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Faculty of Social Sciences
Department of Communication Studies

School of Social Science
Department of Anthropology

Masculinities negotiations and image-making processes among a group of young men in Maputo, Mozambique

Andrea Almeida Moreira

A thesis presented in partial fulfilment of the Requirements for the Degree of

Doctor in Anthropology (ISCTE-IUL)
and
Social sciences: Communication Studies (UA)

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Preface and Acknowledgments:

Zzzzzzzzzzzz... they follow me around, it's not just the exasperating noise they produce, but also the insistence on having a rest on my skin. I go in the water a lot, not only to free myself from the persistent flies but also to feel that warm embracing sensation, freedom from my own weight, like I'm being carried. In fact, the water is warm and at the same time refreshing.
*If I'm supposed to be relaxing, why am I biting my nails? Maybe it's time for another dip in the water. The lagoon is blue turquoise surrounded by coco trees. It is amazingly appealing, irresistible. I'm sweating, literally dripping. I think my skin might also be burning, the sun is strong. I should go in the water but instead I light another cigarette. I wonder, why it is that despite the perfect environment in which to relax, my thoughts seem to be running back to Maputo every five minutes. (*Quissico, 17 Febuary 2012)

I had been in Maputo for three weeks to initiate fieldwork for my thesis and although I loved the feels of the place, I admit that Maputo could be quite hectic, intense, overwhelming at times. Maputo had changed since the last time I was there. There were much more cars on the streets and the constant noise of overly sensitive car alarms was "getting on my nerves". I accepted the invitation of some friends to travel to Quissico for a few days, 346km north of Maputo, in the Zavala district. A calm town by the coast, surrounded by lagoons and the sea. The excerpt from my fieldwork diary, above, hints at the fascinating mingling of contradictory feelings about a place. A new place you discover, get to know, until you reach a point when you feel you either belong there or do not.

I was asked at a seminar, in which I presented my research project, at the University Eduardo Mondlane (Maputo), "How did a white girl like you end up in Xipamanine?" An important question that I will try to answer in what follows, albeit superficially.

My first residency in Maputo took place between September and December of the year 2008. I was completing fieldwork for my Master thesis in the program of Cultures and Development Studies in K.U. Leuven (Belgium). Mozambique came in the picture through a series of fortunate coincidences. After following Professor Filip De Boeck's course on the Anthropology of Children and Youth, I decided that I wanted to work with "street children", possibly in an African country. I was inclined to Angola or Mozambique out of individual curiosity. I made some contacts with Non-Governmental Organizations working with "street children" and the most encouraging answer came from René Boezaard, founder of the project *Centro de*

Encontro, which had an educational program with street boys in Maputo, more specifically in Xipamanine. Around the same time, Professor Ann Cassiman, the coordinator of the masters program which I was attending, introduced me to Esmeralda Mariano, a Mozambican doctoral candidate in K.U. Leuven at the time. Esmeralda encouraged me to go to Maputo and, in fact, she later became crucial to my integration in the city.

When I arrived in the market of Xipamanine in the beginning of February 2012, I was not sure if I would encounter any of the boys whom I had worked with back in 2008. I asked around for Paito in the vicinity of a bar the boys used to hang out in at the time. People kept asking me "what does he sell?". I had no clue whether he sold something at the market or not. I would explain that I was searching for a group of young men who used to participate in a project for "street children". Eventually I met a young man that told me that he knew the guys I was searching for. "Those guys, they hang around here (indicating the area of the bottle depository), but Paito has left to South Africa", he said. I was disappointed with this news as I had developed a more proximate relationship with him back in 2008 and was looking forward to meeting him again. As I arrived at the bottle depository, I immediately recognized, and was recognized by Salomão and Kito. To my surprise, a few minutes later, Paito showed up too. It had been another Paito that had gone to South Africa. They introduced me to their friend Stalon and I invited them to have a drink at the bar Dipec in which we could sit and have a chat. At the bar, Machance and Raimundo showed up. I asked them for news about the others. They informed me that some had gone back to their family homes. Others, namely Delcio and Paulo, were in jail. A few were living in South Africa with relatives, and the sad news that Pai had died. As they explained, Pai was taking too many drugs and became disturbed. To make things worse, he started hanging out with these older guys. One day they lent him a gun to go rob a man. The man resisted and Pai used the firearm. People saw what happened and began to surround him in huge numbers. They beat him until he was dead. The man who was shot also ended up dying.

In this way, my first day back in Xipamanine was characterized by optimistic reencounters and gloomy news of incarcerations and death. This would be, in fact, representative of the whole period of this research, both in work and life events.

Abstract

This thesis is based upon research conducted in Maputo (Mozambique) among a group of young men that referred to the market of Xipamanine, as their "hang-out" place and as a place of sustenance, where they "got by". The shared subjective experience of the anthropologist and her interlocutors and how this particular relationship contributes to the production of knowledge is evidenced throughout the text.

This research aims to offer an "ethnographic portrait" of the everyday lives, dreams and contingencies of these young men. How their masculinities were strategically performed in attempting to subvert dominant discourses and to improve their social standing.

In an effort to depart from victimizing discourses, which often explore young men's marginalization, I projected the collaborative use of digital image-making technology as a means by which to reach a "shared understanding" of their lives. In the process, the young men re-inscribe the public vulnerability of their lives with a new kind of performance that is both heightened in masculinity and gender fluidity.

Key-words: Mozambique, youth, masculinities, ethnography, audio-visual methods

Resumo

Esta tese é sustentada por uma pesquisa realizada em Maputo (Moçambique) entre um grupo de jovens homens que referiam o mercado de Xipamanine como seu espaço de lazer e sustento, onde "se viravam". Ao longo do texto é dada particular ênfase à experiência subjetiva partilhada entre a antropóloga e os seus interlocutores, e como esta relação particular contribui para a produção de conhecimento.

Esta pesquisa tem como objetivo oferecer um "retrato etnográfico" do dia-a-dia, dos sonhos e contingências destes jovens. De que forma as suas masculinidades eram estrategicamente *performadas* na tentativa de subverter discursos dominantes e melhorar a sua posição social. Num esforço para nos afastarmos de discursos *victimizadores,* que geralmente exploram a marginalização destes jovens, foi projetado o uso colaborativo de tecnologia digital audiovisual como um meio para atingir uma "compreensão partilhada" das suas vidas. No processo, os jovens reescrevem a vulnerabilidade publica das suas vidas com uma nova forma de *performance* que é intensificada na masculinidade e fluidez de género.

Palavras-chave: Moçambique, jovens, masculinidades, etnografia, métodos audiovisuais

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Introduction:

Just as I began my fieldwork in Xipamanine, one of my interlocutor's male acquaintances moved me with his narrative. He told me that he was already 31 years old and did not yet have a child. If he would ever father a child, he would like to have a girl. He considered that boys always grow up to be bandits, stealing and killing people. For him, it would be better to father a girl because even if she would grow up to be a prostitute it would be better than being a bandit. Every day this man hung-out in the market, apparently unable to find work or an occupation. Later I came to know that his obvious limp had been caused by a shot in the leg some years prior. After the police had shot him, he stopped stealing and began reselling stolen goods.

On the 7th of April, which happened to be a national holiday, the Mozambican Woman's Day, I arrived in the market of Xipamanine at around 6 p.m. I encountered Cheno nearby one of the entrances to the market and he accompanied me to meet my interlocutors at the bottle deposit. On the way, he was advising me not come there at such late hours because it was dangerous. "Aren't you afraid to come here at these hours?" he asked me. I explained that I had made plans with the guys to meet them and have some drinks that evening. He acknowledged that, being my friends, they would try to keep me safe. However, I should know that they were prone to get into fights after some drinks. In fact, later that evening it was Cheno who got into a fight. After some drinks at the bar Dipec we moved to another bar where we encountered Cheno and DMX. Everything was flowing smoothly, and we were enjoying ourselves. Though, I felt that my interlocutors were being overprotective. A guy in the bar attempted to talk to me and Paito promptly shoved him away. Chongas pulled me to dance with him and immediately the others recommended I stay seated. At a certain moment Cheno got into a fight with Guyz and only the intervention of DMX, by literally carrying Cheno out of the bar, was sufficient to end the clash. At this moment my interlocutors, who I sensed were already slightly apprehensive about the situation, requested I call my ride and accompanied me to the car.

Since February 2012, I had been following the daily life of a group of sixteen young men, aged between 17 and 26 that referred to the market of Xipamanine, in Maputo, as their "hang-out" place and as a place of sustenance, where they "got by". Some of the young men made a living from occasional jobs or temporary underpaid employment, while others regularly engaged in petty theft. Labour, sometimes extremely physically demanding, was usually underpaid. Hence, a number of these young men considered it a useless endeavor and preferred to take their chances with illicit activities. With the exception of a few individuals in

the group, all of them had been sent to prison at least once. In some cases, their relations with their families were fragmented and tense. Thus, when money was short to pay the rent, sleeping outdoors in the market was a preferred option. I had met Paito, Kito, Machance, Salomão, Raimundo, Jekula, Delcio, Paulo and Edu back in 2008, when I first visited Maputo for my Master thesis research (as previously explained in the preface). They were broadly referred to as "street boys" at the time. All of them, out of school, spent their days in the market. Even by that point; most slept there as well.

Image 1: Group photo of the boys in 2008, in Xipamanine. In the centre, Machance and Paito (sticking his tongue out). In the left corner, Delcio threatening one of his friends. On the right Salomão and Kito wearing the same grey and white striped pyjama trousers.

I recall the first time that I ever saw Stalon and how his appearance made an ambiguous impression on me. Tall, slim, with his body full of tattoos, some of which were "aggressive", such as knives and barbed wire, while others were of a more delicate nature, including hearts and flowers. His hair was braided tightly in little round shaped knots and his eyebrows were painted black. He had a way of talking and moving a bit theatrically, excessively flirtatious in addressing women. His body and mannerisms were full of contrasts. I later discovered that Stalon had similar features to a chameleon, renewing his style

frequently. Stalon's overly-tattooed body was, in a way, a public display of his skills as a tattooist. One time, two girls approached him to ask for him to draw tattooed heart on their legs. "All the girls have my mark here, the only ones missing are those two and yourself" he expressed with pride. Nearly every day, Stalon's homemade tattooing machine was put into action. According to his friend, Machance, "he writes on everyone here, in Xipamanine, in Chamanculo, all are written by Stalon".

Stalon told me that he was "a bit famous" after I initially noticed that everyone passing by us in the market would greet him. He went on to explain:

"Even in places that I don't usually stay, people know me. One time I went with Machance to *Patrice* (a neighborhood a somewhat distant from Xipamanine), to draw a tattoo on a girl, and every person we met on the way would greet me. But this thing of being famous has two parts at once, it's good and not good. I can just be relaxing, playing around, with beer in my head, and I do something wrong. Right away they're going to say it was Stalon and they come and get me, they know where to find me. People come from far and wide to draw tattoos with me. One time this guy from South Africa paid me a lot of money to fill his body with tattoos. He paid with South African rand. That money helped me, but I lost it all when my house burned. With that money I bought a bed, table, shelf, tableware… many things. When the house burned, I was sleeping inside. I only heard the noise, but I didn't understand what was happening. I opened my eye. Oh! It's burning! I tried to go out but I couldn't and I fell. I lost all morale, all strength because of the smoke. I couldn't understand where the door was. All of a sudden I gained force and went through the fire and was able to get out. I went to sleep at another house. In the morning when I woke up I took the mirror. I had burned hair, my eye was swollen, all my face was bad, leaking water. I went to the hospital and they gave me a vaccine, pills and ointment. I didn't finish the treatment from the hospital. I started to drink, drink, smoke. I got sick. It took me around six months to understand that I was sick. People would say I was very skinny, asking me what was wrong. I though it was because of the drinking. Then I went to the hospital and I explained everything since the time I was burned. Since that time I wasn't able to catch money like that again. I'm busy trying to buy a complete sound system. Now I'm listening to music in my brother's room, but I don't like that."

Image 2: Stalon making dreadlocks, in the market of Xipamanine, close to the bottle deposit.

Image 3: Stalon drawing a tattoo, while a girl waits to make dreadlocks.

Stalon was born and raised in Maputo. He lost his birth certificate in the fire (mentioned above) and told me that he could not recall his date of birth with certainty. He was, nevertheless, quite certain that he was around 26 years old. His nickname originated from the fact that he is actually named Silvestre. He has at least three brothers, each of whom I have met. His parents divorced and his father went to live in the neighboring province of Gaza when they were little. There, he built another family. The children remained with their mother in

Maputo. Stalon lived in *bairro do Aeroporto,* a neighborhood adjacent to Xipamanine and to the airport, as the name implies. He rented a room in his aunt's household, where one of his brother's also lived with his wife. His mother and his other two brothers lived in this neighborhood as well. Stalon had a close relationship with his mother. She helped him on various occasions. When he was sick, one time with tuberculosis and another with malaria, he stayed under his mother's care in her house.

Image 4: Stalon with his mother at her house.

Stalon spent time day in, day out in the market of Xipamanine, returning home in the evenings. His income came mainly from his work as a tattooist and hair stylist (dreadlocks). Sporadically, especially during the colder months (from June to September), when the tattoo clientele was scarce, he did odd jobs too, managing to avoid getting involved in petty theft like some of his friends. He stressed that he was not like the others, never taking part in their "confusions". Stalon expressed that he was not interested in getting into fights or getting into scrapes, like most of his friends in Xipamanine often did. He told me that he liked to dance

and aspired to become famous for his dancing skills. As he recounted, Stalon was indeed already quite well-known in and around the neighborhood, but he aspired to attract a wider audience.

Image 5: Stalon with his brother's guitar posing for the camera in his brother's room.

Stalon was my privileged interlocutor; he receives more attention in this ethnography than my other interlocutors. The first reason for this is a very practical one in fact. He was always present, while the others' presence was more irregular, with repeated residences in jail or just by being more dispersed in their various "hang-out spots", located in other places outside the market. The second reason was that Stalon was particularly open and very willing to tell me his stories. Finally, as time passed, we developed and maintained a frank friendship. I feel that I got to know him better than any other young man of the group.

This thesis aims to offer an "ethnographic portrait" of the everyday lives, dreams and contingencies of these young men. I also acknowledge the heterogeneity within the lives of my interlocutors. They certainly did not constitute a homogenous group. Some had gone to school during their childhood and knew how to read and write, while others were illiterate. As

mentioned above, some worked, usually taking odd jobs, while others actively engaged in small crime (mostly petty theft). Several of them regularly slept in the street, whereas others, under normal circumstances, lived in family households. These differences notwithstanding, they had several things in common and formed a close-knit group, spending most of their days hanging-out together in the market of Xipamanine. They had a particular connection to "the street" in common, which paradoxically positioned them at the "margins" of urban life and, at the same time, exceptionally visible in the city's public space. They also shared a "similar imagination of themselves" (Favero, 2005:4), ambitions and hopes for the future. Their attention was directed at Mozambique's neighboring country – South Africa – as the ultimate hope for increasing their chances of upward social mobility. The young men fantasised about migration as comprising the only viable means of social promotion available (Bordonaro, 2009:125). In fact, South Africa was their unwavering reference point, which was illustrated in their attraction to kwaito, a music and dance genre emerging in Johannesburg (South Africa) in the beginning of the 1990s.

The young men's predicaments depicted in this ethnography are not exceptional, and have in fact been observed and described thoroughly by scholars in different contexts. My interlocutors share the dire circumstances experienced by youth in other African countries (DeBoeck and Honwana, 2005), and elsewhere (Amit and Dyck, 2012). Excluded from education and employment, with few options but to remain idle, at the margins of the urban social and physical landscape. From this perspective, they remain a "*potential* category of exclusion and exploitation" (Comaroff and Comaroff, 2005:22), treated as villains when they transgress the bounds of the normative in their search for alternative means of livelihood (Ibid.). Still, the different ways in which young men respond to these circumstances, often with creativity and ingenuity, but also with violence, "become important vantage points for better understanding the uncertain times in which they and we live" (Amit and Dyck, 2012:7).

After ten years of war, Mozambique gained its political independence from Portugal in 1975. However, only two years after the end of the liberation war, the country was engulfed once more in a war of "destabilization" that lasted 16 years. The social and economic "crisis", largely prompted by the implementation of a structural adjustment program in a war-damaged Mozambique, contributed to the marginalization of increasing numbers of people in urban settings. The living conditions deteriorated as people became squeezed between escalating prices and reduced living space due to the rural exodus provoked by the war, particularly in the peripheries of the capital city of Maputo. Once again, and since 2013, political tensions have risen and confrontations between armed elements of the opposition party and government forces have resulted in civilian and military casualties in central provinces of the

country. The costs of living has increased exponentially due to the devaluation of the national currency and high inflation rates. The neoliberal project, coupled with the political instability has certainly ensured the reproduction of an old cliché, "the rich get richer and the poor get poorer".

All the young men in the group were born after the war years, with the exception of Stalon, the oldest in the group, who would have been a toddler during the final years of the war. This fact notwithstanding, the war's impact is evidently felt in their lives. During the war, Maputo's "informal settlement areas" knew great growth when people coming from the rural areas settled in any free space that they could find. These neighborhoods enveloping the city's core became overcrowded, with poor sanitary and safety conditions. Xipamanine is situated 5km northwest of the city centre, in the Chamankulu district, which is described as having the city's highest population density. With the introduction of the neoliberal paradigm, in which the state disengages from its responsibilities for citizen's welfare, living conditions of the less privileged urban dwellers have deteriorated significantly. In a commoditized urban context, in which money is an integral part of most relationships, the poorest households are the ones to be most marginalized and excluded from vital urban and rural relationships, because they cannot contribute through money or material means (Paulo, Rosario & Tvedten, 2007).

Maputo's peripheral *bairros* (neighborhoods) with their precariousness of living conditions and street violence after sunset were propitious territories for the criminalization of unemployed and idle young men. The retreat of a providing state is evidenced in the everyday structural and interpersonal violence experienced by urban citizens dwelling in stigmatized neighborhoods, typically depicted as being threatening (Bourgois, 1995; Wacquant, 2008). Xipamanine represented this kind of place in which the contradictions of the neoliberal model were enhanced, with its promises of freedom and consumerism concurring with exclusionary forms of urban governance. But Xipamanine, with its huge market, was much more than that. A locale in which thousands of people made a living, and so too did my interlocutors, improvising a full range of social and economic strategies to deal with their constraints. Young people, mostly, embody these paradoxes. In spite of their relative marginalization, or possibly because of it, they create innovative cultures of desire, self-expression and representation (Comaroff and Comaroff, 2005:21), exploring new means of affirming their identities (Biaya, 2005). How my interlocutors navigated across the narrow possibilities available to them in this context of uncertainty will hopefully become palpable along this text.

All of my interlocutors were men. Although I did speak with women, some of my interlocutors' mothers and girlfriends for instance, and other women working in the market,

this ethnography revolves around the young men's voices and their being-in-the-world. The focus is on their subjective perceptions about being men (Gutmann, 1997). I was interested in understanding how their masculinities were strategically performed in attempting to subvert dominant discourses and to improve their social standing. There has been a recent interest, academic as well as political, in the study of youth and masculinity. However, research about young men's masculinities overly inclines towards a focus on violence and "problematic" sexualities. Discourses on the failure to fulfil masculine ideals, justified by a "crisis" in contemporary forms of masculinity linked to increases in youth unemployment, feed popular "moral panics" about men and boys (Reid and Walker, 2005:10). Youth, as a category of social analysis, can in fact become the focus of moral and disciplinary attention (Durham, 2000). "Social concern centers on the control of young men's masculinities in the interest of maintaining social order" (Phoenix, 1997:6).

At times, indeed, there seems to be no escape from the cycle of structural and interpersonal violence, which situates young men as perfect representations of "victims" and "perpetrators". I maintain that structural violence, in the form of conspicuous unemployment and recurrent incarceration, was indeed a determinant in perpetuating my interlocutors' marginalization. Violence, as Robben and Nordstrom (1995:9) contend, is part of the "larger social and cultural dynamics that shape our lives". However, even in despairing circumstances, there is more to life than hardship and pain. In an effort to depart from victimizing discourses, which often explore young men's marginalization, I projected the collaborative use of digital image-making technology as a means by which to reach a "shared understanding" of their lives. "Playing" with novel modes of expression and communication could stimulate a fortunate stroke of serendipity. By sharing the responsibility of the use of the camera and image-making with my interlocutors I anticipated that they might gain more control over their own representation and, thus, might present different images of themselves.

In this research project, the camera is understood as being an epistemologically valid tool by which to produce and share knowledge. Indeed, this approach did prove to be interesting in exploring the ways by which my interlocutors took control over their agency through image-making. The "collaborative" use of the camera resulted in the production of music and videos, which facilitated access to their self-representations, aesthetic and sensory experiences. Several authors have referred to the usefulness of audiovisual media to explore the visual and the sensorial (Grimshaw, 2005; Pink, 2009; MacDougall, 2006). Indeed, visual media have become increasingly useful in showing how social processes are objectified in bodily expression (MacDougall, 2006:239) and how power is concentrated on the body. Considering the fundamental characteristic of gender to be the use of the body as its metaphorical ground

(Vale de Almeida, 1997:4), it was with and on their bodies that the young men negotiated control over the performance of their masculinities.

This ethnography is built around two supporting pillars. One is sustained on the more classical anthropological research strategy of long-term participant observation.[1] The other pillar involves the employment and experimental use of audio-visual technology. These are not at all conflicting approaches to research; instead, one supports the other. Nevertheless, the prevalence of the latter, in which the aesthetics of the young men's lifestyle and dreams are evidenced through the use of the camera, will be mostly explored in the two final chapters of this text. An intersubjective relationship (Fabian, 2014) with my interlocutors acts as the cement that holds everything together.

