongoing onslaught of violence; to reconstruct humanity? Most of the Mozambicans I talked with said it is all of these, and more.

Violence, then, is not some*thing* simply formulated in terms of historical conditions of conflict played out along a conflict trajectory to affect the present. *Violence is culturally constitutive.* Its enactment forges, in fact forces, new constructs of identity, new socio-cultural relationships, new threats and injustices that reconfigure people's life-worlds, new patterns of survival and resistance. These emerge in interaction as the idiosyncratic (the personal) and the immediate (the contextual) both shape and are shaped by historical knowledge and forces. In this sense, violence

is generative. Allen Feldman, in his work on the conflict in Northern Ireland, argues against the idea that violence is simply a product of the historical evolution of (political) identities within relations of antagonism: "Modal violence detaches itself from initial contexts and becomes the condition of its own reproduction" (Feldman 1991:20). Violence is not a static "thing" or a passing "event," unchanging and monolithic, that is variously employed to achieve certain ends. It is a transformational cultural dynamic expressed and resisted within a changing and often contradictory social universe.

> Chronic violence transforms material and experiential contexts and renders the relations between structure and event, text and context, consciousness and practice labile and unfixed. . . . Novel subject positions are constructed and construed by violent performances, and this mutation of agency renders formal ideological rationale and prior contextual motivation unstable and even secondary. (Feldman 1991:20)

Violence is also culturally deconstitutive

Violent interaction is not just a relationship among people struggling against a tangible force, but entails as well an interaction with a potentiality, a dread, a veil of possibility hanging over one's entire life. People's actions, interactions, and sense of self and conceptions of community are continuously reconstituted in the relationships linking potentiality and the harsh reality of violence. And, as we will see in the following pages, they are equally constituted in the potentialities and hopeful realities of defeating, not just troops, but the violence itself.

Creativity / ~~Violence~~

> We local physicians [we curandeiros] we have had to set up new ways of treating people with this war. This war, it teaches people violence. A lot of soldiers come to me. Many of these boys never wanted to fight, they did not know what it meant to fight. Many were hauled into the military, taken far from their homes, and made to fight. It messes them up. You see, if you kill someone, their soul stays with you. The souls of the murdered follow these soldiers back to their homes and their families, back to their communities to cause problems. The soldier's life, his family, his community, begin to disintegrate from the strain of this. But it goes further than this. These soldiers have learned the way of war. It was not something they knew before. They have learned to use violence. Their own souls have been corrupted by what they have seen and done. They return home, but they carry the vio-

lence with them, they act it out in their daily lives, and this harms their families and communities. We have to take this violence out of these people, we have to teach them how to live nonviolent lives like they did before. The problem would be serious enough if it were only the soldiers, but it is not. When a woman is kidnapped, raped, and forced to work for soldiers, when a child is exposed to violence in an attack, when people are submitted to assaults and terrible injuries, this violence sticks to them. It is like the soldier carrying the souls of those he has killed back into his normal life, but here, the soul carries the violence. You can see this even with the young children here who have seen or been subjected to violence: they begin to act more violently. They lose respect, they begin to hit, they lose their bearings—and this violence tears at the order of the community. We can treat this, we have to. We literally take the violence out of the people, we teach them how to relearn healthy ways of thinking and acting. It is like with people who have been sent to prison. They go in maybe having stolen something, but they learn violence there. They learn it because they are subjected to violence. We treat this too, in war or in peace, violence is a dangerous illness. And the thing is, people want to learn peace. This violence, it tears them up inside, it destroys the world they care about. They want to return to a normal life like they had before. Most work hard with us to put this violence behind them. The leaders of the wars, those people who profit from the wars, they teach this violence to get what they want, without regard to the effect on people and communities. It is our job to thwart this violence, to take it out of the people and the communities. We are getting good at this, we have had a lot of practice.

How is it possible to speak of creativity and violence in the same breath? Is this an insidious way of glorifying violence, of reproducing its hegemony? If I had not seen how average Mozambicans redefined and reconfigured violence as an act of resistance *against* violence, I might have assumed this. But in taking control of the definitions of violence, in redefining them in a way that resisted the hegemony of politico-military control, Mozambicans demonstrated a creativity in conflict resolution as sophisticated as any resistance to political oppression I have seen in fifteen years of studying war. This response is perhaps one of the most sophisticated of techniques. Ultimately, the Mozambicans who forged systems of resistance to war remind the rest of us that violence is not a fixed entity, a "truth" to be dealt with, but instead it is a social, political, and cultural construction that noncombatants—the targets of most violence—can redefine to assert their own political will. In de-legitimizing violence, people reconstruct a new political culture, one that delegiti-

mizes the politics of force. Such political reconstructions are a serious threat, for they simultaneously delegitimize the political systems that rely on force to maintain power. They remind us that violence crushes political will only if people *believe* in its ability to do so. When people take the definition of violence into their own hands, they *are* affecting political will.

The physician's statement shows how people set up healing networks to, quite literally, "take the violence out of people": redefining it as a fluid process that can be *un*constructed as well as constructed as political force. But what it does not convey is that *every* locale I visited or researched countrywide had set up systems to resist violence in this way. Everyone who had been exposed to violence was encouraged to receive physical and psychological care that included counseling towards peaceful responses. Every community had generated ad hoc conflict resolution mechanisms. All these resources were constructed at the local level, all were locally generated, none were institutionalized through governing bodies or formalized social services.

The physician's statement, however, only begins to convey the true extent of services people developed to combat war. It was my experience that one of the first responses Mozambicans instituted in the midst of abusive injustice was to teach people how to respond without perpetuating destructive systems of interaction. The examples are legion, as the following chapters will show. The passage at the beginning of this section conveys a viewpoint common to African doctors and healers throughout Mozambique: that everyone who has been physically harmed by violence has also been emotionally scarred, and that these problems can reverberate across lifetimes and communities long after the violence of war has subsided. They treated violence like any other disease. As one healer said to me: "Violence is like a rash on the soul—we must treat this to return the person to health. And we can, we heal this rash on the soul." Extending on this philosophy, a number of primary school teachers began classes in relieving traumatization, knowing children exposed to violence not only suffer its impact, but as well are prone to reproduce it. They taught children nonviolent ways of combating injustice.

Deslocados (the war-displaced) were helped to build a comfortable place to live. Ceremonies were held to remove the trauma of war. For example, one of the reconstructive ceremonies performed for people was "remaking the marriage bed." Even if the person's family was scattered and unaccounted for, the marriage bed symbolized the continuity and succor of family and tradition. In fact, one of the common complaints about military attacks was that "home" was destroyed, rendering the victims *brutos na mata,* animals in the bush. In "remaking the marriage bed," "home" was refashioned as a place of security. This was also

a very tangible act: people were given a sense of place and belonging, they are reintegrated into the practices and values of daily living. Meaning is given form.

Afetados (the war-affected) were reintroduced into the rhythms of life and stable society. People assumed that the war-traumatized, especially those who had spent time as kidnap victims or as soldiers, had been severed from the foundations of nurturance, and nurturance is antithetical to violent abuse. Numerous ceremonies exist to assist those who have been exposed to war and violence. Most involved cleansing ceremonies, physical and emotional healing, and practices to reintegrate the person back into the community and a healthy lifestyle.

One ceremony I participated in involved a woman who had returned after having been kidnapped by soldiers and held at their base for months. She returned physically sick and emotionally traumatized. The ceremony actually began days before the time of the public gathering. Community members stopped by to bring food, medicines, words of encouragement, and friendship. They helped the woman piece together a bit of decent clothing to wear, and collected water for her to bathe with. They sat patiently and told her stories of other atrocities: a constant reminder that the woman was not alone, nor was she somehow responsible for her plight. On the day of the ceremony, food was prepared, musicians called in, and a dirt compound shaded by pleasant trees and plants swept and decorated with lanterns and cloth. The ceremony itself lasted throughout the night, a mosaic of support and healing practices. Several high points included the ritual bath the woman received at dusk. Numerous women picked up the patient, and carefully gave her a complete bath—a cleansing of the soul as well as the body. The bathing was accompanied with songs and stories about healing, about dealing with trauma, about reclaiming a new life and being welcomed into the community. The patient was then dressed in her new clothing, and fed a nutritious meal. Shortly thereafter, the musicians began a new rhythm of music, and all the women gathered about the patient to carry her inside the hut. There, they placed her in a ball on the floor and gathered round her, supporting her. The support was emotional as well as physical: they tended her wounds, they stroked her much like one would stroke a frightened child, and they quietly murmured encouragements and reassurances. After a while, the women began to rock the patient, and lift her up among them. They held her up with their arms, talking of rebirth in a healthy place, among people who cared for her, far from the traumas of war and the past. They carried her outside, where the community welcomed her as part of it. Everyone began to play music, the audience accompanying the musicians, and after a while, each member of the audience got up in front of the musicians and danced: for

the patient, as part of the community, to reaffirm life. Slowly the formal structure of the ceremony gave way to the more natural patterns of community interaction, and the patient was drawn into these interactions. Throughout the ceremony, the woman was continually reassured with stories of ongoing support; of her need to place responsibility for her plight with war and not her own actions; and of her own responsibility to heal the war's wounds so she does not inflict the violence that she was subjected to on others. Respected traditions and nonviolent values are revitalized in story, song, and interaction. With this, community is rebuilt for, and with, the patient.

In the same way the ceremonies of healing and reintegration start long before the actual public gathering, they continue long after the musicians have put away their instruments and the community returned to their homes at sunrise. In the days and weeks that follow, the promises of support people made during the ceremony are acted on. Becoming self-sufficient is an important part of a person's reintegration into the community. This reintegration can be symbolic as well as literal. In the case of the woman described here, she actually reentered the community after having been kidnapped. But some who are exposed to severe violence during attacks may never leave their community physically, yet find their worlds so completely disrupted that in some cases they lose the very concept of normal daily life. Reintegration in this sense means helping a person reconstruct a viable life, a livable day. One powerful way of doing this in Mozambique is through farming. In an agricultural society, the rhythms of working the fields are at the core of healthy life. In agricultural work people are not only linked with the cycles of planting and harvesting, they are relinked with their ancestors and the traditions that keep society sound. Victims of violence were encouraged to begin farming plots of land. Often others in the community would work with them: giving solace, telling traditional stories, redirecting anger and vengeance into community building and positive political action, reminding scarred and battered limbs how to work.

I found it interesting that these resources were not restricted to the civilian victims of war. Demobilized soldiers were also carefully reintegrated into communities with similar sets of ceremonies and assistance. As people explained, "We have to take the war out of these soldiers." While community members often had suffered at the hands of soldiers, and maybe even from the ex-soldiers in their midst, they explained that to harbor revenge and anger would simply fan the flames of war and violence. If they were truly to defeat their opponents, they had to defeat the war, and that meant turning soldiers from warring to peaceful pursuits. If ex-soldiers were banished from communities—from the possi-

bility of home, family, and a civil livelihood—they would continue to use violence to sustain themselves. One of the most fascinating acts of civil resistance I saw in Mozambique involved civilians kidnapping soldiers and taking them back to their villages to put them through ceremonies to remove them from the war—and to remove the war from them—and to reintegrate them into civilian life. People told me they were often successful; many "kidnapped" soldiers gave up the war and remained with the community, or returned to their own homes and families.

The coherence, the truly national extent of this system of resisting and resolving violence was a surprise to many in Mozambique. When I began this study, I was continually reminded by Mozambican colleagues that a great deal of difference characterized the country. With more than a dozen major languages and cultural affiliations, diversity, not homogeneity, was the key theme of the country. I was reminded that each language group, each part of the country, had its own experiences of the war, personal and cultural, and that these would diverge widely. In some very important ways, this is true. But, as my work here has consistently shown, a very nuanced and widely shared set of practices and cultural responses were transmitted from person to person, from province to province around the country along with the war.

The cultures of war and survival cross-cut ethnic and linguistic affiliations, making new alliances and channels of information exchange. From the south of Maputo to the north of Niassa, from urban centers to rural outposts, from refugee camps to burned-out villages, every place I visited hosted people who shared a similar view about dealing with violence. These views were coded in medical and healing traditions, religious traditions, and community values about power and sustenance. They were set into play through local dispute resolution councils and coded in precepts of justice and human rights. And, as I turn to discuss here, they spawned entire social movements.

I began this section by looking at individual perspectives on "taking the violence out of the society." In the same way, on a larger scale, entire social movements were generated around these principles. Manuel Antonio, introduced in the "cast of characters" in Chapter 2, demonstrated how peasant values can do battle with modern troops—quite literally, when this commander's troops liberated some 150,000 people in a year from Renamo troops with traditional "white" weapons (spears and knives) alone. Mungoi demonstrates a different kind of example: a fully pacific, and very successful, "war against war."

I did not have the pleasure of meeting Mungoi, who has been dead for decades and now speaks through his offspring, or of visiting his place of residence some seventy kilometers north of Xai Xai, the pro-

vincial capital of Gaza in southern Mozambique. But Mungoi captured the attention of the whole country, and a friend of mine, the Mozambican journalist Gil Lauriciano, made the trip to Gaza to meet him.[3]

In a land where virtually no road travel was possible because of landmines and rogue troops, people surrounding the area colloquially known as "the settlement of the spirit of Mungoi" were traveling freely. There were neither military attacks nor kidnapping of civilians by soldiers. The spirit Mungoi, angered by the war, not only protected the people who lived and traveled in his area from violence, he ensured that people kidnapped by Renamo were returned to their families. His area grew famous as a zone where people with violent intentions could not enter: it was an oasis in a sea of war.

When Gil made the trip to Mungoi's settlement, he noted that the area was awash with vast fields of corn and manioc—itself strong acclaim to Mungoi's powers in a country devastated by drought and troops who plunder crops. It was a strong contrast to the barren and razed fields that characterized all too much of Mozambique at that time. He joined a pilgrimage of scores of people who visited Mungoi's residence (on Tuesdays and Thursdays—Mungoi's workdays) to seek help from the famous spirit or to pick up family members who had been kidnapped by Renamo and returned under Mungoi's guidance.

Greeted by Mungoi's son and daughter (who sat under a mango tree and a cashew tree respectively), and a cadre of assistants, the supplicants were directed to a spot in the center of the settlement in the shade of fruit trees. Soon singing was heard from one of the huts, and, shortly thereafter, a woman—the *portadora* (the conveyor of the spirit) of the spirit Mungoi—emerged. She was dressed in a leopard skin draped over a navy blue coat, long white pants and a shirt, gray shoes, and a black hat. Mungoi began to talk:

> It is good, my children, that you have decided to come to the land of Mungoi. Mungoi died a long time ago and has no problems with anyone. The enemy came here with arms [the son explained this had been on 22 September 1987] and entered through the back of the house. When the enemy arrived, they found my children cooking. The enemy did not ask anything, they entered into the houses and pillaged everything they found. Others ate all the food that my daughter was preparing, with the pans placed on her legs. After eating, they threw the hot water in the face of my other daughter. (Lauriciano 1990a:9).

The various groups, Mungoi went on to explain, were pillaging, killing, and kidnapping people all over town. Finally they met in his house,

where they put the looted goods in a big pile and began to choose the youngest of the kidnapped.

> My children. The enemy has done even more than this. He entered into the house where Mungoi is [the burial ground where his mortal remains are deposited], and they threw everything all over the place—even this wristwatch here [the portadora pulled up the sleeve of her jacket to show an old wristwatch with no hands] that they had taken. When they were on their way out they threw a baby against a tree (a mango tree) and carried off the children of Mungoi.

The spirit, speaking in a relaxed way, looked over the heads of the listeners, and once in a while looked at the wristwatch with no hands. Previously I have discussed the havoc terror plays with time—collapsing past, present, and future into a seamless now; revoking time, and with it the tradition of a meaningful past and a progression toward a hopeful future. The spirit's wristwatch is a classic statement on this irony of time and terror.

Mungoi went on to explain that, after the enemy left, he asked his son what was happening, and his son replied there was war. Mungoi then told his son he wanted to speak to Renamo. While waiting, the spirit explained, he got bored and went to the enemy's camp and began to "attack their heads" (*atacar os cabeças*: a double entendre meaning he caused misfortune and illness among Renamo, and attacked the leaders). Concerned, the spiritual advisors of Renamo sought to find out what the cause was, and finally discovered that it was Mungoi. Mungoi then had a conversation with the leaders of the attacking group, and explained to them that if they did not stop their attacks and return the kidnapped people and looted goods, misfortune would continue to befall them. A large ceremony was performed to appease Mungoi, and several days later a group from Renamo arrived at the settlement of Mungoi to return both people and goods that had been taken during the attack. The chief of the area told the leader of the group that Mungoi wanted to talk to him. After Mungoi explained his feeling about the war and the killing, the Renamo leader promised to stop all terrorist activity in the area.

Mungoi then explained to his son that he wanted to work, and that he was going to devote himself to the eradication of terrorism and war in his area. In the spirit's address, Mungoi explained how he wanted to work with the government but that the governor of Gaza did not have time for him: "he just orders people." Mungoi went on to explain that the local party officials attended a *missa* (traditional African mass) in his (the spirit's) honor. They were completely supportive of him, and, as one

official said, "We have no alternative but to respect the people's belief in Mungoi" (Maier 1990a). But the FAM commander of the area called Mungoi a *Matsanga* (Renamo follower) and would have demolished him and his area, Mungoi noted, if a "high up person in our country" had not intervened. Word has it that it was the intervention of President Chissano himself that saved Mungoi (embodied in his offspring) from arrest by FAM Commander Sathana (colloquially known as Captain Satan). Mungoi was clearly reinforcing a strong belief among the local population: while local party members and presidents may support you, you can never fully trust the government or the military in this war; if you want to survive, you must trust your traditions and your communities.

The government's concern, as with Manuel Antonio and his peasant army Parama, was not as staunchly military as it was political. Both Mungoi and Antonio championed traditional African power and culture, and threw political will back onto people, their communities, and the chiefly traditions that governed these—as threatening to the scientific-Marxist government of Frelimo as it was to the Renamo rebels. Ken Wilson quotes the Professor of History at Eduardo Mondlane University in Maputo as arguing that Mungoi

> is a "peasant intellectual" before he is a traditional medium; and is re-establishing, directly or indirectly, the fabric of the chiefdoms and rural-national monarchies and appears as the organizer and linkman of the social hegemony and political administration of this fabric. (1992:556)

And like that of Manuel Antonio, Mungoi's "magic" did work. In an area of over seventy square kilometers, people and vehicles, sporting Mungoi's flag with a blue cross on a white background, traveled safely, and attacks dwindled significantly. Looted goods and people were in fact returned to their homes. I spoke with several people who had successfully sought Mungoi's help in having a kidnapped family member returned home. One family told me:

> We went to consult with Mungoi, to ask for the return of our son who had been kidnapped. We sat at his compound for several days, and then, one morning, our son, skinny and bedraggled, walked into the Mungoi settlement and up to us. He said he had been working under Renamo orders one day when suddenly, and without explanation, the Renamo leader came up to him and told him he was free to go. He dropped his work, and while fearing for his life, fearing they would shoot him in the back as he walked away, he turned and walked off. No one stopped him, and he found himself walking in this direction.

Hundreds of people told similar stories. Mungoi's settlement remained safe throughout the remainder of the war.

Mungoi's settlement is not unique in Mozambique, though it is perhaps one of the best known. Peace zones, guarded by chiefs, curandeiros, and spirits, exist throughout the country. In Chapter 3 I discussed the little-known peace zone of the province of Niassa in the north. More famous peace zones existed in areas of Renamo strongholds (Samantanje, in Casa Banana in Gorongasa, where a high Zimbabwean official mediated a peace between the reigning spirit and Mozambican authorities) and in areas of high disruption, like those at the Mozambican/South African border. Gil Lauriciano writes of his visit to the south of Mozambique, long before he visited Mungoi:

> The first time I felt myself close to the world of spirits in Mozambique was in 1986 in the region Mapulanguene close to the frontier border with South Africa. A young FAM captain was priding himself on the collaboration he maintained with *Nhamussoros* [curandeiros] of the area after a difficult period. Captain Sulemane said that he had lost one half of his battalion without even entering into combat with Renamo. In each patrol unit, according to him, the cobras took care of three out of five men. The mystery was clarified with the help of an old combatant from Cabo Delgado. . . . The cobras were sent by spirits revolted by, and revolting against, the actions of the authorities. (1990b:9)

By the time Gil arrived in the area, the problem had been resolved: there had been a change in the attitude of the authorities. Not only was the problem with cobras solved, the atrocities of war and power were addressed and in a number of instances resolved. It is a curious irony that Lauriciano, a Mozambican, first felt close to the world of spirits when he began reporting on the war. But maybe not too curious: in Mozambique spirits are entrusted with guarding the health and welfare of their lands.

Notes

1. A number of scholars in anthropology and the social sciences have made considerable inroads to challenging the "accepted wisdoms" of a static and reified notion of violence. One of the earlier contemporary attempts to decenter the concept of violence from its monolithic construct and its focus on physical force alone involved the concept of *structural violence* (Thee 1980). This is violence—personal, domestic, community, and societal—that is provoked by exploitative and unequal relations embedded within the social structure. Poverty, starvation, preventable disease, and relationships of antagonism whereby one does not have recourse to rectify the situation provide some of the more dramatic examples of structural violence. Some scholars (Thornton 1991) take odds with the notion of structural violence, seeing it as an offshoot of purely structuralist theory, one, as Thornton has said to me, that is mired in a static image of

an "architecture of relationships." Thornton (1991:218) opposes a structuralist approach because, to him, "violence itself, raw and unthought, is meaningless." He argues against accounts, however historically and culturally nuanced, that posit violence as instrumental to the processes of domination, hegemony, and resistance. Instead, he is concerned with how violence, in and of itself, constitutes social forms and meanings, and how it emerges as a form of social interaction. For Thornton, violence "is integral to the social processes that generate the symbols and values that provision the political process." A number of scholars, however, do not consider "structural" violence to constitute "structural" theory—noting instead that to see violence codified in institutions, hence social structures, is a constructivist (in the meaning of Bourdieu) approach. Feminist theory takes structural violence as a useful concept without implying a structuralist theory.

While the concept of structural violence has certainly been employed in the restrictive sense outlined by Thornton, others follow Bourdieu's (1989) approach that he labels "constructivist structuralism or structuralist constructivism." Bourdieu brings to the fore the category of *symbolic violence*, which is maintained in socio-economic relationships cast in less than conscious hegemonic constraints. The disenfranchised and the oppressed not only participate in, but actually reenact, relationships of inequality that perpetuate their own stigmatized status, but they do so unwittingly as actors in a larger system into which they were socialized. *Habitus* determines relationships of inequality and antagonism as much as, and possibly more than, self-reflective action. This is, in Bourdieu's (1977:191) words: "unrecognizable, socially recognized violence." Bourdieu's contribution challenges the more restricted definitions of violence. For example, Riches (1986:10–11), in a perceptive anthology on violence, nevertheless states that "everyone implicated in violence is very likely to recognize it as such," and "the practice of violence is highly visible to the senses." (To be fair to Riches, I must point out that his concern in this article is predominately with the fact that " 'violence' is very much a word of those who witness, or who are victims of certain acts, rather than of those who perform them.") Violence, as this book stresses, has an intangible as well as a tangible quality, and each quality can have a tremendous impact on both people and socio-cultural process. Yet Bourdieu's focus on the less than conscious reproduction of relationships of inequality leaves us to ponder the origins of resistance and change. Comaroff (1985, 1991) has refined Bourdieu's approach by asserting that distinctions between conscious and unconscious are more heuristic devices than representative, and notes that it is in the hazy arena of partial, socially and personally negotiated consciousness that the conflict of hegemonic force and the voices of resistance are most powerfully articulated.

2. From Maurice Blanchot's *Le livre à venir* (1959).

3. See Gil Lauriciano, "Espirito Mungoi: Um poder alternativo ou apenas mais um fenomeno da guerra?" Domingo, Maputo, 2 Setembro 1990.

Chapter 5

The Grotesque and the Terror-able: The Ultimate Defeat of War

In the Massacre of Namacurra

A burst of the machine-gun
and he fell in the truck
his back broke
the neighbor's frogs croaked
tickles in his blood
the first cry was
the pitiful song of the swan

The trees exalted
noises of the metals—Death
with its scythe continued the fight
sucking all his spilt blood
and took the cross of suffering from him
painfully from the common pit

The river of tears dried up
the wheel of life
the essence of his heart stopped
The dam holding his blood fell down
the candles diminished

Death came into his nest
and there, inside
became quiet and happy
laying its lark eggs
and the silent tomb of worms
at last

A praying mantis
was the first living creature
to land on his dead body
I watched! With the heart of a glow-worm.

—Enuerto

Victims of MNR bandits, Inhambane province, 1986. Photo by Anders Nilsson.

The grotesque . . . might more appropriately be called a play with the very indeterminacy of existence. (Henning 1981: 107)

Aristotle has said the dialectic of tragedy is built upon the two nodes of fear and pity. Tragedy is often a word associated with Mozambique, as evinced in Lina Magaia's book, *Dumba Nengue—Run for Your Life: Peasant Tales of Tragedy in Mozambique.* The chronicles of horror, deprivation, and suffering to which the population has been exposed are an anguished drama that instills both fear and pity in the primordial sense. But for Aristotle tragedy did not accrue to tales of good people who, for no reason of their own, fell into disaster. Nor did it apply to stories of bad people who made good. Instead, tragedy revolved around good people, who *through an error of judgment* were thrown into calamity.

Unarmed villagers who are tyrannized, not because of any actions on their part but because they unwittingly constitute tokens on a field of military endeavor, do not fit the description of good people who have made a fatal error in judgment. Instead, Mozambican civilians constitute people who, through no act of their own, have fallen into catastrophic circumstances. They do not embrace the Aristotelian tragic.

It is the grotesque, rather than the tragic, that most aptly portrays the unsettling ethos of the war in Mozambique. The grotesque, as this Chapter will show, is a double-edged sword: it is used by military and paramilitary forces to effect terror and thus control; and it is used by the citizenry as a way of defeating the holds of terror.

The grotesque, as Mikhail Bakhtin[1] demonstrates, constitutes at the same time an act of oppression and the means of resisting it. Stories of grotesque actions circulated among Mozambicans in a way that ridiculed, and thus stigmatized, those who relied on such barbarisms to effect political power. To give a moral voice to these stories was to take the sting—the terror—out of terror-warfare. "To give form to the unspeakable has always been a function of the grotesque" (McElroy 1989: 184). The personal as well as political significance of the grotesque, as site both of repression and resistance, is evident in the fact that, as Bernard McElroy (7) reminds us, "There is no such thing as an abstract grotesque."

Redefining, and thus controlling, the grotesque is an extension of the redefinitions of violence discussed in Chapter 4 and relies on using the metaphors of excess to delegitimize violence, whereby the victims become not the enemy but the *judges* of unjust war techniques. The grotesque is a dialogue of power and powerlessness and their representations. I am reminded of a conversation with one of the news journalists at Radio Mozambique at the height of the war. We were in her office, and she was preparing the afternoon news. She showed me one of the

news items that had come in over the wires that day from a correspondent in Sofala province to the north. It was a quote from a woman interviewed after a recent attack in her village:

> The Bandidos Armados came into our town. They rounded all of us up who had not been killed in the initial attack, and brought us to the center of the village. They took my son, and they cut him up, they killed him, and they put pieces of him in a large pot and cooked him. Then they forced me to eat some of this. I did it, I did not know what else to do.

The journalist said in frustration,

> This is not news, this is the norm. I get a quote like this every day. It is this war; I'll read this and it will sound like what I read yesterday and the day before and the day before that.

And in her tone, conveyed as well in her news broadcasts, was a powerful rhetoric against the war. When she read this over the news, she was not horrified, and in defeating horror she denied terror-warfare its terror. Instead she was angry: the women's plight was changed from helpless terror to an inexcusable human rights abuse to a fellow human being. The war, not the victim, became delegitimized.

The grotesque, employed as a powerful political critique, extends back to the sixteenth century and Rabelais. Rabelais critiqued political power and its abuses through his larger-than-life characters whose bodies were so enormous that even as infants they killed their mothers in childbirth; whose features were so enlarged that protruding ears, eyes, tongues, and body parts began to define their very natures; who urinated on their enemies in battle to conquer them; and who suffered drought and catastrophe with mouths agape and tongues lolling out like those of dogs.

Rabelais at first appears to have little to do with either Mozambique or contemporary warfare. But, as Bakhtin (1984) stresses, he brings the grotesque into the center of life, and the grotesque, ultimately, is about terror and its defeat.[2] The grotesque of Rabelais is not confined to the battlefield, but can be found in all power abuses. His scenes of battle, however, resonate across centuries from the fictions of the 1500s to strangely salient comments on war today:

> Thus being hastily furnished, before they would set forward, they sent three hundred light horsemen under the conduct of Captain Swillwind, to discover the country, clear the avenues, and see whether there was any ambush laid for

them. But after they had made diligent search, they found all the land round about in peace and quiet, without any meeting or convention at all; which Picrochole understanding commanded that everyone should march speedily under his colours. Then immediately in all disorder, without keeping either rank or file, they took the fields one amongst another, wasting, spoiling, destroying and making havoc of all wherever they went, not sparing poor nor rich, privileged nor unprivileged places, church nor laity, drove away oxen and cows, bulls, calves, heifers, wethers, ewes, lambs, goats, kids, hens, capons, chickens, geese, ganders, goslings, hogs, swine, pigs and suchlike; beating down walnuts, plucking the grapes, tearing the hedges, shaking the fruit-trees, and committing such incomparable abuses, that the like abomination was never heard of. Nevertheless, they met with none to resist them, for everyone submitted to their mercy. (Rabelais 1933: 108–9)

The army is defeated by Friar:

He hurried, therefore, upon them so rudely, without crying gare or beware, that he overthrew them like hogs, tumbled them over like swine, striking athwart and alongst, and by one means or other laid so about him, after the old fashion of fencing, that to some he beat out their brains, to others he crushed their arms, battered their legs, and bethwacked their sides till their ribs cracked with it. To others again he unjointed the spondyles or knuckles of the neck, disfigured their chaps, gashed their faces, made their cheeks hang flapping on their chin, and so swinged and belammed them, that they fell down before him like hay before a mower. To some others he spoiled the frame of their kidneys, marred their backs, broke their thigh-bones, pushed in their noses, poached out their eyes, cleft their mandibules, tore their jaws, dash'd in their teeth into their throat, shook asunder their omoplates or shoulder blades, sphacelated their shins, mortified their shanks, inflamed their ankles, heaved off of the hinges their ishies, their sciatica or hip-gout, dislocated the joints of their knees, squattered into pieces the boughts of pestles of their thighs, and so thumped, mawled and belaboured them everywhere, that never was corn so thick and threefold thrashed upon by ploughmen's flails, as were the pitifully disjointed members of their mangled bodies, under the merciless baton of the cross. (113)

My choice of theater metaphors, from Aristotle's tragedy to Rabelais's grotesque, is intentional. Not only the grotesque, but the *spectacle*, came to characterize Mozambican violence. This distinguishes it from examples of terror-warfare that depend on secrecy and torture conducted behind the walls of prisons. In Mozambique the spectacle of violence is carried out in the center of society and the heart of the community for all to see. Perhaps this is the reason people speak of a "theater of war." But theater is not removed from life, it—like all human cultural action—is life. Theater, the grotesque, the spectacle, and living are a dialogue that spans the immediacy of the present to the historical past made immediate. The following sections discuss the immediacy of both past and present as they unfold through terror-warfare and fighting terror.

The Historical Past Made Immediate: Ancestors and the War

Bakhtin has said that (cosmic) terror—the abode of power abuses—is hidden in the ancestral body of mankind. This observation is literally true in Mozambique. Ancestors share the life-world of Mozambicans. They provide and protect; they punish when the living make mistakes; they counsel; they even eat, drink, and enjoy a good joke. And they suffer the fates of war as do their living descendants. Properly ministered to, ancestors share fruitfully in their offsprings' lives. Their demands are not excessive. A proper funeral and burial, and fealty and respect shown in ongoing ceremonies for them in their "home-land" are the things that constitute wealth and peace of mind for the ancestors. To disregard an ancestor's wish is stupidity; to desert one a sin. People cannot, in good faith, leave their ancestors unattended in a land ravaged by violence. But if they invite their ancestors to relocate with them, they generally ensure their ancestors' unhappiness. Severed from their homeland, subordinate to the lineage of those controlling the new destination, shorn of normal family supports, the ancestors can bring turmoil, misfortune, and even death to the living. The ancestors, quite literally, make life and death possible.

But what happens to the ancestors in war? What happens to those killed in an attack or in fleeing through the bush in no-man's-lands who cannot be given proper burial ceremonies? I discussed this with Mozambicans throughout the country, and three categories of answers emerged. All agreed that the spirits fall into the category of the unnatural: angry, restless, ungrounded, and vengeful.

Some say these spirits seek revenge on those who have wrought their death. As an old curandeiro told me:

> I walked across the site of an attack near here right after it occurred. I could feel the spirits of the people killed swarming around there, angry and full of vengeance. These people killed, they were not soldiers, they did not battle, they were simple unarmed villagers. They died for no reason, they died unnaturally, in violence. Now they stay with the blood, they seek revenge on those who spilled it. They will follow those who killed them—inflicting harm, madness, and death. These Renamo, they should fear these dead, they cannot escape them. I walk by that place now, and still I sense those spirits, restless with anger. The ground is hot with their blood. They will not rest until they have had their revenge.

At this point another curandeiro joined us, and added:

I know that spot you are talking about, and what you say is true, the spirits remain with the blood, causing all who pass by that way to sicken and die. We all know of that place, we respect the anger of the spirits, we know their power, and we give wide berth to the area. No one from here would walk that way. But the soldiers, those who continue to kill, they pass that way. They do not know or they do not care. And it is they who will fall because of those dead.

I do not want to leave the impression that these attitudes exist only in the rural areas, or pertain only to Renamo. I was sitting in the capital city of Maputo one day, and some friends brought up a problem people were concerned with, one that had been alluded to recently in the newspaper.

You know that bridge outside of town, the one that so many people use? The military that control that bridge have gotten greedy. They demand money or goods from some of the people crossing. If the people don't have anything to give, if they talk back, if the soldiers are angry, sometimes they kill the people and throw their bodies in the water. Just recently, people found a body riddled with bullet holes, and another all cut up, floating face down in the water. You are never safe crossing that bridge, you may have to pay with your life. Oh sure, the soldiers can say that these people were suspected Renamo, but we all know these people, we know what is going on. The soldiers grow rich on our troubles, they kill whom they please. You cross that bridge and you cross a place of death. Those bodies lying just out of sight know what has happened to them, they know the truth. They are full of anger, and those soldiers stand there all day long, standing over the blood and the bodies of the people they have killed. It will eat away at them, it will destroy them; those dead people will have their own back.

In partial contrast with those who think the wrongfully killed will take revenge on their attackers, others say the disembodied are released on the winds of violence, capable of roving the earth to afflict all with whom they come in contact. Never at peace themselves, they bring disharmony and misfortune in their stead.

We moved up here at the beginning of the war. The land was open, there was no claim on it. Where we lived before was parched, the land was not so good, and the conditions were harsh. The drought made it impossible. We are not far from our original site, we can look down the hill upon it, but the life here is better, we are not wanting. The war was not so bad then, it had not moved into our area. But as it got worse, people fled their own areas, and settled more and more in

the land we had vacated. And as the war came closer still, the bandits came into the low lands and massacred people. Many innocents have been killed. The soldiers have not arrived here yet, but we worry. We worry not only about them coming into our homes, we worry about the spirits of all those who have been killed below, all those restless spirits unleashed. The air down there is heavy with their spirits, their outrage. Those kinds of spirits loosened on the winds bring havoc and illness. They can spoil the land and the health of the people. When the wind blows up the sides of the hills, we hear the screams of those who were killed, and we fear the winds will carry those anguished spirits to spoil our lands.

Finally, there are those who believe that the people cut down by war, spirits embittered and wrathful over a meaningless death, will return to inflict harm on their own families. Deprived of the support of a proper burial and its attendant ceremonies, deprived of a proper death, these phantoms turn to vent their anger on those who should have taken care of the death rituals, and could not. This lack is most acutely felt when no burial at all could be performed, when a body had to be left where it fell in fleeing an attack.

They came to attack our village one day. I was on the far end and could hear the gunshots, the screams. I grabbed my children and we ran. We decided to try to make it to the next town, where we thought we would be safe. But as we ran, we ran right into some more soldiers, and they shot my oldest boy. Shot and killed him. In the confusion, we ran on, and finally made our way here. There are so many of us here, all running from the violence. So many of us here have lost someone. This place is not a good one. It is more secure, that is true. But it is full of too many people, too little food, too much disease, too many people who have been spoiled by the violence they have seen. All these problems here, all the illness and sadness, are surely caused by the spirits of those we left behind. I could not bury my son properly, I do not even know what has happened to his body. His spirit is out there in the bush, alone and cold, uncared for. I have not seen my husband or most of my family since I ran, I do not know if they are dead or alive, if their bodies are lying somewhere unattended. I am sure this is why there is so much pain and sickness here—the spirits of those we left behind have come to show their displeasure. They will take some of us with them.

As I sat outside on the ground and talked with this woman, a number of her acquaintances joined us. All agreed with the conclusions of

the speaker, and all added their own stories, fearing the wrath of the souls they could not care for. It reminded me of many such conversations with people in similar circumstances throughout Mozambique, and it struck me that I consistently heard fears of spiritual retribution on family members unable to care for murdered relatives from the people who themselves had been burned out of home and village, who had had to flee for their lives.

After that conversation, I did an informal survey, asking both *deslocados* and people who had stayed in their homelands if the spirits of those killed were vengeful about their deaths, and who suffered their rancor. Consistently, *deslocados* took the responsibility for the death on themselves and felt themselves to be the recipients of the spirit's anger. Their inability to conduct proper ceremonies, to return home and honor the dead in the respected ways, underlay their fears. Those who remained in their villages after an attack tended to think instead that, while the spirits of the innocents killed might harm their immediate family members, the bulk of their retributive anger would be directed toward those who had cut them down. And some, like the two old curandeiros I quoted at the beginning of this discussion, thought that the spirits turned their vengeance on those who continue the war, regardless of who they are, as a powerful warning for conflict cessation.

Aristotle's sense of tragedy resurfaces in this context. Tragedy, for too many people, begins to resemble his definition that the wholly good do not suffer the tragic end, but only the good who have fallen through some character flaw or fatal error in judgment. The victims who have managed to survive the war become somehow responsible for those who have not, and they feel they must pay the price. The people who have lost the most—family members, homes, and villages—pay the heaviest penalty: it is they who feel responsible for the deaths of their loved ones.

Not only with the ancestors does this Aristotelian sense of the tragic come to define people's war experience. All too often victims of violence are impugned with some essence of complicity by the society at large. There are always those who cast victims as responsible for what has befallen them. They were politicized, they were not politicized, they were collaborating with the other side, they refused to collaborate with anyone, they did not do enough to protect their communities—the critiques are legion. In Mozambique, one of the "tragedies" involves the confrontation between dialogues of responsibility: are deaths or mutilations senseless, ignoble, or somehow the product of one's actions?

The Immediacy of the Present: The Body-Politic

The ongoing dialogue of war's terror, of its enduring embodiment, became clear to me one day when I was walking home in Zambezia. Children made homeless by the war lived and slept on the streets in front of my home, and they usually greeted me and came for a talk when I returned at the end of the day. New children joined the ranks of the street dwellers weekly. This day, a child I had never seen before came up to me. As I greeted him, I realized that he had no pants on. A shirt but no pants. I had seldom seen a street kid without pants—they might be tattered rags that concealed nothing, but, as the children told me, "We are men, we wear pants."[3] The child spoke no Portuguese, and I did not recognize his dialect. He was not only painfully thin and scarred, he was erratic and disoriented. An adult I did not know came up to me to explain that the child was "crazy: It's the war, you know, it has taken the child's family and driven him mad." Soon a number of people passing by on the street stopped to talk, to discuss the war, its disastrous effects on people's lives, its vile actions that can turn a child to madness. People did not talk to the child, they talked about him. The child became a symbol of the atrocities of the war, a font of dialogue, a focal point of all the anger people held toward those who committed such violence on the communities of the innocent. He became a living reenactment of terror-warfare: a spectacle that brought the war daily into the streets and lives of everyone who saw him.

The mad child, the homeless, the wounded and war-deformed all are powerful actors in the drama that brings the truth of terror and resistance closer to the heart of society. Whether in Latin America or southern Africa, as Michael Taussig brings out,

> It is in the world of the beggars that the culture of terror finds perfection. They are misfits, cripples, blind, idiots, dwarves, twisted, and deformed. They can neither talk nor walk nor see straight, and they exist in two critically important zones: huddled on the steps of the cathedrals in the main square opposite the presidential palace, or, like the idiot, splayed out on top of the city's garbage heap. Here indeed is the figure embodying the society as a whole: on account of his idiocy he has struck at a high-ranking officer, and therefore at the president himself. (1987:6)

The grotesque calls to the fore the fact that undermining the determinacy of existence (to which Sylvia Henning refers in the quote at the beginning of this Chapter) is a lethal play of power and politics aimed at alienating the individual from the society at large, and thus from a basis for political resistance and change. Enacting the grotesque plays on a

number of powerful themes: destroying wholeness, sabotaging comprehension, violating boundaries, and doing all these in the most excessive ways.

In the grotesque, writes Bakhtin (1984:316), "special attention is given to . . . all that prolongs the body and links it to other bodies or to the world outside." This linking of body to body, of human to human, and of these to the greater world is fundamental to notions of the grotesque. It is not the individual per se that is of interest to the grotesque, but that which links people with people, humans with world systems. "The events of the grotesque sphere are always developed on the boundary dividing one body from the other and, as it were, at their points of intersection" (Bakhtin 1984:322). Dis-*member*-ment becomes a double entendre that separates person from membership: the latter a prerequisite for political community and action.

Clearly a great deal of political effort goes into making the connection between individuals and geopolitical communities, as exemplified in Benedict Anderson's *Imagined Communities.* Severing the actual boundaries of human bodies through maiming and torture can simultaneously serve to convey an assault on the boundaries of the body politic.[4] Without boundaries, human bodies, states, and communities are all inherent paradoxes, each a conceptual as well as a geopolitical absurdity. We should not assume that there is any fundamental naturalness to the association between individual bodies and political bodies. Like all cultural phenomena, such relationships are socially constructed. As Cynthia Enloe (1993) says, if these constructions were natural, we would not find such a concerted effort to create and maintain them in societies. This linkage is clearly tied to the development of nationalism and to the fetishizing of borders, ownership, and power that links human characteristics to particular nondynamic notions of political space(s). The grotesque spectacles point to the control of bodies as a crude denominator between people and the pursuit of power. The grotesque is not a wanton production, attacking any bodily protuberance, severing parts from wholes in random excess.[5] When I visited the southern province of Gaza, a spate of male castrations were taking place, all with what I call the same "signatures of terror," the same techniques. By following the trajectories of the attacks, it appeared obvious that a group of Renamo had recently entered from South Africa and were working their way north into the interior of Mozambique. If one plotted the castration episodes on a map, one could virtually follow the soldiers' path.

Because castration is not the most common form of mutilation in Mozambique, it was not surprising that the soldiers had come from (apartheid) South Africa. Influenced by foreign military trainers and

strategists (channeled largely through white South African military intelligence), the cultures of terror the foreigners employed in subjugating a population were transmitted to the Mozambican rebels. Throughout Mozambique, people told me that if a white foreigner was present during an attack the level of brutality was generally much worse. As one woman summed up:

> If Mozambicans attack, you might be raped and even beaten. But if a white man is among the attackers, you know it will be worse.

Thus troops coming straight from South Africa reproduced terror tactics more reflective of combat cultures of white South Africans and their western military peers than with Mozambique. Each spectacle follows a script. These cultural scripts, as emphasized in the opening chapters, are international and fluid in their construction.

Even in the specifics of the grotesque the theatrical world of Rabelais and the dirty war in modern Mozambique share graphic similarities. In his discussion of Rabelais, Bakhtin explains that the nose, mouth, and ears are the most important features of the human head in grotesque imagery. The eyes have no part in these images unless they protrude unnaturally. This is because, Bakhtin notes, eyes express an individual, self-sufficient human life, something outside the purview of the grotesque. The parallel with Mozambique is striking. Ears, noses, and lips were cut off by Renamo soldiers with some frequency. I do not think I ever heard of a person's eyes being purposely injured or removed. With these actions, the message is powerfully articulated not only to the victim, but to all who "see" the war: "you will not hear, you will not speak out against the violence. But you will see the spectacle." Yet this is a message devoid of content, and that is the intent. Both "senses" (in the literal meaning of sense organs) and "sense" (meaning intellectual understanding) are intentionally "cut off" by the violence. In discussing this sense-lessness with me, the novelist Tamara Jane said:

> I'm also struck by the notion that the dismembering and mutilating of a corpse steals the mutilated person from themselves—it makes them a non-individual. I can really only "conceptualize" this by imagining the "spectacle" of a whole murdered body—let's call him Bob—who, as evident to all, is Bob in death as he was in life. But if his mouth, lips, nose, ears, genitals are cut off, his signifiers (public, and to some degree private) of Bobness are also mutilated, he is more than murdered, he is obliterated in a sense, his entity lost amidst the genericification of his parts.

This is not mere disorder, for disorder is part of ontological order—a fact and a fiction appreciated in cultural lore. Worse: the world has been un-ordered. Human nature isn't. World process doesn't. Sense can't.

Part of the "un-ordering" caused by war lies in the fact that life cannot proceed by the normal rules of human interaction. People remain poised for flight; every action is destabilized by the worry, "Do I have to flee?" Heartfelt thought is tarnished by the dread "Where is my mother, brother, child, friend?"—whomever has disappeared into the gaping mouth of the war process. Trust, the foundation of communities, is undermined: "Who among my acquaintances might be a dangerous collaborator, a mercenary jackal selling information to the other side, a scout or a spy for enemy troops, a profiteer who will gain from my misfortune?" There is no home. The place of comfort, succor, reproduction, and rest has become a battlezone. Many stories of attacks related by Mozambicans take place at hearth and home. Everyone knows this, and even if they have not yet been attacked, people realize that to go "home" is to court danger, to have no home is to be safe. But to have no home is not to be human.

> I sneak home now only to do my work. Home is now my job. I leave home to be safe, I sleep in the bush with the animals, and I become like them. This war turns us into animals, one and all.

Working in tandem with dehumanization is the attempt to "animalize" the population. To be like an animal, Mozambicans lament, is to lose that which makes one human. One woman sat talking with me in her fields one day. She was tired, she said, tired of the war and what the war had made her become. She felt she could not wash the dirt and isolation off of her, the "dirt" not only of violence but of the *mata*, the bush, where the war now forced her to live out her life:

> They have made us inhuman. We sleep in the jungle like animals every night to avoid attack. We run from every sound like the animals we hunt, we scavenge for food in the countryside like animals because we cannot maintain our crops like humans. Our family is scattered on the wind—we don't know where our children and parents are, or even if they are alive. We can't even help and protect them—we are even worse than animals in this sense. Do you know what this does to a person, living like this?

Dehumanization, then, is employed not to end life but to end the humanness of the individual. Human will, coupled with the capacity of

humans to produce themselves as actors in a reality of their own creating, becomes an intolerable threat, becomes the enemy to the few who seek to dominate the many. It is not people, but a will to resist, not individuals, but the existence of a counterhegemonic that challenges repressive forces. Camus's famous phrase, "I rebel, therefore I exist," seems to be heard in its inverse by the perpetrators of dirty war: "I exist, therefore I rebel." The response is to attack the fonts of humanity, sever person from personhood and individual from identity. Duly dehumanized, the population can then be domesticated like any other animal.

When the home is invaded, it is turned "inside out" the private becomes the public, and the public becomes a display for the whole community. The normal and the life sustaining become deadly weapons. Note the use of the mortar and, equally, the brother-in-law as instruments of death in the following story told to Lina Magaia:

On that night in October 1984, the bandits came to Julieta's house. They knocked brutally on the door. Julieta's husband, wearing only his trousers, opened the door. Julieta woke up and followed her husband. They were forced out of the house. Julieta's brother and her seven children were also forced to wake up and to leave their sleeping mats to go outside. There was a moon, so it was a bright night.

There were nine bandits and they were all equipped with guns, bayonets and knives. They searched the main house and found some boots. They took them outside, asking whose they were. Julieta's husband replied that they were his. They told him that since he had boots he must be a militiaman, which he denied. "So why do you have boots?" they wanted to know. "Because I work on the railway and they gave us boots there," he replied.

"So you're one of those who repair the line when we cut it?" yelled one of the bandits. Julieta began to be afraid. She was already big-bellied from pregnancy. She sat on the ground, crying. Her children clustered around her. The brother said nothing, watching anxiously and perhaps remembering some of the things he had heard about the bandits in his own area.