"Strong passions are necessary to sharpen the intellect and help make intuition more penetrating" (Gramsci, 1972:388). Considering the dialogical nature of knowledge production, the role of emotions is not to be discarded in the process, and is therefore acknowledged in the text. This ethnography is based upon the experiences that I was exposed to in my relation with my interlocutors. Through my interlocutors I became familiar with the penal system and police *modus operandi.* It was part of their daily life, and so it also became part of my interaction with them. Unexpected ethical dilemmas emerged when my interlocutors turned to me for help in distressing situations. Through my interlocutors I learned about kwaito music and culture, and the *pantsula* style, as they revealed their practices of self-assertion, their dreams, imaginations and aspirations for a better future. This was possible only by maintaining a certain kind of accessibility to myself in following their orientation on what would be represented about their lives and about themselves, and by patiently allowing for the construction of a mutual reciprocity. Not searching for a cause or function, but for understanding and reflexivity (Robben and Nordstrom, 1995:9).

Bourgois (1995:11) has forewarned that "any detailed examination of social marginalization encounters serious problems with the politics of representation". The risk of perpetuating negative stereotypes is indeed a possible hazardous fallout of this research. I can only hope that this research brings a positive contribution to discussions about young men's masculinities and that it serves my interlocutors' interests.

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[1] A reflexive observation involves paying attention to the conditions of my participation. "However, much one moves in the direction of participation, it is always the case that one is still both an outsider and an observer..." (Rabinow, 1997:79).

This thesis is structured on the basis of two divisions. The chapters in the first part examine the young men's positioning in the face of the persistent inequalities verified in the context in which they live and make a living. It examines how they "get by" in a difficult and demanding urban setting, in which, moreover, they are singled out as being a threat to social order. The second part focuses on how they re-invent their "marginalized" gendered identities and use their bodies in the exercise of power. Against the backdrop of a long tradition of victimizing discourses, through image-making practices, the young men have generated a space in which to perform their desired masculinities, as well as the ambitions they have for themselves. By performing for photographs and filming their dances they direct the public perception of themselves, of which they ordinarily have no control. The reader will notice this turn to the image-making process as a means by which to produce knowledge in chapter five.

In chapter one, I introduce my choices of research methods, attempting to draw a path to outline my intentions. I position my reflexive approach in line with critical debates on the politics of ethnographic representation in anthropological knowledge production. Considering the history of the visual, and the use of the camera to produce still and moving images in anthropology, I assert how the camera, understood as an instrument of collaboration with my interlocutors, inspires them to show different aspects of their identities.

Chapter two spells out the political and economic background that has positioned my interlocutors under continuous strain. I describe the sensorial impressions, space and dynamics of the market in Xipamanine, as well as the segmentation of the city and its implications on the capacity of my interlocutors to circulate therein. I discuss the effects of war, structural adjustment programs and neoliberal policies in readjusting and exacerbating the inequalities in the country. In the face of experiencing a destitute condition in their country, the young men dream of a better life in the neighboring country. Migration to South Africa is perceived as a vital solution to their problems.

Chapter three looks into my interlocutors' engagement in activities that lead to recurrent visits to the police station and to residencies in prison, and how I became involved in ethically and demanding situations in the process. I argue that the young men have become easy targets of state repression, transformed into incarcerable subjects under punitive measures to deal with urban marginalization.

Chapter four is concerned with practices and discourses of identity creation. I delve into the meanings of *molweni,* a term used in popular discourse to describe and to categorize my interlocutors. It is a highly-charged term defined in relation to notions of transgression,

social class and street life. How my interlocutors interact with the urban public space is accounted for in this chapter. I contend that their public visibility and transgressive use of public space leads to their vulnerability, predisposing them to become targets of punitive modes of restrain.

In chapter five I delve into the performances of my interlocutors' masculinities, taking "postmodern" formulations of identities as being fluid and situational into consideration. I describe the young men's discourses about intimate relationships with girls, and other men, and the role that money plays in these relationships. While the role of the man as breadwinner is being challenged in practice in the broader social context in Maputo, my interlocutors seemed to cherish this model. I show how they signaled their transgression, but also took control over their own bodies, by inscribing them with tattoos and scars. The body is understood as a site of pain and pleasure, but also of power. Finally, I explore how the image-making process was seized upon as an opportunity for self-realization and for representation. How self-realization materializes through the presentation of their selves within the kwaito imaginary and expectations of upward social mobility through the dissemination of their images.

Chapter six accounts for the collaborative process of producing music and dance videos, paying attention to the negotiations carried out, highlighting the dynamics of power and participation through a reflexive perspective. A critical examination of the presumed efficiency of participatory methods of research is effectuated. Finally, I acknowledge that advances in digital media practices have created novel spaces for the production and consumption of images (of the self).

Chapter 1: Methodological considerations

On the 3rd of February 2012, at around midday, Stalon, Paito, Chongas and Salomão waited for me by the bottle depository, as we had agreed the previous day. They took me to the rear of the charcoal place where some of the others were already waiting under the shade of a tree. We waited a little while for the rest of the group to arrive. I had asked for a meeting with all of them the previous day in order to explain my intentions and to try to gain their approval. Once everyone was present, I broadly explained that I wanted to learn about them and about their way of life. This information would later on be compiled in the form of a book (thesis) that I would present at university. In order to achieve this I would just hangout with them on a daily basis and record some of our conversations. If they agreed to the arrangement, then I would take the camera with me every day and we could use it for photographing or filming what they wished, deciding what to do with the images together.

Image 1: With Chongas on the left and Salomão on the right.

Image 2: With Machance.

Image 3: With Jekula on the left and Beto on the right.

Image 4: With Stalon.

In a scene that evoked the establishment of ethnographic authority, à la Malinowski, the camera was first put to use to provide evidence that the anthropologist had "actually been there". Everyone wanted to take pictures with me, posing with their arm around my shoulder or putting their arm around my waist. I guess word spread because soon others, my interlocutors' friends, also showed up for the photo session, and in which I was clearly the central character. I probably posed with them for the camera for about half an hour, although it felt like half a day. It was at the height of summer, around noon time. I felt as though I was melting under the sun. But the discomfort I was feeling mainly came from the fact that I hardly knew most of the young men that were putting their arms around me while I awkwardly tried to smile for the pictures. It passed through my mind that perhaps they wanted the photos to show their relatives and friends that they had a *mulungo* (white) woman friend. I could not be more wrong. Later on, when they asked me to print some photos for them, they asked me for other types of images, ones that interested them more. I realized then that these were images that they thought I probably would like to bring back home, and which I needed to show people in order to demonstrate that I had truly been there with them.

In the days that followed, they mostly took photographs among themselves and posed by acting tough, evidencing their tattoos, sometimes their scars. It was only when Stalon asked me to film him dancing a few weeks later that I honestly became motivated once more about using the camera. This initiative of Stalon soon piqued the interest of his friends, especially Machance's. The introduction of the audiovisual component to the research project was certainly my initiative, but the proposal to produce dance videos came from my interlocutors. To be sure, I had my own expectations or imaginings about the visual or audiovisual material that was to be created and about its uses. I fantasized about creating image databases, virtual exhibits or projections to be broadcast in the market itself. But the young men were more interested in burning copies of the dance videos to DVDs and then to place them on the internet thereafter. Different media certainly produces different knowledge. Through the videos the young men showed something else about what they desired from our encounter; they revealed their ambitions, their dreams. An alternative story emerged, another aesthetics entirely.

Between 2012 and 2016, I spent considerable amounts of time with my interlocutors in the market of Xipamanine. During the first year, I went to meet them almost every day, for several hours a day. Sometimes I went in the morning, other times in the afternoon, in the evening on a few occasions and occasionally I stayed for the whole day. Gradually, my visits became more sporadic, although we often talked on the phone. I was engaged in what has been denominated as the method of participant-observation2, which is comprised of "the need to separate oneself from the world and render it up as an object of experience, and the desire to lose oneself within this object world and experience it directly" (Mitchell, 1988:29 in Moore, 1999:7). In other words, I sat with them and listened to their conversations, while observing their practices. Sometimes I would eat and drink with them. I conversed with them, asking questions from time to time, but I did not perform formal interviews. More often than not, informants will lie to anthropologists when asked direct questions. This occurs in the beginning of the relationship particularly. They often do so for an abundance of reasons. "You must learn to sit and listen" one of Stoller's (1989) informants advised him, after he complained about having discovered that his informants had been lying to him. In critically exploring the relevance of anthropology and its ideology of truth and authenticity, Trinh T. Minh-Ha (1991:75) cites Zora Neale Hurston in Mules and Men (1935):

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2 However, I would also like to formally acknowledge the hierarchies inherent within the participant-observation paradigm.

"The theory behind our tactics: The white man is always trying to know into somebody else business. All right, I'll set something outside the door of my mind for him to play with and handle. He can read my writing but he sho' can't read my mind. I'll put this play toy in his hand, and he will seize it and go away. Then I'll say my say and sing my song" (Zora Neale Hurston).

By questioning the "truths" (validity) of anthropological findings, we touch upon the power struggles that characterize interactions in the field. My interlocutors lied to me several times, asserting their agency and control over the possibilities of representation in so doing. I had to carve a space for myself in their world and this was only possible by distancing myself from an arrogant position of defining them as objects of study to as great an extent possible. My relationship with the young men was based upon intersubjectivity as a condition for communication. "Outright lying are also forms of communication and dialogue made possible by intersubjectivity… ethnographic research involves confrontation, a struggle for recognition" (Fabian, 2014:206). As a foreign white woman, an "outsider" to the group in terms of nationality, race and gender (one could furthermore add the categories of status and age) taking a reflexive approach in this ethnography seems particularly appropriate.

Doing fieldwork in the urban setting brings about certain challenges about which ethnographers have commonly lamented. Among other things, it is an unfavourable setting for learning a local language. Ferguson (1999:19) admits that he found it difficult to acquire local language skills in an environment in which everyone could speak English. I was confronted with the same situation. I had hoped to quickly learn Changana and initiated lessons almost as soon as I landed in Maputo. However, the maximum proficiency I achieved was to be able to understand the very basics and say a few words. Indeed, this revealed itself as a limitation. I lost many conversations that took place between the young men, literally lost in translation. I am nevertheless grateful to them for trying to speak in Portuguese when I was around as frequently as possible. One last thing I would like to clarify before we move on concerns the way in which my interlocutors addressed me. They would call me alternately "*Dona*" (lady) or "*mana*" (sister), or less often "*mãe*" (mother). In Mozambique, it is a sign of respect to add these familiar prefixes before someone's name. For instance, children will frequently call any adult woman "*tia*" (aunt). Any alternative meaning attached to this will be mentioned in the text.

1.1. Writing about people

"Ethnography", according to Tim Ingold (2014: 383-85), has been overly applied in the discipline of anthropology, as in other fields of social inquiry, to the extent that it has been detached from what it literally means: "writing about people". In his words:

> "While a written monograph, in so far as it aims to chronicle the life and times of a people, may justifiably be called ethnographic, and while the same may even be said of a film that shares the same objectives, I do not believe the term can be applied to our encounters with people, to the fieldwork in which these encounters take place, to the methods by which we prosecute it, or to the knowledge that grows therefrom. Indeed to characterize encounters, fieldwork, methods and knowledge as ethnographic is positively misleading" (Ingold, 2014:385).

The term cannot therefore become a substitute for the qualitative methods of anthropological inquiry, which Ingold (2014:384) defines as "long-term and open-ended commitment, generous attentiveness, relational depth, and sensitivity to context". Johannes Fabian (2014), recognizing the often incoherent use of "ethnography" as a method of inquiry, however contends that this debate has served to acknowledge the role of intersubjectivity in the coproduction of knowledge. He states:

> "When we call both, our research projects and their publication, "ethnography" this is conceptually muddled talk but it does reflect a fact: production of ethnography is not a unidirectional process, it works (starting at the moment when we take notes or make texts based on recordings) from both ends, research and writing" (Fabian, 2014:204).

This contention notwithstanding though, Fabian still avers that the significance of intersubjectivity in the practices of knowledge production is not synonymous with conducting a form of communication or dialogue that is free of power relations. Donna Haraway (1988:593) contends that in order to avoid "false knowledge" we should not depart from a logic of "discovery", but rather from a "power-charged social relation of conversation". She argues in favour of situating knowledge as partial and locatable. Haraway's "situated knowledge" seeks a negotiation between different knowledges, recognizing both researcher and researched as active agents in its production. All knowledge is indeed produced in certain circumstances, and to that extent the researchers' position must also be examined. As such, reflexivity can be regarded as a practice by which to situate knowledge. Haraway, however, rejects the idea that one can "fix" ethnographic representation simply by being more self-conscious about how one does it (Whitaker, 2010).

The consensus remains that reflexivity requires acknowledging the self of the researcher and how that self relates to the researched. Mead's theorizing of the self (1934) brought attention to how the ethnographers' self, continually under construction, is transformed in social interactions with others. Reflexivity makes it possible to view ourselves from the standpoint of others and to attain a comprehension of the others' point of view or of their experience. Charlotte Davies (1999) has thoroughly analysed the principle of reflexivity in ethnographic practice. She defines reflexivity in the manner indicated below:

> "Reflexivity, broadly defined, means a turning back on oneself, a process of self-reference. In the context of social research, reflexivity at its most immediately obvious level refers to the ways in which the products of research are affected by the personal process of doing research. These effects are to be found in all phases of the research process from initial selection of topic to final reporting of results" (Davies, 1999:4).

Reflexivity has certainly been widely endorsed as a constructive aspect of ethnography ever since the "crisis of representation". A crisis arose from uncertainty about the adequate means of describing social reality (Marcus and Fisher, 1986:9) and borne of the acknowledgment of anthropology's colonial ties. In fact, Talal Asad's (1973) criticism of anthropology, as enforcing colonialism, contributed largely to the existential crisis that anthropology has undergone. Claims to scientific objectivity and the assurance of the ethnographic representation of societies were heavily challenged. In Time and the Other, Fabian (1983) contends the other is often relegated to a different timeframe in anthropological discourse. Other cultures are constructed as backwards, less advanced than Western civilization. Fabian was influenced by Edward Said's Orientalism. Specifically, by the patronizing and fictional representations of Eastern societies in the history of European imperialism. For Fabian, reflexivity recognizes interlocutors as coevals that engage in dialogue and create a shared present, a precondition for anthropological inquiry.

Bob Scholte's *Toward a Reflexive and Critical Anthropology* (1969) is referred to as being among the first calls for a reflexive anthropology. In the late 1970s, we certainly witness a turn to "autobiographical ethnographies", impressively illustrated in *Reflections of Fieldwork in Morocco* by Rabinow (1977) or in Crapanzano's *Tuhami* (1980). Rabinow (1977:38) defines fieldwork as a dialectical process "between reflection and immediacy". He delves deep into the interaction between anthropologist and informant, providing a profoundly personal and self-reflective account of the construction of anthropological knowledge in the process. The dynamics of anthropological dialogue have been explored extensively by Crapanzano (1980) in his approach —as an interactive narrative— to

ethnographic writing, in which the anthropologist is an explicit presence and his informant and field assistant are given an authorial identity as interlocutors.

In the mid-1980s, as "postmodernism" challenged old models of meaning in social science, anthropology was assaulted by the often referenced "writing culture" critique (Clifford and Marcus, 1986). Under examination here were the limitations of the practices of representation and how we might engage in more reflexive modes of knowledge production. The subjective nature of representation through ethnography was envisioned as being a more literary than scientific activity (Clifford, 1986). We observed, therefore, a turn to concerns about narrative and rhetoric in ethnography. Clifford (1986:99) contends that ethnographic texts are inescapably allegorical and that this influences the ways in which they can be written and read. For Clifford, ethnographic accounts should be understood in a manner similar to any other story. Ethnographic texts are, as he explains, orchestrations of multivocal exchanges. The subjectivities produced therein are often unequal exchanges and are constructed domains of truth, they are "serious fictions" (Clifford, 1986:10). The alternative to relativism, Haraway (1988:584) maintains, is partial, locatable, critical knowledges that sustain the possibility of webs of connections, shared conversations. If the object of knowledge is pictured as an actor and agent, then accounts of a "real" world do not depend upon a logic of "discovery". In this regard, the powerful ethnography by João Biehl (2005), *Vita: Life in a Zone of Social Abandonment*, is a striking example of the production of knowledge grounded in the human encounter.

In contrast to the analysis of ethnographic discourse and textual practices, other scholars have turned to empiricism and experience as a means of dealing with the problems of representation and the totalizing explanations offered in anthropological writing. "The emphasis is on felt realities rather than cultural categories, the near rather than the distant, and the sensate more than the semantic" (Desjarlais, 1997:12). Michael Jackson's "radical empiricism" proposes an "epistemological openness" based on experience and upon the absence of abstraction (Jackson, 1989:184). He contends that knowledge is practical, pre-theoretical and embodied. Thus, "detailed descriptions of lived reality are seen as ways of resisting the estranging effects of conceptual models and systematic explanation" (Jackson, 1996:2). Jackson provides guidelines for a phenomenological or existential anthropology that prioritize lived experience over theoretical knowledge and intersubjectivity over objective structures or subjective intentions (ibid.:26). At issue is the idea that reality lies behind appearances, in things are as they are, according to Jackson. Therefore, vivid and meaningful descriptions are valued over theoretical treatises. Fundamental to this, perhaps more humanistic anthropology, is the role of the senses in any engagement with the world or

in any representation thereof. The sensual turn in anthropology is probably most notorious in Paul Stoller's approach: "By taking a radically empirical detour, anthropologists enter the sensual world of evocation (…) to give our readers or viewers a sense of what it is like to live in other worlds, a taste of ethnographic things", Stoller states (1989:153-156).

Founded upon Merleau-Ponty's assertion of "being-in-the-world as a bodily being, Jackson, as well as Stoller, have been fierce critics of a Eurocentric perspective that considers the body primarily to be a text that can be read and analyzed. The body is never simply a surface upon which meaning is inscribed. Meaning is not only reduced to what is thought or said, but it exists in the doing and in what is manifestly accomplished by an action (Jackson, 1996:32). Paul Stoller (1989:37) points out that: "Merleau-Ponty believed that we lose much of the substance of life-in-the-world by thinking operationally, by defining rather than experiencing the reality of things". For Merleau-Ponty, we become involved in things with our bodies. He asserts that "the world is not what I think, but what I live through" (Merleau-Ponty, 1962: xvii). Meaning is, thus, body-centered and experience is located in the senses.

Desjarlais, taking a more critical stance on the celebration of "experience", posits the question of how one goes about knowing what other people experience. Moreover, experience is just one form of life among many (Desjarlais, 1997:10). For the author, "the problem of taking experience as a uniquely authentic domain of life" fails to consider the social production of that domain and the practices that define its use (ibid.:12). The solution lies in embracing a critical phenomenology that attempts to consider the makings of its own perceptions. Therefore, it is important not only to describe what people experience, but also to grasp how the process of experiencing comes about through multiple, interlocking interactions (ibid.:25).

Postcolonial theory has also been the stage upon which prominent debates about the problematic of "speaking of/for others" takes place. In line with Said and others, Gayatri Spivak has been a stern critic of ongoing imperialist politics of Western representations of the subaltern. Particularly, of the discursive politics and problematic notions of the empowerment of the subaltern by those with the power to speak for those who cannot. The marginal or the subaltern continue to be "othered" by Western academic institutions. In her most influential text *"Can the Subaltern Speak?"* (1988), she argues that any attempt to speak for the subaltern confirms the image of a superior "benevolent" intellectual. Or, as John Comaroff (2015) has put it, to speak for "them" is a blatant act of colonial paternalism.

Issues of representation have been widely scrutinized in Africanist scholarship. Among the most cited critical voices directed at Africanist anthropology is that of Mudimbe and his book *The Invention of Africa* (1988) in which he discusses the foundations of discourse about Africa and how Western anthropologists and missionaries contributed to a set of distortions on the matter. Implicit to this process are assumptions of linear evolution, based on a dichotomizing system, as in traditional vs. modern. Mbembe (2001) has also made a significant contribution to thinking about African lived experience beyond Western-imposed reductionism. According to Mbembe (2001:3): "Africa is the mediation that enables the West to accede to its own subconscious and give a public account of its subjectivity". Western Enlightenment has certainly regarded non-western parts of the world (now mostly referred to as the Global South), as places of traditions or of exotic ways; as places of unprocessed data or raw facts, that Euromodernity can process into testable theories and refined knowledge. In fact, several scholars, even to this very day, insist that the "South" has yet to be regarded as a generative source of theory instead of a simple site for the collection of raw data (e.g. Ferguson, 2006; Jean and John Comaroff, 2011). The Comaroffs (2011) argue that, at present, it is theory developed in the South that provides privileged insights into the workings of the world at large. The contemporary world is made up of infinite entanglements and collaborations which play with long-standing categories, concepts and distinctions. It is time to move beyond the North-South binary. Theory, instead, ought to be viewed as a North-South co-production, grounded simultaneously in the in-between (ibid.).

Admittedly, these examples constitute a superficial and selective account of the efforts undertaken by scholars from different backgrounds and other efforts made to re-position and minimize the ethnographers' authoritative voice. Intersubjectivity, co-production, multivocality, and so on, are all terms employed to convey an image of the anthropologist as a collaborator, as opposed to the expert, in the production of knowledge. This brings us to my decision to explore the potentialities of "collaborative" visual methods in this research project. As stated by Morphy and Banks (1997:13): "A methodological tool cannot in practice be theoretically neutral since it should always be chosen with reference to the objectives of the research". My choice stems from the idea, suggested by Grimshaw (2001:3), that "image-based technologies mediate different kinds of relationships between ethnographers, subjects and audiences than those associated with the production of literary texts". Engaging in a "collaborate" visual experiment with my interlocutors could perhaps facilitate the emergence of different representations than the commonly avowed victimizing/criminalizing discourses which surround young men in impoverished contexts in Africa. Film-maker Trinh Minh-ha (1990:84) states that: "In the desire to service the needs of the un-expressed, there is, commonly enough, the urge to define them and their needs"

(Minh-Ha, 1990:84). Therefore, the aim should be to speak with others, rather than speaking for others, or as Minh-Ha has positioned it, "talking nearby instead of talking about" (Chen, 1992:87). That is, "a speaking that does not point to the object as if it is distant from the speaking subject or absent from the speaking place" (Ibid.:87). However, my choice also originates from a personal fascination with the production of audiovisual material in the anthropological research setting of (relatively) long-term fieldwork. In what follows, I attempt to beat a path for my intentions within what has been denominated as the field of "visual anthropology".

1.2. The camera as a tool

In the Argonauts of the Western Pacific, Malinowski (1922:25) proclaimed that "the final goal, of which an Ethnographer should never lose sight… is, briefly, to grasp the native's point of view, his relation to life, to realize his version of his world". These days these kinds of declarations upset anyone pursuing ethnographic inquiry (Grimshaw, 2001:47). Considering what has been referred to as the "crisis of representation" in anthropology it is easy to understand why this is. Haraway (1988:584) mentions the "danger of romanticizing and/or appropriating the vision of the less powerful while claiming to see from their positions" (Haraway, 1988:584). She suggests that we "see together without claiming to be another" (Ibid:586). In fact, within anthropology much attention has been paid to the hegemony of vision in Western culture. Anna Grimshaw, in The Ethnographer's Eye, critically interrogates the visual emphasis in anthropology, which has taken on a more sensuous turn over time (infra). Grimshaw navigates us through the links between early anthropology and cinema, making connections to certain ethnographic practices.

The famous Torres Straits expedition in 1989 established the practice that anthropologists had to go see things for themselves. Equipped with a whole range of image-making technology, the expedition made records of "vanishing cultural practices", therein producing an ethnography filled with visual material.3 However, the images functioned as counterparts to the written text, as proof or visual evidence founded upon concern about objectivity (Grimshaw, 2001). In the history of the use of still-and-moving-pictures in anthropological research, there was an assumption that image-producing technologies were superior objective data-collecting devices (Ruby, 2000). Filmmaking was regarded as a means by which to gather data and/or to produce an accurate copy of reality, as a kind of

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3 By representing them in texts and images (photography and film) cultures would be "saved" from vanishing (see Clifford, 1986).

anthropological note-taking (MacDougall, 2006:265). At the time, the suppression of subjectivity was a prominent concern among anthropologists and the camera was believed to guarantee greater objectivity, as well as comprising and yielding evidence against which other reports (essentially "hearsay") could be judged (Grimshaw, 2001:21).

With Malinowski's project for modern anthropology at the beginning of the twentieth century, the question of vision was posed in a distinct way. The ethnographer was expected to learn to see in a "visionary sense", penetrating beneath the surface appearance of things. This was accomplished through long-term engagement in the everyday social life of the society that he or she wished to describe. Here the ethnographer is more like a "lone ranger with a notebook", and it was this particularly Malinowskian way of seeing that actually rendered the camera obsolete, or so Grimshaw (2001:54) asserts. Vision is central to this kind of anthropological knowledge, but visual materials are relegated to a marginal role in the production of ethnography. Seeing was indeed construed as a way of knowing (MacDougal, 2006:216), or as what Grimshaw has called succumbing to the ocularcentric bias in anthropology. She draws upon Fabian's (1983) discussion of the rhetoric of vision in the production of anthropological knowledge, as involving an overemphasis on vision and observation in ethnography. He defines "visualism" as the "cultural, ideological bias toward vision as the 'noblest sense'" (Fabian, 1983:106). Fabian argues that by excluding other non-visual experiential aspects of the encounter, considering them to be irrelevant side-experiences or mere "noise", the ethnographer misses out on attaining deeper insight regarding the other society.

Films, namely ethnographic films, were understood as minor forms of anthropological expression, consigned to being mere supplements for written materials (Taylor, 1996; Ruby, 2000). In an article, entitled *"Iconophobia"*, Lucien Taylor (1996) exposes anthropology's anxiety towards visuality and the paradigmatic use of language and the written text. This anxiety, Taylor contends, emerges from the fear about the competition of visual data taking on a role beyond the merely illustrative one. "Ethnographic films should not so much illustrate as actually embody anthropological knowledge" (Taylor, 1996:80). When the use of the visual as a tool in the production of knowledge emerged, concerns about reflexivity and scientificity also began to take form. How filmmakers took up reflexivity became a pertinent issue, and a set of techniques and rules were suggested to ensure reflexivity in ethnographic film-making (i.e. Ruby, 2000). In this regard, the notion of reflexivity in anthropological visual production has been commonly reduced to questions about technique and method (Minh-Ha, 1990). According to Alves-Costa (2009), films are not only the outcome of the encounter with its intervenient, but are also incorporated within it. She argues that the possibilities of

representation cannot be resolved by strategies of pretense, as an innocent reflexivity. Reflexivity should incorporate ambiguity, as the position of the author and the characters is not fixed, but should always remain dependent upon the dynamics of the relationship between both. The most commented upon example of the "reflexive turn" in ethnographic films is Jean Rouch's work. Reflexivity paved the way to participatory filmmaking and "indigenous films", although this does not mean that participation entirely met the aspirations of ethnographic concerns of which reflexivity is a product (De Groof, 2013:110). The power relation can be acknowledged, one does not neutralize asymmetry simply by showing it on screen. Hence, the demand for subject-generated (or indigenous) films in the paradigm of ethnography (Ibid:112). Indigenous ethnography has been one way of confronting representation troubles. However, within ethnographic film, "handing the camera over" to a native often just perpetuates realist aesthetics, or so Russell (1999:11) contends.

To be sure, the camera has been present in anthropological research since the beginning of the discipline's inception, but there have been basically two approaches to the use of image making technology in anthropology; one that understands it to be a tool by which to collect data and the other that contends that it generates the production of knowledge. The former is about documenting empirical evidence, while the latter is about producing the empirical itself. Banks (2005:18) maintains that "the very presence of the camera grants significance on the scene it reveals to the viewer and the participants… It is inevitably involved in what unfolds before it". The camera is an integral part of the researcher's identity and the intersubjective relationship that he or she establishes with his or her interlocutors. The video camera, as MacDougall asserts, records "not just the images of other bodies; they are also images of the body behind the camera and its relations with the world" (2006:3). The camera can indeed generate a dialogue between the anthropologist and his or her interlocutors, and through the use of which they represent their lives together. MacDougall (2011:105) states that "both the filmmaker and film subjects should feel they are deriving some benefit" from the process. Jean Rouch (1974) extends the concept of reciprocity. "Shared anthropology", according to Rouch, will emerge through a reversal. That is when anthropologists and their culture will be observed and recorded by those who were once in front of the camera. Rouch's avant-garde film experiments stress the ambiguities of postcolonial and cross-cultural encounters that would subsequently receive extended reflection from anthropologists and historians in subaltern studies (MacDougall, 2006:255).

"Experiments frequently seek to challenge conventional boundaries, but this very challenge may make them hard to place" (Basu and Macdonald, 2007:19). Experimentation is here regarded as a potentially transformative process, through which scientific knowledge

is produced (Ibid:2007). As Russell (1999:20) has pointed out, "experimental ethnography brings science, in the form of mechanical and electronic forms of reproduction, together with fiction". By 1929, Dziga Vertov had already proposed a utopian form of ethnographic representation, in *Man with a Movie Camera*, by theorizing the film camera as being a technological extension of human vision (Ibid.:21). Russell argues for an ethnography that subverts the conventional realist aesthetic. "Visual anthropology is therefore emerging as a different kind of anthropology, not a substitute for anthropological writing" MacDougall (2006:268) asserts. Anthropologists are exploring other dimensions of social life that differ from those already defined in verbal terms. Previously, Taylor (1996:75) had stated that: "The indexicality of ethnographic film makes it open-ended, and thus susceptible to differing interpretations in a way anthropological writing is not".

MacDougall (2006:269) asserts that audiovisual media brings about "sensory knowledge", which allows for the corporeal to be explored. In fact, the theoretical interest in embodiment, since the 1980s, has paved the way for a wider interest in other sensory modalities besides the visual; or, rather, for engaging the sensual in visual anthropology (Pink, 2006, 2009). The development of a sensory approach to "seen things" involves the sensual and methodological sensitivity to the sensual becoming central to cultural understanding itself (Edwards and Bhaumik, 2008:8-9). Taking an approach that acknowledges the interconnectedness of the senses allows us to better understand the use of audiovisuals in ethnographic research as routes to sensorial knowing (Pink, 2009). Tim Ingold's rethinking of the visual, as necessarily interconnected to the other senses, has been highly influential to this approach. Ingold asserts that "the eyes and ears should not be understood as separate keyboards for the registration of sensation but as organs of the body as a whole, in whose movement, within an environment, the activity of perception consists" (Ingold, 2000:268 in Pink, 2009:102). The Harvard Sensory Ethnography Lab, directed by Lucien Castaing-Taylor, has been using analog and digital media to explore an aesthetic-sensual form of sensory ethnography, one which combines aesthetics and ethnography and which marks a fresh prospect for experimental ethnography in which the aesthetic becomes an integral part of the anthropological endeavor (Grimshaw, 2011).

"Visual anthropology", Grimshaw and Ravetz (2015:419) assert, has a long history of experimentation with forms of inquiry that fall beyond the limits of common academic conventions. Emerging collaborations between anthropologists and artists have been recognized as a practice that serves to expand the objectives and results of research and representation, leading to new approaches in both areas. Grimshaw and Ravetz (2005) consider that the interests of anthropology and art converge in the area of practice. In

anthropology, practical issues have come to the fore more and more as the focus of analysis; in art there has also been a movement out of the studio and into the field —art as process or performance. Schneider and Wright (2010) propose that art practices can provide "new ways of seeing" for anthropology. They call for experimentation that may expand the range of methodologies and forms of presentation of anthropological work. Art and anthropology share "a concern to reawaken our senses and to allow knowledge to grow from the inside of being in the unfolding of life" (Ingold, 2013:8 in Grimshaw and Ravetz, 2005:425). The entry of aesthetics as a research practice into anthropology, brings into view the contested boundaries of the real and the imaginary" (Grimshaw and Ravetz, 2005:428). Referring to the common grounds upon which anthropology and art can meet, particularly in the African urban context, De Boeck (2013:563) offers the following impression, which I will cite, at length, below:

> "By documenting the immediate and often decrepit materiality in which many urban lives unfold, as well as by scrutinizing the daily quest urban dwellers undertake to fill their stomachs and converge hunger into something else, or by looking at the production of an urban, often very bodily-centered aesthetics of appearance and the specific forms of laughter and ludic co-presence these politics of appearance engender, both art and social analysis make it possible to shift the focus from the level of mere survival to the ways in which people produce a transfigurational dynamics towards something more vertical, something other. Reaching beyond the levels of immediate day-to-day survival into other worlds that lie hidden beyond the screen of the city's scene/seen, fine-grained ethnographic analysis and perceptive artistic observation both have the capacity to make us reflect upon the status of reality and the way it is represented and transcended in the urban environment".

On the other hand, a significant field in which anthropology, visual digital technologies and art interact has also been developing. Favero (2014) shows how innovative forms of visual communication are taking place in the dialogue between contemporary arts and popular culture. He analyses new creative forms of participation and collaboration in the form of interactive, or multi-linear, documentaries which connect users/viewers to each other. In fact, he argues that: "New technologies are changing our way of relating to the role and meaning of images and image-making at large" (Ibid:178, my italics). "Our", Favero asserts, does not mean a claim to any form of universality, since there are clear discrepancies of access and competence around the world. Nevertheless, new media and technologies may influence the possibility of expanding the framework of anthropology nevertheless, as anthropologists take up the opportunity offered by an increasing availability of digital media technology. Pink et al.'s (2016) book, entitled Digital Ethnography, attests to the rising interest in ethnographic research on the use of digital media.

1.3. Collaborations

To be sure, all ethnographic work is collaborative in nature and presupposes an ethical commitment (Fluehr-Lobban, 2003). When I began this research project, I had the perception that the camera could be used an instrument by which to approach and to collaborate with my interlocutors, as well as to facilitate access to their aesthetic and sensory experiences. In this research, the camera was not used as a tool for objective recording, but instead as a means by which to develop, or to create, shared knowledge. The camera was at the very center of my interaction with my interlocutors, as a trigger for meaning-making (Favero, 2013:74). Unforeseen collaborations emerged from this process. At a certain moment in our experimental approach to the use of the camera, collaboration with a music technician and a video artist also emerged. This unplanned event was received with enthusiasm, both by myself and by the young men. It has been noticed previously that it is often very rewarding for researchers to remain open to unanticipated events (Pauwels, 2010:562). In addition to actively involving stakeholders in the process of constructing meaning, relational and creative use of the camera can in fact stimulate the occurrence of unexpected events and can lead to our interlocutors showing new aspects of their identities (Favero, 2013:75). Moreover, Alves-Costa (2009) asserts, film can be regarded as a means by which to create the circumstances in which new knowledge can take us by surprise. However, it remains a naïve thing to say that this kind of positive effect, brought about through the use of the camera, happens in every research situation or even happens without conflicts and ambivalences within the same research process. What is noteworthy is the opportunities that have arisen by maintaining a flexible attitude towards what emerges. While Ramos (2004:149) had felt that using a camera to take photographs or making videos had frequently created a barrier between himself and his interlocutors in his research, realizing eventually that drawing was a more appropriate source of interaction for him, in my case, the camera helped me build a rewarding relationship with my interlocutors the majority of the time.

The apparent serendipity, or opportunism to cite Daniel Miller at the EASA 2012 conference, does not fall short of ambiguities.4 Serendipity can actually be an illusion, and have more to do with the circumstances created to propitiate certain opportunities, and hence taking an opportunistic attitude towards them. By introducing the camera to my

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[4] Link to the webcast of the communication at http://webcast.in2p3.fr/events-EASA_2012 last viewed 13/06/2016

interlocutors, without mentioning any expectations regarding what it should be used for and how, I believe it was indeed possible to discover "different things to understand" (MacDougall, 1997) and to reach beyond the levels of immediate day-to-day survival (DeBoeck, 2013). However, it was impossible to disregard the (structural) violence of the young men's everyday lives, their immersion in a social field marked by economic hardship and violence. This is the reality of the inequalities that leave them excluded from enjoying the conditions that they themselves regard as being modern (Ferguson, 2002:559). The victimizing/criminalizing debate that I was trying to avoid certainly forced itself into my work.

But how did the young men themselves perceive our encounter? And what of its potential outcomes? The answer to this will hopefully become clearer throughout the remainder of the text. Nevertheless, I would like to share a quite pessimistic point of view from one of my interlocutors in order to make the point that throughout this ethnography the reader will not encounter a homogenous group of youngsters, but will encounter individuals instead. The reader will also not find a harmonious interaction between the anthropologists and her interlocutors, but rather relationships which are saturated with ambivalent emotions and feelings.

On one occasion, while I was conversing with Jekula about the possible results of the research project, I told him about how it was possible he would not feel any direct, short-term impact from it on his situation. However, these kinds of research were sometimes read by politicians, and others in positions of power, to try to change something and to bring better living conditions about for people. Jekula had been telling me about his problems, that he did not have a home to return to in the evening and, consequently, that he could not attend school either. He added that he felt bad about not being capable to read and write. He was wondering whether I could do something to help him. It is relevant to mention that this conversation happened at quite an early stage of our relationship. After my answer, which I have outlined above, he mentioned that my work did not seem to be very important because nobody cares anyway. No politician will care about them. The view that this research would bring no "real" benefit to him entails a consideration on the issue of reciprocity. Related to this is a confrontation I once had with Machance. One day when I arrived at the bottle depository in the market I greeted Machance, Stalon and Chongas. They were somewhat cold in their reception of me. I sat there with them anyway and after a few minutes Machance began to tell me what was on his mind. He accused me of showing up as I pleased and just staying and chatting with them. At the end of the day I would leave to the comfort of my house, while they stayed there without knowing whether they would even have the chance to eat supper that day. Then one day I would leave to Portugal with

their images and stories… I should at least pay for their lunches he asserted. Machance explicitly stated what he considered it to be my moral (and financial?) obligation towards him. Indirectly, he also touched upon my ethical responsibilities towards his representation.

One day I decided to surprise them by offering them some printed photos. When I arrived to the market, I began distributing the pictures and was surprised by their reactions. Although some of the young men were happy with the photos that I had selected, others were quite disappointed. When making the selection I tried to capture their natural expressions. For instance, I selected a very funny image of Stalon, which was reminiscent of his sense of humour; he did not like it at all. "You should have brought one of those where I'm full of style. This one is ridiculous", he told me. The same happened with others. They would see all kinds of defects in the images with which they were represented, ones I had not seen at all. Naturally, any photo printed thereafter was always chosen by themselves. Mostly these were photos in which they were posing tough, with a serious expression, and looking directly into the camera.

Essential, in a collaborative or "shared anthropology" effective communication between the anthropologist and her interlocutors, is adopting a reflexive approach at all stages of the research process. This entails successive negotiations on what is to be represented and the means by which to do so. Machance's assertion that I would leave with their images and their stories implies a limitation in the effectiveness of this collaboration. In fact, I do possess their images and their stories, which I use in this text authoritatively. A collaborative and reciprocal ethnography implies resituating collaborative practice at every stage of the ethnographic process, from fieldwork to the production of the ethnographic text itself (Lassiter, 2005).

Chapter 2: Life under continuous strain

During a visit I made to Paulo and Delcio in prison, they informed me that they had seen Machance on T.V. talking about life on the street. Machance had been interviewed by members of the national media as part of their coverage of people living on the streets of Maputo. I did not see it myself but, according to my interlocutors, Machance was explaining that he did not have a job or money enough to rent a room. Thus, his having to resort to sharing carton-built shacks with other street dwellers in a certain place downtown. The guys told me, with a hint of disapproval, that there were even babies among them and that women sold themselves to make money. They added that Machance actually did have a house. His grandparents had left a house for him in Xipamanine, after his mother died, but at the time he did not want to live there.

Machance's version of events goes as follows: "Since I was a child I grew up like this, with no job. Here, in Xipamanine. I am 22 years old and I don't have anything. I don't have a son yet. I'm just living! When my parents died, I lived with my grandfather in Chamankulo. But then he moved to bairro T3 and I stayed. Here, our house is abandoned. I am renting a room at Pedrito's place. Sometimes my relatives come here to Xipamanine, they start saying: But you, José! What are you doing here in Xipamanine? You're being a *molweni* here!5 They start talking too much and I am not catching the morale to stay with them. But, at home I didn't leave because of problems. Nothing really… why I don't really know anymore… But, in my heart, for me to stay at home, is not good anymore. Life is here on the street… Here, in Xipamanine".

An incessant movement of people throughout the day characterized life in the streets of downtown Maputo, or in Xipamanine's plentiful alleys and in a few glades. People were busy, engaged in labouring activities, selling stuff or just going about their daily businesses. But, for Machance, as well as for the majority of my interlocutors, days were spent sitting in the shade, chatting, smoking and drinking, with occasional hustles for money. The market in Xipamanine encompassed the qualities desired for the young men's purposes. The market supplied and gave work to the bulk of the city's poor. Peculiar to the market too was the fact that nearly anything could be bought or ordered there. Entering and wandering about in this place aroused a fascinating amalgam of senses. A continuous movement of recycling was performed, where nothing ever died completely. For instance, one of the odd jobs my

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[5] *Molweni* means street child or youth. The word assumes different meanings according to the context. In the chapter 4 I will delve deeper into the matter.

interlocutors would do was to collect used carton boxes for resale. Despite the apparent lack of space, there were plenty of corners and sites in which to have a rest from the overwhelming medley of colours, smells, sounds and contacts with other bodies. The inevitable proximity with others, particularly in a labyrinth of narrow passages replete with goods, proved handy for acts of petty crime. My interlocutors easily found the very minimum required for subsistence in Xipamanine market.

Image 5: A view of the market taken by Machance.

At times, Machance would say that he was tired of staying in Xipamanine, where he always saw the same faces and where everyone knew him. "It doesn't look good, you see… For me to always stay here, where everyone knows I don't have a job, I don't work", he told me once. Therefore, he moved downtown for a while or hung around in Chamankulo instead. The capacity to circulate throughout the city is bound to one's social standing. My interlocutors hang out spaces were mostly confined to certain areas, such as downtown and suburban neighbourhoods. The segmentation of the city, developed in colonial times, is perpetuated to this day. However, the division is no longer aligned along racist terms, but mostly by economic class.

Most of my interlocutors evidenced a sense of being "stuck", unable or unwilling to move forward, as though this task was likely to be unsuccessful in Mozambique. In the face of massive unemployment in their home country, they pinned their hopes on their neighbouring country. South Africa was the subject of dreams and fantasies of success, but

also of deepening frustration once the contact with reality pushed them back to Maputo and back to Xipamanine. In this chapter, I endeavour to sketch out my interlocutor's environment, which has certainly positioned them under continuous strain, which has led to their generating a discourse of fatalism regarding their situation and future. Mozambicans have gone through colonialism, two wars and various political regimes that have disappointed them time after time. The country has witnessed over a decade of growth since the end of the war, with recent discoveries and explorations of natural resources. However, disparities between rich and poor have never been so palpable. In fact, this creates a tenacious tension between hardship and opportunities that have been well observed and documented in other postcolonial contexts.