The bandit who seemed to be the chief looked around and saw the mortar that Julieta used to grind maize and groundnuts.

"You're going to pay today," said the bandit, grabbing the man by one arm.

The chief bandit then instructed Julieta's brother to put the mortar by the railwayman.

"Lie down here," he ordered.

Her husband lay down on the curve of the mortar. The bandit chief then ordered Julieta's brother to get an axe.

"Cut here," he ordered, pointing to Julieta's husband's throat.

Julieta's brother stared, but was incapable of making the stroke.

"I'm telling you to cut here," the bandit repeated. Julieta's brother could not make the cut. The bandit, calling another bandit, told him to bring the people who had been kidnapped in the area and were waiting under guard nearby. Julieta's husband remained stretched out with his head on the curve of the mortar.

When the people arrived at gunpoint, the bandit chief insisted again that Julieta's brother cut his brother-in-law's throat. The latter was silently weeping. And Julieta's brother could not cut his brother-in-law's throat.

The bandit chief muttered a command to one of his subordinates, who grabbed the axe from Julieta's brother's hands. Without blinking an eye, the bandit cut the throat of Julieta's husband. His cries of pain went to the depths of the hearts of Julieta and her children, who shielded their eyes with their hands. When the bandit chief noticed this he screamed at them to take their hands from their faces if they did not want to die. The people nearby lowered their eyes, and a silence heavier than death hung in the air. Julieta's husband was writhing. The bandit chief took out a knife and pointed it at Julieta's brother. He ordered that the brother be given the axe and use it to put an end to his brother-in-law's torment.

Julieta's husband was gripped by the legs by two bandits and his head was held in the curve carved on the wooden mortar. Her brother raised the axe and delivered the fatal blow. Her husband's neck was severed on the two sides of the mortar, and he died. . . . The bandit chief said to Julieta's brother, "Now you're one of us." (1988:32–34)

When the familiar and the everyday are turned into implements of torture and murder, the familiar everyday world is rendered grotesque —not merely by the fact of the present terror and repression, but by the enduring nature of associations. Will Julieta, her family, and the community that were present ever be able to see or use a simple mortar to pound grain without having the drama and the terror of Julieta's husband's murder flash into their minds? Although Julieta's brother killed her husband as an act of mercy, will anyone ever be able to disentangle this from the fact that he took part in the husband's murder, and was congratulated as a Renamo supporter for doing so? Will this community ever hear a footfall at night without startling because the world has suddenly become a dangerous place? Long after the soldiers have gone, their presence is invoked with each glance at a mortar. These associations can remain long after the war has come to a close; they can last a lifetime. With them lasts the *possibility* of terror and repression.

But, in a countering force, Lina Magaia's reproduction of this tale serves to stigmatize these military actions, to turn the onus of responsibility back on the offending soldiers. In *telling* the story, civilian to civilian, the technique of terror is undermined. The grotesque becomes a place of mourning and resistance in Magaia's (and the victim's) hands.

Past and Present Combined: (Un)Making the World and Reaching Toward the Future

The notion of the (grotesque) spectacle calls to the fore the distinction between the socio-political violence conducted just out of sight behind

prison walls and that conducted intentionally in the center of people's lives and societies.

The unmaking of the world, as Elaine Scarry (1985) so skillfully demonstrates, is a core phenomenon to torture. But for those who are held in isolation in the military institutions or political prisons of Scarry's focus, the unmaking is an isolated process. It is the victim's world that is unmade. As the victim is separated from home and community by imprisonment and from consciousness and communication by pain, his or her isolation is doubly elevated to a form of torture in itself.

The torturer works to control the victim's entire world. In prison, this world extends to the boundaries of the room. "In torture," writes Scarry (1985:40), "the world is reduced to a single room or set of rooms." The torturer dominates this space, and with it the victim; the room becomes an instrument of torture, its objects those of the torturer's work. "The room, both in its structure and content, is converted into a weapon, deconverted, undone. Made to participate in the annihilation of the prisoners, made to demonstrate that everything is a weapon, the objects themselves, and with them the fact of civilization, are annihilated" (41). In ensuring the room is the victim's universe, the torturer's acts are totalizing.

But what if torture is not "reduced to a single room"? What if it is expanded to the world? In Mozambique, it is not the victim that is hauled off to an isolated room, but the torture that is hauled into the center of home and community. The room does not become the social universe of the victim, the social universe itself becomes the victim. It is not the room, but cultural process that becomes the staging ground for violence.

For those subjected to the spectacle—the public performance—of terror-warfare, the world is unmade for victims and spectators alike. In fact, the line between the two is intentionally erased. Not the victim, but the world, is separated from society. And the world is unmade a bit further each time a war story is told and retold, each time a war-mutilated person is seen or a crazy child wanders down the road, each time the dead are felt to walk the earth and harm its inhabitants because they enjoyed neither a normal death nor proper death ceremonies. Terror is concretized in the realm, as Taussig would say, of the "really real." The spectacle lives on by producing injurious specters.

Bringing violent spectacles into the heart of society and culture is intended to quash political will and social agency. Dirty-war assaults on a generalized, and unmobilized, population may well prove to be more devastating in certain ways than institutional repression. Consider the camaraderie of resistance Michel de Certeau discusses in his work on the "institution of rot" defining state repression:

Accounts by torture victims indicate the stage of breakdown at which their resistance intervenes. They "held up," they say, by maintaining (perhaps we should even say "enduring") the memory of comrades who, for their own part, were not "rotten"; by keeping in mind the struggle in which they were engaged, a struggle which survived their own "degradation" intact, and did not unburden them of it any more than it depended on it; by discerning still, through the din of their tortures, the silence of human anger and the genealogy of suffering that lay behind their birth, and from which they could no longer protect or expect anything; or by praying, in other words by assuming an otherness, God, from which neither aid nor justification was forthcoming, and to which they were of no use and could not offer their services. (1986:43)

The unmobilized civilian—targeted in terror-warfare precisely because of his or her politico-military ignorance and innocence—is bereft of the supports de Certeau identifies. Such a person has no fallen comrades, no cherished struggle, to sustain her or his faith and upon which to forge a resistant identity.

Two facts combine in situations of torture, however ironically, to produce a will of resistance in the face of all that is trying to crush it, whether the victim is held incommunicado in a prison cell or is attacked in the central plaza of a community. First, violence becomes a tool of power, and then comes to stand as a symbol of power itself:

Now, at least for the duration of this obscene and pathetic drama, it is not the pain but the regime that is incontestably real, not the pain but the regime that is total, not the pain but the regime that is able to eclipse all else, not the pain but the regime that is able to dissolve the world. (Scarry 1985:56)

But the second fact, as Scarry concludes, is that the torturer's claims to power are as fraudulent as they are merciless. The attributes of pain can in no real sense be translated into the cultural insignia of a regime. In fact, as Scarry (1985:332) notes, "it requires neither strength nor skill to inflict hurt on a *wholly defenseless* human body," something a weak child could do.

For Scarry, the obscene and pathetic drama of torture and power is relegated to the prisoner's cell. For Mozambicans, by virtue of its public enactment, this drama comes to define the world at large. Scarry worked with political prisoners and Amnesty International Reports—all of whom are cast in state-sponsored institutional settings. Isolation from family and society defines their plight. Had Scarry worked in places where torture is conducted as public ritual, had she followed torture victims back into the community and seen their impact on all those who have knowledge of them, she might not have concluded so readily that pain is incommunicable. I do agree with her that pain can destroy

formal language, but there are many "truths" and many ways of communicating them. I am concerned here with another "truth": that terror-warfare is employed precisely because pain is communicated, that one victim can victimize a community at large. There are many "languages" in any social setting, some competing, even contradictory, but nonetheless true. Pain both undermines communication and communicates throughout a society at large. Because the infliction of pain creates an enemy, one rooted in a fraudulent claim to power, *torture creates resistance to the regime by its very enactment.*

I have attributed to terror-warfare two rather contradictory results. One is to "unmake" the world—to destroy the creative fonts of political will and identity—and the other is to promote resistance to oppression. The same is true of the grotesque, as Bakhtin points out. So far, I have discussed the grotesque as a weapon employed to render the knowable world impossible. But the ultimate intent of the grotesque, as Rabelais so aptly demonstrates, is to defeat terror by laughing in its face—not lightheartedly, but in resistance.

Mozambicans do not laugh lightheartedly at the violence of the war they live in, nor do they find it comic, but they do subvert terror by applying a Rabelaisian form of grotesque critique. Dramas and tales of the destructive forces in their lives abound, caricaturizing them as larger-than-life figures with larger-than-life comic features and foibles: figures so pathetically powerful they hasten their own demise, though deplorably they trample many in their downfall. The songs, the parables, the stories presented throughout this book represent examples of subverting the grotesque. The war exists not only in the physical battlefields, but in the application and subversion of violence—something that means far more than maimed and distorted bodies. It is a battle about personhood, will, identity, society, power, existence.

The war, its terror, and constructions of the grotesque are not "things" that happen to people as static, passive, generic victims. When spectacles of war's terror collapse time and individuality, people respond by dealing with these realities in a dynamic way. People negotiate their survival, they negotiate the *possible,* on a daily basis. They construct themselves in the face of terror and the grotesque, not solely in the here and now, but as an ongoing reality that extends into their future, that literally forges the future. Spectacles of war set "specters" into action that concretize the amorphous. People then struggle with these truths of war and oppression in order to overcome them. Absences are made present, terrors named, perpetrators identified. And in this, people construct themselves in resistance. Yet the truth of terror is interwoven into this resistance. Sending a loved one out to do a chore becomes something dif-

ferent, forever, after experiencing the threat of death in the midst of the everyday. For Julieta, using a mortar will never again be a simple domestic act of food preparation. But it may become a symbol of resistance.

If violence seeks to crush the possible, people, far from passive victims, re-create the possible as a tactic of survival and political agency. If the grotesque is used against people to repress them, then people identify these grotesque tactics to delegitimize the politics and the actions of the perpetrators. In illuminating the harsh realities of terror-warfare, its victims are demonstrating that those who employ the grotesque are, by definition, not fit to govern. The use of the grotesque negates its own claim to power.

Notes

1. Bakhtin points out that the concept of the grotesque has undergone a number of permutations, the most noteworthy being the essential differences between Romantic grotesque and medieval and Renaissance (folk) grotesque, especially in regard to terror:

> The world of Romantic grotesque is to a certain extent a terrifying world, alien to man. All that is ordinary, commonplace, belonging to everyday life, and recognized by all suddenly becomes meaningless, dubious and hostile. Our own world becomes an alien world. Something frightening is revealed in that which was habitual and secure. If a reconciliation with the world occurs, it takes place in a subjective, lyric, or even mystic sphere. On the other hand, the medieval and Renaissance folk culture was familiar with the element of terror only as represented by comic monsters, who were defeated by laughter. Terror was turned into something gay and comic. . . . The images of Romantic grotesque usually express fear of the world and seek to inspire their readers with this fear. On the contrary, the images of folk culture are absolutely fearless and communicate this fearlessness to all. (Bakhtin 1984:38–39)

In my discussion, the term grotesque is applied in its many guises: used by the (para)military as an instrument to create terror, and used in its ironic sense by the targets of that terror to defeat it.

2. If, as Clausewitz says, war is an extension of politics, then the extremes to which this can be carried in the name of power show how terror-warfare as the grotesque "stand[s] at a margin of consciousness between the known and the unknown, the perceived and the unperceived, calling into question the adequacy of our ways of organizing the world, of dividing the continuum of experience into knowable particles." (Harpham 1982:3)

3. Street children were almost always boys. Although boys and girls are equally subjected to the conditions that force children to live on the streets, girls are not as evident in the ranks of the homeless. Some say this is because it is easier for girls to move into the homes of relatives and sympathetic friends. However, many of the boys on the streets I talked to had seen their entire home villages destroyed. There was nothing left for the girls to move into. While the idea that

girls may find lodging more easily may be true in part, there is a more tragic side: girls are more easily forced into prostitution and child labor. During my stay there was one episode I knew of where foreigners were making pornographic films of young girls. It came to the attention of a few when a dog one girl was forced to have sexual relations with mauled and killed her. The plight of homeless girls is sadly captured by the stock phrase I heard when I tried to follow up what became of them: "We just do not know." While the *presence* of homeless boys on the streets is a constant reminder of the tragedy of war, the *absence* of the girls is another.

4. As body, family, and society resonate symbolically, the attack on any one constitutes an attack on all.

5. I am reminded of a 1988 Anthropological Association panel where Leith Mullings was critiquing Marcelo Suárez-Orozco's paper on the dirty war in Argentina. Suárez-Orozco had argued that the pathological focus on the torture of the genitals was in part an attack both on the site of masculinity, power, and identity for men and on reproductive nurturance for women. Mullings argued back that one could not privilege the genitals as symbolic sites for torture—they were targeted because they were so sensitive to pain. Having seen torture victims on several continents, I have found that the body sites targeted for torture do vary from regime to regime, and in each case correlate with strong cultural themes. I have also found that every site—nose and lips, teeth, genitals, severed limbs—hurts equally. Torture, in my experience, indeed carries cultural metamessages.

Chapter 6

Identity and Imagination

Leave me in peace

"Leave me in peace," said the young girl broken
hearted. Her parents and friends left her
and she continues without peace.

"Leave me in peace," said the mother inconsolable with
the death of her child. Her friends left her, but
she continues without peace.

"Leave us in peace," we say so many times
when others hurt us, when
we get fed up with something, when
we get fed up with somebody. And rarely
do we live in peace.

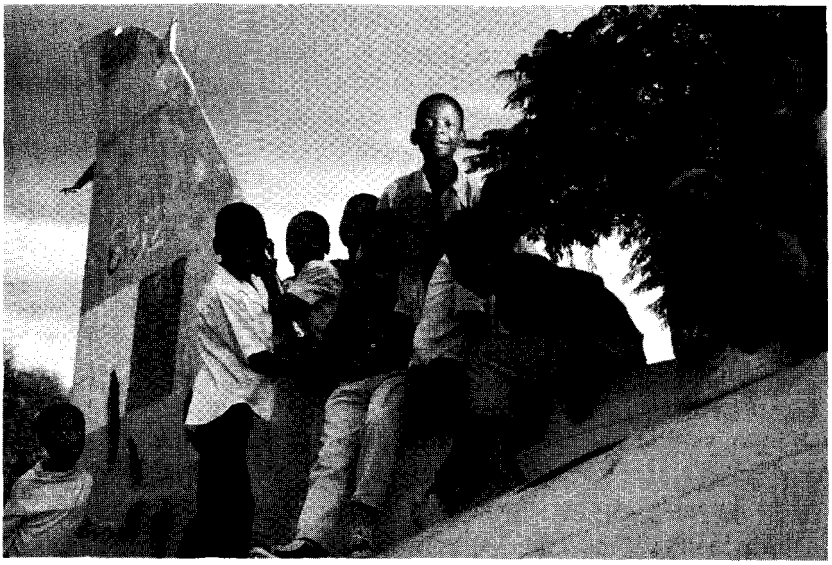
Peace.

The truth is crystalline.

Peace only exists when we feel good with ourselves
and with life even if life or someone
has hurt us.

What is necessary is to compose ourselves.
The peace you lost only returns
to those who accept others into
their lives.
Loneliness in these moments softens.

—Germana



Children turn crashed plane into playground, Niassa province, Mozambique, 1990. Photo by Carolyn Nordstrom.

. . . we cannot feel
the old problem of ontological
insufficiency of having
no answer to *Who am I?*
no there there . . . (Scott 1988:17)

Of whom and of what indeed can I say: "I know that!" This heart within me I can feel, and I judge that it exists. This world I can touch, and I likewise judge that it exists. There ends all my knowledge, and the rest is construction. For if I try to seize this self of which I feel sure, if I try to define and to summarize it, it is nothing but water slipping through my fingers. I can sketch one by one all the aspects it is able to assume, all those likewise that have been attributed to it, this upbringing, this origin, this ardor or these silences, this nobility or this vileness. But aspects cannot be added up. This heart of mine will remain indefinable for me. (Camus 1955:14)

The first time a Mozambican said to me that the war had taken from them everything they had, including who they were, I realized that identity, self, and personhood were strategic targets of war. The casualties and fonts of resistance of this war thus include intangibles beyond the physicality of bodies and actions. Self, society, and culture comprise Being-in-the-world, and this, for many Mozambicans, was Being-in-a-world-of-war. And that included Being as a target of war.

Flavia's Story and the Curandeiro

To understand what is attacked in a dehumanizing war necessitates an understanding of what it is to be human. In discussions with Mozambicans, the idea(l) of humanness—that which makes living in the world special—involves, but is certainly not limited to, the following: Mozambicans are nurtured in the bosom of family, and this is grounded in the skills and behaviors that sustain life: working, cultivating, harvesting, consuming. As family members, they illuminate the nexus of a time/place continuum—the fecundity of the ancestors has been instilled in them and comes to fruition in the familiar landscape of home, hearth, and the land they were born to. They thrive as part of a community, and a pattern of friendships, obligations, and shared goals gives tangible substance to their sense of world. Mythological space landscapes geographical space: ritual, ceremony, and belief bring the universal home. The eternal, the social, and the collective are made apparent through the individual and the particular. Cultural process brings home the nature of reality through the physical form of the participant's everyday world. People sit in a gathering place in their community, just outside their homes, surrounded by their fields and animals and belongings, supported by their family and acquaintances, and they peer

through ceremony's door into the mysteries of the universe until they have made sense of it, and it of them. Their community, mythical and physical, takes shape in relation to a landscape of cultivated and wild spaces, within a network of other communities that together follow patterns of exchange of everything from people and goods to aggressions and innovations.

In this discussion I specifically intertwine notions of land and person, for as Michael Watts (1992) has pointed out, landscapes are ways of seeing—of seeing not only outward to culturally constructed realities, but inward to ideas and ideals of self and identity. Quoting Stephen Daniels, Watts underscores the fact that "the place is inseparable from the consciousness of those who inhabit it" (1992:122). To dismantle the world as we know it, then, is to dismantle what defines who we are and what reality is. Is identity dismantled simultaneously? Is the unmaking of the world simultaneously the unmaking of the self? Surely this is the basic premise of terror-warfare. For an antagonistic military wishing to destroy, to control, or to subjugate a people, what more powerful "target" could be found than that of personhood and reality?

Consider what is destroyed in the daily life of an average Mozambican. The words of Flavia, a Mozambican womanfriend of mine, poignantly demonstrate the kind of destruction the war has brought to millions of her countrypeople:

> Epah, Carolyn, this war. My youngest son came of age not too long ago, and I felt obliged to take him back to the land of my people to perform the ceremonies that would ensure he grows into a strong and healthy member of our family. The journey was a heartstopping one—as you know the roads are so unsafe, and we had to walk a majority of the way to avoid landmines and rogue soldiers. I was so frightened I would lose my son before he could even come of age properly. But when we arrived in my birthhome, it was so very disappointing. I remember a house filled with the happy shouts of children, lush farmlands flowing out from its doors, vegetables to pick for food, and our animals dotting the hillsides. Always a fire with food cooking, always a story being told. A home bright and full of people.
>
> It is so awful to see it now. My mother is the only one there now: my father, as you know, was killed by soldiers, my grandparents just died of the war: not enough food, medicines, hope. My mother, she will never be the same after all the attacks she has lived through, after seeing her husband killed. The horror of the violence is etched on her face and her soul. The house is dark, decrepit, and empty—the soldiers and bandits have carried off everything they could in the innumerable times they have come through. The fields are destroyed, and my

> mother refuses to replant them, for every time she does, the Bandidos come and raid and then burn the fields. The animals are long gone, killed by the soldiers. The neighbors are few and far between, killed off, run off, starved off. No more laughter, no more stories, no more children playing. No more home. Even worse, when we arrived there, I found it was going to be really difficult to hold the ceremonies we wanted to for our son. The noise and music of the ceremonies attracts the Bandidos, and they hear it and come to attack. We cannot even perform the ceremonies that make us human. We did a ceremony, yes, but a mere skeleton of that which tradition calls for. Skeleton, yes, that is a good word—we are living skeletons of the war.

Flavia was telling me this as we walked down the road to visit the curandeiro. She had made the long trek back to the city alone, leaving her son at her mother's. Every block or so she punctuated her words with a sigh about missing him, or looked out over the landscape in the direction of her mother's village and pondered his safety. As nervous as she was about leaving him in an area so full of soldiers and fighting, she was even more worried about her mother. Her mother had seemed to age a decade since she had last seen her, and only her son could coax hearty laughter from her. "She seemed," Flavia said, "bent under the weight of the war and her grief." She knew her son's indefatigable spirit would bring some life back to her mother, but in the meantime, Flavia grew thin worrying about attacks on a village she could only see in her mind's eye.

Her sighs were not directed solely toward her son. We were going to the curandeiro to solve a problem she was having with her husband. The year before, her husband's mother had been kidnapped by Renamo and carried off to their base. He had spent all his money and a great deal of time seeking her release. There were rogues who found the war a very profitable experience; you could always find someone who fought for no one, but moved with ease between competing troops to carry information, goods, and the money of worried family members trying to gain the release of a loved one who had been kidnapped. They could extract exorbitant prices from people like Flavia's husband desperate to find lost family members. Her husband had heard his mother was being held in an area he had never been to, one where he did not speak the language. Eventually he had actually succeeded in getting his mother back, but the months-long ordeal had taken its toll. When he returned home, there was a distance between them she could not bridge, and over time he had taken up with another woman. Polygamy was practiced here, and Flavia would have accepted this other woman ("what option do I have?" she said with a choice Mozambican explicative). The prob-

lem was that her husband had not expanded his family, but had simply moved in with the other woman.

The curandeiro knew why Flavia was there; he had predicted problems from his previous conversations with her. As we sat amid his fragrant medicines while he put together a mixture to ensure the return of her husband, the curandeiro lamented the fact that he was overworked because of the war. "The bullet and machete wounds and the sexual diseases are bad enough, but all the young people like you Flavia," he said shaking his head. I asked him about what the war brought. "Everything," he replied:

> Physical illnesses and malnutrition and epidemics like cholera. Mental diseases, spiritual diseases of all kinds, ones I have never even seen before. Alcoholism, abuses of all kinds. People who become estranged, people who become violent or mean, families that fall apart from the stress: people so marked by the violence and the inhumanity they have seen and been subjected to. The list is too long.

The curandeiro had by this time taken me under his wing and, given my interest in African medicine, had decided I needed to be tutored in the basics of healing. If I could find a car to borrow, he would take me to the bush the following morning. This decision, he explained, was not made lightly. He had consulted his diagnostic tools and the spirits to find out who I was and why I was here. The inquiries, he said, confirmed that my intentions were good. "You just can't be sure in this war . . . people don't know who people really are like they used to. . . . I have to do these consultations all too often." His concern was well founded. Curandeiros, banned until 1989, were primary targets of both Renamo (who sought to enlist or control them) and Frelimo (who saw them as obscurantists and Renamo collaborators).

The Department of Health lent me one of their few cars, with the admonition that I was out of my mind, did I know I was going into an area thick with Renamo, and would I please try to bring myself and the car back safely. After a drive of an hour or so, the curandeiro directed me to a site in a forest some miles from a large relocation center for *deslocados*, a no-man's-land where roving predatory bands of soldiers—often teenagers in tattered clothes bearing AK-47s—launched raids on the *deslocados* who had already lost everything they had. As we left the car and set out on foot, I asked "What about Bandidos?" in a quiet voice. "No problem," boomed the curandeiro. "I performed a consultation that confirmed we will not run into any harm, and I prepared protective medicines. We are completely safe." He was good at such consultations: people could not altogether avoid travel in the war, but they would not

go without protection, and most people stopped at a curandeiro's house on their way out of town. If the curandeiro cautioned them not to go, they followed the advice. They had heard too many sing the praises of a curandeiro who saved their lives by warning them about an attack "I would have been in the middle of had I not canceled my plans."

As I was tutored in the curandeiro's endlessly nuanced pharmacopoeia, I was saddened to hear just how many of the remedies went to curing the ills of war—ills that struck at the heart of self and society. The *deslocados* we encountered were as well endlessly nuanced, each face and form etched with its own unique story of suffering and hope.

We came across a man dressed in a loincloth who was traveling with his young daughter foraging for food. They were either frightened to go to the relocation center or unable to find food there. We stopped to talk with them, but refrained from asking what had happened to them—we did not need to. The man seemed bowed with imponderable grief. Yet through the numbing weariness and painful anguish marking his every move, he maintained a gentle dignity with his daughter. His whole effort focused on providing what order and nourishment he could to what remained of his family. I doubt anything could have persuaded that child to leave her father's side. She followed him tirelessly and without complaint, her eyes held open just a little too wide as she stared, rarely blinking, at a world that had somehow become incomprehensible. The tragedy that had befallen them was almost palpable, and I realized that the quiet isolation of the forest provided some scant protection from the onslaught of a world whose webs of significance had been severed for them.