2.1. A brief overview of the context

2.1.1. Xipamanine

One of the first suburban neighbourhoods to be settled by Africans between 1918 and 1921, in the capital city of Mozambique at least, was Xipamanine (Domingos, 2012). It was purpose-built to incorporate the African population working in the city and for the more privileged Africans and mulattos, who had mastered the Portuguese culture and language particularly (Middleton, 1994). Xipamanine was kind of a bordering zone between the colonial "white city" and the "black city". People rented the shack accommodation in the suburbs provided by colonial settlers, attracted to the city to work or passing by to fill migrant labour positions in neighbouring countries. Basically, the shacks constituted lines of corrugated iron sheet rooms with virtually no services (Jenkins, 2009). Life was lived on the streets, where the kitchens and the latrines were. Privacy did not constitute a problem to those who arrived from the rural world to a disorganized city or so Rita-Ferreira has asserted (1968).

It was said that the name Xipamanine came from the existence of a wild fig tree, called *Xi m'phamana*, at which people would gather to drink, eat and trade. The tree wouldn't grow, thus the reason for the diminutive: *Ximphamanini*. Unlike the tree that lent its name to the place, the neighbourhood and the market it contained would come to know great growth. Mr. Inusso Ibrahimo, raised in Xipamanine and the owner of several commercial locales in the market including the spots at which my interlocutors hung out, despised the current "decontrol" of the neighbourhood and market. He told me that the Xipamanine of nowadays had nothing in common with the Xipamanine of the past.

"According to my father, all this area was bush. The number of the population was very small; one could count the people living here until the decade 1960. People came from all over and ended up mixing here in Maputo. Xipamanine is born from this mix of people. Take my example; my maternal grandmother was from Inhambane and my paternal grandmother was from here, Maputo. My grandfathers, one was from Goa and the other from Pakistan".

Many families of Indian origin installed themselves in Mozambique in the first half of the 20th century. Xipamanine, like other historical neighbourhoods such as Mafalala and Chamankulo, became a cauldron of mixed cultures, religions and booming commerce. In 1971, the architect Pancho Guedes described the suburbs as a construction system organized by networks of mutual help. Over time the newcomer to the city, helped by kin or friends, would build a temporary shelter in which to sleep, cook and store his/her meagre belongings and moving to his own "hut" thereafter (Guedes, 1971 in Domingos, 2012:188).

Xipamanine is situated 5km northwest of the city centre, in the Chamankulu[6] district, which is described as having the city's highest population density. Young people, under 30 years of age, constitute more than half of the district's population (Census, 2007), most of whom, faced with limited access to education and employment opportunities, remain idle or are engaged in small-scale trading activities and/or in providing low-cost services. The neighbourhood contains the largest municipal market at its core. Concerning the description of the market, Mr. Inusso recalls:

"Essentially people sold vegetables, those clay pots, there were bread outlets and the traditional roots for remedies already existed at that time. Then everything began to expand, first with stores for the Indians. This rear area, from the wall to here, was the place where the trucks, which brought products from Inhambane and Gaza for resale, parked. So, everyone came to buy here and would resell. That's how the market worked. Around 4 or 5 p.m. the Chinese trucks would arrive. They had farms in Marracuene and produced vegetables. Chinese produced all the vegetables in the city. The *mamanas* (women) came to buy to resell elsewhere in the city. This market supplied almost all of the suburban area".

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[6] Also written: Nlhamankulo.

Image 6: Xipamanine in 1999 (Image acquired from the Centre of Documentation and Photographic Training – CDFF).

Image 7: Xipamanine in 2004 (Image acquired from the Centre of Documentation and Photographic Training – CDFF).

In fact, the growth of the market is impressive, as can be visualized in the aerial images above. Towards the end of the 1980s, the market began to expand, eventually

overflowing its boundaries and occupying what used to be a football camp. By the end of the 1990s, the thriving business in second hand clothes had helped to effectively fill in any vacant space which was still available. The market is divided into three fractions, each one with its own management. The older, formal part comprises meat, fish and vegetable stalls, restaurants, a compartment for "traditional remedies", household items and little shops with a miscellany of products, too many to mention here. It definitely resembles a shopping mall. Adjacent to it is the huge informal section. It is popular for its second hand clothes, shoes, linens and the wholesale of charcoal. There are also several vegetable stalls and eateries. New clothes and shoes are also available for sale. Mostly cheap products are made in China. Crossing the main street, and moving to the left, one finds another informal segment of the market called *Bazuka*, in which one can purchase tobacco leaves, diverse species of beans, peanut flour, rice, vegetables and so on. There were 2,322 registered stalls in the informal part alone.[7] Overall, it is estimated that there are over 5,000 vendors in the market.

Image 8: Stalon posing for the camera in the formal section of the market.

There is one very busy main road by which to reach the market and it is often congested with traffic, mostly *chapas* (collective taxi mini-vans) that reach their destination once at the market. Among the crowd, vendors (mostly women) display their products on the ground, primarily fruit and vegetables neatly presented in a pyramidal shape. Others, (mainly men) display manufactured goods, also on the ground, or circulate with them hanging from

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[7] Numbers from the association of informal workers in Xipamanine (February 2016).

their arms. Once actually inside, the market rises as an astounding labyrinth of tight corridors of stalls and shops crammed with all the kinds of products imaginable. The area in which second hand clothes are sold, the *calamidade* (calamity) as it is called, is particularly extensive and contains shoes, dresses, wedding dresses, shirts, pants, hand bags and so on. Men (men solely) work hard on their sewing machines to handle the demand of the many customers who want to fit their second hand clothes to their own body shapes, or less often to create new outfits out of colourful *capulanas*.[8] The catering section provides lunch to thousands of people, ranging from simple, very cheap meals to the highly-appreciated grilled chicken. There is also space for leisure activities, such as pool tables, bars, TVs for watching films and so on.

The first impression that the market gives is that it seems amazingly chaotic, but that it has its own particular way of keeping things in order. Likewise, it can be a paradise or a nightmare for the senses, as one can be dazzled by the combination and sheer amount of colours displayed, or inconveniently caught between the intense smell of raw red meat combined with incense to expel the bad spirits. Since its inception, Xipamanine has been the main supplier of herbs, roots and other products to traditional healers in Maputo. It has drawn some tourists to the place, on account of its "exotic appearance", with suspended animal skin and thousands of little jars filled up with herbs and colourful mysterious liquids.[9] However, widespread rumours had it that Xipamanine was a "nest of thieves". Like most rumours, there was a solid foundation that led to this belief. Indeed, in the midst of the apparent disorderly jumble, and tight labyrinthine corridors holding as many people as possible, thieves did have their task facilitated. Accordingly, I heard that some young men, from further away neighbourhoods, would go to the market purposefully once in a while to perform this activity. In fact, on one occasion my cell phone was snatched from my hands while I was sitting inside a *chapa*, which had its window open, on my way home. I jumped off the van directly searching for help from among my interlocutors. After Machance performed a quick investigation, he concluded that it had been someone from "outside" and probably someone who would not show up in Xipamanine any time soon. "Here, mana Andrea, all the *molwenes*[10] know you. No one hurts you here. This guy is from outside" he said in an attempt to console me.

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[8] *Capulanas:* a type of sarong worn by Mozambican women mostly as a wrap-around long skirt, but also used to make dresses for women and shirts for men.

[9] I use the expression "exotic appearance" in reference to a kind of fashionable search among some tourists for a "traditional Africa". In Maputo, this has been realized through visits to Xipamanine Market and Mafalala *bairro.*

[10] By *molwenes* Machance meant petty thieves; I will elaborate on this term in the fourth chapter.

At the market's right side boundary, there is a dirt road that leads to the area in which livestock is sold; namely, chickens and goats. When it rains considerably, it turns into a pool of mud and rubbish, locally termed *matope*. At the beginning of the road, the old Cinema Olympia lies in ruins today. Just outside the building, a group of young men performing occasional *biscates* (odd jobs) hang out. This locale is acknowledged as being a hangout spot for thieves. Accordingly, the police, searching for suspects, frequently visit. Cheno, a friend that used to spend his days there, recently moved to another spot in the market. He told me that the police harass him constantly. They would take him in for interrogation, searching for information on suspects. Some of my interlocutors were reluctant to even pass by the place, afraid that they could be mistaken for a suspect of a crime, while others occasionally spent time there. On one occasion, Delcio was arrested as he was collecting carton boxes to sell at the Olympia. Two policemen took him and another guy in, suspects in the break-in of a stall to steal things that had occurred the previous night. Xipamanine, like Chamankulo, represented "those stigmatized neighbourhoods situated at the very bottom of the hierarchical system of places that compose the metropolis" (Wacquant, 2008:1). They were territories to be feared and, at the same time, were attractive to a bourgeois audience because of their "exotic" characteristics. First-time or occasional visitors to the market were particularly suspicious and careful. Men took off their watches, women put their money in their bras and avoided taking handbags with them inside and many taxi drivers were reluctant to drive clients there after dark.

But, Xipamanine is much more than a huge market in which the "formal" and "informal" mingle and in which thieves abound; it is a place of hardship and of opportunities, in which thousands of people make a living in an unpropitious time. Although "life is hard in Xipamanine", as was once expressed by Machance, he preferred to stay there than downtown, a place at which he had spent some time previously. He felt that the city centre, the "cement city", was more of a perilous place for someone living on the streets. When Raimundo, one of the guys from the group that was very close to Machance, moved from Xipamanine to downtown, Machance commented that Raimundo was now eating out of garbage cans. I am not certain whether what he said was genuine or was instead a manifestation of resentment for his friend's departure and attachment to a new group of friends. At times, it seemed that my interlocutors encountered a certain degree of comfort and a support network to meet their needs in Xipamanine. However, at other moments, they expressed frustration about being "stuck" in an often hostile environment. "You can't trust anyone. I have brothers in my area that I can trust, leave my things with, but not here in Xipamanine. Here, each one has his thoughts, some just think about spoiling. Each one is

eating his idea in his head while he's here chatting. One is thinking, if I get money I will leave, disappear. Another is thinking he will build a house, buy land. Others think of leaving to South Africa or to Gaza to his family's house. Here, in Maputo, there's no work", Stalon conveyed with an annoyed tone. "For a person to be able to live well is to stay at home, not stay in the market all the time… stop doing *molweni*ce11", added Delcio.

To borrow an expression from the Comaroffs, there seems to be an "odd fusion of hope and hopelessness" in postcolonial societies in which vast wealth concentrates in the hands of a few, in contrast to the severe material deprivation of the majority that have been let down by the promise of prosperity (Comaroff and Comaroff, 1999:283). In Mozambique, the perception that the city, particularly the capital city, constitutes a place of economic opportunities is a persistent one. However, this fantasy brings about feelings of exclusion and frustration, as neoliberal economic policies have only favoured urban elites. Maputo is a city of contrasts, where million-dollar mansions spring up along the coastline while thousands of people become increasingly squeezed between the staggering costs of living and have no access to formal employment.

2.1.2. Maputo

Delagoa Bay, where present-day Maputo is located, probably derived its name from Baía da Lagoa (Bay of the Lagoon). Several rivers flow into it, including the Maputo and Komati rivers.12 Even at low tide, large ships are able to cross it easily and anchor very close to the shore. The Bay was an important trade port. Since the mid-sixteenth century, various groups of Europeans traded, ivory predominantly, with the "Ronga" peoples that lived around the bay. Delagoa Bay was a link, on the East African coast, to a wider trade network connected to the Indian Ocean. The town was later named Lourenço Marques, after a Portuguese trader who explored the region. It was its commercial vigour that set Lourenço Marques apart from other ports (Penvenne, 1989:259). With the gold discoveries in Transvaal in 1880, and the construction of a railway from Johannesburg to Lourenço Marques, the town became the capital city of the Portuguese colony in 1898. British and South African businessmen as well as Indian traders established themselves in Lourenço Marques and the native population worked mostly on the railway or in the harbour. Africans were relegated to the position of working for lower wages and in inferior conditions (Penvenne, 1989).

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[11] *Molwenice*, in this context, meant to play around without responsibility. Drinking, fighting, not working… In the following chapter, I will present the term in greater detail.
[12] Delagoa Bay. (2015). In *Encyclopedia Britannica*. Retrieved from
http://academic.eb.com/EBchecked/topic/156290/Delagoa-Bay on 20-12-2015

The population of Lourenço Marques increased considerably from the 1950s on, mainly through the migration of Mozambicans from the rural areas, looking for waged labour, and Portuguese migrants to the overseas provinces encouraged by the Salazar regime. After independence in 1975, many families joined their husbands/fathers working in the capital city, which was then renamed Maputo. This movement to Maputo initially took place without any type of formal housing supply to meet the increasing demand (Jenkins, 2000). However, during the war period, between 1980 and 1990, Maputo's population increased more dramatically due to the in-migration of internal refugees (Espling, 1999). The city's outskirts developed as, what has been referred to, a "poverty belt built around the city", first by the African population residing and working in the city and then by those who were later joined by the population of the rural areas who ran from the war (Barros, Chivangane and Samagaio, 2014). According to the most recent census (INE, 2007) Maputo had 1,205,709 inhabitants.

Image 9: Aerial view of Maputo on my first visit to the city in September 2008.

During the colonial period, the city was designed to push the African population to the peripheries, leaving the centre free for European and rich merchants of other origins. Lourenço Marques was a divided city with unsustainable disparities, characterized as it was by a deliberate segregation between the white city, called "cement city", and the black city,

referred to as "*bairros de caniço*" (bamboo-like reed neighbourhoods) (Penvenne, 2011).13 After independence, Portuguese settlers left the country in massive droves. The socialist government, moved by the right to housing as the satisfaction of an essential need for every citizen, nationalised the housing stock. Mozambicans were invited to occupy the vacant houses in the city centre at very low rents. The government also began to prepare a collection of urban norms, better adapted to the Mozambican socio-economic reality than colonial rule. However, the emphasis given to investment in major projects did not produce the desired results. The war of destabilization came to further hinder the investments made in urban planning. The steady decline of the technical capacity and material and technological resources, in association with the occupation of the city's central core by a population who did not have the resources to allow a proper use of the buildings they now occupied, led to the accelerated degradation of the so-called "cement city" (Forjaz, 2004).

Some scholars contend that a dualist structure remains in Maputo (Jenkins, 2000), one inherited from colonialism, that spatially and architectonically distinguished the two cores: the so-called "cement city", with masonry constructions, asphalted streets, running water, electricity, a significant number of social infrastructure and services and then there were the "caniço" neighbourhoods. In the "bairros de caniço", houses were mostly built with reed but, over time, were replaced with brick and zinc. Most of these neighbourhoods suffered from having no planned urbanization process. There were hardly any social support services, paved roads were rare, sanitation practically non-existent and most homes did not have electricity and piped water. Bénard da Costa (2007) has, however, cautioned against approaching the city's most populous neighbourhoods as comprising a "marginal" space situated around the real city. She maintains that the city needs to be understood as a whole and that these bairros are very much part of the city's geography and economy. The insistence upon this spatial dichotomy as separate cities may conceal the fact that boundaries are porous. In fact, one can notice the intrusion of "informality" in the "formal city", as well as the introduction of urban structure in unplanned settlements in Maputo.

The city centre is composed of wide avenues, covered with red acacia trees, lilac jacarandas and a mixture of architectural styles, ranging from new high-rise constructions to old colonial buildings. The renowned architect Pancho Guedes has also beautifully marked the cityscape with several of his works. The commercial centre can be found in *baixa* (downtown), a mostly rundown area, although some of the old buildings have been

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[13] For a description of the city's colonial dynamics, namely the division between the "cement" and "caniço" cities, see Penvenne (2011).

renovated and several new constructions have emerged. Here, there are residential areas of upper and middle class housing, modern shopping malls and many restaurants and bars, which are only affordable to tourists, the expat community or a minority of well-off Mozambicans. The streets and avenues of the city still bear the names of communist leaders and famous revolutionaries but the stores, stacked with the newest technological gadgets and expensive imported brand clothes, give away the nature of the current system. Maputo has been witnessing a re-emergence of urban renewal interventions; namely, the construction of major road projects and gated communities. Exclusionary forms of urban planning are inducing local residents to more peripheral areas, generating processes of gentrification (Jorge, 2015). The emergence of new major infrastructures contrasts with the rubbish that bedecks the sidewalks upon which pedestrians compete for space with an increasing number of cars.

To be sure, the city changes both through structural planning strategies and through the everyday actions of its inhabitants (Viana, 2015). Bayat (1997) has described this as the "quiet encroachment of the ordinary", a quiet but pervasive advancement of ordinary people upon the propertied and powerful. Faced with the constraints of formal structures, the urban disenfranchised have poured into the streets to establish autonomous subsistence activities. The so-called "informal sector" involves heterogeneous activities, a multitude of "stories". From the 1980s on, it has grown immensely, absorbing more than half of the workforce in many African cities (Simone, 2004:24-25). Maputo, like other African cities, has developed into a city of street trade. Despite the efforts of the colonial administration, and the early Frelimo government, to clean the city of its "clandestine" or "parallel" markets, they have thrived (Agadjanian, 2005; Bénard da Costa, 2007). Small-scale trading is the most common activity in Maputo, ranging from street traders selling fruit and vegetables to vendors selling clothing and imported manufactured goods. All over the city, displayed in tidy rows on the sidewalks, are second hand shoes. Second hand clothes can also be found neatly hanging from fences. From the trunks of their cars, women sell takeaway food previously prepared at home. Under the shade of trees, men provide their cobbler services, which are particularly important due to the heavily cratered pavements.

Overall, the streets of the city resemble a huge, vibrant market. Indeed, the street became organized for and by consumption. Lefebvre (2003 (1970)) refers to "a colonization of the urban space, which takes place in the street through the image, through publicity, through the spectacle of objects" (p.21). In the streets of Maputo, publicity has become rampant. This publicity ranges from huge billboards, advertising alcohol beverages, to the services of a certain insurance company or the new generation of anti-perspirant roll-ons, to

modest A4 sheets glued to walls and poles advertising pseudo-healer's "miraculous" services. Advertising a product or service can also be a more implicit endeavour. An empty bottle stuck in a stick symbolically represents a place at which one can have a drink. Exhaust pipes, artistically articulated to resemble a sculpture, are evidence of an automobile mechanic being close by. De Boeck and Plissart (2004) speak about urbanity without architecture. In "Tales of the Invisible City", the authors show how urban space in Kinshasa, reordered through the practices and discourses of its inhabitants, exists in addition to its built form or its physical infrastructure. For example, the authors tell us:

"What one needs in order to operate a garage is not a building named 'garage', but rather the idea of a garage. The only material element needed to turn an open space into a garage is a used automobile tire on which the garage owner has written the word *quodo* (supposedly after the name of a well-known Belgian garage owner in the colonial period)" (De Boeck and Plissart, 2004:235).

Image 10: Exhaust pipes symbolizing the presence of a mechanic nearby.

Image 11: Second hand shoes displayed for sale on the sidewalk.

Bertelsen, Tvedten and Roque (2014) found that people in Maputo describe the city in a less dichotomist manner, as formal versus informal, and more as a trichotomy of properly urban (the city), suburban and periurban zones. The urban, as a well-lit, organized, secure and paved space, is contrasted with the congested spaces of shack-like houses, narrow alleys and the absence of sanitary as well as other infrastructure found in the suburbs. Today, in central (suburban) bairros like Chamankulo and Xipamanine (amongst others), there is literally no space. Ditches clogged up with rubbish and tight alleys adorned with rusty corrugated iron sheets are characteristic of these neighbourhoods. Situations in which three or more families share a small area (around 15m2) have become the norm (Barros, Chivangane and Samagaio, 2014). These historical neighbourhoods, situated closer to the city centre, have the highest population density and poorest living conditions. The suburbs are regarded, by many of their residents, as being congested, hectic and at times dangerous places (Bertelsen, Tvedten and Roque, 2014). The periurban neighbourhoods are perceived of as having a stronger sense of community, more space and a quieter environment. They are also more mixed in terms of their resident's economic and social standing. Although more distant (periurban) bairros present better living spaces, the city's poor collective and public transport system play a considerable role in people's decision to live closer to the city centre where they have access to better employment and income opportunities.

For my interlocutors, Maputo was experienced as being a divided city. Not, however, in terms of the presence or lack of infrastructure, resources or services, but mostly because of their physical access thereto. The experience of being marginalized from certain parts of the city was reflected in their discourse. They would say "*lá na cidade*" (there, in the city) to refer to the "cement city", despite the fact that Xipamanine was also definitely part of the city. The sense of peripherality was not only revealed through categorizations like this one, but also in their capacity for circulating in the city. Consider the following episode as an example of the effective disconnectedness from certain areas of the city.

I had invited Stalon, and a few others, to participate in a public debate about collaborative production between anthropologists and artists at the Mozambican French Cultural Centre in Maputo (CCFM). The event was organized by myself and video artist Jorge Fernandes, with whom I had worked to produce my interlocutor's video clip.[14] The clip was to be shown and the debate focused upon its production. The Cultural Centre is localized in front of the city's municipal hall, in a prominent square in which an imposing statue of Mozambique's first president, Samora Machel, stands. Practically everyone living in Maputo knows the place. Fifteen minutes into the start of the debate, I called Pedro in an attempt to get some news about the guys who should have shown up already. To my surprise he passed the phone to Stalon. What was he still doing in Xipamanine? I realized at that moment that no one from Xipamanine would show up. Stalon had planned with Beto and Kito to leave Xipamanine together, but they had been smoking joints and showed up too late. Stalon was genuinely frustrated that he missed the event. Pedro later told me that he had been anxiously waiting for his friend, Beto, to help him to get there. Stalon was unable to reach this part of the city by himself. He could competently circulate through the labyrinths of Xipamanine, and its neighbouring bairros, probably even with his eyes shut, but was incapable of reaching a prominent point in town. There were differences in the degrees to which they my interlocutors had competencies in circulating around certain areas of the city. Beto, like a few others, felt marginally more comfortable in the "cement city" because they had had the opportunity to work there for some weeks. Beto had worked for a transport company, unloading merchandize coming from South Africa. But, for the majority of my interlocutors, the urban space was circumscribed to the suburban areas and the bordering zones of the "cement city".