The second group we encountered actually found us. I was concentrating on trying to chop small pieces of medicinal bark from a tree with a large ax when I heard approaching footfalls in the thick forest behind me. Instantly, every sense in my body became hyperattuned to the sounds. I knew it could be renegade soldiers or Renamo. When I saw the curandeiro was unconcerned, I relaxed, but my body felt like a bolt of electricity had gone through it. How do people live with constant hypervigilance, I wondered? Hypervigilance is a survival technique, but one that takes its toll. As well as alerting people to potential dangers, it is a constant reminder that the world people occupy is not a safe one. Ontological security, in its most basic sense, is undermined (Giddens 1991).

The curandeiro nudged me to return to the task at hand. The bark had to be cut according to exacting specifications. Like many remedies, this contained a palimpsest of meaning: the bark itself was medicinal, but behind the physical ailments it cured lay the existential problems that had brought on the illness. The shape of the cut bark and the way

in which it fell to the ground answered questions about the underlying nature of the problem to be treated. Sometimes people simply came to the tree to ask a question, reading the answers in the fall of the bark.

Several young women and children emerged out of the thicket, chatting and laughing, baskets of foraged foliage on their heads. When they saw us, they ran up and said,

> Oh, you are asking questions of the tree, we come here too. Tell us, uncle, what will we encounter?

I asked them what questions brought them to the tree.

> Oh, you know, where is my mother, is she safe, will I see her again? Will we be attacked again? Will my brother get better from his wounds? Will the Bandidos leave our area so I can return home soon?

The women and children had seen the war first-hand and had lost family members to it, but they wore the scars of the war in far different ways from the man and his daughter we had encountered earlier. We met many other people that day, and the Curandeiro explained to me how to read the pain and troubles on their faces and souls. The little boy goatherd with one scrawny goat, so proud of having an animal in a countryside wiped clean of livestock by hungry troops with automatic weapons. The mad woman who sat under a tree and endlessly recounted the story of her life. The people selling bits of scavenged food and goods, and exchanging wry jokes and information with all who passed their way. The volunteer work groups in the refugee camps singing sad ballads as they built huts for new arrivals. Each was a testimony of war and of the endless complexities of the human spirit. Identities forged in like circumstances, yet adapting with individual proclivities. Identities so similar in what they had faced, so different in the ways they had responded.

The curandeiro was right—we did not encounter any soldiers that day. Many hours later, we returned to the car and drove back to our hometown, stopping to buy bits and pieces of scavenged foods and goods, and to collect bits and pieces of gossip about the war, lost friends, and other crucial topics from people along the road. The war makes compatriots of everyone.

The next day, Flavia stopped by my home. "There is someone I would like you to meet," she said. Her "little cousin" had arrived from a Renamo stronghold. Flavia explained that she and her brother had been kidnapped "some time ago"; somehow the little girl had escaped, but her brother had not been able to.

I don't know what to do. She is thin, sickly, and terribly depressed. But I cannot get her to eat, or to sleep. When I bring her food, she will eat nothing. All I can get her to eat are things like the most basic roots. And the little girl replies, "How can I eat when I know my brother is starving?" She will not sleep in a bed or on a mat, but curls up on the ground. And she looks at me with big sad eyes and says, "How can I sleep in comfort when I know my brother is sleeping on the cold hard ground?" And when I try to give her a bath, take her to the clinic, or tend to her in any way, she just pulls away and says, "How can I think of myself when I know how my brother is suffering?" When I try to talk to her about this, to tell her she must get better to help her brother when he comes home, she shakes her head sadly and says, "I know what he is going through, it is so bad you cannot imagine." But she will say nothing else.

War Identities

We have arrived here from all over, scattered victims of Renamo violence. Everyone has lost everything they had. Their homes were burned, their goods stolen, their crops destroyed, their family members slaughtered. Even those that managed to run often ran in different directions from the rest of their families, and today do not know if the rest are alive or dead. Many have been through this cycle more than once, having fled to a "safe area" only to be attacked again. Me, this is my third relocation. I do not know where most of my family is. Maybe we will be attacked yet again—we hear Renamo passing by here at night. It is difficult to find the will to plant crops and tend children when it may all be taken from us tonight, and maybe we will not survive this time. The worst of it is the way this attacks our spirits, our very selves. Everyone here thinks: "Before this I knew who I was, I farmed the land that my father farmed, and his ancestors before him, and this long line nurtured the living. I had my family that I fathered, and I had my house that I built, and the goods that I had worked for. I knew who I was because I had all of this around me. But now I have nothing, I have lost what makes me who I am. I am nothing here." (A middle-aged man in a beleaguered village of deslocados in the southern part of Mozambique)

What happens to people when the landscapes of their lives—personal, social, and cultural—are landmined, when the "maps of meaning" (Jackson 1989) that order people's lives are blown apart? What happens to people when what they believe makes them human—home, hearth, family, and tradition—has been wrenched from their grasp?

If *who* people *are* is determined by their relationships with and in their world, the new relationships thrust on war's victims (soldier and civilian alike) begin to define them as much as their lifelong ones did. The notion that a formed, self-sustaining, enduring self will feel and suffer the ravages of misfortune but will return home as basically the same person, to basically the same life, is an unrealistic legacy of Enlightenment logic.

Consider, for example, the woman or man whose village is attacked. They and their loved ones are victims of violence, their family is scattered, their possessions destroyed. Possibly they are kidnapped by the rebel forces and forced to endure a life of hardship, deprivation, and brutality. They may escape the clutches of the war and flee to a center for *deslocados*—a makeshift oasis promising at best an illusory security and a lifestyle far different from anything they have known before. At some point they are able to return home, and find it changed: new people, missing loved ones, different buildings and settlement patterns, farmlands refigured by war or usurped by the conniving and unscrupulous. The patterns of home, work, play, ceremony, friendship, and family no longer match pre-war traditions.

Is this woman, or this man, the same person as before the attack that set these events into play? If self is continuously constructed in thought and action, and identity forged through lived experience, then self-identity is defined by what one has lived through. Experience is not something that happens to the self, but *experience becomes the self*—it is that through which identity is forged. If cultural landscapes are layered on social and geographical landscapes to provide meaning to a person's life-world, a change in the former necessarily refashions the latter.

People exist in a continual process of re-formation. Even in locales far removed from war, people undergo constant, if often imperceptible, change. But in the vast dislocations that can mark war experiences, what can we say of the relationship between people as they were before exposure to violence, and as they are after they have weathered it? An irreversible alteration has taken place. Can we say that the person who existed before the war has, at least in some small way, been killed—a casualty of war? A veteran, bearing the scars of war, has returned to take up residence in a post-war world.

The impact of such change is nowhere more visible than with those who have been mutilated, who are doubly constructed by their war experience. Violence has changed not only the contours of their universe but of their bodies as well. The change endures in a vicious cycle: the war cannot be relegated to memories of the past, but is experienced afresh each time the mutilation intrudes into thought or action. These people cannot control the flow or form of change, for each person they

encounter sees the drama of the war unfold before his or her eyes in the shape of the scars and deformations. And each person they meet interacts not with the unscarred individual of pre-war times but with the individual who carries the mutilations of the war into the present. The person is, quite literally, re-mutilated with every interaction. Their self-identity and their world are profoundly altered through these life experiences. These realities cannot be erased like the writing on a chalkboard.

Duirno's Sister-in-Law and the Processes of Self-Identity

The events that befell an acquaintance's sister-in-law have stood for me as a poignant summary of the connection between violence and identity. Duirno had told me the plight of his brother's wife, Jacanta. Their hometown had been attacked two years previously in a particularly vicious raid by Renamo. The family had scattered and run in different directions. Duirno made it to safety, walking several days through the bush to a relocation center, and had finally settled in the town where I lived to wait out Renamo's occupation of his hometown. The rest of his family were not as lucky: one was killed, and he never heard again from his sister-in-law, her mother, or his cousin. As weeks turned into months and no word came from them, he decided they must have been kidnapped by Renamo, for their bodies had never been found. Duirno's brother was disconsolate; Jacanta was a good wife: strong, healthy, stable.

One day Duirno came to visit brimming with good tidings: Jacanta and her mother had just come home. They had arrived sickly, bedraggled, and scarred, but alive. They had in fact been kidnapped by Renamo during the raid. Both had been forced to walk, portering the very goods looted from their town on their backs, well into the next province. What exactly had happened to Jacanta was a bit difficult to ascertain as she had completely lost the ability to speak Chuabo, her native language. The Renamo base was located in a different language zone, and the majority of the people there spoke a completely different dialect. She learned to speak a bit of this dialect, but no one in her family could understand it. Duirno sat down with a frown and said to me:

> You know, we have heard of this happening to others. Jacanta's mother told us some of the terrible things that happened to them during these last two years. They were raped, they were beaten, they saw others killed. They were forced to do difficult labor, and were given little to eat, and no medicines when they were sick. Jacanta's mother can still speak Chuabo, but she doesn't want to speak of the experiences

much—we really do not know all that happened to them. But this thing with Jacanta, I think the experiences were just too horrible, she did not want them to be a part of her real life, so she forgot Chuabo so that these things could not touch her life. There was that life, and then there is her real life. She can speak of that awful life in the other dialect, and none of us understand, but she cannot speak of them in Chuabo. We are hoping as her life comes back to her, so will her language.

Questions concerning the nature of identity for Duirno and his family are not abstract epistemological endeavors, they are a pressing reality. People do not talk about their identities; they live them, talk through them, or are silenced by them. Soldiers and battlefields may represent the focus of traditional political and military science, and the exposing of torture and massacres may provide a counterhegemonic influence—but self and identity constitute the hidden casualties of war, core experiences of war's violence that are as voiceless as Jacanta in war's discourse.

Clearly the evidence from Mozambique, like that from current social science, points out that we need to rethink our concepts of identity and selfhood. And what can we really say we know about these concepts with utter conviction? When we turn our analytical gaze to these issues, we find most of our convictions are cultural lore, slippery assemblages of belief and happenstance that rest on a foundation of assumptions sorely lacking in empirical bases. Sorting serious scholarship from personal conjecture and cultural supposition is difficult at best. Even serious scholarship is marked by contention and contradiction. We may never be able to answer with any confidence the questions surrounding the nature and culture of the self and its identity. These may prove to be, as Steven Lukes has said of power, essentially contested concepts, defying all attempts ultimately to define them.

There is a tradition in western social science to quote western theoretician-philosophers of the last several centuries—from Kant through Nietzsche to Taylor—in discussions of self and identity. A (western) hemisphere of wisdom lies in these works. But legacies of Enlightenment theories also run through some of these traditions. If we start from epistemologies crafted on other continents, a different way of engaging with questions of self and identity can emerge. For example, the entire debate about the dynamism of personhood and the Cartesian-generated notion that epistemology (the thinking self) stands separate from ontology (the experiencing being) is rendered moot in the following perspective. Interestingly, I found many Mozambicans held a view in resonance with that expressed by E. A. Ruch and K. C. Anyanwa:[1]

The African culture makes no sharp distinction between the ego and the world, African culture makes the self the centre of the world. . . . The world which is centered on the self is personal and alive. Self-experience is not separated from the experiencing self. The self vivifies or animates the world so that the soul, spirit or mind of the self is also that of the world. . . . What happens to the world happens to the self. Self disorder is a *metaphysical contagion* [italics in original] affecting the whole world." (1984:86–87)

It would appear to be equally valid to conclude, as many Mozambicans in fact do, that world disorder is a metaphysical contagion affecting the whole self. In creating solutions, both the tangble and the ineffable are equally privileged, and the self is defined by dynamism:

The African maintains that there can be no knowledge of reality if an individual detaches himself from it. Bear in mind that the African, a life-force, is not a passive spectator of the universe but an active participator of life-events. So, he operates with the logic of aesthetics which holds that the whole is real. Knowledge, therefore, comes from the co-operation of all human faculties and experiences. He sees, feels, imagines, reasons or thinks and intuits all at the same time. (94)

The knowledge presented in this perspective is not simply of the here and now, or of the personal alone. It is a knowledge imbued with a history and a society, as creative as it is reflective: "The African makes use of the concepts by inspection, imagination, and intuition, but all these have aesthetic qualities. The meanings of these concepts are derived from personal and immediate experience, from the social and historical experience of the people. The Africans do not only think about such concepts, they live and feel their realities" (95).

Another legacy of Enlightenment philosophy that is under challenge is the idea that the self is set and stable through life. William James was one of the first contemporary western theoreticians to lay to rest the ideal of a fixed identity: "Properly speaking, a man has as many social selves as there are individuals who recognize him and carry an image of him in their mind" (1890:295). And he continues with a line that could not speak more directly to the Mozambican experience: "To wound any one of these images is to wound him."

The richly nuanced complexity of self has recently come to stand as one if its defining characteristics in contemporary philosophy. Like the stories people fashion to survive the war, self is a continually emergent phenomenon: crafted, enhanced, re-sculpted. The process is a *creative* one.

What is essential about that self is not found primarily in its differences from others but in its freedom to pursue a story line, a life plot, a drama carved out of

all the possibilities every society provides. . . . Our true authenticity, in this view, is not what we find when we try to *peel away* influences in search of a monolithic, distinctive identity. Rather it is the one we find when we *celebrate* addition of self to self, in an act of self-fashioning that culminates not in an in-dividual at all but in—and here we have to choose whatever metaphor seems best to rival Mill's bumps and grinds of atomized units—a kind of *society*, a *field* of forces; a *colony*; a *chorus* of not necessarily harmonious voices; a manifold *project*; a *polyglossia* that is as much in us as in the world outside us. (Booth 1993:89; italics in original)

Self-identity thus emerges as a complex fluid *process*. Identity is, ultimately, "a way of endowing ourselves with significance" (West 1992:21). It extends beyond sheer personal significance, providing people with a way in which "you can be held together in the face of the terrors of nature, the cruelties of fate, and the need for some compensation for unjustified suffering: what the theologians used to call the problem of evil" (21).

It is interesting that questions of identity often arise, as Cornel West has observed, in the face of terror (warfare) and cruelty. It is perhaps here that people meet the most significant challenges to their sense of self and humanity. "Violence," as Allen Feldman (1991:5) has noted, "itself both reflects and accelerates the experience of society as an incomplete project, as something to be made." A person's own experience of self is much like breathing air. Under normal circumstances we take it for granted; it is only when our supply, our existence, is threatened that we take notice. Gasping, people seek new sources of survival; they seek to understand what it is they need, and how it is they are to go about getting it. This is perhaps why, as unsettling as the topic of violence is, it is often one that leads us to core aspects of human nature and culture.

Re-Creation and the Imagination

Self, culture, and reality are regenerative. If people are defined by the world they inhabit, and the world is socially and culturally constructed by the people who consider themselves a part of it, people ultimately control the production of reality and their place in it. They produce themselves. As much as terror-warfare tries to dismantle the viable person, people fight back. They create themselves in resistance.

In turning to the question of how people build worlds anew, I find the theories on the cultural construction of reality[2] relevant but inadequate. They start from the basis of an operating culture which imparts knowledge through interpersonal interaction. These theories were produced by western philosophers whose understandings may have come from the fact that they found their worlds internally shattered, but they were not forced to produce their theories in a world that was as well ex-

ternally shattered. What happens when very little of social and cultural relevance is left intact? Worlds cannot simply be created, they must be created anew.

The dilemma is clear: between the world as it was, the world as it should be, and the now of a world destroyed lies an abyss, a discontinuity, a need to define the one by the other, and the impossibility of doing so. Identity hinges on bridging this gap.

The solution, Mozambicans taught me, lies, in part, with the imagination.[3] When people look out over a land that should resonate with meaning and life but that now stares blankly back with incomprehensible images of barren fields, broken communities, tortured bodies, and shattered realities, they are left with the choice of accepting a deadened world or creating a livable one. It is the imagination—creativity—that bridges the abyss, if not to reconstruct the past, to make the present livable.

Elaine Scarry (1985:163) has argued that pain unmakes the world, and imagining makes it. Together "pain and imagining are the 'framing events' within whose boundaries all other perceptual, somatic, and emotional events occur; thus, between the two extremes can be mapped the whole terrain of the human psyche." She invokes Sartre in exploring the idea that absence provokes an imagining of a special sort:

> Sartre, for example, draws conclusions from the fact that his imagined Pierre is so impoverished by comparison with his real friend Pierre, that his imagined Annie has none of the vibrancy, spontaneity, and limitless depth of presence of the real Annie. But, of course, had he compared his imagined friends not to his real-friends-when-present but to his wholly absent friends, his conclusions would have been supplemented by other, very different conclusions. That is, the imagined Pierre is shadowy, dry, and barely present compared to the real Pierre, but is much more vibrantly present than the absent Pierre. (163)

In like fashion, it is the destruction of the world that prompts such vivid powers of imagining in victims of war and violence. But unlike Scarry's view, some Mozambicans are able to imagine their real friend, their real home, their real society and culture as vibrantly as the "real thing." We can afford to leave underdeveloped our ability to imagine our real friend Pierre in a reasonably stable world. But when Pierre is dead, disappeared, or maimed, and when the world that held him is so hopelessly destroyed that, left in such a state, it can only ring a death toll for the society affected, people must create. To do so, they must first imagine what it is they are going to create. People cannot simply re-create what has been before. If they refashion their lives as they knew them, they create conditions as vulnerable to attack as existed previously. But worse, much of what occupied their previous world is gone: communi-

ties ruined by attacks; family members and friends lost or killed; possessions looted or destroyed; rituals rendered ineffective.

Identity, too, is reforged to withstand the assaults of chaos and violence. When not only Pierre is lost, but also everything a person holds dear, the person is lost as well. People must imagine themselves in new and vital ways. To do so rests on the fundamental question of who we are. The answer to this explains why terror-warfare does not succeed in neutralizing a population into domesticated acquiescence. It would appear that this form of warfare starts from the Enlightenment assumption that "self" is a set and concrete substance. But as I have discussed above, self is better viewed as a complex process of constant self-production. People are the sum total of the reflections (ontic) of the world on them as they interact with it, and their reflections (epistemic) on these experiences. Continually engaged in the process of experiencing and being, people are constantly increasing their repertoire of thinking, self-reflexivity, and being-in-the-world. The sum total of humans' understanding of both self and world is far greater than human experience in the world. People have reflected on one experience from various vantage points offered by other experiences. They have viewed time, place, and event in the world as physical attributes, as symbolic ones, as mythological ones, as spiritual ones, as imaginary ones. People do this continuously as experience carries them through work, narrative, ritual, play; and as self-rumination personalizes being-in-the-world. The fact that everyone brings his or her own personalized universe to bear in self-creation explains the tremendous variation we see in people's responses, from the isolation and anguish of the father and his daughter in the bush to the wry humor of the young women scouting for food outside refugee camps, from the rogue traders in flesh that benefit from the dislocations of war to the storytellers who try to teach people how to resist oppressors.

For Scarry (1992), imagining is grounded in perceptual mimesis. For the Mozambicans contemplating their ruined villages and contentious political imbroglios, there is little to mime, and imagining becomes an act of pure creativity.

Not all Mozambicans have such developed powers of creative imagining. Not unusually, the creative members of the culture—healers, visionaries, performers—have developed these skills to a fine art. Their talents lie not only with their abilities to imagine, but to convey these images to others so that they too may share in the reconstruction of their symbolic and social universes. I visited a number of communities that had been recently decimated by the war. One of the most powerful experiences I had at these times was sitting with people amid the fragments of their homes and communities, listening and watching the imagining—

the creation of identity, home, and resistance afresh. I choose the word watching as well as listening purposefully: as the Mozambicans talked about what had happened and what will happen, and as they discussed this in the context of human nature and the meaning of life, I found I could not only understand, but "see" the world they were creating. Apparently so did the others present. New identities of suffering and resistance were forged, home was reinvented, the world was revitalized with significance, people survived.

Self, identity, world, culture, and being are inseparably interwoven. They are mutually defining, and they are experienced as a composite whole. To attack any of these is to attack them all. And to attack them is to instigate the creative process. Susan Langer (1942) has said that the mind can tolerate anything but chaos. Yet it appears that the human mind's revulsion with chaos ultimately manifests itself in the urge to repair it—to supply it with comprehensibility and order. This is not to say that this order is necessarily a positive one for all: sadistic soldiers, jackals preying on the victims of war, lonely refugees, resistance fighters, and poets seeking to subvert the hold of violence all produce themselves in the midst of chaos in a way that somehow makes sense to them.

For Sartre and Scarry, it appears as if the landscapes of our social and physical world carry a weight that impresses itself on our imaginations; however, the landscapes of the mind are equally vibrant, rich, and nuanced—and they are endlessly creative. They extend beyond the horizons of the physical, the temporal, and the social world to delve into the potential and the possible—as expansive as our sleeping and waking thoughts and dreams. The landscapes of the mind and of the world resonate within the other. The vitality of the former easily matches the latter and, if need be, can create it, and ourselves within it. This process is not easy to capture in words, but in turning to the subject of creativity I will explore some of the ways in which this autopoiesis is produced in practice.

Notes

1. See Masolo (1983), Oruka (1983); Jackson (1989); and Okot p'Bitek (1983) for similar analyses of African epistemology. I do not mean to imply by these quotes that any single "African epistemology" can be universalized. Certainly these texts referencing African philosophy are no more a generalization than Kant's, Nietzsche's or Taylor's discussions of "the self."

2. For the early definitive works on the social construction of reality, see James (1976, 1978), Schutz (1962, 1964), and Berger and Luckmann (1967).

3. I do not use imagination here in quite the same way as Castoriadis (1987). Although for Castoriadis the imagination is a central force in the creation and perpetuation of society and culture, he is more concerned with social level con-

structions. For him, imagination is not something that accrues to specific individuals and consciousnesses, but unfolds as a socio-cultural process. It is the dynamic between action, institution, and change that stirs the imagination into its creative processes. There is much of value in what Castoriadis writes, but I am concerned here as well with a creativity that is equally immediate, individual, interpersonal, and world forming. It includes the interactive daily events that Ueland (1992:105) writes about when she says that in the profound current of listening and talking people are constantly being recreated. "And it is this little creative fountain inside us that begins to spring and cast up new thoughts and unexpected laughter and wisdom." For Ueland, this creative fountain exists within all of us: "It is the spirit, or the intelligence, or the imagination."

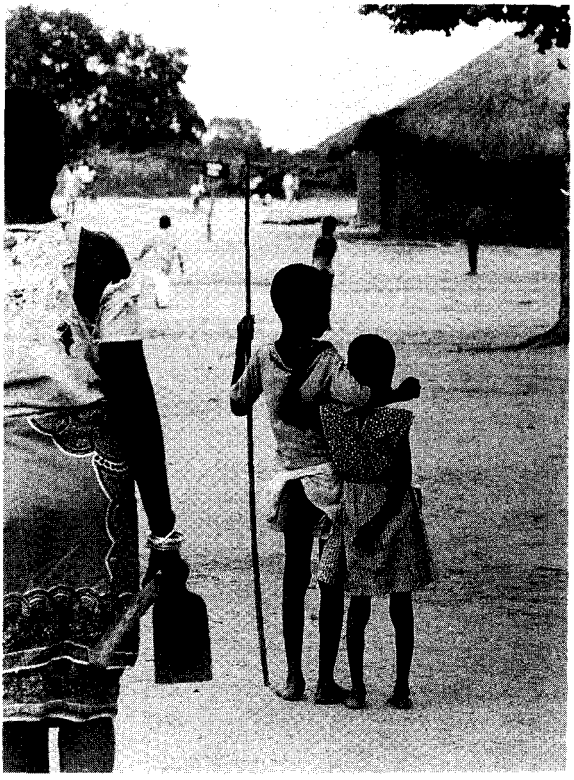
Chapter 7

Mundus Imaginalis: The Creation of Self and World

Moçambique

Moçambique, the time has come
to awaken
The time has come to look
for your children
hungry, with swollen bellies
for the skeletal mothers
for the elderly without
ears, or arms.
The time has come to clean
the ashes and to awaken
To awaken for peace.

—Maria



Center of Displaced People, Gorongosa district, Sofala province, 1988. Photo by Anders Nilsson.

Sculpting Creativity and Resistance

I no longer ask whether the creation of self and world is a possibility. From the broken bodies and the ashes of burned towns in Mozambique, I have seen people forge themselves and their worlds in new and vital ways. Yet scholars have few tools for explaining these phenomena. In a world where most people interact in a relatively coherent social universe, we seldom see people building wholly new universes of meaning and action. We seldom see sheer creativity.

In a relatively stable society, creativity is largely emergent, as Renato Rosaldo, Smadar Lavie, and Kirin Narayan (1993:5) write: "Members of a society's younger generations always select from, elaborate upon, and transform the traditions they inherit." It is perhaps this fact that has led these authors to conclude, in agreement with Edward Sapir, that "Invention takes place within a field of culturally available possibilities, rather than being without precedent. It is as much a process of selection and recombination as one of thinking anew. Creativity emerges from past traditions and moves beyond them; the creative persona reshapes traditional forms (Sapir 1924:418, quoted in Rosaldo et al. 1993:5)." For most times and places, I agree with these conclusions. But what happens when young and old alike inherit a world undermined by the chaos violence has wrought, a world where the traditions themselves are strategic targets in a very dirty war? Until I witnessed some of the ways in which people struggle with devastating chaos in Mozambique, I never questioned the assumptions that cast creativity as a more or less coherent process of transformation that built upon "the old" in achieving a "newer," if not a "new."

I have begun to accept that, at special times, a true spark of creativity is possible, a spark that defies the logic of tradition and the bounds of the culturally possible to forge the wholly new. Yet this spark of creativity is not a light in an otherwise darkened horizon. It is attended by the minutia of daily acts that take place within a field of cultural possibilities; it works amid processes of cultural selection and recombination that hone the day-to-day manifestations of the creative process. In this sense, Rosaldo, Lavie, and Narayan (1993:5) are right when they say that "mundane everyday activities become as much the locus of cultural creativity as the arduous ruminations of the lone artist or scientist." Every society is replete with artists and scientists, many of whom have never seen the inside of a school.

I am reminded of walking down a road in a town in the northern province of Cabo Delgado and chancing upon several men sitting under a tree fashioning wooden sculptures. This area of Mozambique is famous for its sculptures, sophisticated figures that in their poetry of shape and

form capture a raw essence of life and politics. Many of the sculptures are of bodies, parts of bodies, or collectivities of bodies that are artistically, and often tragically, misshapen: cavernous mouths calling out, grotesquely large hands reaching out, impossibly ponderous breasts bereft of nursing infants, all featured on bodies grotesquely emaciated in places. Yet the poetry and fluidity of the movement of the bodies and their messages, the intertwining of people and their motifs, speak to a collective spirit of resource and resistance. The art represents the *povo*, the people.

I stopped to talk with the men and look at their work. One piece in particular caught my attention. It was a cross between a mask and a sculpture of a face. It was as large as a human head, but had a curious ripple effect as if it were seen refracted through water. The eyes, nose, and mouth were inhumanely expanded to dominate the face: the eyes wide open and staring through distended pupils, the nose swooping across the face in a slant that placed the nostrils below the right eye, the mouth open and swinging from one side of the face to the other. One tooth glinted on the right side in lips drawn up in what might have been a smirk or a smile. Inside the mouth on the other side was the figure of a man: the head emerging between the teeth and lips, the arm holding onto the lip itself, the torso extending out from behind the inside of the mouth.

Enamored by the strange and poignant sculpture, I asked the artist to explain the story behind it. He set down his tool, leaned back against a tree, picked up the mask-head, and looked at it as if he were about to engage it in conversation.

> In our history, there lives among us a very evil person, a demon. This is a powerful being, a being who craved ever more power, who craved things, those in his grasp and those beyond his reach. And he cared nothing for others, they were food fueling his evil intentions, filling his belly. None of us could be said to be truly safe from his appetites. He ate people, he chewed them up and swallowed them down into his big belly. But these people, they do not chew so easily; no, we do not chew and die just like that. These people, you see, they began to stir in his belly, to climb up out of his stomach and into his mouth, across his tongue, past his teeth to the freedom beyond his lips. He tried to chew these people up and swallow them again, and he bit down on them with a ferocious force. But when he chomped down on these people, he broke his teeth on them—the more he bit and chewed, the angrier he got, the more he broke his teeth. These people he ate, they could not be kept in his stomach. They could not be bit off or ground down with his teeth. They just kept climbing up and out as he raged

> and bit down and spit out pieces of his teeth. This person you see here, he is defeating this demon, he has emerged out of his stomach, alive, to the light of day.

When he finished the story, the sculptor dropped his narrative tone and fixed me with a serious look: Did I understand? I looked around me at the hungry, thin child in the yard across the way; at the dilapidated houses of impoverished refugees crowding through the town; at the imported truck rumbling down the road, a possession rare enough to serve as a constant reminder that a privileged few managed to maintain, or gain, fortunes through war. I looked back at the man and the carved face he had propped on his knee and nodded that I thought I understood. He handed me the carving and settled back into his working position. In a quiet voice reinfused with the tone of a storyteller, he added, as much to the piece of wood he had picked up as to me: "It is an old story, but it is still our story."

As the sculptor's account shifted back and forth from past to present tense, the carving seemed to cast a long shadow from the present back through history. From colonialists to slavers, from usurious marketeers to warmongers, the grinding of the demon's teeth as he bit down on his prey was still all too audible.

The Problem of Hobbes—World-Making and the Imagination

Also grinding down on people in the last century has been the Hobbesian-esque notion that social order depends on established and smoothly functioning social and political institutions. Like political alliances, blackmarketeers, and the networks of military supplies and personnel that link zones of contention around the world, this Hobbesian notion is international in its construction and impact. It has been forged across political institutions, nation-states, and military treatises. The perspective is not restricted to occidental or modernist thought. The Chinese philosopher Hsün-tzu (298–338 BCE) developed a similar analysis of human nature and politics (see Nishida 1990). This view posits that elites—those who build and maintain social institutions—create order from the inherent chaos that is the raw state of humanity. The corollary of this notion is that when the social institutions governing society break down, the world and the people in it revert to a "dog-eat-dog" mentality—that chaos prevails as self-interest and personal gain override a concern with the good of humanity. This notion is clearly tied to the dynamics of power: if order is established through social institutions, then top-down hierarchies of control through political, military,

religious, and educational structures are legitimated as necessary. These institutions keep in check the chaotic dog-eat-dog urges growling and snapping at the edges of civilized society. But is this scholarship? Philosophy and not politics? How often do the scholars that propound these theories see or study worlds destroyed?

Creativity as world-making has been obscured by this Hobbesian-esque line of reasoning in occidental thought. If social institutions determine order, the founders and elites of social institutions are then the locus of forging order from chaos. Creativity is relegated to the individual, the elite, and the institutionally bounded. Thus, while individual acts of creativity have been empirically explored to some extent, the generation of wholly new universes of meaning—the dynamics of meaningful world-making—remains largely unexplored in academia, more relegated to poetics than to scholarship. This Hobbesian legacy ripples through a number of epistemological traditions from traditional political science to the Bladerunner-esque forms of post-modernism. Such a "worldview" is not simply apocalyptic, it is a call for some form of hegemony. In traditional science it is cast in terms of the need for informed political elites to wrest order from the anarchy of the masses; in more progressive social and literary sciences it is presented as a need for informed intellectuals who can see through the vicissitudes of hegemonically induced despair in postmodern existentialism. Yet the true realm of the day-to-day experience of creating self and world by those who populate the world is largely ignored in these scholarly assumptions. And in a curious irony, while contemporary scholars acknowledge that reality is culturally constructed, this Hobbesian-esque view supports the idea that there is something essential to culture—something enduring, something given—the culture-nature of the "political animal."

Hobbes aside, the whole question of the cultural constitution of reality, while central to much of contemporary theory, remains largely unexplored. When theoreticians speak of the cultural construction of reality, they are mostly speaking of the cultural reconstruction of reality: how individuals are introduced into a larger meaningful universe, and navigate the rules and realities they are confronted with given the tools their culture(s) provide. In this sense, to create is to "add to," to go beyond what is given. But the given is "always already"; it is a foundation of culture, self, and identity through which creativity emerges. People are not expected first to create themselves, then their worlds, and then their actions. Yet they do. But how?

Mundus imaginalis. The term is used by Henry Corbin (1969, 1972) to refer to a very precise order of reality, which corresponds to a very precise order of perception. It refers to the creative imaginary.[1]

> We realize immediately that we are no longer confined to the dilemma of thought and extension, to the schema of a cosmology and a gnoseology restricted to the empirical world and the world of abstract intellect. Between them there is a world that is both intermediary and intermediate, described by our authors as the . . . world of the image, the *mundus imaginalis*: a world that is ontologically as real as the world of the senses and that of the intellect. This world requires its own faculty of perception, namely, imaginative power, a faculty with a cognitive function, a *noetic* value which is as real as that of sense perception or intellectual intuition. (Corbin 1972:7)

Fundamentally and perceptually real, yet a place outside of all places—"outside of *where*" (1972:7), the realm of the imagination mediates between sense and intellect, matter and mind, inside (self) and outside (self-in-world), the given and the possible.[2]

It is important to hold in mind that for Corbin the imagination is a noetic, cognitive power, "an organ of true knowledge" (1972:13). Beyond being perfectly real, its reality is more irrefutable and coherent than that of the empirical world, where reality is perceived by the senses.[3] Western epistemology tends to locate the creative in special individuals and their specific acts; it is a singular, personal, individual productiveness. Corbin discards the idea that one mind can stand as the sole substratum for the creative. *Mundus imaginalis* is a metaphysical necessity: the imagination is the cognitive function of this world. Building on Corbin, Jadran Mimica (1991:36) adds: *the imagination is the main source of autopoiesis.*

How do we navigate the theoretical shoals and empirical reefs of researching the creation of self and world *in* the everyday world among real people? When scholars come to theorize self's potential for creativity, they encounter a series of dilemmas. Primary among these is that the Enlightenment left western theoreticians with a legacy that accepts that there *is* some "truth" we can speak about the creation of knowledge. In one of the most profound ironies of postmodernism—a set of theories that eschews paramount explanations and established truths—many theoreticians posit "truths of perception and knowledge." We find scholars variously arguing that perception is primary, that language conditions cognition, that proto-conscious symbols exist to inform action. Closer to the topic at hand, we find scholars debating if imagination is spoken before seen (Ricoeur), flimsy recollections of reality (Sartre), generative of reality (Castoriadis), or moral (Heller). The modern and post-modern alike in this sense try to "fix" a starting point of reality, be it semiotic, perceptual, moral, performative. It is an attempt to try to fashion a "truth" of being.[4]

It seems to me these various theories do not constitute a discussion about any transcendent way of "knowing," but are a reflection of the fact that we all know differently. This notion applies equally to Mozambicans

on the frontlines and academics in their offices. The possibilities of relationships to knowing and the creation of knowledge are as vast as the possibilities people as a whole are capable of employing. As I sit here at my computer writing about the angst of war and the hope of creative transcendence, dancers are dancing this same set of themes, painters are painting it, singers are singing it, poets are crafting poetry about it, victims are feeling it, children are learning it—all in the ways their own individual capacities and talents lead them. None is more powerful, more accurate, or more moral than the others. We cannot privilege one form of presentation over others.

Scholars live and work in a world of words written and spoken. They do not dance or sing or paint their observations; they think and speak and write them. Thus there is a tendency among academics and writers to privilege not only the written, but the fundamental role of language as an ontic reality. Western theories are replete with assumptions positing reason as semiotically founded, consciousness as irrevocably language linked, and being as discursively founded. It is not surprising that images and imagining have either been relegated to a sideline or subsumed under a larger "discursive truth"—they are not language-bound. Yet many nonacademics agree that there is much to the creation and expression of knowledge that is non-language based. Language is one of many capacities available to humans; it is like one of many senses which together reveal our realities.

This discussion is a preface to a core piece of my ethnographic data. I have "seen" (a western phrase elevating sight to knowing) Mozambicans create worlds from the voids of burning embers that were once home, family, and accepted reality. The problem I face is not with the knowing or understanding of this, but with translating it into words, words incapable of fully communicating this experience, this creativity. Possibly this dearth of explanatory tools relates back to the simple fact that writers depend on language. How can we write of that which does not partake of language? How can we communicate what the printed word cannot convey? Yet in the same way that the lack of knowledge of the circular nature of the earth or the circulatory system of the human body once thwarted, but did not arrest, scientific understanding, I do not think our inability to transcribe some of life's larger realities should obscure the fact that we theorize in an academic world limited by a language not yet capable of encompassing the vicissitudes and depths of existence.

Creating Linkages, Creating Society: Symbologues and the Complexities of Creative Resistance

While the description of the sheer font of the creative act—the forging of *mundus imaginalis* into *mundus literalis*, of imagined worlds into literal ones—may defy the scope of the written word at present, the ways in which world-making is sustained as part of daily living is easier to explain. In this book, I have talked about how people in Mozambique used parables, myths, songs, stories, poetry, theater, and a host of other creative tools to forge and circulate knowledge about surviving and resistance, about world-making and self-affirmation. I have termed these *symbologues*: dialogue through symbols. These constitute much more than a conversation. They are creative blueprints for "making" the world and imbuing it with vitality. Symbologues are active forms of resistance and fonts of social identity. I will add a few additional examples in the context of following creativity from inception to realization by returning to the theme of sculpture introduced above.

Monkeys

The mask story that opened this chapter reminds me of another set of intriguing figures. Like the mask, the following example of sculpture is a story of resistance that circulates from person to person across linguistic and tribal divisions. When I first went to Mozambique in 1988, the war economy was such that few market goods of any kind were available. I was always interested in the fact that one of the things that could be found with some regularity was a set of three little carved monkeys: see no evil, hear no evil, speak no evil. This seemed especially telling considering the Renamo tactics of severing people's ears and lips. One day I was sitting on the curb talking with a street vendor acquaintance with whom I frequently discussed the war which had taken his legs, his family, his home, and better days. During a lull in the conversation, with a sly twinkle in his eye, he pulled out a set of three monkeys to show me. The first monkey had one hand over his mouth and the other over one eye, but the second eye peered out wide open and both ears were uncovered and listening. The second monkey had one hand over one eye and the other hand over one ear—this time the mouth uncovered and opening to speak, and still one eye watching and one ear listening. The last monkey sat with a cynical grin on its face: eyes, ears, and mouth open and cognizant, with both hands covering its groin. The subversive message of the monkeys—that we will watch, listen, and speak, but we will "cover our tails" in doing so—circulates along war's paths across the country. The first part of the message conveys resistance, the second

laces it with wry humor. The two together have given many hope and the will to survive a very dirty war.

In warzones it can be physically dangerous to speak directly about the war. So "symbologues" (dialogues based on symbolic representations) like the monkeys and masks, the songs and parables and jokes, circulate—each a palimpsest of meaning where "mythical" or "imaginary" villains, heroes, murderers, and traitors implicate contemporary actors in the war drama. Everyone in the know "knows" what is being conveyed about whom: who to trust, fear, avoid. And in this, people are creating a world of increasing safety and knowledge for themselves and their communities to defy chaos and oppression.

Vem Amor, Vem

Some of the antiwar efforts that took place in Mozambique were far from subtle. One of my favorite examples was the play *Vem Amor, Vem* (Come Love, Come) put on in the capital city of Maputo by the theatrical group Mutumbela Go-Go. The play was a loose adaptation of the Greek play *Lysistrata* set in war-torn Mozambique. *Vem Amor, Vem* was written during the time the government was negotiating with Renamo for a peace accord. The negotiations were taking place in Rome, and the newspapers were full of stories about the fine accommodations and luxurious conditions the negotiators were enjoying. The negotiations, however, did not put a stop to the killing in Mozambique, and during the time the papers were reporting the talks in Rome they were also carrying stories of the many people killed daily in Mozambique as the war raged on.[5]

The play opens with an attack in the suburbs of Maputo, one of the many frequent attacks people in the country faced during this time. One market woman killed during the attack is transformed into a spirit, and she works to find a solution to the war. She decides that the war is made by men, and women should be able to divise a way to stop it. She determines that they should stop making love to men until the killing ceases. The spirit starts to mobilize the women in the markets to make deals with their boyfriends and husbands to find a way to end the war. The market women point out that if they enact a sex strike at home their men will simply go to the prostitutes in the area, so the spirit and the market women go to the prostitutes to seek their help and mobilize them to stop the war. The prostitutes point out that, although the market women can give up sex and still make money to feed their families, for them to give up sex is to give up their means to feed their families. So the market women strike a deal to support the prostitutes during the

sex strike. The play shows not only the process of mobilizing the women, but the problems they have with government representatives. In one scene, a representative of the government (a play on the prime minister) approaches the women on a skateboard to try to get them to stop the strike because it is so "uncomfortable." The government representatives keep making excuses: "The peace process is difficult, it can't be solved so easily; these are delicate negotiations, you women don't understand." The women respond that while these men are making war and not solving it, women and children are the ones being killed. Some of the men physically threaten the women if they continue their strike. In the face of the intimidation and the frustration from lack of sex, some of the women begin to have nightmares and worry that they may betray their compatriots. When one woman weakens and is about to make love to her husband, the spirit of the murdered market woman appears to her to give support and strength to continue with the strike. The play ends on a successful note: the peace accords are signed, the war ends, and in the last scene, the women say *vem Amor, vem.*

The play was a powerful and public message to the government that during the long protracted peace accords, during the "battles" around the negotiating table in Rome over words and phrases in the treaty, attack after attack was taking place, and taking lives, in Mozambique. The negotiations were doing nothing to alleviate suffering. Only the end of the war could do that. Such political frankness is an act of courage in a warzone. It is also a very effective act. Governments and their wars can continue only so long without popular support. These groundswell actions for peace, often deleted from traditional political and military science treatises on war, are potent mechanisms in bringing violence to a halt.

Teachers and Traders

There were many ways people worked to subvert terror and destruction and to reconstruct a purposeful social universe. Creating social linkages across no-man's-lands and among tribal groups was an important means of doing this. Average civilians on the frontlines set up remarkable resources. These actions were self-generated: they depended on no established social institutions or political infrastructures. People established services to find lost and kidnapped family members, find homes for orphans, and care for the wounded and maimed. They instituted healing ceremonies, and even classes in primary schools, for the war-traumatized. They organized informal food exchange programs, markets, and resource centers. They set up dispute resolution committees

and informal mechanisms to take care of the dislocated and impoverished. They initiated communication networks to inform people about attacks, troop movements, political developments, and safe zones. They created a warzone society with functioning social institutions.

Often people provided community services on the frontlines at considerable danger to themselves. Teachers are only one example of many. People who worked to build community services for one political party were the primary targets of the other throughout Mozambique. Teachers, health care professionals, and administrators were sought out for persecution and execution by both Frelimo and Renamo. Worse, a teacher or nurse could be taken by one side and forced to provide services, and then shot by the other side for doing so. I remember arriving at a town that had been completely burned out and looted. Nothing of value, from crops to building materials, was left, including school materials (and the school, from which everything of value had been taken or destroyed). The war rolled over towns time and again in Mozambique; most people in battlezones lived their day-to-day lives preparing for another attack. One would think in this climate, activities like schooling would be relegated to second-place nonessentials, but when I walked into town I was greeted by a group of children sitting under a tree "in class." A teacher from the community had elected not to flee the area even though it was commonly known that soldiers targeted educators. And, completely on this teacher's initiative, classes for the children of the community had been set up—under a tree, for the schoolhouse was no more. The teacher worked without texts, writing materials, or supplies. Children were taught to master writing and do school lessons by writing in the dirt under the tree with sticks. The classes were well attended. Such stories were legion throughout Mozambique.

Not all people who worked to reforge a viable social universe did so in traditional institutional settings. Traders provide a telling example. Traders often walked hundreds of miles across embattled zones with goods that could bring little financial compensation. Why make such a trip? As I listened to such traders talk, I realized that through their journeys they performed invaluable services far exceeding the scope of transmitting goods. They carried messages for families and friends separated by the fighting; conveyed details on deployments and dangers; and transmitted critical economic, crop, trade, and political news, not to mention gossip and irreverent stories, between communities severed from one another by the war. They linked different ethnic and language groups in a statement that the war was not about local rivalries, and could not be if they were to survive. They forged trade and social networks through the disordered landscapes of violence. And, by walk-

ing through lethal frontlines, they simply defied the war in a way that everyone they passed could enjoy and draw strength from. They were, literally, constructing social order out of chaos.

Kids Creating

Children as well as adults create systems of knowledge and survival. Orphaned street children stand as one of the more poignant examples for me. I mentioned earlier that my lodgings in Zambezia were located on a street that "housed" a significant number of homeless children. Most days, coming home from work, I sat and talked with the children and gave them some help in finding food and clothing. In an irony evident to most fieldworkers, these children often had the most current and detailed information on attacks, troops movements, zones of safety and danger, and resources. They established an organization on the streets where they helped care for the younger children and newer arrivals, helping them find safe places to sleep, food to eat, and a bit of clothing to wear. Knowledge was a resource, and its circulation a primary activity. One of the most surprising foci of information was that dealing with education. Many of the homeless children were concerned with going to school. Information on what schools might accept them, what resources they needed to attend school, and how they could obtain these resources was a common topic of conversation. Education was viewed as a means to get off the streets, as a valuable survival tool. Information on education circulated like a commodity: a symbol of hope for the future.

Jackals

Of course, creativity is not solely relegated to those things concerned with the ultimate good for a society. People create dangerous systems of oppression and exploitation as well. Thus battlezones demonstrate a constant tension between those profiting from violence and its dislocations, and those working to refashion a stable, peaceful existence. Each trader, teacher, healer, or civilian engaged in establishing social order dealt with the harsh truths that there existed among them those who exploited networks of violence for self-gain. Arms merchants, mercenaries, modern-day slavers, thieves, murderers, and other jackals also set up self-generated social institutions.

People readily distinguished between jackals who profited from the war but also ensured that their countrypeople profited somehow and those jackals who harmed others in their profit-seeking. People falling into the first category were those who, like the man Flavia's husband

paid to find his kidnapped mother, took money to find missing relatives or get them released from military bondage. These people did provide a service, and desperate people were reunited with lost family members. The placing of a monetary sum—and often an extravagant one at that—on matters of honor and the heart was what rankled most people.

There were, however, those who profited from the war by incurring even greater brutality and suffering. I am reminded of a riot that broke out one day in the capital city of Maputo. Cars were stopped, overturned, and burned, their occupants beaten. The riots were reported in the papers, but not the reason for the rioting. After some investigation, I discovered locals were trying to put a stop to an international network that sold Mozambican children—mostly disenfranchised war orphans—into domestic and sexual labor in what was at that time apartheid South Africa. The United Nations has sent up an alarm about the worldwide rise in this kind of racketeering, calling it modern-day slaving (Nordstrom 1996b).

Healers

What is of interest is that *most* people did *not* create abusive systems of self-gain and power. One of the most prevalent examples of creativity in Mozambique, grounded in the concepts of African medicine, demonstrates this well. Most ground-level actions to create meaning in the face of destruction involved the principles of Mozambican/African medicine. In fact, every healer I talked with in Mozambique (and this numbered in the hundreds) had developed methods to help people survive the war in a humane fashion, and to institute peacebuilding processes in doing so. And in all my conversations with Mozambicans during my stay in the country, I found only one person who did not consult with Curandeiros when their problems become pressing. Curandeiros helped people reconstitute their worlds in the most profound of ways. The success was in part due to the fact that traditional healing combines individual and collective resources—cultural wisdom applied by individuals to meet specific circumstances, flexible, fluid, enduring—a tradition dedicated to healing, protection, and re-creation at all levels of socio-cultural life. In a world where war profiteers do exist, this example shows that they do not predominate. It reminds us that under the most extreme circumstances, most people work to re-create a viable society, not demolish it.