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[14] Referred to in the previous chapter and analysed further in chapter 6.

Image 12: Stalon posing for the camera on the way to his house in bairro do Aeroporto, next to Xipamanine.

Despite the cheerful expressions, I often perceived a sense of fatalism in people's discourses about their dire circumstances. There seems to be no purpose in fighting for better living conditions, a useless effort in the face of a corrupt and unscrupulous government. Despite the continuous sound of children playing and laughing, life in the suburbs is marked by the state of vulnerability to danger or threats. In some bairros, residents are practically obliged to stay indoors in the dead of night, for fear of being attacked by individuals that carry sharp objects, which they use to steal, rape and sometimes to kill. Newspaper headlines recently notified the public that "*Homens catana*" (machete men) terrorize the suburbs and peri-urban neighbourhoods. In 2013, the media publicized the activities of gangs of "*engomadores*", composed of several young men who entered people's homes and ironed their victims' skin, leaving them with burned skin. When things become unsustainable, the population reacts by organizing community patrols, which have at times resulted in the public lynching of presumed criminals. Since the early 1990s, after the war, mob justice has been a widespread practice in Mozambique; young males are the main targets. Corruption is a significant problem at all levels in Mozambique's public sector, particularly among the police. The lack of confidence in police work is best reflected in the small percentage of crimes (only 10%) that are actually reported to the police

(Shabangy, 2012). People prefer to take matters into their own hands. As remarked by Bertelsen (2009:213), "lives seem to be imbued with a certain dispensability in the face of power in postcolonial Mozambique".

It must be kept in mind that Mozambicans have gone through colonial segregation, a liberation war, a "scientific Marxism" which repelled everything that had to do with "tradition", a sixteen-year long devastating war and the change to a neoliberal system in the course of the past fifty years. Urban challenges are, thus, not only the product of poverty, or of the absence of sustainable development, but should be understood in "a context where the dynamics of traditional structures have been violently altered" (Bertelsen, 2009: 232). In what follows I briefly sketch the wider historical circumstances that comprise the setting for my interlocutors' experiences.

2.1.3. Mozambique

The Oriental African coast, which included Mozambique, was in contact with other cultures by means of the cosmopolitan movements in the Indian Ocean well before the arrival of the Europeans (Cunha, 2010). Arabs, Chinese and Indians had been trading with East Africans long before the Portuguese arrived. The name Mozambique is thought to come from the name of an Arab sheikh, Musa al Biq, who lived in the northern Ilha of Moçambique. In the South of Mozambique, Arab influence was less significant. People classified as being Tsonga-speakers occupied the region south of the river Save (Southern Mozambique).15 In the early 19th century, the Nguni invasions gave rise to important population movements. Under the leadership of Soshangane, they conquered the area of present-day southern Mozambique, forming the Empire of Gaza (Liesegang, 1970). Changana, originating from the name Soshangane, designates the most dominant ethnolinguistic group in Southern Mozambique, particularly in the province of Gaza (Pombo, 2015).

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[15] Missionary and anthropologist, Henri Junod, with his extensive work in Southern Mozambique, identified three cultural and linguistic groups in the region. The Thonga, the Chope and the Tonga. The denomination Tonga and Tsonga refer to the same group. Tsonga is the most employed form to designate cultural groups from southern Mozambique, part of Zimbabwe, Swaziland and the South African provinces of Limpopo and Mpumalanga. Tsonga languages include: Ronga, Changana and Tswa (Junod, 1946). In Maputo, Ronga is generally spoken interchangeably with Changana. However, there has been considerable reluctance in the application of these terms. The notion of a "Tsonga" ethnic group was mostly a product of European obsession with social classifications, a historical product of colonialism (Harries, 1989:83).

Image 13: Map of Mozambique[16]

The Portuguese arrived in Mozambique in 1498 and occupied a number of trading stations along the East-African coast, where they traded for gold, ivory and slaves on their way to India (Newitt, 1995). However, it was only from the end of the nineteenth century on, with the "scramble for Africa" among the colonial powers, that Portugal effectively occupied

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[16] Source: UM Cartographic Section in
http://www.nationsonline.org/oneworld/map/mozambique_map.htm accessed on 14-06-2016

Mozambique. As Middleton (1994:29) points out: "Until then, all they had really done was sit on the coast for 400 years and suck the interior dry by controlling the flow of resources". The colonial conquest was faced with an extremely dynamic society, characterized by frequent migrations and cultural exchanges. These movements recurrently changed the composition of various centres of local power. These were issues with which the Portuguese administration had dealt throughout the colonial period (Pombo, 2015:34). Only in the first decades of the 1900's did they manage to constrain the local African resistance and to become actual settlers (Newitt, 1995). As Portugal did not possess the manpower and financial resources required to exploit the colony, Mozambican labour, land and resources were rented out to foreigners. Whole provinces were deprived of male labour, which had been hired out to neighbouring states, to South Africa particularly (Middleton, 1994:31).

The 1930s saw a change in the Portuguese approach to its colonies; inspired by conservative and authoritarian ideologies, Antonio de Oliveira Salazar ruled a 36-year long dictatorship in Portugal, from 1932 until 1968. The regime regarded Mozambique, and other Portuguese colonies, as being extensions of Portugal itself, known as overseas provinces. Portuguese authorities emphatically propagandized their "civilizing mission" in Africa. However, the true "civilizing" tool used was in fact native labour (Penvenne, 1989; Jerónimo, 2015). Despite the claim by many Portuguese officials that it was a "Lusotropical paradise", Portuguese colonialism in Mozambique was organized by a highly racialized policy of "assimilation" (Power, 2006:32).17 The African population was divided into *assimilados* (a tiny minority) and *indigenas* (the natives), which had no citizenship and were subjected to the regulations of the regime of *indigenata*. This involved labour obligations, exclusion from certain areas of town after dark and restrictions to only a few places of entertainment. The *assimilado*, on the other hand, should live in an entirely European style, never use their own language and should not visit unassimilated relatives in their own homes (Mondlane, 1969). The Portuguese colonial structure was not so different from other colonial establishments elsewhere. The British had created a Westernized Indian class to support their rule in India from within. What Macanlay has defined as a class of: "Indians in blood and colour, but English in taste, in opinions, and in intellect" (Varma, 1998:3 in Paolo, 2005:122).

The Mozambican Liberation Front (Frelimo) emerged from the experience of colonial domination. Many members of Frelimo came from the urban elite developed by the Portuguese colonial administration, the *assimilados*. Frelimo was formed in Dar es Salaam,

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[17] Inspired by Gilberto Freyre's vision of Lusotropicalism – cultural fusion and hybridity, miscegenation and the supposed absence of racial preconceptions.

in 1962, under the leadership of Eduardo Mondlane. The armed struggle began two years later. Portuguese secret police intrigue, exploiting internal divisions, led to the assassination of Frelimo President Mondlane in 1969. Top guerrilla commander, Samora Machel, took over the leadership and later became the first President of independent Mozambique (Minter, 1994). Mozambique's liberation war lasted until 1974, when the Armed Forces Movement, tired of colonial wars, overthrew the fascist dictatorship in Lisbon. Frelimo, the only liberation movement, took undisputed power after independence in 1975.

Frelimo declared themselves to be a Marxist-Leninist party and that the country would develop along socialist lines. Just after independence, Portuguese was adopted as the official language, with the aim of facilitating communication at the national level, but also of creating unification. The party stressed the unity of the Mozambican people, a unity that transcended any ethnic borders. Frelimo was opposed to "traditional customs", such as initiation rituals, polygamy, *lovolo* (bridewealth), traditional healing and so on, which were thought to undermine the ambitions of socialist modernization and progress. The top priority was that all people were to have access to "modern" health care and education. The agricultural sector would constitute the basis for economic development and large state farms were central to that strategy. However, there were regional economic and political imbalances and part of the population, mostly from the rural areas, were disappointed with government policies and ideology (Hanlon, 1996). Frelimo was viewed as a "southern" party with a "southern" leadership. Tensions rose in some areas in which "traditional leaders" of the community were replaced by party nominees who had no local standing (Newitt, 1995). Frelimo alienated many Mozambicans with their rejection of "traditional lifestyles". The regime also set up "re-education camps" to which political opponents, and anyone considered unproductive or behaving inappropriately, were dispatched, usually without trial (Middleton, 1994).

In 1976, just two years after the end of the liberation war, a Mozambican resistance movement (Renamo) was created by neighbouring apartheid governments to undermine the support given by Frelimo to the resistance fighters of their countries (Nordstrom, 1995).[18] The re-education camps became fertile recruiting grounds for Renamo (Middleton, 1994:66). A war of "destabilization" was fought from 1976 until 1992. The main objective of the armed aggression was to destroy the social infrastructure and to overthrow the government (Hanlon, 1996). Terror warfare characterized this war, targeting the civilian population

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[18] Renamo was brought into existence by Rhodesian security forces to act against Frelimo for harbouring guerrillas who fought in the liberation war in Rhodesia. In 1980, when Rhodesia became Zimbabwe, Renamo activities were backed by South Africa (Middleton, 1994).

mostly. To say that a word like "destabilization" seems inappropriate to the task of describing a war that targeted innocent citizens is an understatement (Middleton, 1994). Over one million people lost their lives and nearly one-fourth of the population were displaced from their homes (Nordstrom, 1995:133). The Mozambican countryside was terrorized and the rural population was driven to seek refuge in the cities. The war in Mozambique was concentrated in the rural areas, seldom reaching the urban centres. This explains the massive internal displacement of people from the countryside to the cities. The: "Frelimo government controlled the main towns and cities like islands in a sea of uncertainty" (Middleton, 1994:3).

The implementation of a structural adjustment program in 1987, in a country massacred by the effects of a war that ended up lasting 16 years, had devastating consequences for the majority of the population. Pressured by the circumstances, Frelimo was unable to keep foreign aid out. After joining the World Bank and International Monetary Fund, aid and NGOs began to descend upon them, clearing the way for foreign business interests (Middleton, 1994). Mozambique became one of the most aid-dependent countries in the world. The signature of a peace agreement, between Frelimo and Renamo, ended the war in 1992 and led to democratic multi-party elections in 1994. The Renamo rebel group turned into a political party. Despite the peace agreement and successful elections, the economy continued to decline. The value of the minimum wage fell, food prices increased dramatically and the cutbacks on public spending made health care and education inaccessible to many people (Hanlon, 1996). The structural adjustment plans' effects, and a new orientation towards a market-oriented economy, led to the emergence of new forms of urban poverty and the explosion of the "informal sector" (Lacharte, 2000).[19] In the guise of development, the neoliberal project has ensured that power and wealth have become increasingly concentrated in the hands of a tiny elite group.

Mozambique has a population of over 20 million people, of which more than half are under thirty years old (INE, 2007).[20] Life expectancy at birth is less than fifty-five years. Despite news of significant economic growth, as a result of investments made in new drivers of growth such as mining, gas exploration and services, Mozambique remains a fragile state in which growth takes place in tandem with income and social inequalities (Phiri, 2012). High

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[19] The label "informal" has demonstrated to be of little use to characterize an immense variety of means through which people make a living (Hart, 1987). Urban sociability reaches beyond rigid divisions between formal and informal (Simone, 2004). In the absence of an alternative I will use the term while acknowledging its limitations.

[20] Instituto Nacional de Estatistica (INE)

levels of hunger and malnutrition are prevalent in both the urban and rural areas of Mozambique. Deadly epidemics such as malaria, TB and HIV/AIDS continue to negatively alter Mozambique's social structure (Phiri, 2012). Economic growth is failing to create sufficient jobs. Over 300,000 new job seekers enter the Mozambican labour market every year. Yet, over 87% of the population are either unemployed or under-employed. The vast majority of the labour force is, thus, engaged in subsistence farming and informal activities (Almeida Santos, Roffarello and Filipe, 2015). Disillusioned with the government, people in Mozambique have established autonomous subsistence activities at the fringes of the "informal economy", just as happens elsewhere. Retail in beverages, foodstuff and cheap products imported from South Africa represents an important alternative strategy of income for the unemployed, particularly in urban areas.

The country has enjoyed two decades of peace. Frelimo has ruled in the wake of independence from Portugal. However, and since 2013, political tensions have been rising, as Renamo leader Dhlakama ended the 21-year peace treaty after an alleged attempt on his life by government forces. Under President Chissano (1994–2004), there was an effort to accommodate Renamo's share in power. During President Guebuza's administration (2004–2014), there was a more aggressive assertion of ruling party power, increasing the dominance of Frelimo's political and economic influence. Feeling himself to be excluded, Renamo leader and formal rebels launched a low-level insurgency in 2013. However, one month before presidential and parliamentary elections in October 2014, Dhlakama endorsed a peace deal with President Guebuza and engaged in a competitive electoral campaign with Frelimo's new candidate Nyusi. Dhlakama claimed electoral fraud and disputed the results of October 2014 presidential elections, which were won by the ruling party Frelimo. Dhlakama demanded the right to govern the provinces in the centre/north of the country where Renamo had more votes than Frelimo. One more time, Dhlakama threatened to engage in armed struggle if his political demands were not met.

Rumour has it that the recent political upheaval is intimately connected to the new developments in the mining, oil and gas sectors. In fact, Mozambique has the potential to become one of the largest manufacturers of liquefied gas in the world. The expected launch of natural gas projects promises to alter the country's economic and social landscape dramatically (Almeida Santos, Roffarello and Filipe, 2015). Confrontations between Renamo armed elements and government forces in central areas of Mozambique have resulted in military and civilian casualties. Moreover, the country's political-military instability, in association with the previous administration's "overspending" (to say the least), has led to a worrying socio-economic situation. The devaluation of the national currency and high

inflation rates has, once again, alarmingly increased the cost of living, disproportionately affecting the urban poor. The widening inequalities in the country have never been so striking. The palpable contact with ostensible affluence, concurring with the impossibility to achieve it, has been referred to as the "contemporary African predicament" by Ferguson (Ferguson, 2002:559).

Faced with their dire circumstances, people cross the border to South Africa in anticipation of a better future, based upon remembrances of a historical migratory experience. To be sure, Southern Africa has a long history of population movement, from pre-colonial times to the labour migrations in the colonial period. The nature and form of migration have surely changed over time, but South Africa continues to be the preferred destination of migrants from neighbouring countries, Mozambique, Malawi and Zimbabwe especially.

2.2. Dreaming of South Africa: The "El Dorado"

"There's no work. We just spend days like this, with nothing to do. Before, in the city, there were many jobs, like cleaning cars, and people paid well. Nowadays, it is full. Many guys are coming from other districts", Machance remarked. Rural young people tend to migrate to urban centres in search of employment opportunities. However, the reality scarcely lives up to expectations. Faced with the nearly impossible task of securing decently paid jobs, they get involved in all kinds of "informal sector" employment, from washing and guarding cars to street vending. Although street commerce was a typically female activity in Mozambique, as observed by Agadjanian (2005), men also began to work as street vendors from the 1990s on and with the increasing lack of formal employment. Boys, aged between 14 and 17 years old, migrate from rural areas in neighbouring provinces to the province of Maputo. Apart from the city of Maputo itself, their destination also includes the bordering town with South Africa — Ressano Garcia — the most important border of the country, with the largest migratory flows. Upon arrival, these migrant boys start working as street vendors under exploitative conditions, until they succeed in crossing the border to South Africa (Verdasco, 2013).

For young people particularly, a way out of this desperation involves dreaming about a better life in the neighbouring Republic of South Africa. The biggest economy of Africa, South Africa, is like a magnet that attracts people from the entire continent. Machance always talked about his desire to go to South Africa, to "try life there." Pernoca commented

that when Machance would gather enough money to go to South Africa, he would fit in very well; people would like him because of his style. "Have you seen the way he walks like a *madjondjoni*!"21 Pernoca exclaimed imitating his friend's way of walking, hand in the pocket, lifting one leg, as though he limped slightly. In fact, Machance achieved his ambition in the beginning of 2014. He stayed for about six months in Cape Town. When he came back he said he did not enjoy being there because life was very difficult. "You are suffering there".

The tradition of migrating to South Africa for work, particularly among Southern African countries, goes back for several generations. Since the late nineteenth century, working in South Africa had remained a popular option for many young men in southern Mozambique, although opportunities to find work in South African mines had declined sharply. The discovery of gold, at the end of the nineteenth century in what was to become South Africa, changed the social and economic history of Southern Africa. These mines were exploited by making use of cheap migrant labour from the region. Harries (1994) shows how the Changana men from southern Mozambique played an important role in this history. The first Mozambican migrants to arrive in the late 1850s, in the British colony of Natal, were there to work mainly on the sugar plantations. The discovery of diamond deposits in Kimberley in 1867, and then the gold veins in Johannesburg in 1886, caused the intensification of the labour migration (Vidal, 2009).

The system of migrant labour quickly produced powerful imaginations of migration in the region. The social status of miners, with their ability to acquire cattle and other goods, became an important marker of prestige (Harries, 1994). This imagination of migration prevails today, supported by the migratory project of migrants from southern Mozambique. However, the vast majority does not work in the mines anymore, but instead in the "informal economy" in South African cities (Vidal, 2009:88). According to Vidal (2009), there is no reliable data on the numbers of Mozambican or South Africans of Mozambican origin living in South Africa. The figures range from three hundred thousand to more than two million.

Going to South Africa, even for short periods of time and in some cases illegally, continued to be perceived of as being a sort of rite of passage by many young men of Maputo (Vidal, 2010). The myth of coming back with money with which to build a house and to marry still persists in some environments, although more and more people have been informed about the precarious situations and uncertainties experienced there. Pedro told

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21 *Madjondjoni* was the term applied to Mozambican men who went to work in the mines. It was also used to refer to a man who lives or has lived and worked in South Africa. *Joni* refers to Johannesburg.

me, "South Africa is not like before. Many, when they come back have lost a lot of weight. They don't eat. They go there to try their luck but it's not easy. If before they left here skinny and came back fat, now it's the other way around". Nevertheless, "some prefer to suffer there than here", people would say. It is no news that migrants often feel ashamed to recognize their "failure" in accomplishing their migratory missions. Often preferring to endure hardship abroad, rather than going through the humiliation of returning to their home places "empty handed". Ferguson (1999:113) has shown how Zambian migrants have problems returning to their home village after years of failure to visit and to provide gifts to their kin. They not only risk suffering indifference but also angry retaliation. In the case of my interlocutors, returning without having accomplished the "migration dream" did not represent such a problem since they had no obligation towards kin. Such was the case of Machance, who preferred to "suffer" back home than there.

In fact, and as stated by Victor Agadjanian: "Men's migration to South Africa has increasingly become illegal and therefore often an unrewarding and even humiliating experience, different from the traditionally glorified rite de passage into manhood" (2005:261). Work, sometimes extremely physically demanding work, was very poorly paid in Mozambique and considered by some to be a futile effort. It was preferable to undertake the risks of crossing the border without identification documents. For example, Machance paid 500 rand (around 30 euros) for the bus ride and to cross the border illegally, as he did not own an id card or passport. Children, young men and women, are particularly vulnerable to exploitation in these conditions. Human trafficking, intimately connected to irregular migration, is a cruel reality in Mozambique. Given its geographical location and a number of institutional weaknesses (lax border controls and susceptibility to bribery), the country constitutes a source, and at the same time acts as a corridor, for the trafficking of persons whose main destination is the Republic of South Africa (Verdasco, 2013).

Stories about young people who have been offered employment in South Africa but who, once they get there, are sold for forced labour, sexual exploitation or even organ and body parts removal are common throughout the southern provinces of Mozambique. Girls are typically offered jobs as waitresses or as sex workers in Johannesburg. However, once smuggled across the border they are sold to brothels or into private ownership for sexual abuse (IOM, 2006). For those who are not caught in the trafficking networks, work is found primarily in low skilled and poorly paid activities such as street trade, catering, hairdressing and construction work (Vidal, 2009). For instance, among my interlocutors I observed two types of situation. One of illegal migration, such as was the case of Machance, Edu and Kito who found work under very poor conditions on construction sites, at a mechanic's garage

and as a locksmith respectively. After a short period of time, they returned to Maputo and did not express the will to go back. The other case was that of Beto, who travelled legally and with the proper documentation. Beto did seasonal work in the construction business, traveling to Johannesburg for a few months at least once a year.

Mozambicans indeed provide much sought-after labour in certain urban and suburban sectors. Nevertheless, they are frequently stigmatized by a collective imagination which holds them responsible for all societal ills, from crime to the spread of HIV, to the ritual charge of monopolizing jobs and for influencing the rate of wages (Morice, 2009:112). The transition from the apartheid system to a multiracial democracy in the early 1990s, endowed a multitude of new social rights for South Africa's citizens irrespective of their race. However, it also exposed the unequal distribution of resources and wealth in the country. In the struggle to realize social and economic rights, a range of new discriminatory practices emerged. Immigrants, particularly "black" foreign Africans, became the targets of discrimination and violent attacks (Gordon, 2010).

Mozambique's economic boom, which took place throughout the last decade, has not changed its dependence upon South Africa. Firstly, by the remittances of migrants upon which many families continue to live and, secondly, through the wide variety of goods imported from the neighbouring country (Vidal, 2009). South Africa has moved from a regional migrant labour policy to a regional investment policy, securing control over production and markets in neighbouring countries (Castle-Branco, 2002). The majority of Mozambique's exports and imports are to and from South Africa. To be sure, the commercial links between both countries date back to the beginning of the 20th century. More ancient still is a shared cultural background linking southern Mozambique to the bordering South African provinces of Limpopo and Gauteng. Both regions share the rhythms of languages and bodies through music and dance. For my interlocutors, South Africa was an unavoidable reference point.

Most of my interlocutors were not interested in any music or dance; they only cared about kwaito or house music from South Africa. Referring to his dancing skills, Stalon once commented: "People will think this guy here is not from Mozambique, he's from South Africa!" Wishing to belong to somewhere other than where one is from is not something particular to my interlocutors, or to Mozambicans, nor is it to Africans in general for that matter. It is certainly a desire that can be felt by anyone anywhere. However, recurrent conversations about leaving, dreaming of a better life elsewhere, seem particularly present in contexts in which people experience stark social division and inequality. Such disparities

cause a sense of abjection (Ferguson, 1999)22 and the fantasy that life is better in an imagined elsewhere (Weiss, 2002). A great deal of ethnographic work has focused upon this theme. Matlon (2015), for instance, describes how young men in Abidjan (Côte d'Ivoire) fantasized about an elsewhere, a space of possibilities conceived of through the image of glorified African diaspora in North America or Western Europe. Bordonaro (2009) has shown how young people in the Bijagó Islands (Guinea-Bissau) saw migration to Europe as being the only viable means to access social mobility. These young men confidently believed that life in Europe was better and easier. Nevertheless, their motivations were deeper than achieving more economic security and power. Going to Europe was like a passport to a new "cosmopolitan" identity (Bordonaro, 2009).

My interlocutors relied very little upon European or American standards. Indeed, the orientation taken was not directed to the West or to the "global" as such (Perman, 2012:396), but to the neighbouring country, to the Republic of South Africa. My experience in Maputo resonates with the observations made by Perman (2012) in Zimbabwe, where people assert new social identities tied to the "Africa" around them. According to Perman, Sungura, a popular music style in Zimbabwe, was expressive of local identities inspired by regional influences. This contradicts a theoretical tendency to assert that global cultures are simply domesticated, or re-appropriated, in Africa. In this regard, Kwaito has moved way beyond South Africa's townships to become a worldwide sound, a reference point for DJs around the world. Apart from the genre's warm reception in Maputo, especially among young suburban men, the beat has been used in DJ sets in London and Berlin, among other world metropolises.

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22 Ferguson (1999) describes *abjection* as a process of being thrown aside, expelled, or discarded. He found, among the Copperbelt mineworkers in Zambia, a sentiment of humiliating exclusion from the promises of modernization that they had been led to believe they might be a part of (p.236).

Image 14: Stalon dancing kwaito at night in Xipamanine.

After Machance returned from South Africa, his friends began to notice a change in his behaviour. In fact, he hardly showed up in Xipamanine anymore. "Now he plays in the alleys of Chamankulu. Here he only comes at night. He turned into a vampire bat!" they would say. The association that Machance has with that of a vampire bat can be interpreted as being a metaphor for his recent behaviour of hunting at night. But, the bat also has a mystical meaning. In Mozambique, *Feiticeiros* (sorcerers) are known to ride on the backs of bats or owls. *Feiticeiros* are also known to live double lives, divided between day and night. During sunlight hours they appear as regular citizens, but when night falls they engage in criminal actions against innocent people. These include theft, murder and cannibalism (Middleton, 1994:132-133).

Some of my interlocutors and others in the market warned me to take care of myself, and of my belongings, if I would happen to encounter Machance while I was alone. I was informed that he was robbing too many people in Xipamanine. He had even robbed one of Mr. Inusso's employees of his wallet and cell phone. "He's not himself anymore, now that

he's consuming these drugs (apparently crack)",23 Pedro remarked. Alex told me that when Machance came back from South Africa that he had said to Zefanias "come, let's go smoke *suruma* (marijuana)" and Zefanias told him "Me, I don't smoke that anymore, now other things; come, let's go". Alex added that all the time Machance was scratching himself and only thought about getting money for that thing. When later I commented to Jekula about what I had been hearing about Machance, he advised me not to pay attention to what people were saying. Moreover, he reminded me that I knew them well by now. I knew what they did for a living. "Have you heard anytime that Machance went to work? No, right? We, here, it's just *phandar* (get by). You know". Indeed, young men may embody the perils of their environment and assume a posture and attitude of street credibility, which often involves engagement in illegal activities. Nevertheless, their resorting to small-time crime is no more damaging than the forms of institutionalized violence with which they have to deal, day after day, often including real physical incarceration in state prisons.

Poor urban male youth, wandering the streets, represented an easy target for police intervention in Maputo. They were often scapegoated in order to resolve accusations of trivial crimes, and for which they usually paid heavy sentences. "If you steal once, even if it wasn't you this time, you're marked". This sentence, proclaimed by one of my interlocutors, is expressive of the fatalism experienced by some of these young men. People surrounding them shared this sentiment of despondency. The following excerpt from a conversation with a friend, a young urban entrepreneur, is indicative of the circumstances in which some of my interlocutors spent much time incarcerated. This is the subject of the chapter that follows.

"These petty thefts are a form of surviving. Who's going to give them work? These are guys with no schooling, nor formal training. They don't have much alternatives, but they are the ones that get more time of penalty. Normally, with a small fine they would be out but they stay months and months inside, without their file ever being seen by a judge. There's no one to look after the process (no family members) and they are put down on the list when they reach the judges. Also the lawyers don't want to know anything about it because they won't earn on it".

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23 From the description of my interlocutors, Machance seemed to be consuming what is referred to as Crack, an alloy of cocaine that can be smoked instead of sniffed and that costs much less than cocaine.

Chapter 3: Do I have the face of a thief?

Delcio was very drunk. With a stolen curtain in his arms, he boasted that he would not go back to prison so easily this time, because he was "tied up" by the healer. According to him, whenever he goes to the healer for protection he does not get caught by the police. Delcio explained that he was drinking because he was very "pissed off". The previous evening someone had stolen his phones and 800 rand (around 50 euros) from his pockets while he slept. He was saving the money to leave to South Africa because in Maputo, in Xipamanine specifically, no one would give him work. According to his friends, when Delcio got his hands on some cash he always converted it to South African rand, but then because he got really drunk and fell asleep on the street without protecting himself, he ended up getting robbed.

Ever since I had met Delcio he had been going in and out of prison for petty theft, actually spending more time inside than outside. One of his friends told me that Delcio had been sent to live with his kin in Maputo by his family in the province of Gaza because of poverty. His family in Maputo provided him with a small business, a stall with things for him to sell. Delcio took everything and sold it on to others, keeping the money for himself. This was how he broke ties with his family and began to live on the street. Delcio's version is different by some margin. He told me that his parents had died in 2007 and 2008. He was living with his stepmother and little brothers in Gaza, where he studied up to the 7th grade. When he came to Maputo in 2008, he stayed with his aunt in Xipamanine, but she was mean to him and he left her house. He would sometimes sleep on the street; at other times he would rent a cheap room and would occasionally stay at a friend's house.

Since Delcio's arrival to Maputo, in 2008, he had been sent to prison at least five times. While visiting him in prison, he confided in me that once he was out he would visit a healer to take care of the spirits. "It's not normal to go to jail so many times", he said. I told him that I was informed by his friends that he had robbed someone's phone and wallet downtown. With a tone of frustration, he said: "I didn't do anything! I was unlucky again. It's always me that's implicated. I'm saying I didn't do anything. Why does no one believe me? (…) I was with Salomão, another guy and Paulo. Salomão defied me to go with him downtown. Paulo advised me not to go, but I ended up going with Salomão. We had just arrived when the police took me to the station where a guy said I had just robbed his blackberry phone and wallet. I don't know why this guy was saying that it was me. Do I have the face of a thief?" When I told him that maybe he should move out of Maputo and go live in the village, he answered: "But I left from there to come here to the city". Delcio's ambition was to go to South Africa and to try to find work there. On several occasions he told me that

he wanted to change his lot in life. However, from the very moment he would come out of prison he would engage in the same lifestyle that frequently exposed him to the risk of being sent back inside.

Image 15: From the left to right: Stalon, Chongas, Delcio and Pedrito.

Delcio's friends often commented on his "undisciplined behavior" and recurrent residencies in prison, despite the fact that most of them also spent quite some periods in confinement too.

> "This time he was only on the outside for three months. I told him: "don't steal anymore my brother. There will always be someone to share food and drinks with you. But he didn't listen. He was playing very wrong when he got out. I told him play well my brother, but he's always drunk", Machance remarked. On another occasion, Paulo told me "I don't understand him. He seems like he's crazy. Jail is no fun!"

In this chapter I aim to provide an account of my interlocutors' engagement in petty theft and other crimes, which repeatedly lead to their detainment and imprisonment. Yet, they perceived their recurrent residencies in prison to have been determined by misfortune. On

the other hand, I argue that they find themselves trapped in a neoliberal political system that criminalizes poverty.

3.1. Destination: Prison

Working "legally" implied heavy work and hardly any money to my interlocutors. At a certain moment, Paito had secured a job as a night security guard in a parking lot in Xipamanine, earning 2,000 mzn a month (around 50 euros). He continued distributing coal during the day to gain some extra income. After a few months he quit his job as a security guard because he felt it was too much of a risk. He continued working with the coal, but was eager to find another job; "this one kills you slowly," he said. Most of my interlocutors tended to engage in petty theft, risking recurrent detainment and imprisonment. Delcio told me that all of them had stolen at least once, except for Stalon. They mostly stole boxes of merchandize in the market or cellphones to resell later. I witnessed that they would also snatch second hand clothes in the market several times. One day Kito, who had just stolen a sweater, told me, looking into my eyes, "I steal to have some money so I can smoke *suruma*, do my stuff…" I asked "But couldn't you work to get money? Stalon doesn't steal." He answered, "But Stalon has his skills; he does tattoos and hair". I continued, "Paito doesn't steal, he works". At what he replied, "Ahh! Paito doesn't work he does *biscates* (odd jobs). *Biscates* don't give any money. It doesn't compensate".

Image 16: Paito asked me to take this photo of him.

Petty theft seemed to represent the most advantageous form of hustling in the young men's daily pursuit of money. It was "easy money" with which to buy alcohol, marijuana and to eat. This money was also distributed among friends. One day, Zefanias had managed to score a significant amount of cash. He was overly excited, bragging about how easily he had snatched someone's purse in the market without getting caught. By the time I found him, he had already bought a pair of jeans and a T-shirt for his friend. He was drinking beer and paying for drinks for everyone around, insisting that I have some as well. I attempted to refuse, as I was feeling some kind of moral distress concerning the situation. But, Zefanias was so high on his score that he completely ignored my will and got me a Coke. In Mozambique, generous spending, such as paying for rounds of drinks, is representative of masculine power. As has been noticed elsewhere, a display of substantial cash is an important sign of success for a man (Osella and Osella, 2000). Zefanias was not only enhancing his prestige by distributing his recently seized money, he was also feeling a boost to his ego for succeeding in getting away with it. In his influential study among working class boys in a British town, Willis (1977) found that breaking the rules and going against the grain was a way to gain status among one's group of peers. He states:

> "In some way a successful theft challenges and beats authority. A strange sort of freedom (…) comes from defying the conventions and being rewarded for it (…) a feeling of sharpness and adroitness when you do 'get away with it'" (Willis, 1997: 40 - 41).

The fact is, that it was not always so easy to get away with it and once in a while Zefanias and others were sent to prison. At certain moments it struck them that the consequences of their illicit activities were more painful than they were rewarding. From time to time I heard statements of a desire to change. On one occasion, Kito said he had to "catch" some money that day to buy *mechas* (hair into roves) for his girlfriend because she wanted to braid her hair. I asked how he would do that. Was he going to steal? "I don't do that anymore. I'm seeing my brothers go in one by one. I don't want that. I was never in prison" he answered. However, Kito did eventually go to jail. After a few episodes of detention at the police station and eventual release, he was effectively sent to prison on one occasion.

On my first visit to prison I went to see Paulo. This involved a series of steps that I later got accustomed to, but which were quite overwhelming at first. From the outset, I was blocked at the entrance of the main gate because my T-shirt and jeans were not appropriate clothes to be allowed inside. Luckily there were some clever women that had established a

small business close by, renting out long sleeved shirts and *capulanas*.[24] Then, I had to go through a series of long queues, first to get in, then to be frisked, to leave my cellphone and any cash I had on me, and to have my handbag checked. Finally, inside the visiting yard, after having my hands washed with antibacterial gel, I had to wait for someone to go inside to call the person being visited.

Paulo looked good. He came along with a well-spoken friend. The visits were held in the garden under the shade of the trees. It was actually a nice place; difficult to imagine that it was a place of suffering for most people there. Still, I could notice that they had gotten skinnier, their clothes were loose on their bodies and their skin bared the marks of allergies, rat bites and so on. I recall that only Machance seemed to look the same or better when he was in prison than outside. It seems that it all depended upon one's resourcefulness in securing resources inside. After the first greetings, I asked Paulo what happened for him to end up there. He told me that he was working at a bottle store in the city center, unloading and loading drinks. When he left work, he passed by Xipamanine market before going home to see his friends. They went to a *barraca* (stall) where they used to buy suruma to smoke a joint. There were two guys leaning on a car. They called him over and started saying that he was the guy that had stolen one of their phones. Although Paulo told them that he was not responsible for that, they insisted that it was been him and threatened to go to the police.

Paulo stayed at home for one week to avoid trouble. He lived with his mother in Chamankulo. One day after coming back from work, while he was preparing to take a shower, his girlfriend came in with a nervous look on her face. His girlfriend had been living with him at his mother's house for six months. She told him that there were two guys at the door asking to speak with him. He asked his mother to talk to them first, to see what they wanted. They began to *fazer confusão* (trouble) his mother, so he came out. They were actually cops, they took him to the police station and opened a file against him. He tried to "resolve" the problem. Although he was not responsible for the theft of the phone, he was willing to pay for it. But, the offended party did not want that. He wanted the case to be solved in the justice system. Paulo stayed in the police station for ten days. Then he was transferred to the maximum-security prison for about two months and later to Central Prison where he remained for about five months while waiting to go to trial.

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[24] A type of sarong worn by Mozambican women mostly as a wrap-around long skirt that has an important cultural value. Later, I came to know that every Mozambican woman should carry at least one *capulana* with her at all times.

His mother visited him once a month. It was hard for her to go more frequently because she had to take the day off work to make the trip. His girlfriend never went to visit him. It turns out that she was the one that had shown the police where the house was and Paulo's mother was very angry with her for that. Paulo said he did not blame her, because he knew that the police threatened to hurt her child if she did not cooperate. Paulo's friend commented that he was also inside for something he had not done. The *chapa*, in which he was *cobrador* (money collector), was robbed one night and he was unfairly accused of the crime. He added that he prayed a lot inside: "I have to pray because here; life is only carnal, but the spirit is eternal". There were all also kinds of churches inside the prison (Catholic, Reino de Deus, Mana, etc.).

On a subsequent visit, Paulo asked me if I could talk to his mother and stepfather so that they could try to find a lawyer to look into his case. He was waiting to go to trial for too long now. Paulo's mother and stepfather met me in Xipamanine. They were worried that Paulo was in prison for too long, suffering all the while. They asked for my help to find a lawyer. I had a lawyer friend that accepted my request to look into Paulo's case, but she needed more information about his file and identification details. Paulo's family was unable to find the documents required, but eventually Paulo's trial took place; he was soon released given that he had already served most of his sentence. When I mentioned Chongas' name during the visit, Paulo's expression changed instantly. He told me that they were enemies because Chongas gave him up to "save his own skin".

Chongas' version of the story was that on the day that the cellphone was stolen, Paulo was at a *barraca* drinking with others. Chongas was at another *barraca* playing with others. In the meantime, some guys had shown up and said that Paulo had stolen their phone because they recognized the red t-shirt. Paulo went home, into hiding. The next day, some cops came to ask him where Paulo's house was. Chongas told them he did not know and besides it had not been Paulo stealing it. The cops insisted and threatened him, so he went to show them where Paulo's girlfriend was. The cops then persisted with her, threatening that they would take her to the police station. As she had a small child, she was afraid and collaborated with the cops. Both Chongas and Stalon commented that, had she been a smart girl, she would not have turned Paulo in. In any event, Paulo began to say that he had stolen the phone with Chongas. The police started to pursue Chongas, also going to his house. He was lucky, given that he was in the toilet when the police came and they did not find him. Then his mother sent him to some relatives, who lived further away, where he stayed for one month in hiding. When he came back to Xipamanine there was still some

confusion, but his mother controlled it. So, according to Chongas and Stalon, Paulo's girlfriend was really to blame, particularly as she had already gotten with another guy.

Paulo admitted to have participated in petty theft a few times. However, on both occasions when he was on trial, he was unfairly accused. It was the second time Paulo had been in prison. He recounted that the first time, in 2009, he was passing by a store that had been robbed and the police took him in. He spent 14 months inside. Paulo considered that there was too much bad luck in his life. This was also the case with one of his brothers. Both were recurrently in trouble, while the other seven brothers and sisters never had problems. He thought the cause of their bad luck originated from the fact that they were given their Changana traditional names in honour of two people who had died. His name was from his grandfather, on his father's side. Paulo's father had advocated for the need to go to the place where these ancestors were buried so that they would not be so unlucky. At that time they were very young and did not give the matter much attention. Later, when their parents separated, they stayed with their mother and their father was not very pleased about it. He told me that he would go visit his father and go to that place where his grandfather was buried as soon as he was he would be released, to see if he could stop being so very unlucky.

When I returned to Xipamanine, after being away for one month, I asked: "Any news?" Machance answered, "Oh, everything calm. Mana Andrea went, we stayed here, and here we are, just sitting here, without making confusion. Only Chongas was arrested. He cut a guy. You see… a guy came here and stepped on him, he didn't like it and told the guy to say he was sorry. The guy didn't and they started arguing. Chongas cut him, but it wasn't serious, he only got two stiches. The problem is drunkenness, when he gets drunk he doesn't know how to play. But his mother is going there to see him". After some weeks, Chongas was back in Xipamanine telling us humorous stories of his time in prison. He had received a sentence of six months, but his mother had paid his penalty fine and he stayed inside for less than two months. "You know what happened? They stole even my boxers from me inside. Ones that I didn't even buy, they gave me here at *calamidade*. But I discovered who it was. It was a guy from the kitchen. I was receiving my food at the lunch hall, the guy bends down and you could see his boxers. You know, there we all see each other's asses, a lot. I recognized the boxers and I told him Hey! Those are mine! The guy said he had bought them from someone. I went with him to complain, but the guard said to fix it with our chief of pavilion. But it was the chief of pavilion that had stolen them!" That day we all laughed a lot, on account of Chongas' stories.

One month later, I received a call from one of my interlocutors informing me that Chongas had gotten arrested again, only this time it was a serious matter. He had killed someone on Saturday night in the *barracas* close to Alto Mae. He was arguing with a guy and had stuck a bottle in his neck. When I arrived in Xipamanine, Stalon told me how it had happened, mentioning that the story was even broadcasted on T.V. Apparently, Chongas was drinking beer in a *barraca* and had an argument with a guy over a cigarette. They started fighting and people around them separated them. After a while, Chongas went back and told the guy he did not like what he had done. The guy said something like "leave it, it's over", but Chongas had a broken bottle in his hand and stuck it in his neck. The guy's friends put him in a car to take him to the hospital, but he didn't make it and said goodbye while still in the car. Pedro commented on Chongas' bad temper when he drank, recollecting how he had been distributing scars, even among his friends. Alcohol abuse is a serious issue in Mozambique, particularly among poor young men that can only afford cheap beverages which have a very high alcohol percentage. On the subject, Jekula once remarked: "It's the Mozambican government that makes these cheap drinks to kill us". Tentação, as well other brands of this kind of alcoholic beverage, were sometimes popularly regarded as being commercially produced venom, sold to intoxicate poor young males. In a context of exclusion, poverty and vulnerability, alcohol abuse also symbolizes socioeconomic divisions.

Later, in prison, Chongas told me his version of the incident. He had gone to the *barraca* with the guy that he later killed; they knew each other. There was no one from the Xipamanine group there. They were drinking Tentação. They started a discussion. About what, he no longer remembered, but he was very drunk. "Because I had stayed those two months here (in prison) without drinking, that Tentação hit me hard. I got really drunk". The other guy attacked him first, with a broken bottle, cutting his arm and face. He showed me the recent scars; they were not small. Then, when Chongas was going to hit him back with the bottle, the guy moved and he caught his neck. Chongas left, going home to sleep. He did not imagine that the wound had been fatal. During that night the police went to his home to take him in. "It was an accident, the fault of the Tentação. Even in the judicial file, Tentação is mentioned." Delcio commented that he was lucky that he did not stay next door in maximum-security prison. That was because he was only 21 years old, and looked even younger than that. He had not been to trial yet, but he expected to get at least an eight-year sentence. Therefore, he would only get out in about four years. His mother had visited him the previous day. She knew that it was an accident and told him that she would open an account for him, depositing 500 mzn (around 12 euros) every month, so that when he would get out he had some money to start a new life. Chongas told me that he wanted to leave

Xipamanine. He would not feel well there anymore. People would talk too much. It was the fourth time that he had gone to jail since his first stint in 2010.

Eventually Chongas got sentenced to seven years. After more than one year inside, he told me that he did not remember how it was outside anymore. He slept and woke up thinking only about the people and things that happen in prison. His dream was to go to South Africa, for a few years at least. He definitely did not want to enter prison again, and if he would stay in Xipamanine it would be difficult to avoid it. "We thought that Stalon was *matreco* (a fool) for working and keeping calm, but in the end we are the *matrecos* as we are the ones in here (…) "In Mozambique you grow up like this" he expressed, referring to the recurrent residencies in prison.