The healing conceptualized in Mozambican/African medicine viewed violence as a pathology that needed to be cured like any other illness or misfortune. Hundreds of conversations I had with Mozambicans reflected their preoccupation with defusing the cultures of violence the

war had wrought. It is a violence, they stress, that can last far beyond formal military cease-fires. People constantly reminded themselves and others about the insidious nature of violence to reproduce itself, and to destroy worlds and lives in this process. In doing so they set into motion a cultural dynamic that continually challenges the entrenchment of cultures of violence. The following is from a conversation with several older women in a village that had seen a great deal of devastation and lay largely in ruins. We were talking about the war's impact on people's lives:

> When people come back to our community after having been kidnapped and spending time with the Bandidos [Renamo], after having been harmed by [Frelimo] soldiers, or after their community has been destroyed by the war, there are a lot of things they need. They require food and clothing, they need a place to live, they need medical attention. But one of the most important things they need is calm—to have the violence taken out of them. We ask that everyone who arrives here be taken to a Curandeira or Curandeiro for treatment. The importance of the Curandeiro lies not only in her or his ability to treat the diseases and physical ravages of war, but in their ability to take the violence out of a person and to reintegrate them back into a healthy lifestyle. You see, people who have been exposed to the war, well, some of this violence can affect them, stick with them, like a rash on the soul. They carry this violence with them back to their communities and their homes and their lives, and they begin to act in ways they have never acted before. They bring the war back home with them—they become more confused, more violent, more dangerous, and so too does the whole community. We need to protect against this. The Curandeiros make consultations and patiently talk to the person, they give medicinal treatments, they perform ceremonies, they work with the whole family, they include the community. They cut the person off from any holds the war has on him or her, they scrape off the violence from their spirit, they make them forget what they have seen and felt and experienced in the war, they make them alive again, alive and part of the community. They do this with soldiers too. If someone finds a soldier wandering alone, we take him and bring him to a Curandeiro. Most people do not really want to fight, these soldiers have done terrible things, but many of them were kidnapped and forced to fight. They dream of their home and family and machambas [farms], of being far away from any war. The Curandeiros take the war out of them, they uneducate their war education. They remind the person how to be a part of their family, to work their machamba, to get along, to be a part of the community. They cure the violence that others have taught.

In the midst of war, the treatments of healers are not set prescriptions faithfully reproduced but creative acts in the most fundamental sense. Worlds are destroyed in war, so they must be recreated. Not just worlds of home, family, community, and economy—but worlds of definition, both personal and cultural.

The Peace Process

At a macro level in 1990 and 1991 while I was doing this research, the official political peace process was going through cycles of meetings and stalls, cease-fires and broken accords, diplomatic promises and withdrawals. Peace accords were being hammered out in various capital cities in the world, brokered by political elites from around the world. They took place far from the frontlines that continued to take untold lives. In fact, the war was never more lethal and destructive than during this time as each side tried to gain political advantage by demonstrating military strength. The civilians bore the brunt of these political exercises (Minter 1994).

International public support in these years went not to ensuring a defeat of one side by the other—as was the norm in Cold War relations—but to instituting multiparty elections with all formal political contenders represented in a government wherein all formal militaries were integrated. With the Cold War over Frelimo was diplomatically pressured to accept Renamo's demands for a multiparty democracy. In fairness to Frelimo, in these last years of war, they agreed to meet the majority of these demands. The peace process dragged out because Frelimo, within these constraints, sought to maximize its political position, and Renamo stalled to try to manipulate better political advantage. For example, when Manuel Antonio and his unarmed peasant army so successfully rooted Renamo in Zambezia and Nampula in 1990 and 1991, Renamo felt they had lost bargaining power in the eyes of Frelimo and the world. So they stalled the peace talks and mounted a large military attack to regain both territory and "military face." As a consequence, thousands died during this time and thousands more were forced to endure flight, starvation, and brutality.

The accounts I have given throughout this book, and in this chapter in particular, constitute key ways the population at large sought to affect the peace process in a political world where civilians and low-level military are locked out of formal political process for the most part. No peasants from the frontlines and no privates from either army were invited to Rome to help broker the accords.

As the talks resumed and failed, resumed yet again and broke down another time, the country as a whole was sustained largely by the work

and efforts of the average civilians discussed here. Few researchers follow illiterate traders, rural schoolteachers, and local healers as they move around their communities and country forging both the principles and the means to create and sustain peace and to heal the wounds of war. Few have documented the sophisticated countrywide peacebuilding system these people forged day by day, from the ground up. Yet without these people's work, the peace accord that was finally reached in 1992 would never have been possible.

Mundus Imaginalis Moralis, or Hobbes Appears to Be Mistaken

Postulating a Humane Imagination

To postulate a creative imaginary does not, alone, do justice to the process of world-making, especially that undertaken in conditions of extreme violence. Although there is no doubt the usurious, the abusive, the sadistic, and the untrustworthy create mechanisms to achieve their own goals, such self-concern does not point to the conclusion that creativity is a process outside the bounds of positive and negative cultural consequences. It is not Darwin's amoral adaptation to survival. I reached this conclusion through a very simple observation. *Most* people I encounter in warzones work to create a healthy society. While the usurious and abusive do exist, they do not predominate. In a society bereft of the normal institutions that supposedly regulate society and moral norms, people, for the most part, engage in humane world-building. In challenging the Hobbesian notion of chaos, I reiterate the level of destruction in which people in Mozambique struggled: one million out of 16 million died in the war. One-fourth were dislocated from their homes, and fully one-half of the entire population were directly affected by the war. One-third of all educational and health care institutions were rendered inoperative, trade routes were devastated, and government infrastructure was often rendered nonexistent. It is important to hold in mind that a maximum of 60,000 troops (both Frelimo and Renamo) out of 16 million people perpetuated this devastation. No police force, no legal framework, no powerful traditional authority retained sufficient hold on the society to regulate behavior across Mozambique. Yet I never encountered a community that succumbed to chaos, inertia, or destructiveness. Certain individuals, yes; but they were in the minority. Hobbes appears mistaken.

The creative imagination, then, would appear to contain a humane or moral component, a fundamental ethics. In discussing this topic

one day with the Australian feminist political scientist Jan Pettman, she noted that her work had led her to postulate a "moral imagination." In her view, it entails a moral clarity concerning political realities; an ethical stance that, in John Rawls's view, allows people to empathize with the plight of others (see Pettman 1996). It is imbued with a political justice. It is not a valueless self-perpetuation for survival at all costs, but a world-building with an ethical foundation.

I realize positing a humane imagination takes reseachers into contested waters. This can be reminiscent of universalistic Enlightenment notions of moral reasoning. In fact, I do not agree with such moral essentializing. It has been used to create hierarchies of right and wrong that are more abusive than scholarly, usually placing the culture of the theorizer at the summit of moral reasoning. My stance is different: why, in the midst of a violent breakdown of order, do *most* people *not* respond with disorder and discord, but with vibrant ways of re-creation? Central to this position is Seyla Benhabib's (1992a, 1992b) view that ethics and morals are not abstract generalized universals, but concrete embodied realities. Ethics and morals are lived. They are lived by and through specific people living in specific circumstances with specific needs. There is, in essence, an embodied experiential ethics. Linking closely with the discussion of the creative production of self in Chapter 6, Benhabib (1992b:284) writes, "The self is not a thing, a substrate, but a protagonist of a life's tale." Self and action emerge in a universe of possibilities made meaningful through value judgments and moral discernments. There is no a priori value-free self.

I stand with Benhabib in arguing against Kant that any one moral position can be applied to all people and all times. Moral reasoning and ethical practice are cultural phenomena: culturally constructed, flexible, changing. Thus, while some may argue that it is ethical in their view to pillage their communities in times of stress, most recognize such behaviors, if applied across the board, are ultimately self-destructive. That the majority hold this view, and can agree on the fundamentals of moral foundations, results in the actuality of shared world-building. From the ashes of burned-out villages and broken families emerge new, shared communities. Communities that work. People do not blithely forget the traumas that necessitated such re-creation. If moral imaginations are forged with political clarity, as Pettman argues, they are created with the knowledge of the dangers of greed and sadism. But, for the most part, they are forged *against* such abusive realities. I give one caveat here, however. As with this whole book, my focus is with average civilians. It is clear that abusive political systems do emerge: political systems that are forged on greed and sadism. My interest here is with the people and

communities that struggle in the midst of oppressive violence they seldom started and rarely support. Unlike Hobbes, it is here I found the foundations of self-creation and world-building.

This argument is not an exercise in blind idealism. To say people's creativity is endowed with an ethical imagination is not to say that people create worlds free of abuse and contestation. This harks back to the story of Lobster Boy introduced in Chapter 1. Lobster Boy, who brought the truth of pathos home to those who met him, beat his wife. People could not understand how a man who so profoundly felt the abuses of injustice could reproduce those injustices in his own family. There is no reason to conclude that, while people created new communities in war-torn Mozambique, they created communities free from injustice. Certainly theft, murder, oppression, domestic violence, sexual abuse, incest, and interpersonal aggression existed in the communities being rebuilt in Mozambique during the war. People might rail against the horrors of military abuse while beating family members. But what is of interest is that every community I visited recognized the potential of violence to reproduce itself, especially in conditions of severe war. Every community (and here I mean civil community) generated systems and institutions for dealing with exactly these problems. As discussed earlier, throughout Mozambique people recognized that war was reproduced on all levels of social life. Virtually every Mozambican I spoke with agreed with the healer who told me:

> People have just seen too much war, too much violence—they have gotten the war in them. We treat this, we have to—if we don't take the war out of the people, it will just continue on and on, past Renamo, past the end of the war, into the communities, into the families, to ruin us.

Responsibility and Moral Dilemmas

The sense of responsibility people held toward solving the cycles of violence confronting them often extended beyond a concern solely with the personal. This sense of responsibility was often born of moral imbroglios. I have discussed the belief many Mozambicans hold that the violence people commit follows them to disrupt the rest of their lives. If a person takes another's life, the soul of the murdered individual will cause harm to not only the murderer, but to the murderer's family and community as well. In the words of one of the respected elders in a community in the southern province of Gaza:

> People involved in the war—especially soldiers—when they go back to their home, they carry the souls of those they have killed with them . . . these souls "stick" to them. They follow them into their homes and families. They can cause serious problems for the whole family, even the community. Remember, these are not just people that have been killed. They are someone's family, and now they are someone's ancestors.

Revenge ensures continuing cycles of violence, both revenge by the dead—restless because of the violent death—and revenge by the family and friends of the person killed. War or not, death is a personal issue. But personal does not translate into individual: responsibility for injustice is not solely an individual concern. Responsibility is a social issue. Some of the families of soldiers elected to perform peacebuilding acts on their own to try to mitigate the impact of these ongoing waves of violence. Families and communities who counted soldiers among their kindred often performed ceremonies to placate the dead. These ceremonies are not justifications of war, but attempts to stop violence altogether. In a number of cases, a family or community chose to pay a compensation to the family or community of those killed. During the war, it was not uncommon to hear of people from another community showing up in an embattled village to offer cows, goats, and other valuable resources. The message was clear. Nothing justifies this violence, even the actions of our own kin. This war is not about villagers, and we will do what is in our power to stop it. Even if the families and communities of soldiers did not participate in killing, they took responsibility for solving it.

In some cases the sacrifices made to stop ongoing cycles of violence were considerable. For example, in some cases, if a woman was killed before she had borne a child, a young girl of the family whose member was responsible for the killing would be given to the bereaved family to replace the loss. This demonstrates the lengths Mozambicans were at times willing to go in trying to stop the violence marring not only their lives, but the lives of everyone in the country. In a discussion of this with a curandeira one day, she said to me:

> The winds and the water can carry the trauma of a battlefield to far reaches to affect innocent people. The spirits of the dead are restless, and walk about the country to affect everyone in their path. They increase the trauma of war. Bereaved people are susceptible to all kinds of illnesses: physical, emotional, spiritual. The violence that blows across the country is an illness. We have no protective vaccination

against this contamination of war. We cure many of the ills such malaise brings about, but we cannot protect against it. These offerings people make to the beleaguered, they are taking responsibility for protecting their country from these ravages. They are doing what is in their own power to stop the horrors of war and killing.

Local/International: Locating the Font of Creativity

World-creating, then, involved the creation of systems to combat destructive behaviors in all arenas of life. While these could not stop all interpersonal abuses, the fact that these systems, and not ones that supported political and personal oppression, were created and set into motion at the civil level lends credence to the idea that the creative imaginary is more inclined toward creating viable rather than destructive worlds. In stressing my focus mainly on civil society, it was interesting for me to note that in Mozambique during the war, many transnational organizations did not support these local endeavors. Although money poured into health care, it was channeled to constructing clinics and hospitals, not to assisting African healers who were struggling to educate people away from a war mentality. Although millions of dollars were granted for educational redevelopment, almost nothing went to local and national programs to assist war-traumatized children at the primary school level. Although there was much concern with redrafting a legal system, almost no research was conducted on community systems of justice that developed to mitigate the abuses of war. The list of examples continues, and each attests to the fact that, while at the community level people institute remarkable systems of recovery and justice, they received little support from the more elite-controlled and powerful socio-political institutions operating in the world, perhaps because these institutions have a vested interest in the Hobbesian notion that formal social and political institutions are necessary to ensure political order and social morality. Community-generated solutions are often quite different, even contradictory to, those enforced through formal socio-political institutions. Ethical realities are forged in the complex dynamic of relations between these levels of social and political will. They are negotiated across the possible and the real.

Unmaking Violence

Creative world-building extends beyond the forging of social institutions to involve creating conceptual realms of meaning and action. One of the most profound examples is Mozambicans' commitment to "unmaking" violence. This idea stands in direct contrast to occidental views

of violence. In the west, violence is subtly but powerfully presented as "thing-like." This is evident in the linguistic habits surrounding violence. The following phrases are common currency in the west: violence is avoided; violence is controlled; violence is surmounted; violence is turned inward or outward in anger; violence is released in cathartic mock-aggression; violence is held in check. These habitual responses to violence support the conclusion that violence is a fixed phenomenon. As a fixed phenomenon it becomes a manifest *thing*: set, enduring, concrete. Violence *exists*. This is in part a result of a tendency in traditional western epistemology to posit a fundamental naturalness to violence. Ten years of teaching peace and conflict studies have demonstrated to me that the majority of both popular and scholarly tracts on violence attribute some biological or natural foundation to violence. If violence is natural or biological in any sense, it is "determined"—that is to say, it has a specific *given* nature. Violence *is*. There is a dangerous aspect to this view of violence: if violence is a given, then there is nothing people can do other than to endure it, or protect against it.[6]

Most of the Mozambicans I spoke with, and especially those in civil society, hold a very different conceptualization of violence. In their view, violence is a fluid cultural construct. Violence is crafted into action by those seeking to control others. It is *made*. When it is employed by the abusive, it has serious repercussions for everyone. Those exposed to violence learn violence: and thus are capable of perpetuating it, as is evident in the many quotes given throughout this text that attest to the fact that people who have been brutalized by a military often return home more abusive themselves, more likely to employ violence to solve their own domestic and interpersonal dilemmas.

But people in Mozambique stress that if violence is made, it can be *unmade* as well.[7] In fact, it is not only an option, but an obligation of civil society to put into motion actions that unmake violence when it is employed against a society. If people *learn* violence, then they can *unlearn* it.

> Sure, when people come here who have been exposed to violence in any way, we take care of them immediately. Their physical problems are a first priority, as so many are close to death with disease, beatings, starvation, who knows what. But their mental state is as important, and we make sure they see a healer as soon as they are able to calm their mental state. With what these people have seen and been through, their minds need as much attention as their bodies. But this is not the end of it all. We ask everyone who arrives to see a specialist in healing the war. These people, they've seen so much violence, it can destroy them, and worse, those around them—because people have learned violence, and they continue to act it. So these specialists, they

> treat people, they teach them how to live without this violence; they take the violence out of them. It is a strength, this learning how to stand up to the violence and defeat it. The whole community is expected to help: the healer teaches the person how to be reintegrated into a healthy community life, but we have to be sure that reintegration works. You can tell someone to go out and work a plot of land, but if they are battle-scarred, they may just not be able to move. We walk with them, talk with them, reach into the earth with them, coax a seed into food with them. We encourage them to do the ceremonies that protect them and their families and lands, appease their ancestors, make our community healthy and safe. You walk someone through these daily acts, with the help of the healers, they learn what words can never convey. We don't fight one side or the other in this war—we fight the war itself this way. We resolve the war in this way. And we heal its wounds in this way.

The reason peacebuilding in the midst of war was so successful in Mozambique was that the vast majority of people refused to restrict cultures of survival along community, language, tribal, class or gender lines. War was the enemy, and anyone fighting this enemy was a compatriot. Although I met a number of Mozambicans in government and military positions who elevated tribal loyalties to political causes, the majority of average civilians told me that to perpetuate tribal distinctions in the war was to perpetuate the war. Violence could only be defeated by refusing to be swayed by such divisions.

A related aspect of peacebuilding also helps to explain its success: one of the core values operating in Mozambique was that those who were helped then used this knowledge to help others. I discovered both the inter-community networks of support and the obligation to continue the tradition of helping one day when I was talking to four curandeiras about healing the wounds of war. In the midst of the conversation, a woman nearby began moaning loudly. I asked the curandeiras what the woman was suffering from. They explained that fighting was taking place outside of the town area, and the woman had stumbled into town that week and collapsed. She had a combination of physical and emotional war-induced problems they had not seen before, and they were baffled as to how to treat her. Because she was only partly coherent, and spoke their language only brokenly, they did not even know where the woman was from, or what had befallen her. They had ascertained that her family had all been killed and her village destroyed. They put out a call throughout the area, carried by word of mouth through healers, traders, and other travelers to find out if anyone could identify and treat her problems. They received a message from an old curandeiro well

over a hundred kilometers away. He knew the problem, and had treated it successfully. He was now en route, traveling by foot. To reach them, he would have to walk through several areas of heavy fighting. When he arrived, he would spend sufficient time to treat the woman, and then to teach her how to cure others with these same problems. He knew, given the patterns of war, that others would suffer a similar fate, and someone in the area would need to know how to treat them. He also knew the four curandeiras hosting him had observed and treated war casualties that he had not yet seen, and that he would learn treatments to take back to his community when he returned. In accordance with the tenets of African healing, a person who has suffered an illness is more adept at treating others with the same problem. The nameless patient who had stumbled into town would be welcomed into this new community as a healer in her own right when she recovered; she would be given a home and respect. As her family and village were lost to her, this new location and the need for her skills would provide her with a foundation to rebuild a life. The curandeiras, the patient, and the curandeiro who was coming to treat the woman were all of different language groups. The war severed people from their lives and communities, and people responded by rebuilding these linkages across Mozambique.

There are no cultural canons, no legal doctrines, no religious texts in a society that specify how to treat these wounds of war and how, exactly, to rebuild in the face of destruction. Like the woman who stumbled into the village and collapsed with symptoms the medical personnel there had not seen before, wars continuously engender new kinds of violence and innovative responses to it. No one war can prepare people for the lived intricacies of another war or another day of war. What worked yesterday may not work today. One act of resistance is counteracted by a new form of violence and oppression. And new forms of resistance are forged in the face of these. Violence is constructed as a tool of repression. Creative responses are then set into play by the population to unmake the power and the potential of violence.

When these kinds of sensibilities and responsibilities become as widely reproduced as I found them to be in Mozambique—woven, as this book has demonstrated, through medicine, justice systems, art, education, religion, and daily stories, and across diverse language and cultural groups—they coalesce into a political movement. For ultimately, from medicine to art, these cultural precepts about violence and peacebuilding are about power, the abuse of power, dignity, and the truth of survival. This is a political movement unaddressed in traditional political and military science treatises: there is no leader, no institutional bases, no strategic texts. It cannot be pinned down to any person, place, or activity. Perhaps that is why this "war against violence" ultimately proved

to be so successful. I am convinced this is what paved the way for peace, and for an *enduring* peace. When a culture against war grows to the proportions it did in Mozambique, it becomes very difficult to sustain a war effort.

What is so powerful and innovative about this social process is that it is predicated on redefining violence in a nonviolent way. Fundamental to this sensibility is the idea that people choose to fight, not against one side or another, but against war itself. People choose to fight precisely by *not* employing violence as it has been used against them. This is in fact a potent solution. When people choose sides in a war, when they use the same kind of violence against others that has been used against them, they reproduce the political system and all of its justifications. Here, just the opposite took place: people delegitimized the political use of violence, both as a global process and a local reality. Rather than leaving the definition of community and security to the politico-military bodies, average Mozambican citizens took it upon themselves to reconstitute community, the body politic, security.

When average citizens met violence not with violence but by rebuilding town and citizenry, they were in effect saying that they did not need political institutions to forge community structure and keep social order. In doing this, they took political agency on themselves and away from formal governing institutions and military bodies. Unlike Hobbes, this was not a war of all against all, but the peacefulness of the many standing against the violence of the few. This position is in many ways heretical: if average citizenry in the midst of devastating social disorder and failed governing institutions are themselves capable of re-creating viable social and governing systems, how necessary are extensive controls of formal governing institutions? And even in the asking of this question, the necessity of these institutions is called into question—and hence their basis of power and privilege.

In Mozambique, the vast networks of creative resistance to violence, and the commitment to the unmaking of violence, preceded the peace accords. The Hobbesian legacy would have us believe that elite-brokered peace accords restore order to a disordered society. In forging political and military solutions to war, peace is brokered and violence reigned in and controlled. I found the inverse to be true: civil society crafted sophisticated institutions to stop violence and to heal the wounds war left in its wake. Average civilians unmade the possibility and the power of violence, and in doing so they set the stage for peace. They, in fact, created the conditions of peace. They made war an impossibility. And it was on this work that the peace accords were built.

Notes

1. *Mundus imaginalis* is a term Corbin uses in exploring the ontic significance of Arabic and Persian religious texts. He explains that the theosophers of Islam depict three interrelated worlds. There is the physical sensible, and its mode is that of the senses. There is the supersensible world—that of the imagination. And there is the world of the intelligences—that of the mind.

2. Corbin returns to the Latin phrasing of *mundus imaginalis* to capture this arena of creativity, lamenting the fact that modern western languages only allow for vague and misleading equivalents. Though it is tangential to the purpose of my presentation here, we may well ask why it is so difficult to speak of creativity as self-forging and world-making at all in the contemporary west. Corbin explains that the word "imaginary" does not provide an adequate translation, for today it has come to refer to the *unreal*; or, as with Sartre, a flimsy recollection of something experienced, not a creative act. Corbin calls this the westerner's "agnostic reflex"—responsible for the divorce of *thinking* and *being*.

3. This conceptualization of *mundus imaginalis* has close parallels with the processes of self-creation and world-building critical to Mozambicans' survival. Yet I found one difference. Corbin writes that in the Persian and Arabic texts ontologically the imagination ranks higher than the world of senses and lower than the purely intellectual world. This hierarchicalization appears to resonate through a number of major texts of the Middle Ages, as much as it is absent from Mozambican epistemology. Elaine Scarry (1994), whose work on pain, terror, and imagination has been groundbreaking, also returned to a medieval text to explore the realm of creativity and ontology: that of the philosopher-theosophist Boethius and his *Consolation of Philosophy*. Boethius too presents an ontological hierarchy in pursuing his question of "What is man? What is knowledge?" This hierarchy begins with the world of Senses (the material and particular), moves to the Imagination (the immaterial particular, the realm of animals), reaches Reason (the immaterial universal) with humans, and achieves the ultimate and simultaneous unity of God-Knowledge with Insight. While Insight is a unified immediate totality of knowing in the Simple Idea that integrates all the lower forms of knowing, it is the final step on a progressive path that distinguished different kinds of ontic-knowing. The fact that these hierarchical philosophies are influential from Persian and Arabic textual traditions to medieval European ones suggests an intellectual legacy sufficiently broad and powerful to lend an aura of "given-ness," of reality, to these ideas. Corbin and Scarry do not contest these hierarchies, but such hierarchical divisions do not penetrate to all philosophical systems.

Hierarchies are not universal. Judging from the experience of Mozambicans, I would posit instead that the world of the senses, the imagination, and the mind is fundamentally, irreducibly interrelated in the act and the fact of living—a triad of interdependent equalities rather than a hierarchy of possibilities.

In my more playful moments, based on my conversations with Mozambicans concerned with the ontological facets of life, I imagine the following conversation might not be too far off the mark if I were to ask them about these philosophies. "Dividing the processes of living is unrealistic," they might say. "But why place Insight at the top of the hierarchy? Why not Outsight as well? Or why not In-hear or In-taste or In-feel, or Out-hear and Out-feel as well?" The point being that in our traditions of knowledge we demonstrate our own preoccupations with hierarchies of sensing as well as senses—sight being privi-

leged in western traditions. And, of course, playing further on the whole notion of sense, we might ask why we distinguish five senses, and then speak colloquially of "sense" as the realm of intellect and also of intuition. Maybe our patterns of speech attest to something our formal philosophies have missed: that senses and sense cannot be distinguished so readily or neatly. Maybe the world of the five senses is an intellectual realm; the intellect a "sense(ing)" in some capacity.

4. Allen Feldman once said to me that we all write our own autobiographies in our work. I take this to be a profound fact of scholarship. We "find" what we "know." We study what we are interested in. I would expand on this insight to say that we also theorize our own biographies. Elaine Scarry noted in discussing her work on imagination that psychological schools were divided by whether or not they thought people could "see" images. Some argued they could see images in their mind as clearly as they could see the person in front of them. Others simply did not understand this, and did not "see" images in their mind's eye. Rather than take this to be a result of different personal capacities, schools of psychology battled over whether it was possible to "see" images. People forged their theories according to their own personal abilities. Some see images, some speak images, some rely on image as reasoning. No theory positing the paramount importance of the visual imagination will hold for those who conceptualize differently. No theory that denies the creative power of the visual image will hold for those who depend on this faculty. We need a much more pluralistically nuanced set of theories to explain humans' relationships to knowing and being.