From among my interlocutors, the ones I visited most in prison were definitely Delcio and Chongas. After some months of absence, I almost did not recognize Chongas when I returned to visit them. He had lost a considerable amount of weight. Delcio looked exactly the same as when he went in. They enthusiastically informed me that they heard that small thieves, like the ones that stole phones, would not be sent to prison anymore, but would do community work instead. From July 2015, a new Penal Code entered into force, which introduced alternative penalties to prison for citizens that committed petty crimes. I thought, however, that this news was not relevant to Chongas' case, as he was mostly charged with physical assaults. On the other hand, there was the issue of recidivism that would complicate their situations. Most of my interlocutors had been arrested and convicted several times, despite their young age.

After a long absence, Paulo showed up in Xipamanine one day. He came to visit his mother for a few weeks. He said that he had tried to call me when he came out of prison but that my phone was off. I was, in fact, out of the country. When he got out, he went to meet his father that lived close to the border with South Africa. He lived there with him and worked in construction. Paulo was happy to stay with his father, far away from Xipamanine. He was enjoying his freedom and did not want to risk going back to prison. To this end, he had been visiting a traditional healer to help him "fix" his bad luck. Paulo needed to pacify the ancestors on his father side in order to restore the balance in his life. Material compensations were central to the healing process and Paulo was genuinely investing in this. He told me, in a proud tone, that he had also been able to buy a small piece of land for his father.

3.2. It's Bad luck!

Stalon never once went to prison, but his mother had "saved" him a few times at the police station because of "suspicions". He never stole anything, but he did resell stolen goods on occasion. One time, some guys who had bought a cell phone from him went ahead and accused him of stealing it in the first place. Several people at the market (vendors and usual hangers-out) commented that Stalon was a good guy, but that sometimes people interpreted his appearance wrongly. His overly-tattooed body, in particular, was perceived of as being an indication of criminal activity.[25] Others were merely jealous of his partial success and wanted to spoil his life chances.

In December 2013, Stalon told me that he wanted to go to visit his father in Gaza for the festivities (Christmas and New Year). He thought it would bring him luck to go there. He had gone through a difficult time a few years previously. He had recurrent problems with false accusations. From his perspective, people would accuse him of things he did not do because they were jealous of him. In an attempt to contradict the bad luck he was feeling had come down upon him, he went to meet his father in Gaza. His father took him to consult with a traditional healer.[26] Stalon recounts that he stayed in a room alone where he saw things, scary things. In his hallucinations he talked with a snake. When he came back to Maputo the problems with bad luck were over, he reported.

Like Delcio and Paulo, Stalon believed that his problems originated from bad luck or misfortune, which in turn were caused by "hidden" extrinsic factors. West (2009) has described the invisible realm as being a language for expressing misfortune, generally involving accusations of witchcraft. It is not surprising then that Stalon mentions talking to a snake, as the snake is a powerful symbol in the mystical realm. In southern African mythology, *mamlambo* is a snake-like creature capable of providing great wealth. Niehaus (1995:515) asserts that the *mamlambo* objectifies the desire for money in a context of social and economic deprivation. In southern Mozambique, it is said that sorcerers acquire *mamlambo* in the form of a root that glows at night and which is later transformed into a familiar snake that gives great wealth through acts of sorcery. The *mamlambo* enriches its owners, but at a great cost. It requires regular sacrifices of animal or even human blood (Niehaus, 1995).

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[25] Tattoos are discussed in more detail in chapter five.
[26] Referred to as *Curandeiro* in Portuguese and *Nyanga* in Changana.

Affliction is not seen as being an individual matter. Disease, or maladjustment in general, is perceived of as being a problem that affects not only the individual, but the family or community at large as well. The treatment, thus, aims to restore a social balance.

> "Relations to kin, neighbors, and spirits are at once the source of security and uncertainty. (…) Misfortune may be caused by spirit agents, whom you cannot see, and human ones, whose hearts you cannot know" (Whyte, 1997:227-228).

Thus, misfortune is tied to disturbances in relationships; reducing uncertainty involves mobilizing kin first and foremost.

Traditional healers are sought out to provide protection against envious or jealous acquaintances or kin. Indeed, jealousy is often said to be a motive for the use of witchcraft, which is believed to be the cause of many misfortunes (Meneses, 2006; West, 2009). Harry West (2009) views the concepts of witchcraft in northern Mozambique as being a language of power by which to respond to everyday fears, a means through which to understand profound contradictions and social division that is fostered by neoliberal policies. The perception that social and economic ascension is associated with witchcraft develops rapidly in situations of extreme inequality and unfulfilled promises of modernity; this is also what Comaroff and Comaroff (1999) have referred to as "occult economies" in South Africa. This is the recourse, imaginary or real, to magical means for financial ends.

Most Mozambicans believe that people live on as spiritual forces after their physical death. Ancestor's spirits should be constantly remembered through rituals and offerings to make sure that they look after the living (Honwana, 2002). In order to maintain a healthy balance, one needs to be protected from visible and invisible harmful agents. Preventative procedures are necessary to strengthen the body against imbalance. For this purpose, rituals accompany different steps in life. The non-accomplishment of certain infant rituals can hamper one's entire life cycle. In southern Mozambique, for instance, the newborn is given an infusion prepared with medicinal roots and herbs called *dhla nyoka*, which means calming the snake. *Nyoka* acts as the regulator of the body (Mariano, 2014:48). As in other southern African contexts, the invisible, internal "snake" (*nyoka*), which resides in a person's body, connects up with concepts of pollution and contamination and the need to protect the body against the introduction of impurity (Green, 1996).

Bertelsen (2011) has explored cleansing rituals among inmates in the large provincial agricultural prison of Chimoio, in central Mozambique. After being released from prison, one of Bertelsen's (2011) interlocutors made repeated visits to traditional healers to cleanse his body of what he had been ingesting in prison (namely the porridge suspected to be made of

cement). Following the cleansing came the protection rituals to prevent other dangers from coming his way. The majority of Mozambicans frequently seek help from healers to resolve their physical or social ills. To end one's bad luck and to restore equilibrium it is necessary to acquire the help of a traditional healer (Meneses, 2004). The healer's power resides in his/her ability to identify the source of the illness or misfortune. Traditional healers play a double role, a divinatory and a curative one (Meneses, 2006:76). Through divination, the healer identifies the causes of misfortune and he/she reaches an understanding of the nature of the patient's afflictions (Whyte, 1997; Meneses, 2006; West, 2009), which will most likely be connected to ancestors, spirits or sorcerers (Whyte, 1997:227). The curative function aims at eliminating the source of malaise or at restoring the relationship with ancestors, thereby restoring equilibrium. Purification rituals are also a part of the process of preventing similar situations in the future (Meneses, 2006). The performance of rituals also allows for the renegotiation of tense relationships (Whyte, 1997). Rituals, when not performed, can bring "bad luck". In fact, a ritual performance is undertaken to allay suffering; it is not intended or believed to be the cure to all problems (Whyte, 1997).

Sometime in December 2015, the day Delcio came out of prison, he called me to share the good news. He was travelling to his hometown in Gaza the following day, where his sister had organized for him to see a healer. After a few weeks he came back to Maputo. I heard from Stalon that he was playing at Olympia in Xipamanine. As described in the previous chapter, this area of the market was prone to police raids and Delcio had, in fact, already been arrested there previously. It seemed that Delcio lived under the impression that he could not control his entries into or out of prison himself. Unlike Paulo, who markedly changed his lifestyle in order to prevent future incarceration, Delcio would continue to overdrink and to hangout in the wrong places shortly after his release. He would mention that this time he was protected against bad luck. As stated by Meneses (2006:74), "current means of coping with uncertainty involve seeking protection". Through the healer one guarantees the protection of the ancestors, but this temporary balance always has to be reestablished; it is an ongoing process. Thus, visits to healers are done repeatedly over the course of one's life.

Paulo had gone to the healer to amend his debts with his ancestors. These must be shown respect at all times. The non-compliance with obligations towards ancestors can result in the annulation of their protection (Meneses, 2004). In the south of Mozambique, "a newborn is sometimes said to be the embodiment of an ancestor, and the ancestor becomes his/her namesake and spiritual protector" (Mariano, 2014:25). Paulo's traditional name was given to him in honour of his deceased grandfather. Apparently, he had an unresolved debt

with him and this was probably the cause of his misfortune. Paulo seemed to be reestablishing the balance in his life. In his favour was the fact that both of his parents were alive and participated in the process. Paulo had, for instance, improved his relationship with his father. Gifts or economic exchanges are an integral part of kin relationships and constitute the basis through which to resolve tensions and conflicts. Through his generosity towards his father, Paulo also increased his social and spiritual prospects.

3.3. The penal system

Maintaining a steady relationship with kin is very important in order to endure the time in prison or is even fundamental to survival therein. Bertelsen (2011) illustrates this clearly in his work with inmates from Chimoio's prison through the example of one of his interlocutors. In Rui's case, his family would visit him each day to keep him alive, bringing him potable water and food. Rui was close to his immediate family who helped him to survive the time spent in prison and throughout the healing process after leaving it. A tightly knit network of kinship proves fundamental to the warding off of life threatening forces of incarceration (Bertelsen, 2011:620). Although my experience with inmates in Maputo Central prison was not as dramatic as the case of Chimoio prison presented by Bertelsen (2011), I did notice the central importance of having the support of family or friends in coping with the penal system. Recall Chongas's mother, for instance, who not only visited him often, but was also actively preparing for his release by saving up money for him. This is similar to how Stalon's mother had kept him from going to trial despite his innocence and how Paulo had mobilized his family to cooperate with me in searching for a lawyer.

In fact, I soon became part of my interlocutors' support network for dealing with detentions and incarcerations. Prior to my visits, the guys would inform me of their needs. They would request that I take something in particular for them, apart from the usual packs of cigarettes. Among the items requested were hydrating body cream, milk or fruit to complement their deficient diet inside. Once my visits became more and more sporadic, they began to ask me to send them phone credit. Inmate's girlfriends, wives or family members smuggled mobile phones inside and recharge codes were sent by text messages. Credit was naturally used to contact people on the outside, but also exchanged inside for other things that were needed or desired. Although I was conscious of the fact that it was illegal to possess a mobile phone in prison, I nevertheless sent them recharge codes with a value of 50 mzn (around 1 euro) once in a while. This, of course, involved ethical considerations.

The most ethically and emotionally demanding situation, however, happened not long after my arrival. One morning, when I arrived in the market, my interlocutors immediately informed me that Delcio and Beto were being held at the Xipamanine police station; they had been held overnight. They had tried to steal some notebooks from a stall in the market. They were caught in the act and a fight broke out. In the heat of the moment, Beto threw a stone that hit the vendor on the head and it opened a wound. No food is provided for the detainees in the cells at the police station. Therefore, the guys suggested I take some food for them if I would like to go visit, which I did. Paito accompanied me to the station, but did not enter the division where the cells were. In a small cell, maybe five by three meters, were stacked a considerable number of men, way over its capacity. Between the crowd, Delcio and Beto came to the front, up to the bars, to speak with me. They were visibly stressed and insistently pleaded with me for help to get them out of there. Beto was only days away from going to South Africa for seasonal work in construction and Delcio had just been released from prison only a few weeks previously. Beto told me that he only had 500 mzn (around 10 euros) on him, and it was not enough to pay-off the cops. I told them that I would try to talk with the police station commander and would be back with news, trying to calm them down. The commander received me openly in his office. I showed him my research credentials, issued by the university, and explained my business there. He gave me the popular rigmarole on youth delinquency; namely, that the only way to "help" these youngsters was to contain them in an institution far from the city, where they could study or work. In the end though he suggested that I talk with the victim. The only way they could avoid trial was if the victim would drop the charges.

Back in the market we searched for the vendor, but he was absent. His neighboring vendors thought that he had gone home to rest and would not come back that day. The following morning, I was able to find him and talk to him. He told me to meet him at the police station in an hour suggesting that he would drop the charges. I bought some food and headed to the station with Jekula. When I gave Beto and Delcio the food they warned me about the possibility that I would be asked for money. Beto told me that if that would be the case, I just had to add another 500 mzn and he would pay me back. I began to get anxious; I felt uneasy about the whole situation, but was still determined to try to help them. Back in the waiting room, Jekula tried to calm me down by telling me that the vendor would easily drop the charges as this was just a minor incident. After a short while I was led to a room towards the back of the station in which I found a police officer in plainclothes and the vendor with another man. A lengthy negotiation took place, in which I was evidently at a disadvantage. While only moments previously the vendor seemed willing to forgive the boys, at that moment he showed resentfulness and demanded a monetary compensation for the

damages caused. Perceiving my reluctance to engage in the deal, and possible flight from the scene, the officer called for my interlocutors to step in. In a successful attempt to pressure me, he told me that I could leave with them that very moment and the charges would be dropped. I finally gave in, adding another 1,000 mzn (around 20 euros) to Beto's 500 mzn and we left. I did not see Beto again for another five months or so, although I spoke to him occasionally when he would call from South Africa just to greet me. Delcio continued to hang out in Xipamanine and not long after ended up in prison again.

After this episode, I decided never again to enter a police station. My inexperience with the context led me into a situation in which I was clearly manipulated and faced with a complex decision to make under pressure, with considerable ethical implications. Not only did I place my position as a researcher at risk, but I could also have jeopardized my interlocutor's chances of resolving their problems themselves and amongst their own support network. This episode reflects the messy entanglements of emotions and position of a researcher, as a researcher and as a friend. Social researchers increasingly report on the ethical decisions taken throughout the research process, often giving personal accounts of their relationships with their interlocutors. For instance, in his ethnography of street-level drug dealers in East-Harlem, Bourgois delves into the "complex and personal relationships and ethical contradictions" he had to balance throughout the several years of fieldwork he undertook (Bourgois, 1995:29). Fieldwork certainly demands more than procedural ethics and ought to be based upon reciprocity. I seemed to have been eager to show the value placed in the relationship being developed by fulfilling their expectations of support (or perhaps my own desire to "help" them).

I shared my feelings with my interlocutors, expressing my refusal to get involved in these situations in future. They respected my will and never again asked me to help them get out of detention, showing an understanding of the limits of our relationship. In fact, I later came to understand that in Mozambique, or at least in southern Mozambique, conflicts were preferably resolved between the affected parties, even before having recourse to involve the police. Generally, monetary compensations were included in the resolution of conflicts. Once the police do become involved, most of the money would go into their pockets. Mosse (2006) states that the sector of Justice in Mozambique does not deserve society's credibility. He reiterates that it is profoundly discredited in public opinion. This observation has been realized in other African contexts, namely by Beck (2012), who describes how criminal investigations in Ghana are an on-going negotiation between complainants, suspects and police officers. Like in Mozambique, "bail bribes" for the responsible police officers, to avoid going to trial, are a common practice in Ghana.

In fact, Mozambican police are perceived of as being connected not only to corruption but also to organized crime (Mosse, 2006). Delcio got the scars on his knees while running away from the police. He explained to me that the police chased them many times because they believed that they would find them in possession of stolen goods. However, more often than not their aim was not to detain them, but rather to make some money. One night Delcio was caught with four big boxes of eggs that he had stolen. The police let him go and agreed to meet the following day. The reason for this was to allow Delcio more time to sell the stolen items and to give them part of the money afterwards. When Delcio met with the police officers the next day, one of them took all the money, leaving him empty handed. "I would like to tell the one that ran with all the money that it was as if he was the one who stole the eggs. Him eating all the money like that!" Delcio claimed.

According to Folio (2007), the sudden neo-liberal context and conspicuous social inequalities at work in Mozambique has contributed to an increase in criminality and has created a public authority without the capacity to confront crime. Corruption is widespread, but the police are believed to be the most corrupt institution in the country. A generalized climate of corruption persists in a context in which salaries in public service are extremely low and unemployment rates are exceptionally high. In addition to having very low salaries, the police force has a huge deficit of resources and lack basic training. Shore and Haller (2005) have argued for a study of corruption that deviates from questionable western assumptions and that instead takes the complexity of the relationships involved into consideration. For the authors: "corruption is a form of exchange: a polysemous and multi-stranded relationship and part of the way in which individuals connect with the state" (Shore and Haller, 2005:7). Thus, bribery can be considered more complex than a simple "abuse of public office". Following Gupta (1995), they emphasize that corruption and discourses of corruption, provide a lens through which to analyze other social and political issues, such as conceptions of citizenship and representations of the state (Shore and Haller, 2005:8).

Most people in Mozambique do not believe that the state is performing its role as provider. The general perception is that government officials are "eating all by themselves, more than they should". Nothing trickles down to "the people" anymore. An ever-tightening politically dominant elite in Maputo is taking control over all the resources at the cost of creating political and economic instability in the country. Faced with the rampant abuse of state power, people do not actually recognize the legitimacy of the government. It is a common practice to "pay" public officials in order to "get things done". However, when one has nothing to give he/she becomes excluded, unable to access public services. As

cautioned by Shore and Haller (2005:7), recognizing the cultural complexity of corruption "is not to condone it or minimize its consequences". Its effects are a general increase in inequality and uncertainty. "Only the poor go to prison" I once heard a community leader remark. Indeed, "the poor" were generally denied access to fair trials and severely denied their rights. They were also frequently subjected to violent experiences while awaiting trial.

One day I found Stalon with his face covered in wounds, on his forehead, nose and mouth. I asked him what happened, expecting to hear another story of police-chasing or drunken fights. Instead, he told me that he was driving his friend's motorbike and fell "very badly". Jekula was sitting there with us. He asked me whether I had noticed the scar beneath his eye, complaining that I only cared about Stalon and did not even notice him. After I reassured him that I was truly interested in knowing how he had got his scar, he said it had been when he was in the police station. "They wanted to rape me there! There was a guy with a knife. I was sleeping when he came close. Then I woke up and hit him. He cut me with the knife just here. I was stressed when I saw the blood. I started hitting him very badly. Caught the knife, but didn't do nothing to him. I just cut him on his feet a little. Then the others started calling the guards and they came to take him away". Jekula spent some days in the police station, but the incident did not go to trial. The police had encountered him on the street one night with three phones. According to Jekula, one was his and the other two were on loan, but the police intimated that he had stolen them.

An investigation, conducted by Amnesty International in collaboration with the Mozambican League of Human Rights, found that one of the extreme failures in the Mozambican judicial penal system was the indefinite extension of detentions without trial. The delegation encountered many cases of arbitrary arrest. Moreover, detainees possessed a lack of information concerning their rights, the reasons for their detention and the progress of their cases. The economically disadvantaged were the preferred targets of arbitrary detention and ill-treatment by police officers, ending up in prolonged and illegal detention (Amnesty International, 2012). Brito (2002) found that around 95% of prisoners in Maputo were male and about two thirds were under 26 years of age. A significant proportion, who were held for petty crimes, were unemployed and had little schooling. Despite this data being more than ten years old, the situation has not changed much according to more recent reports from the Human Rights League. In 1994, an Institute for Legal Assistance and Representation (IPAJ) was created to ensure legal aid for economically disadvantaged people under the umbrella of the Ministry of Justice. However, the institute faces several difficulties, namely financial ones and regarding human resources. Not once did I hear that one of my interlocutors had received the assistance of a lawyer from IPAJ.

In Mozambique there are two types of penal establishments. On the one hand, there are the provincial and district prisons, which are administered by the Ministry of Justice. On the other there are the maximum-security facilities and cells in police stations, administered by the Ministry of the Interior. Detained individuals are first held in cells in police stations, until their detention is formalized, and then they are transferred to preventive prisons and finally to prisons for condemned individuals. However, this is rarely the case. For instance, the Maximum Security Prison is designated for condemned inmates, but it also houses individuals in preventive prison. There are eighty-one prisons in the country, with a total of 16,881 inmates. The actual capacity of the prison system is around 6,654 inmates, which means that it is at 245% of its capacity (Amnesty International, 2012). The conditions of overcrowding associated with poor sanitary conditions are breeding grounds for disease. Many detainees complain about diarrhea and some have been diagnosed with tuberculosis. Nevertheless, they were kept all together in overcrowded cells. In most cases, lunch and dinner were prepared and delivered at the same time. Prisoners were expected to keep their dinner in their cells. With the heat and the lack of facilities in which to keep leftovers, the food would generally spoil by evening time, becoming improper for consumption (Amnesty International, 2012). The findings from Amnesty International (2012) resonate with the experiences of my interlocutors, as mentioned below.

In prison they ate *matabicho* (breakfast) and lunch. They did not have dinner, but with a little money anything was available inside. One could buy food and cook for dinner. The food was a big problem. It was always the same, *xima* (pap made of corn flour and water) with beans or peanut curry with rice. The food was already rotten after one hour. For a while, Paulo was having troubles eating. He could only eat after he smoked a cigarette. Without a cigarette, the food made him vomit. There were some cells of four people, but Paulo stayed in the big ones, where around forty slept. Some inmates did not shower every day and with the heat the smell became unbearable during the night. When they could, they smoked suruma (marijuana) to get sleepy or distracted. Sometimes inmates had to sleep on the floor, as there were not enough beds for everyone. This once happened to Delcio. He complained that his back hurt, but worse still were the fleas and cockroaches.

Life inside was indeed hard and they were exposed to a large number of diseases. "Not one week ends without people dying", remarked Paulo. This statement put me in mind of Bertelsen's work in Chimoio prison, where imprisonment was perceived of as being an entry into a state space of potential death. The inmates claimed that they were being served maize porridge, deliberately diluted with cement (Bertelsen, 2011:611-612). They believed

that the guards would add a little bit of cement to the food each day, which would eventually destroy their intestines and kill them. Despite the habitual complaints about the horrible quality of the food among my interlocutors, the large number of deaths were mostly justified in terms of the transmission of infectious diseases on the inside. In the 1970s, while still under colonial regime, the prison of Machava in Maputo (Central Prison) was described as a most perilous place with overcrowded cells, lack of sanitary conditions and frequent deaths among prisoners. For instance, sixty-one inmates died between 1970 and 1972 (Mateus, 2004 in Bertelsen, 2011:613). These disastrous conditions still prevail to this day.