5. I would like to express my thanks here to Antonio Francesco for his discussions with me on this play.

6. Western legal, judicial, and political systems are largely set up along these premises.

7. This of course resonates with Elaine Scarry's work (1985) on the making and unmaking of the world in situations of extreme violence.

Epilogue
Unmaking Violence

Reality

There is a dam
behind my eyes
a dam containing water
that if I touch or blink
will make me cry

And that which is called Reality
will fall over me
covering me with a wave of terror
and the horrors of war

In between the dream and the waking up
I anxiously await
for that beautiful morning
to enter joyfully through my window
to tell me that
Reality is peace.

—Juleca

Election day, 1994. Photo by Carolyn Nordstrom.

As I write this in 1997, Mozambique's 1992 Peace Accord is still holding. Elections were held in 1994, the first ever in Mozambique. Frelimo won, but by a very narrow margin. Renamo held a close second. I was an election observer, and many Mozambicans told me it was not so much a vote for one side over another, but a vote for peace. While Renamo was not content with the election results, they did not go back to war. I think the dedicated culture of peace I have described has quite a bit to do with this. I saw it in action the opening day of the elections in October 1994.

I was a provincial coordinator for the election monitoring group, Association for Western European Parliamentarians with UN and Christian Council for Mozambique counterparts. I was asked to go to the northern province of Niassa because I knew the province and spoke Portuguese.

Even before the elections, however, it was evident that "taking the war out of the people" had been at least partially successful: Mozambique was unable to fill the quota set by the United Nations of a joint Frelimo/Renamo military. The UN protocols stating that an integrated army of 30,000 was to be in place by the elections had to be overlooked: fewer than half the positions were filled. Many soldiers simply refused to enter into further military service. Although against UN regulations, the election officials had no choice but to open the polling stations with far fewer security forces protecting them than stipulated in the conventions of the peace accord.

An even more powerful indication of people's commitment to ending violence became apparent the morning the elections opened. Early that day, one of the members of my team, a man from Malawi, called my attention to the BBC broadcast on his world receiver radio. It was still dark, hours before the elections were to start. The broadcast said that the presidential contender Dhlakama, the head of Renamo, had pulled out of the elections and called a general boycott. That was it. There was no news as to what was behind this, or if it signaled a return to war. All Mozambican news services had a complete blackout of information on this. There was no word to us from any of the governmental, nongovernmental, or election monitoring agencies at all about what was going on or what to do.

Most of my team had already left the day before for province-wide locations. We could communicate only by the gracious assistance of a Mozambican Red Cross radio operator, with a backup of the police radio for emergencies. If we in the provincial capital were ignorant as to what was taking place, clearly no one else on my team out in the province did. The rest of us decided to leave for our posts. Because I was a provincial coordinator, I was not limited to one polling station, but could travel freely and visit any.

The image etched in my mind when I arrived at the first polling station at dawn will likely remain with me throughout my lifetime. Hundreds of people were lined up waiting quietly for the station to open. On their faces were looks I had seen before: fear that war would break out around them at any moment, steeled with determination to stand up for their rights. One look at their faces and I had no need to ask if they had heard about Dhlakama's withdrawal. There was no electricity at this hour in Niassa, and few people had the resources to buy radios, much less batteries. World receivers could cost more than a year's salary, and only the BBC was broadcasting any news about the disruptions at the elections. Yet everyone knew. As there was no formal government announcement as to what was taking place, no one knew if the elections were being canceled, if war was resuming, if they were in danger for going to the polling stations. Person to person, as each individual elected to walk the distance to the polling station, Mozambicans coalesced into a movement that stood up for what people perceived to be their political right.

Long before they voted on the ballots, people voted, as they say, with their feet by showing up in the hundreds and thousands at every polling station across the country hours before the polls even opened. With this act, they voted for a peaceful resolution; they voted against the intimidation of war. Mothers walked the many kilometers to the polling stations with children on their backs; the maimed and elderly were carried. This was no small act of courage. After a war that had taken over a million lives, people had no idea how great the dangers of going to the polling stations were. More than 90 percent of the population voted during the elections.

When I entered the first polling station, the fear and determination were magnified—this time on the faces of the Renamo representatives. Election rules stated that every polling station was to have representatives of the main political parties to ensure free and fair elections. None of the Renamo representatives there knew if Dhlakama's boycott meant a return to war. None knew if they would be threatened or killed for defying the boycott. None knew what was happening in other provinces and polling stations. For all any of us knew, war could already have broken out in other locations. But they defied the boycott, and came to the polling stations.

The polling stations were orderly and quiet. People were cautious, courteous, and efficient. It was the same quiet that I have seen before in places expecting an attack, a bomb drop, the deadly unexpected. I asked several representatives what they thought of what was going on, wording my questions in the most general terms, not knowing how much anyone knew of what, or how much could be said of it. One Re-

namo representative summed up many people's sentiments, "Dhlakama can go back out in the bush and fight by himself if he wants war so bad."

The election rules were followed explicitly. The polls opened on time. One of the first people I saw vote sums up the spirit of the election for me. She was an elderly woman with gray hair, bowed over with age. She was a village woman, dressed in an inexpensive cloth wrap. She could neither read nor write. The impartial voter assistant showed her the election form, which had pictures of the contenders and parties as well as their names, and explained how to mark it. She walked with a limp to the voting booth, marked her choices with a thumbprint, and emerged to deposit her ballot into the ballot box. Then she straightened, looked at all of us in the room, gave a smile of great dignity, made a hand gesture like a personal salute of victory, and exited.

That day, Dhlakama announced he was back in the election. In Maputo, a contingent of high-level diplomats from around the world had converged on Dhlakama the minute he had declared a boycott the night before the elections. They pressured him with the conventions of diplomacy to reenter the election. When he decided some hours after the polls opened to give up the boycott, the ambassadors declared a diplomatic victory.

But no one recognized the true victory of the people at the polling stations. If the people had been intimidated by the threat of war and stayed home, the elections would not have taken place. If the Renamo representatives had followed the call to boycott, the elections would not have been possible. If they had responded by arming, a return to war would likely have been inevitable. No matter what diplomatic coups were declared, if the Mozambican people had not defied fear and intimidation and walked those dangerous miles to the polling stations, Mozambique might still be at war today. If people had responded to Dhlakama's call for election boycott, Dhlakama would not have rejoined the elections. He did not submit to diplomatic pressure so much as to the recognition that it is impossible to launch a boycott and a war without followers.

There is a concept of political might in the west that cannot conceive of resistance except in military terms. People fight back by fighting, literally. Not fighting with force is seen as passivity. The Mozambican example, evident both during the war and at the elections, soundly challenges this notion. Although it is impossible to speak of a whole nation as if it were a single entity, a culture of resisting violence and of peacebuilding did develop in Mozambique. But it was not one based on military or paramilitary might. Many Mozambican citizens fought, not one side or the other, not the governments or militaries, but violence itself.[1] They fought the harsh reality that people could control others through intimidation and the use of force. Not accepting that reality,

creating a new one, is a powerful weapon, perhaps the most powerful in war's armory.

For a number of years after the war in Mozambique, I was left to wonder how special were the cultural resources average people constructed across the length and breadth of the country, how crucial to the peace process. Sri Lanka, where I had worked since 1981, was still undergoing wave after wave of political violence. Angola, Mozambique's colonial twin, had reverted to devastating war after the 1992 elections. Mozambique, struggling against considerable political tensions and economic deprivation, continued to maintain peace.

As I wrote in the Prologue, many of the questions that guided my research in Mozambique started while I was studying Sri Lanka's political violence. In this same way, comparative research expanding beyond the borders of Mozambique at the war's end provided me with further answers. One of the core questions the studies in this book prompted, but could not answer, is how special Mozambique's peacebuilding accomplishments are. Research I carried out in Angola in 1996 helped shed light on this question. Angola shares many characteristics with Mozambique. The country was colonized by the Portuguese. Because Angola, like Mozambique, is resource rich, colonization followed the same kinds of exploitations. A United Nations Development Program senior economist told me in 1996 that, according to their indices, Angola is one of the most resource-rich countries in the world. Excellent land and timber, low population density, a long coastline, and tremendous oil, precious gems, and mineral wealth are basic to Angola. Angola achieved independence in 1975, like Mozambique, and, similarly, was embroiled in war within the year. Angola achieved peace in the early 1990s, again like Mozambique. There are also several major differences. First, Unita rebel forces had more internal support than did Renamo. Second, the extensive gem mines and other precious resources meant militaries were not beholden to outside powers for support and direction. As many have said of Angola, "If you have mines, you can do what you want." Finally, war erupted again after the elections in 1992, and the fighting was the most severe since independence. In 1993, an estimated 1,000 people were dying each day. While at present a precarious cease-fire is in effect and peace accords are on record, no one trusts either, and few are willing to say the war is over. There are parts of the country, especially the contested areas around the gem mines, where a blackout of information and travel is in place. How severe the fighting is there is a guess at best. Cabinda, the province rich in oil, is still embroiled in a battle for independence (Maier 1996; Minter 1994).

The conventional wisdom bantered about by various international concerns in Angola is that the gems and oil explain Angola's continuing

war. Simply, the untold wealth is too attractive to let the uncertainties of rule by multiparty elections prevail. There is no doubt truth to this, but it is not the whole truth.

When I traveled through Angola, I looked for the same rich cultural resources I have documented for Mozambique. Here I found a final significant difference between Mozambique and Angola. All the creative responses I documented in Mozambique existed in Angola, but only in circumscribed locations and groups. These had not coalesced into an inter-language and cross-cultural—nationwide—set of linked practices. Angolans have developed a wealth of cultural resources to withstand devastating war, many as sophisticated as anywhere in the world. But I am interested here in cultures of peace, in why Mozambique has achieved and sustained a peace accord and a reduction of societal violence when other countries continue to suffer cycles of political violence.

As this book has demonstrated, African medicine was one of the major creative fonts of Mozambican society during the war. In Angola, some healers have instituted practices similar to those found in Mozambique to "take the war out" of the people and the country—to unmake violence—while others remain embroiled in conflict ideologies. Some of the population go to Curandeiros after suffering war's violences, while others feel only the passage of time will ease the traumas and the tendency toward reproducing violence. As one leader of a war-devastated community responded when I asked if African medicine entailed conflict resolution practices that were applied to all war victims:

> No, it is not like Mozambique here, yet. Maybe a doctor knows these things, but maybe he has a son fighting and he has taken sides, and he doesn't want to help the others. Or maybe the government forces do not want him to be working against the war, maybe he can disappear if he does this kind of work. These divisions, these sides, they keep the war going, and until we get past these we won't get the war out of our society. We need to develop these solutions.

Possibly one of the more poignant examples I heard in Angola involved a local Angolan NGO working with children. This NGO recorded some children's antiwar songs devoted to peace and rebuilding society and arranged to have the songs played on the radio. But the broadcasts did not go on long: they were shut down by the military. The threat was clear.

These examples run the length and range of Angolan society. But the key point is that the cultures of creative resistance *to violence* did *not* run the length and breadth of the country.

Two things emerge as special about Mozambique. (1) The antiwar/peacebuilding sentiments were encoded throughout social life—from

parables to medicine; from song and theater to land tenure settlements; from the crafts of street vendors to the classes of primary school teachers. (2) These many arenas were extensively linked. Children sang protest songs that teachers listened to in recognizing the need for conflict resolution education in the classes, and turned to the tenets of African medicine for assistance in this. People formed theater to warn politicians to end the war, based on international literature and Mozambican everyday market society—and these contained clear references to spiritual resistance fighters like Manuel Antonio and Parama. And from refugees to traders, the massive flux of humanity that characterizes a warzone carried these stories from village to village, province to province, across the many language and cultural groups of the country. Of course, as these stories circulated, new teachers adopted conflict resolution classroom practices; new songs and theater emerged to add to the cry for peace and dignity; new dispute resolution councils developed at the local level—all based on these shared models. The most remarkable example of this is the extensive data I collected on the healing/conflict resolution practices of African medicine that I found in *every* community I visited countrywide during the war—and I traveled extensively—no matter how devastated or remote. Practices that developed spontaneously at the local level—completely outside the formal purview of government, NGO, or regulatory officials of any kind. Practices instituted by average civilians, by themselves. Practices that drew on and fueled these extensive linkages forming a nationwide culture of creative resistance to war.

What I realized in comparing Mozambique's experiences with Angola's is that these arenas of conflict management in Mozambique—from local medicine, traders, and teachers to song, parable, and theater—formed a space of thought and action free from party politics. In Angola, this space is largely militarized. Political discourse is often strongly coded in conflict ideologies. To speak politically is deemed to be a statement for or against one side, one military, one ideology, one action over another. To speak at all is to take sides. Not to speak, equally, is to take sides. "Taking sides," with everything this entails, is a strong war tradition in Angola at present. An Angolan journalist I was speaking to about cycles of violence in his country—he lived in one of the more war-torn provinces—summed up the situation in a paragraph:

> When I walk down the street, I am always looking over my shoulder, wondering if someone will be coming up behind me to take revenge on me, if the war will continue on with these kind of hatreds. I was taken by the military and forced to join some years back. Now, years later, I wonder who remembers; who holds me responsible for what

> happened to them because of the war. Or who is just consumed with the need for revenge. This may have nothing to do with my military background, but none of us can get away from these political hatreds, these political identities. Even if we dedicated ourselves to just the opposite: to refusing to buy into these political identities, these factional hatreds, even if we work toward solving this damn war, we aren't allowed to. For example, when I walk down the street, I know where I can and cannot walk. If I walk through certain neighborhoods, people will shout out at me: "Hey, MPLA/UNITA scum, get out of this neighborhood, we are UNITA/MPLA. We know you, your father (mother, brother, sister, aunt, uncle) voted for those dogs. Get out of here before we kill you."

This ethic of revenge certainly exists in Mozambique, but it was not nearly as developed or widespread as in Angola. It was common, in my experience across the length and breadth of Mozambique, for someone in a group to temper the tendencies to revenge. For example, if someone was talking of wanting to take revenge for a violence done, often a listener would calmly say:

> We all know how you feel, we all sympathize. But taking revenge, killing someone else, that will just continue this war, it will certainly lead to more killing and violence and hatreds. And then they will take revenge, and you may lose yet another loved one in the future. Keeping our living protected is more critical than avenging the dead. This war is killing everyone, it is this violence we have to stop. It costs more than anything.

To return to the Angolan journalist's observations on the aggressions in his country: at present, the conflict is the defining principle of interpersonal and political relations. Thus, in this context, even talk, any kind of talk, of conflict resolution is deemed political, benefiting one side over the other. People live and die in warzones by these politics.

Without a space *outside* these politics, people cannot critique them. Without such a space, how do people create a place to fight against political violence and excess itself? If the politics in Angola is such that the citizens cannot forge a space of action outside lethal political scenarios, power politics is reproduced in every action, no matter how mundane and everyday. While citizens in this country put their lives on the (front)lines to create arenas of conflict resolution and cultures of peace, they have been actively discouraged by the brokers of conflict. These tenuous peacebuilding actions remain oases in a sea of animosity manipulated by political factions who stand to gain from the chaos and

instabilities of war. But discourses change over time: they are forged, manipulated, resisted, reshaped across time and space. People create their discourses, and people are infinitely creative over time.

One can assume that Mozambicans are unique in what they created in the midst of war. Or, following the tenets of contemporary theory, we can assume culture is dynamic, that anyone can benefit from the examples of those who defeat oppressive violence. I prefer the latter view. A doctor in Angola summed this up to me when he said: "I understand this culture of resisting political violence, of peacebuilding. Now, how do we do this here?" People in violence-torn communities in the United States have made the same remarks to me.

In Chapter 1 I noted that the whole theoretical model of center and periphery, of elites, philosophers, and leaders, was more egoism than science. At that time I pointed out the dangers of assuming that what takes place in Europe, Moscow, or Beijing is fundamentally more important than what occurs in Sri Lanka, Mozambique, Guatemala, or Georgia. I would like to take that observation one step further: it is equally dangerous to assume that the solutions to the world's problems are more likely to arise in the so-called cosmopolitan centers of the world. To me, the days of salvage research, where scholars documented other cultures for a kind of textual zoo to be kept in libraries, has been put to rest. When I travel to Mozambique, I am not interested in documenting an "Other." I am interested in looking for solutions to the very pressing problems facing the world as a whole. Political violence, to me, is among the most pressing. If Mozambique provides solutions to these lethal matters, then that is where research should lead.

Note

1. People there told me that to take up arms against one side or the other was to play into the very hands they fought against. They would then be reproducing the same violent politics that oppressed them. Even the militaries they fought against won if they took up arms: for they followed the model of power those militaries had set into motion. Violence would continue to define their lives. To truly defeat someone, they said, is not to act by the oppressor's rules, but to institute another set of rules altogether.

Bibliography

Abu-Lughod, Lila

1991 Writing Against Culture. In *Recapturing Anthropology: Working in the Present,* ed. Richard G. Fox. Santa Fe, N.M.: School of American Research Press.

1993 *Writing Women's Worlds: Bedouin Stories.* Berkeley: University of California Press.

Anderson, Benedict

1983 *Imagined Communities: Reflections on the Origin and Spread of Nationalism.* London: Verso.

Anzaldúa, Gloria

1990 *Making Face, Making Soul: Haciendo Caras.* San Francisco: Aunt Lutes Books.

Appadurai, Arjun

1990 Disjuncture and Difference in the Global Cultural Economy. *Public Culture* 2(2):1–24.

1991 Global Ethnoscapes: Notes and Queries for a Transnational Anthropology. In *Recapturing Anthropology: Working in the Present,* ed. Richard G. Fox. Santa Fe, N.M.: School of American Research Press.

Arendt, Hannah

1971 *The Life of the Mind.* New York: Harcourt Brace Jovanovich.

Ayisi, Ruth

1991 Back to the Stone Age. *Africa Report* (January-February): 37–39.

Bacon, Francis

1960 *The New Organon and Related Writings.* New York: Liberal Arts Press.

Bakhtin, Mikhail

1984 *Rabelais and His World.* Translated by Helene Iswolsky. Bloomington: Indiana University Press.

Balandier, Georges

1986 An Anthropology of Violence and War. *International Social Science Journal* 110:499–511.

Barthes, Roland

1985 *The Responsibility of Forms.* Trans. Richard Howard. New York: Hill and Wang.

Benhabib, Seyla

1992a *Situating the Self: Gender, Community and Postmodernism in Contemporary Ethics.* New York: Routledge.

1992b The Generalized and the Concrete Other. In *Ethics: A Feminist Reader,* ed. Elizabeth Frazer, Jennifer Hornsby, and Sabina Lovibond. Oxford: Blackwell.

Benjamin, Walter
1969 *Illuminations.* Ed. Hannah Arendt, Trans. Harry Zohn. New York: Schocken.

Berger, John
1972 *Ways of Seeing.* London: British Broadcasting Corporation.

Berger, Peter L. and Thomas Luckmann
1967 *The Social Construction of Reality.* New York: Anchor Books.

Berk, Richard A.
1972 The Controversy Surrounding Analyses of Collective Violence: Some Methodological Notes. In *Collective Violence,* ed. James F. Short, Jr. and Marvin E. Wolfgang, pp. 112–18. Chicago: Aldine-Atherton.

Bhabha, Homi
1994 *The Location of Culture.* New York: Routledge.

Blanchot, Maurice
1959 *Le livre à venir.* Paris: Gallimard.

Booth, Wayne
1993 Individualism and the Mystery of the Social Self; or, Does Amnesty Have a Leg to Stand On? In *Freedom and Interpretation: The Oxford Amnesty Lectures 1992,* ed. Barbara Johnson. New York: Basic Books.

Boothby, Neil, Abubacar Sultan, and Peter Upton
1991 *Children of Mozambique: The Cost of Survival.* Washington D.C.: U.S. Committee for Refugees.

Bourdieu, Pierre
1977 *Outline of a Theory of Practice.* Cambridge: Cambridge University Press.
1989 Social Space and Symbolic Power. *Sociological Theory* 7(1):14–25.

Bourgois, Philippe
1989 *Ethnicity at Work: Divided Labor on a Central American Banana Plantation.* Baltimore: Johns Hopkins University Press.

Brooks, Peter
1984 *Reading for the Plot: Design and Intention in Narrative.* New York: Random House.

Calvin, William
1988 Simulations of Reality: Deciding What to Do Next. In *Speculations: The Reality Club,* ed. John Brockman. New York: Prentice-Hall.

Camus, Albert
1955 *The Myth of Sisyphus, and Other Essays.* Trans. Justin O'Brien. New York: Vintage Books.
1956 *The Rebel: An Essay on Man in Revolt.* Trans. Anthony Bower. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

Casimiro, Isabel, Ana Loforte, and Ana Pessoa
1990 *A mulher em Mocambique.* Maputo: CEA/NORAD.

Castoriadis, Cornelius
1987 *The Imaginary Institution of Society.* Cambridge, Mass.: MIT Press.
1994 Radical Imagination and the Social Instituting Imaginary. In *Rethinking Imagination: Culture and Creativity,* ed. Gillian Robinson and John Rundell. New York: Routledge.

Centre of African Studies, University of Edinburgh
1978 Mozambique. *Proceedings of a Seminar.* December.
Cliff, Julie and A. R. Noormahomed
1988 Health as a Target: South Africa's Destabilisation of Mozambique. *Social Science and Medicine* 27:717–22.
Comaroff, Jean
1985 *Body of Power, Spirit of Resistance.* Chicago: University of Chicago Press.
1991 Paper presented in Discussion of the panel "Inscriptions of Power on the Body," American Anthropological Association meetings, Chicago. November 20–24.
Comaroff, Jean and John Comaroff
1991 *Of Revelation and Revolution: Christianity, Colonialism, and Consciousness in South Africa.* Vol. 1. Chicago: University of Chicago Press.
Corbin, Henry
1969 *Creative Imagination in the Sufism of Ibn Arabi.* Princeton, N.J.: Princeton University Press.
1972 Mundus Imaginalis, or the Imaginary and the Imaginal. *Spring: An Annual of Archtypal Psychology and Jungian Thought*: 1–19.
Couto, Mia
1990 *Voices Made Night.* Trans. David Brookshaw. Oxford: Heinemann. First published in Portuguese as *Voces ancitecidas.* Lisboa: Editorial Caminho, 1986.
Crapanzano, Vincent
1990 Afterword. In *Modernist Anthropology: From Fieldwork to Text,* ed. Marc Manganaro. Princeton, N.J.: Princeton University Press.
1992 *Hermes' Dilemma and Hamlet's Desire: On the Epistemology of Interpretation.* Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press.
Cruz Vermelha de Mocambique
1994 *Projecto Brincar Curando: Consultoria para investigação das formas tradicionais de atendimenta à crianca vítima da guerra.* Maputo: Cruz Vermelha de Mocambique.
Daniel, E. Valentine
1994 The Individual in Terror. In *Embodiment and Experience: The Existential Ground of Culture and Self,* ed. Thomas J. Csordas. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press.
Daniels, Stephen
1985 Arguments for a Humanistic Geography. In *The Future of Geography,* ed. R. L. Johnson . London: Methuen.
Darch, Colin
1989 Are There Warlords in Provincial Mozambique? Questions of the Social Base of MNR Bandrity. *Review of African Political Economy* 45/46:34–49.
Das, Veena
1985 Anthropological Knowledge and Collective Violence. *Anthropology Today* 1(3):4–6.
1990 Our Work to Cry: Your Work to Listen. In *Mirrors of Violence: Communities, Riots, and Survivors in South Asia,* ed. Das, 345–98. Delhi: Oxford University Press.

de Certeau, Michel
1986 *Heterologies: Discourse on the Other.* Trans. Brian Massumi. Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press.
Dilthey, Wilhelm
1954 *The Essence of Philosophy.* Trans. S. A. Emery and W. T. Emery. Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press.
Dis, Adriaan van
1991 *In Afrika.* Amsterdam: Meulenhoff.
Domingo Newsjournal
1991 Barama: Uma Força Liberadora. Maputo, 5 May.
Dumont, Jean-Paul
1992 Ideas on Philippine Violence: Assertions, Negations, and Narrations. In *The Paths to Domination, Resistance, and Terror,* ed. Carolyn Nordstrom and Jo-Ann Martin, pp. 133–53. Berkeley: University of California Press.
Enloe, Cynthia
1993 *The Morning After: Sexual Politics at the End of the Cold War.* Berkeley: University of California Press.
Enzensberger, Hans Magnus
1990 *Civil Wars: From L.A. to Bosnia.* New York: New Press.
Fardon, Richard, ed.
1995 *Counterworks: Managing the Diversity of Knowledge.* New York: Routledge.
Fauvet, Paul
1984 The Roots of Counter-Revolution: The Mozambican National Resistance. *Review of African Political Economy* 29:108–21.
Feldman, Allen
1991 *Formations of Violence.* Chicago: University of Chicago Press.
1994 Writing the Inhuman: Aesthetic Control and Iconic Transgression in the Depiction of Violence. Paper presented at the American Anthropological Association meetings, Atlanta. November 30-December 4.
1995 Ethnographic States of Emergency: Connecting Confusions. In *Fieldwork Under Fire: Contemporary Studies of Violence and Survival,* ed. Carolyn Nordstrom and Antonius C. G. M. Robben. Berkeley: University of California Press.
Fetherston, A. B. and Carolyn Nordstrom
1995 Overcoming *Habitus* in Conflict Management: UN Peacekeeping and Warzone Ethnography. *Peace and Change* 20(1): 94–119.
Finnegan, William
1992 *A Complicated War: The Harrowing of Mozambique.* Berkeley: University of California Press.
Foster, Mary Lecron and Robert A. Rubenstein, eds.
1986 *Peace and War: Cross-Cultural Perspectives.* New Brunswick, N.J.: Transaction Books.
Foucault, Michel
1972 *Power/Knowledge.* New York: Pantheon Books.
1982 The Subject and Power. In *Michel Foucault: Beyond Structuralism and Hermeneutics,* ed. Hubert L. Dreyfus and Paul Rabinow, pp. 208–26. Chicago: University of Chicago Press.

Frelick, Bill
1989 Renamo: The Khmer Rouge of Africa; Mozambique, Its Killing Fields. Testimony before the House Subcommittee on Foreign Operations, Washington D.C., February 8.

Galtung, Johann
1992 Conflict Resolution as Conflict Transformation: The First Law of Thermodynamics Revisited. Paper presented at the International Peace Research Association meetings, Kyoto, 27–31 July.

Geffray, Christian
1990 *La cause des armes au Mozambique: anthropologie d'une guerre civile.* Paris: Editions Karthala.

Geffray, Christian and Morgens Pederson
1986 Sobre a guerra na provincia de Nampula: elementos de analise e hipoteses sobre as determinacoes e consequencias socio-economicas locais. *Revista Internacional de Estudos Africanos* 4/5 (Janeiro-Dezembro):303–18.

Gersony, Robert
1988 Summary of Mozambican Refugee Accounts of Principally Conflict-Related Experience in Mozambique. Report submitted to Ambassador Jonathon Moore, Director, Bureau for Refugees Program and Dr. Chester Crocker, Assistant Secretary of African Affairs. Washington, D.C., April.

Giddens, Anthony
1991 *Modernity and Self-Identity: Self and Society in the Late Modern Age.* Stanford, Calif.: Stanford University Press.

Goodman, Nelson
1978 *Ways of Worldmaking.* Indianapolis: Hackett Publishing.

Green, Linda
1994 Fear as a Way of Life. *Cultural Anthropology* 9(2):227–56.

Guenon, René
1984 *The Multiple States of Being.* Trans. Joscelyn Godwin. Burdett, N.Y.: Larson Publications.

Gupta, Akhil and James Ferguson
1992 Beyond "Culture": Space, Identity, and the Politics of Difference. *Cultural Anthropology* 7(1): 6–23.

Handelman, Don
1985 Charisma, Liminality, and Symbolic Types. In *Comparative Social Dynamics: Essays in Honor of S. N. Eisenstadt.* Ed. Eric Cohen, Moshe Lissak, and Uri Almagor, pp. 346–59. Boulder, Colo.: Westview Press.
1990 *Models and Mirrors: Towards an Anthropology of Public Events.* Cambridge: Cambridge University Press.

Hanlon, Joseph
1984 *Mozambique: The Revolution Under Fire.* London: Zed Books.
1991 *Mozambique: Who Calls the Shots?* Bloomington: Indiana University Press.

Harpham, Geoffrey Galt
1982 *On the Grotesque.* Princeton, N.J.: Princeton University Press.

Hayles, N. Katherine
1990 *Chaos Bound: Orderly Disorder in Contemporary Literature and Science.* Ithaca, N.Y.: Cornell University Press.

Heidegger, Martin
1962 *Being and Time.* Oxford: Blackwell.
Heller, Agnes
1994 The Elementary Ethics of Everyday Life. In *Rethinking Imagination: Culture and Creativity,* ed. Gillian Robinson and John Rundell New York: Routledge.
Henning, Sylvia
1981 La Forme in-formante: A Reconsideration of the Grotesque. *Mosaic* 14:107–21.
Henriksen, Thomas H.
1978 *Mozambique: A History.* London: Rex Collins.
1983 *Revolution and Counterrevolution: Mozambique's War of Independence, 1964–1974.* Westport, Conn.: Greenwood Press.
Hilsdon, Anne-Marie
1995 *Madonnas and Martyrs: Sexual Violence in the Philippines.* Sydney: Allen and Unwin.
Himmelfarb, Gertrude
1994 *On Looking into the Abyss.* New York: Alfred A. Knopf.
Hoffman, Piotr
1986 *Doubt, Time, Violence.* Chicago: University of Chicago Press.
Honwana, Luis Bernardo
1969 *We Killed Mangy Dog: and Other Mozambican Stories.* Trans. Dorothy Guedes. Harare: Zimbabwe Publishing House.
Husserl, Edmund
1962 *Ideas: General Introduction to Pure Phenomenology.* New York: Collier Macmillan.
International Defence and Aid Fund
1973 Terror in Tete: A Documentary Report of Portuguese Atrocities in Tete District, Mozambique, 1971–1972. Special report no. 2. London.
Isaacman, Allen (in collaboration with Barbara Isaacman)
1976 *The Tradition of Resistance in Mozambique: The Zambezi Valley, 1850–1921.* Berkeley: University of California Press
Isaacman, Allen and Arlindo Chilundo
1995 Peasants at Work: Forced Cotton Cultivation in Northern Mozambique. In *Cotton, Colonialism, and Social Hisotry in Sub-Saharan Africa,* ed. Allen Isaacman and Richard Roberts. Portsmouth, N.H.: Heinemann.
Isaacman, Allen and Barbara Issacman
1983 *Mozambique: From Colonialism to Revolution, 1900–1982.* Hampshire: Gower.
Jackson, Michael
1989 *Paths Toward a Clearing.* Bloomington: Indiana University Press.
Jackson, Peter
1989 *Maps of Meaning.* London: Unwin Hyman.
James, William
1890 *Principles of Psychology.* Vol. 1. New York: Henry Holt.
1976 *Essays in Radical Empiricism.* Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press.
1978 *Essays in Philosophy: The Work of William James.* Ed. Fredson Bowers

and Ignas K. Skrupskelis. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press.

Jeichande, Ivette Illas
1990 *Mulheres deslocadas em Maputo, Zambezia e Inhambane (mulher em situação dificil).* Maputo: OMM-UNICEF.

Johnson, Phyllis and David Martin
1986 *Destructive Engagement.* Harare: Zimbabwe Publishing House.

Johnson, Barbara, ed.
1992 *Freedom and Interpretation.* Oxford Amnesty Lectures. New York: Basic Books.

Kahler, Erich
1957 *The Tower and the Abyss: An Inquiry into the Transformation of the Individual.* New York: George Braziller.

Kapferer, Bruce
1988 *Legends of People, Myths of State.* Washington, D.C.: Smithsonian Institution Press.

Kriger, Norma
1992 *Zimbabwe's Guerrilla War.* New York: Cambridge University Press.

Laclau, Ernesto and Chanal Mouffe
1985 *Hegemony and Socialist Strategy.* New York: Verso.

Lan, David
1985 *Guns and Rain: Guerrillas and Spirit Mediums in Zimbabwe.* Harare: Zimbabwe Publishing House.

Langer, Susanne K.
1942 *Philosophy in a New Key.* Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press.

Lauriciano, Gil
1990a Espirito Mungoi: Um poder alternativo ou apenas mais um fenomeno da guerra? *Domingo,* Maputo, 2 Setembro.
1990b Uma outra Revolução no campo. *Domingo,* Maputo, 9 Setembro, p. 9.

Lavie, Smadar, Kirin Narayan, and Renato Resaldo, eds.
1993 *Creativity/Anthropology.* Ithaca, N.Y.: Cornell University Press.

Le Guin, Ursula
1989 *Dancing at the Edge of the World.* New York: Harper and Row.

Legum, Colim, ed.
1988 Mozambique: Facing Up to Desperate Hardships in Post-Machel Era. *Africa Contemporary Record* 19 (1986–87): B681-B701. New York: Africana Publishing Co.

Lopes, José Mota
1986 A Renamo não existe: e uma ficção ão servico da politica sul-Africana. *Diario Popular,* Lisbon, 13 May.

Magaia, Lina
1988 *Dumba Nengue—Run for Your Life: Peasant Tales of Tragedy in Mozambique.* Trenton, N.J.: Africa World Press, Inc.
1989 *Duplo massacre em Mocambique: historias tragicas do banditismo—II.* Maputo: Coleção Depoimentos 5.

Maier, Karl
1990a Guarded by the Spirit of Mungoi: Lost Horizon Could Have Happened Here. *Independent,* London, February 25.
1990b Healer in Mozambique Leads Attacks on Rebels. *Washington Post,* 8 August.

1991 A Traditional Revival. *Africa Report* (July-August).
1996 *Angola: Promises and Lies.* Rivonia: William Waterman Publications.

Masolo, D. A.
1983 Philosophy and Culture: A Critique. In *Philosophy and Cultures.* Edited by H. Odero Oruka and D. A. Masolo. Nairobi: Bookwise Limited.

McElroy, Bernard
1989 *Fiction of the Modern Grotesque.* London: Macmillan.

McIntyre, Martha
1993 The Sexualization of Warfare. Paper presented at the Human Rights and Gender Politics Conference, University of Melbourne, Australia, August.

McKusick, Tom and Mike Tronnes
1992 Pathetic Aesthetic. *Utne Reader* (November/December).

Mead, Margaret
1968 Warfare is Only an Invention—Not a Biological Necessity. In *War: Studies from Psychology, Sociology, Anthropology,* ed. Leon Bramson and George W. Goethals. New York: Basic Books.

Mimica, Jadran
1991 The Incest Passions: An Outline of the Logic of Iqwaye Social Organization. *Oceania* 62(1):34–58.

Ministerio da Saude/UNICEF
1988 Analise da situação da saude. Maputo, Septembro.

Ministry of Cooperation/UNICEF
1989 The Situation of Children and Women in Mozambique. Produced in cooperation with the Organization for Mozambican Women (OMM). Maputo.

Minter, William
1989 The Mozambican National Resistance (Renamo) as Described by Ex-participants. Research Report submitted to Ford Foundation and Swedish International Development Agency, March.
1994 *Apartheid's Contras: An Inquiry into the Roots of War in Angola and Mozambique.* London: Zed Books.

Mudimbe, V. Y.
1988 *The Invention of Africa: Gnosis, Philosophy, and the Order of Knowledge.* Bloomington: Indiana University Press.

Munslow, Barry
1983 *Mozambique: The Revolution and Its Origins.* London: Longman.

Nicholson, Linda
1990 *Feminism/Postmodernism.* New York: Routledge.

Nichter, Mark
1981 Idioms of Distress: Alternatives in the Expression of Psychosocial Distress, a Case Study from South India. *Culture, Medicine, and Psychiatry* 5:379–408.

Nishida, Kitaro
1990 *An Inquiry into the Good.* Trans. Masão Abe and Christopher Ives. New Haven, Conn.: Yale University Press.

Nordstrom, Carolyn
1990–91 African Health Care Systems and the War in Mozambique. Six part series. Maputo: Ministry of Health. In English and Portuguese.

1991 Women and War: Observations from the Field. *Minerva: Quarterly Report on Women and the Military* 9(1):1–15.

1992a The Backyard Front. In *The Paths to Domination, Resistance, and Terror*, ed. Nordstrom and Jo-Ann Martin. Berkeley: University of California Press.

1992b The Dirty War: Civilian Experience of Conflict in Mozambique and Sri Lanka. In *Internal Conflict and Governance*, ed. Kumar Rupesinghe, pp. 27–43. New York: St. Martin's Press.

1993 Treating the Wounds of War. *Cultural Survival* (Summer):28–30.

1994 Warzones: Cultures of Violence, Militarisation and Peace. Working Paper 145. Peace Research Centre, Australian National University, Canberra.

1995a Creativity and Chaos: War on the Frontlines. In *Fieldwork Under Fire: Contemporary Studies in Violence and Survival*, ed. Nordstrom and Antonius C. G. M. Robben. Berkeley: University of California Press.

1995b Contested Identities, Essentially Contested Powers. In *Conflict Transformation*, ed. Kumar Rupesinghe. New York: St. Martin's Press.

1996a Girls Behind the (Front) Lines. *Peace Review* 8(3): 403–9.

1996b Rape: Politics and Theory in War and Peace. *Australian Feminist Studies* 11(23):147–62.

1997 The Eye of the Storm: From War to ~~Peace~~. In *Cultural Variations in Conflict Resolution: Alternatives to Violence*. Ed. D. Fry and Kaj Bjorkqvist. Mahwah, N.J.: Lawrence Erlbaum.

Nordstrom, Carolyn and Jo-Ann Martin

1992 The Culture of Conflict: Field Reality and Theory. In *The Paths to Domination, Resistance, and Terror*, ed. Nordstrom and Martin. Berkeley: University of California Press.

Nordstrom, Carolyn and Jo-Ann Martin, eds.

1992a *The Paths to Domination, Resistance, and Terror.* Berkeley: University of California Press.

Nordstrom, Carolyn and Antonius C. G. M. Robben, eds.

1995 *Fieldwork Under Fire: Contemporary Studies of Violence and Survival.* Berkeley: University of California Press.

Nunes, Jovito

1990 Pilot Study to Investigate the Problems of Social Organization Within Displaced Communities. Preliminary Report. Unpublished Manuscript, Maputo.

O'Brien, Tim

1990 *The Things They Carried.* Boston: Houghton Mifflin/Seymour Lawrence.

Olujic, Maria

1995 Coming Home: The Croatian War Experience. In *Fieldwork Under Fire: Contemporary Studies in Violence and Survival.* Edited by Carolyn Nordstrom and Antonius C. G. M. Robben. Berkeley: University of California Press.

Oruka, H. Odera

1983 Ideology and Culture (The African Experience). In *Philosophy and Cultures*, ed. Oruka and D. A. Masolo. Nairobi: Bookwise Limited.

p'Bitek, Okot
1983 On Culture, Man and Freedom. In *Philosophy and Cultures*, ed. H. Odera Oruka and D. A. Masolo. Nairobi: Bookwise Limited.

Penvenne, Jeanne
1979 Attitudes Toward Race and Work in Mozambique: Lourenco Marques, 1900–1974. Working Paper 16. Boston: African Studies Center, Boston University.

Pettman, Jan Jindy
1996 *Worlding Women: A Feminist International Politics.* London: Routledge.

Price, Richard
1990 *Alabi's World.* Baltimore: Johns Hopkins University Press.

Rabelais, François
1933 *The Complete Works of Doctor François Rabelais.* Vol. I. New York: Boni and Liveright.

Rabinow, Paul
1986 Representations Are Social Facts: Modernity and Post-Modernity in Anthropology. In *Writing Culture: The Poetics and Politics of Ethnography*, ed. James Clifford and George E. Marcus, pp. 234–61. Berkeley: University of California Press.

Ranger, Terrance
1982 The Death of Chaminuka: Spirit Mediums, Nationalism, and the Guerrilla War in Zimbabwe. *African Affairs* 81(324):349–69.
1985 *Peasant Consciousness and Guerrilla War in Zimbabwe.* London: James Currey.

Reynolds, Pamela
1990 Children of Tribulation: The Need to Heal and the Means to Heal War Trauma. *Africa* 60(1):1–38.

Riches, David, ed.
1986 *The Anthropology of Violence.* New York: Blackwell.

Richman, Naomi, Anabela Ratilal, and Aires Aly
1990 The Effects of War on Teachers in Mozambique: Preliminary Findings. Maputo: Ministry of Education.
nd. The Psychological Effects of War on Mozambican Children. Maputo: Ministry of Education.

Ricoeur, Paul
1994 Imagination in Discourse and Action. In *Rethinking Imagination: Culture and Creativity*, ed. Gillian Robinson and John Rundell. New York: Routledge.

Rivabella, Omar
1986 *Requiem for a Woman's Soul.* Trans. Paul Riviera and Omar Rivabella. New York: Random House.

Robarchek, Clayton
1989 Hobbesian and Rousseauan Images of Man: Autonomy and Individualism in a Peaceful Society. In *Societies at Peace: Anthropological Perspectives*, ed. Signe Howell and Roy Willis. London: Routledge.

Robben, Antonius C. G. M.
1995 The Politics of Truth and Emotion Among Victims and Perpetuators of Violence. In *Fieldwork Under Fire: Contemporary Studies in Violence and Survival*, ed. Carolyn Nordstrom and Robben. Berkeley: University of California Press.

Robben, Antonius C. G. M. and Carolyn Nordstrom
1995 The Anthropology and Ethnography of Violence and Socio-Political Conflict. In *Fieldwork Under Fire: Contemporary Studies in Violence and Survival*, ed. Nordstrom and Robben. Berkeley: University of California Press.

Roesch, Otto
1990 Renamo and the Peasantry: A View from Gaza. *Southern Africa Report* (December):21–25.

Rosaldo, Renato, Smadar Lavie, and Kirin Narayan
1993 Introduction: Creativity in Anthropology. In *Creativity/Anthropology*, ed. Lavie, Narayan, and Resaldo. Ithaca, N.Y.: Cornell University Press.

Ruch, E. A. and K. C. Anyanwu
1984 *African Philosophy: An Introduction to the Main Philosophical Trends in Contemporary Africa.* Rome:Catholic Book Agency.

Rupesinghe, Kumar
1992a *Internal Conflict and Governance.* New York: St. Martin's Press.
1992b *Early Warning and Conflict Resolution.* New York: St. Martin's Press.
1994 *Conflict Transformation.* Basingstoke: Macmillan.

Rupesinghe, Kumar and Marcial Rubio C.
1994 *Culture of Violence.* Toyko/New York: United Nations University Press.

Sartre, Jean-Paul
1948 *The Psychology of Imagination.* New York: Philosophical Library.
1957 *Being and Nothingness: An Essay on Phenomenological Ontology.* London: Methuen.

Saussure, Ferdinand de
1959 *Course in General Linguistics.* Edited by C. Bally and A Sechehaye. Trans. and intro. Wade Baskin. New York: McGraw-Hill.

Scarry, Elaine
1985 *The Body in Pain: The Making and Unmaking of the World.* Oxford: Oxford University Press.
1994 *Resisting Representation.* Oxford: Oxford University Press.

Scheper-Hughes, Nancy
1992 *Death Without Weeping: The Violence of Everyday Life in Northeast Brazil.* Berkeley: University of California Press.

Schutz, Alfred
1962 *Collected Papers I: The Problem of Social Reality.* Ed. Maurice Natanson. The Hague: Martinus Nijhoff.
1964 *Collected Papers II: Studies in Social Theory.* Edited by Maurice Natanson. The Hague: Martinus Nijhoff.

Schutz, Alfred and Thomas Luckmann
1973 *The Structures of the Life-World.* Evanston, Ill.: Northwestern University Press.

Scott, Peter Dale
1988 *Coming to Jakarta: A Poem About Terror.* New York: New Directions.

Simmel, Georg
1950 *The Sociology of Georg Simmel.* Trans. and ed. K. H. Wolff. New York: Free Press.

Simons, Anna
1995 Rumor: The Beginning of the End. In *Fieldwork Under Fire: Contem-*

porary Studies in Violence and Survival, ed. Carolyn Nordstrom and Antonius C. G. M. Robben. Berkeley: University of California Press.

Sivard, Ruth Leger
1993 *World Military and Social Expenditures.* Leesburg, Va.: World Priorities.

Sluka, Jeff.
1988 Loyal Citizens of the Republic. In *The Social Dynamics of Peace and Conflict*, ed. Robert A. Rubinstein and Mary LeCron Foster, pp. 107–25. Boulder, Colo.: Westview Press.

Spivak, Gayatri Chakravorty
1988 Can the Subaltern Speak? In *Marxism and the Interpretation of Culture.* Ed. Cary Nelson and Lawrence Grossberg, pp 271–313. Urbana: University of Illinois Press.

Starn, Orin
1992 Politics in Anthropology Since the Sixties. Paper presented at the American Anthropological Association meetings, San Francisco, December 2–6.

Strathern, Marilyn, ed.
1995 *Shifting Contexts: Transformations in Anthropological Knowledge.* London: Routledge.

Suárez-Orozco, Marcelo
1987 The Treatment of Children in the "Dirty War": Ideology, State Terrorism, and the Abuse of Children in Argentina. In *Child Survival: Anthropological Perspectives on the Treatment and Maltreatment of Children*, ed. Nancy Scheper-Hughes, pp. 227–46. Boston: Reidel.
1992 A Grammer of Terror: Psychological Responses to State Terrorism in Dirty War and Post-Dirty War Argentina. In *The Paths to Domination, Resistance, and Terror*, ed. Carolyn Nordstrom and Jo-Ann Martin. Berkeley: University of California Press.

Swedish International Peace Research Institute (SIPRI)
1993 *SIPRI Yearbook 1993: World Armanents and Disarmament.* Oxford: Oxford University Press.

Taussig, Michael
1987 *Shamanism, Colonialism, and the Wild Man.* Chicago: University of Chicago Press.

Tedlock, Barbara, ed.
1987 *Dreaming: Anthropological and Psychological Interpretations.* Cambridge: Cambridge University Press.

Thee, Marek
1980 The Scope and Priorities in Peace Research. Paper prepared for Consultations on Peace Research, United Nations University, Tokyo, 8–13 December.

Thornton, Robert
1991 The Shooting at Uitenhage, South Africa, 1985. *American Ethnologist* 17(2):217–36.

Trinh, T. Minh-ha
1989 *Woman, Native, Other.* Bloomington: University of Indiana Press.

Turner, Victor
1985 *On the Edge of the Bush: Anthropology as Experience.* Tucson: University of Arizona Press.

Ueland, Brenda
1992 Tell Me More. *Utne Reader* (November/December): 104–9.
UNICEF
1989 Children on the Frontline, 1989 Update. Geneva: UNICEF.
1990 Annual Report. Maputo.
UNICEF/Ministry of Cooperation
1990 The Situation of Women and Children in Mozambique. Maputo.
United States Commerce Department
1980 Foreign Economic Trends and Their Implications for the United States. 80–026—Mozambique. Prepared by the U.S. Embassy, Maputo, April.
Urdang, Stephanie
1989 *And Still They Dance.* London: Earthscan.
Vail, Leroy and Landeg White
1980 *Capitalism and Colonialism in Mozambique.* London: Heinemann.
Vines, Alex
1991 *Renamo: Terrorism in Mozambique.* Bloomington: Indiana University Press.
Warren, Kay
1993 *The Violence Within: Cultural and Political Opposition in Divided Nations.* Boulder, Colo.: Westview Press.
Watts, Michael
1992 Space for Everything (A Commentary). *Cultural Anthropology* 7(1): 115–29.
West, Cornel
1992 A Matter of Life and Death. *October* 61 (Summer): 20–23.
White, Eduardo
nd. Vozes do sangue: a Criança e a guerra em Moçambique. Maputo: ASDI/UNICEF.
Wilson, Ken
1992 Cults of Violence and Counter-Violence in Mozambique. *Journal of Southern African Studies* 18(3):527–82.
World Health Organization
1990 WHO/Mozambique Cooperation. Organização Mundial da Saude Representação em Mocambique, Maputo, March.
Wright, Sam
1978 *Crowds and Riots.* Beverly Hills, Calif.: Sage Publications.
Zulaika, Joseba
1991 *Basque Violence: Metaphor and Sacrament.* Reno: University of Nevada Press.
1995 The Anthropologist as Terrorist. In *Fieldwork Under Fire: Contemporary Studies in Violence and Survival,* ed. Carolyn Nordstrom and Antonius C. G. M. Robben. Berkeley: University of California Press.