Chongas explained:

"Life is hard inside. Sometimes one cigarette is enough for seven guys, the last one is even smoking the filter. The worst are diseases. For example, tuberculosis is passed on with the sharing of cigarettes when those that don't know how to smoke wet the cigarette (…) In the morning, we wake up, eat mush, then it's cleaning, or *machambas* (growing crops), and then we have classes. After that a small time to relax, be with friends and at 4 p.m. we go to our cells until the morning".

For Delcio the worst part of prison was the obligation to go to his cell from 4 p.m. until 6 a.m. It was too much time without anything to do. The guys told me that the inmates with money had a good life inside. Some even managed to be with a woman. At night they could leave and come back just before the director arrived. This they arranged with the guards. According to Chongas: "In prison people learn how to become even more criminal. They don't want to steal small things anymore. When they get out they want to do crimes that compensate better, earn money that they can use for two or three years. Also, when you have money you don't end up in jail because you can pay the police".

Repeatedly harassed by the police and undermined by the legal system my interlocutors were, as stated by Rios and Rodriguez, "transformed into incarcerable subjects by punitive systems of social control" (2012:257). Focusing on the nature of the United States of America's poverty governance, Wacquant (2009) argues that the most stigmatized fractions of society are targets of state aggression. He refers to the punitive mode of the regulation of poverty. The massive rise in incarceration is not the result of an increase in crime. Urban marginality is intrinsically linked to modalities of state-crafting, namely to policies of welfare retraction. With little choice but to "hustle" for money, my interlocutors were caught in a cycle of vicious marginalization, fostered by the nature of neoliberal governments. As stated by Wacquant, the "criminalization of poverty via the punitive containment of the poor" (2008:277).

Incarceration was practically an inevitability (Rios and Rodriguez, 2012:257) for the young men, as they unduly exhibited themselves in the public arena (Diouf, 2003:9) and became easy targets of state repression. Inscribed in the postcolonial state and its contradictions, their rough "street-wise" lifestyle, always flirting with illegality, sentenced them to a present of deprivation and a dreadfully uncertain future. In order to avoid incarceration, the young men had to be exceptionally careful. I recall in this matter what Stalon once told me:

> "Yesterday a friend did something I didn't like. He left with me, it was 6 p.m., he was drinking, drinking, drinking… He had some money with him. I had just made 400mzn with two clients (drawing tattoos). We went to charge his phone there close to *calamidade*. There are police there when it gets, dark because there's a lot of thefts there. So, a girl passes by and my friend grabbed her suddenly. He started to hit her. The guy charging the phone next to me said: Stalon, it's better you don't get involved there because you are very known. If you get involved, tomorrow they'll be looking for you. What did I do? I left the guy there, while it was full of people already. They broke his teeth there! Already today he was complaining that I didn't help him. But that thing he did, picking up a woman on the street and starting to beat her, that's not good. I asked him today if he knew that girl and he said no, that he wanted to take her phone. I'm very famous, they could come and get me in the morning, take me to the police station, say that I was stealing from people. That guy's house, I don't even know where it is. He could know I was in jail because of him and run away, leaving me in jail. I can't make *chimoco* (disorder), I'm very well known here".

Being alert to the dangers of finding oneself in a situation which could easily trigger a sentence in jail, or at the least a visit to the police station, was a routine for some of my interlocutors. For others it was a valuable risk to take. "It is much too facile simply to say they have no choice" (Willis, 1977:1). Indeed, the individual experiences of my interlocutors could only be understood in "the interface between structural oppression and individual action" (Bourgois, 1995:12). Imprisonment indicates a structural, rather than circumstancial marginalization. "Prison is already embodied in the daily life of those same urban territories, where it has become an ordinary element of many biographies, a banal destiny" (Cunha, 2002:313).

Chapter 4: The *molweni* sparrow

"The *molweni* sparrow is a bird that goes around in the garbage containers. A little brown bird with black stripes. We call him *molweni* because he does not like to be domesticated. You can give him good food, but he will not accept it. He prefers to commit suicide (die of starvation). He's free. He enjoys to eat on his own effort. He does not like anyone to facilitate food for him. He scours the garbage containers or searches for earthworms. If you put him in a cage he will commit suicide. He will not stay imprisoned. So, this name – *molweni* – is the one we gave to this bird from our childhood when we used to hunt birds. If we would catch this one and lock him in a cage, he would not last two days. Apart from not eating, he would beat his beak on the iron bars of the cage until he injured himself. So, this name of *molweni* comes from not allowing oneself to be domesticated. For me, a *molweni* is a person that wants to be free, do his things when he wants. You can take a *molweni* home, give him a bath, nice clothes, but he will not feel good in the house and will run away. But when he runs away, he will not steal anything. He leaves everything behind. A *Molweni* does not steal. He just does not want to be at home, to live a normal life" (Butcheca, November 2015).

The account of what it means to be a *molweni*, above, is part of a considerable range of different testimonies that I gathered from among friends and acquaintances from different backgrounds in Maputo and throughout the period in which this research project was undertaken. Butcheca is a Mozambican artist who furnished me with the creative description of what he understands by the term *molweni*. In the Changana dictionary, a *molweni* is defined as a beggar, a street boy, a marginalized and abandoned child.[27] In the Portuguese version, it is written differently, *moluene*, and is simply defined as *menino da rua* (a street boy).[28] There is, however, much more to the term than either of those definitions would lead us to believe. *Molweni* is a shifting and complex term, only graspable in its proper context. While it is mostly employed as a pejorative term, it can also be associated with positive characteristics. On the one hand, the term *molweni* can be invoked to downgrade someone or someone's actions, implying their low status and dubious moral values. On the other hand, it can be indicative of admired qualities, such as the ability to resist being subjugated to the will of others for instance, or in other words, the freedom to act in whatever manner one wishes to. As mentioned above by Butcheca, the *molweni* sparrow, a rough

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[27] Sitoe Bento; 2011; Dicionário de Xichangana e Português; Texto Editores; Maputo.
[28] Dicionário Língua Portuguesa; Plural Editores & Porto Editora; 2008

representation of the *molweni*, does not consent to its being deprived of its freedom. When remarking on Butcheca's association of the *molweni* with the sparrow with another friend, also engaged in artistic practices, he evoked the interesting resemblance to the renowned quetzal. The quetzal is a colourful bird that was considered by the ancient Mayan kings to be their spiritual protector and which is Guatemala's national symbol. It was believed that the quetzal would die if held in captivity (Maslow, 1986). Thus, the symbolism of freedom was attributed to the bird. I will argue, however, that the *molweni* has a conditional freedom that is subjected to the crude outcomes of social exclusion. In general, the young men that I hung out with in Xipamanine were labelled *molweni* by others. For their part, they oscillated between describing themselves either as *molweni* or as absolutely rejecting the ascription.

Molweni is indeed a term that is open to various interpretations and that bears multiple and, at times, conflicting meanings. As people brought the application of the term into context, they positioned themselves in a social field of asymmetrical power relations. This invocation brought about the interpretability of moral principles and the question of proper conduct in society. People often described *molweni* in emotional and judgmental tones, a phenomenon that I will try to illustrate in this chapter. I use the term like a masculine pronoun. While it is not inconceivable that a woman be classified as a *molweni*, this occurs very rarely. *Molweni* is associated with masculine traits. In what follows I will describe how my interlocutors describe a *molweni* and how they feel about their positioning/being positioned as one. I will then proceed to depict how others define the term in relation to notions of transgression, social class and street life. To close this chapter, I will elucidate how their use of public place leads to their public vulnerability.

4.1. Molweni emocionado

"*Molweni*… hmm… You have the one that doesn't steal and the one that steals, but not by using violence. He's just a *molweni emocionado*. He can grab your phone, or wallet, something… but he's not really a bandit. A bandit is something else. Some guys in our group are beyond being *molwenes*[29], they are already bandits". Alex's description of *molweni* emerged during a chat while sipping a beer on a terrace on Christmas Eve. I went to meet Alex, Beto and Stalon to give them *boas festas* (Christmas gifts) that, at their request, consisted of money enough for each one to buy a bottle of whisky. I proceeded to ask them, possibly for the fifth time that year, to describe the meaning of the term *molweni*. The answers varied every time. But, I was quite enthusiastic about the one mentioned above; it

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[29] I use *Molwenes* to indicate the plural form of *molweni*.

seemed, to me, to be a suitable match for my interlocutors. Particularly appropriate was the expression "emotional *molweni*". This variety is described as an individual that likes to experience strong emotions and is easily excited. An opportunist, indeed, but only in order to subsist because he does not want to work. Work actually emerges as a pointless effort, since earnings are so meagre. Mentioned by Alex too was that, my interlocutors' similarities notwithstanding, they did not actually form a homogeneous group. Hence, some of them actually did make a living from legitimate work. Others, however, did behave more like bandits, engaging in aggressive muggings.

As mentioned previously, my interlocutors were labelled *molwenes* by others, but they themselves actually oscillated between accepting and rejecting the depiction. "We are not *molwenes*!" exclaimed Chongas one time. "All of us go to sleep in our houses. A *Molweni* is one that lives in the garbage containers, collecting garbage. We are here to *phandar* (get by), look for money and then go back home. A *molweni* doesn't go back home, he stays sleeping in the street. Someone that doesn't live at home is a *molweni*." Indeed, Chongas did have a home to return to at the end of the day; he had a free room in his mother's household. This was not the case for everyone. Around half of my interlocutors slept in family households or in rented, simple rooms in the neighbourhood of the market. The other half usually slept rough, improvising a corner to rest in the market, in the street or in some abandoned building. "I'm a *molweni*. I sleep here in the market, in the *barracas*. To protect myself at night I put tin wire around me, like a trap, and whoever comes too close will trip and fall" Machance disclosed on one occasion.

Apart from the obvious connection of *molweni* to "the street" (a fact which I will discuss further on in this chapter), there was also the element of unemployment and idleness to consider. My interlocutors did associate joblessness with the term, albeit in a less evident manner. They alluded to others, like them, who hung around in the market occasionally taking odd jobs, as *molwenes*. One day Beto, referring to a young man that had passed by us and with whom he had chatted for a minute, by commenting: "that guy was a *molweni* like us, but now he owns a stall and sells in the market." Stalon immediately exclaimed, "Hey, we are not *molwenes*!"

Mains's (2011:13) work among Ethiopian unemployed young men demonstrates "the importance of work as a source of identity". He analyses the symbolic dimensions of work in the construction of hierarchies of class and status. For the young men with whom he worked in his research, remaining unemployed with all its negative social and economic implications, was preferred over feeling the shame of performing certain kinds of work that were not

respected in society. Mains (2011) also shows how social stratification operates at the level of interpersonal relationships. For instance, in the way that migrants take on specific kinds of work when away from places in which it would be regarded as being problematic. Faced with the difficulty of attaining aspirations, the young men pass their time "killing time", by spending whole afternoons chewing *khat* together, imagining a better future, keeping hope alive. Likewise, for most of my interlocutors, remaining idle was preferable to being associated with certain occupations. They were not keen on carrying charcoal bags, "like a cargo animal" for instance. This was also indicated in the comments that they made, such as "that's work for guys who come from the provinces and don't know better", or by devaluating Paito for working with the charcoal. Most of the young men believed that the solution to their problems of unemployment lay next door, in South Africa (as has been examined in chapter two). With no education or professional training, the prospect of eking out a "decent enough" wage in Mozambique was dismal. Therefore, the aspirations and possibility of self-employment as vendors in the market was the most appropriate outlet, considering the situation. Perhaps, one day, they would cease to be *molwenes*. However, only Stalon seemed to have a clear vision on how to accomplish this in the near future; he dreamed of opening his own hair saloon and drew up some concrete plans to achieve his ambitious goal.

Image 17: Bags of charcoal in the market of Xipamanine.

On one occasion, while we sat on empty, upturned beer cases next to the bottle depository in the market, simply conversing and watching the passers-by, a group of about 6 boys, probably 10 to 14 years old, passed by. They looked like street boys, dressed in dirty rags. Alex commented: "They can't walk around dirty like that. Even *molwenes* have to be clean". Apart from those occasions on which their clothes became dirty, because of work or because they had been lying on the ground due to drinking heavily, my interlocutors were very keen on looking presentable and tidy. In fact, with the exception of Stalon who for his work as a tattoo drawer often wore clothes stained with ink, they were careful about keeping their clothes clean. This aspect contrasted with younger street boys and other homeless young men who could not care less about the freshness of their clothes. In any event, I took the opportunity to once more ask what they meant by *molweni*. "*Molwenes* are those that like confusion, fights, they like to see blood. Stalon here is a civilized *molweni*", said Alex. Stalon agreed with Alex's description and added that a *molweni* feels no shame or fear. For instance, in order to dance well they need to drink (alcoholic beverages), so they will not be fearful of anything. They will not feel embarrassment. "A *molweni* is a guy that's not scared of no one… If I am drunk, I will dance a lot. Even if it rains, I will dance and get in the *matope*! Be a true *molweni*!" However, some people say that guys with dirty tattered clothes, scouring through the garbage containers are *molwenes*, I contended. "Nothing! That's *Inholweni*! *Molweni* is someone that has no shame. Like us here. We're *molwenes*". When I told him that he was just referring to an alteration in the pronunciation of the term, Stalon began chuckling. Stalon was always joking around. Once I got to know him better and learned to recognise when he was just making something up, trying to mislead me for the fun of it, he was easily disarmed.

Image 18: Hanging out at the bottle deposit in the market of Xipamanine.

Molweni, as revealed to me by my interlocutors, was used in two senses primarily. One concerns a homeless person roaming the streets, surviving on garbage collected in the waste bins and the second is someone who hustled for sustenance in the streets and, despite his troubles, was shameless, self-confident and tough. Accordingly, depending on which sort of representation came to their minds, they either identified with the classification or they did not. My interlocutors took great pride in appearing tough and fearless, but as a matter of fact, in order to live up to the image of the *molweni*, some of them required a little stimulation. Alcohol produced the desired effect. Take the example of Stalon; when sober he did not have the "courage" to be a "true" *molweni*, but once he had enough to drink he was unstoppable on the dance floor. This also extends to the trait of not taking any kind of provocation lightly, be it in the form of reacting with verbal or physical violence. Clearly the same person could evidence a "soft" masculinity at times and a "hard" masculinity on different occasions, which corroborates the fluidity of identities, a topic examined in the chapter that follows this one.

There was, however, always a certain confusion, at least in my mind, regarding the distinction between *molweni* and that of the bandit. For this reason, I was very interested in Alex's description of *molweni emocionado*. Put simply, the difference resided in certain shared values or in an ethical code of sorts. When engaged in petty theft, a *molweni* acted mostly as a casual opportunist and a *molweni* would definitely not steal "at home", from his own family and friends. This resonates with Butcheca's description, provided at the beginning of this chapter, that: "a *molweni* will run away from home, but won't take anything with him". However, other people held a different opinion and I was often advised to be alert, because *molwenes* were not to be trusted. I actually felt completely at ease among my interlocutors. They had unconstrained access to my camera, as well as to my phone, to take photos or to make videos in the market.

One day I took with me to the market the DVD of the video clip[30] we had made for their song to show it to Jekula specifically. He had not seen it yet, because he was in jail at the time that we all saw it together. After watching the video in one of the stalls that sold pirated DVDs in the market, I took out my camera to record our conversation about the video. Jekula asked me to lend him the camera so that he could go take some photos in the market. I remained behind, chatting with the rest of the group. A considerable amount of time passed and there was no sign of Jekula. At first we began to comment, with a hint of

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[30] The video clip, and the context in which it was filmed and with whom, is analysed in chapter six.

anxiety, about how long he was taking. But after over an hour had passed, some of the guys went searching for him. They returned fifteen minutes later with the information that they had encountered him with the camera close to Olympia and he affirmed that he was coming to meet us right away with the camera. Again, we waited for close to one hour and nothing. So, once more, the guys went searching for him. However, this time they did not find him. At this point we all knew that something was wrong. A conversation about Jekula's moral standards commenced. Some stated that Jekula was a bandit. Others explained that he had been abandoned by everyone, partially because of his behavior. I was told that he was not welcome at his grandparent's home because he once threatened his grandmother with a knife.

In the meantime, a young man whom I had never met before approached us. He knew some of my interlocutors, who told him about the incident. This guy was fairly drunk and began talking rubbish non-stop. "Oh, that's something not to do to a nice person like Dona Andrea that comes here to help… The poor you can't help! Niggers are like that! But, actually, it's not his fault; he has the police after him and needs to pay them off in order not to go back to jail…" He just kept on talking and was not ameliorating in any way the mood that had settled in. At a certain point, I lost my patience and yelled at him to stop talking. He was offended, and naturally triggered by the alcohol he had imbibed, he began shouting at me "to go fuck myself… to go back to Portugal". My interlocutor's expressions changed to stern looks and I could see that tensions were rising in their body language. Beto began cracking his knuckles, Stalon puffed up his chest and Delcio shouted at the guy to leave. At that point there was no use in continuing to wait for Jekula and I asked my interlocutors kindly to accompany me to the *chapa*; this way we would avoid any further trouble. Late that evening I received a call from Delcio. He was with Zefanias and they had "caught" Jekula in Alto Maé (close to Xipamanine). They wanted me to go to meet them and to take Jekula to the police station. He no longer had the camera with him. As we spoke, the call dropped and I could not reach them on the phone again. In the morning Delcio called again. He informed me that Jekula had sold the camera to a guy named Spunk from Olympia for 1,500 mzn (around 25 euros).

When I arrived at the market, I directly encountered Spunk at Olympia. He was aware of what I wanted and he told me that he had already sold the camera to someone for 2,000 mzn. He excused himself that he did not know that it was mine, but told me that to get the camera back at this point I would have to pay the 2,000 mzn. I told him he could find the money with Pedro at the bottle deposit once he delivered the camera. I was not in the mood to stay in Xipamanine for long, so I asked Pedro for the favor of holding on to the money in

case the camera would show up. Stalon told me that Delcio and Zefanias had actually carried Jekula with them to Xipamanine, but that he had escaped. They had also informed the police about the occurrence. Stalon was furious with Jekula. He told me that I should complain to the police. He should pay for what he had done he stressed. Jekula was actually already in trouble prior to his stealing the camera; he had run away from the police station a few days previously.

That day Spunk did not bring back the camera, so Stalon spoke to a policeman friend of his in order to enlist his help and the following day I picked up my camera from Pedro. In the end, I recovered my camera with the help of Delcio, Zefanias and Stalon. Ana, a friend that sold potatoes in the market, passed by when I was talking with Delcio and Stalon. She said, "Those *molwenes*! You give them food and they steal from you!" Delcio and Stalon felt insulted because they did not have any part in the incident. In fact, they had actually contributed to its resolution and recovery. From Delcio's perspective, "one should never steal at home, in between brothers. You steal outside and you come eat together". Stalon added: "it's not because you have a thief in the house that everyone in that house is a thief". After a few weeks, Jekula showed-up in Xipamanine once more. He approached me to say that he was very sorry, explaining that he was not himself that day and regretted what he had done very much. Initially, I found it difficult to forgive Jekula.

Was Jekula a *molweni emocionado* or a bandit? Well, in the eyes of his peers at least, he had acted like a bandit. At first I also felt revulsion and an unpleasant sentiment of betrayal.31 However, when analysing the event after the incident, and less clouded by the emotions that it triggered, I could understand how I was being naïve. Jekula simply took advantage of an opportunity presented to him. First of all, why should I be considered to be part of the group? I did not share their circumstances. My experiential reality was so distant from theirs. The vulnerability to police harassment, having to survive on the streets, hustling for a few pennies every day. On the other hand, the power of subversion was barely the only thing Jekula had preserved. Why should he not circumvent the moral codes imposed upon him by a society that had turned its back on him? Unemployed and unemployable, mostly male, youth who live by their wits and at times interact with what is referred to as the informal economy and/or flirt with criminality, have been thoroughly portrayed in Africanist scholarship. Since the early 1990s, important debates about youth and their cultures, marginality, citizenship and agency have thrived (De Boeck and Honwana, 2005:5). Without

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31 As we know, the anthropological encounter inevitably mobilizes an affective, and often unconscious, intersubjective exchange from which much of the knowledge produced stems (Devisch, 2006).

aiming to romanticize poverty and unemployment, Ferguson (1999:251) contends that these often stigmatized groups, peripheral to the conventional stable working class, may in fact appear as more "up to date" in their adjustment by embracing the values of improvisation and opportunism required in contemporary urban conditions.

4.2. Transgression and social exclusion

In popular opinion, a *molweni* is perceived as an individual that has strayed from acceptable models of proper conduct in society and is, therefore, in need of being "saved", or in certain perspectives "disciplined", as the following statements illustrate. "A street boy, most of the time is a disadvantaged child, with few opportunities. When presented with the option to move out of the streets and better his life, but refuses to do so, then he may be classified as a *molweni*. A *molweni* doesn't want to be saved", contended a young man that I spoke with at length about the subject. A *molweni* behaves in an uncivilised manner, non-compliant with rules of etiquette or politeness. He has not been taught or is resistant to incorporating established rules of expected social interaction. "You see, like a stray cat. You give the cat food on a plate and he will spill that food on the ground. He doesn't like eating from the plate. From the plate it doesn't taste good, because it's too clean" added the young men mentioned above.

Thus, from one point of view, a *molweni* is negatively described as someone that deviates from society's mainstream values and norms. He has an unconventional approach towards life and is clearly concerned with the way he wants to live his life. They are people who live pointlessly, just gallivanting around. A *molweni* is someone for whom an occupation is not an option. He may live as a beggar, wear rags and "voluntarily" rummage in garbage bins. But a *molweni* is different from a mendicant, who will be grateful upon being presented with some coins. On the contrary, the *molweni* is unappreciative and as soon as he gets what he needs he can act offensively. He has no morals and cannot be trusted. A *molweni* is not a bandit by definition, but comes very close to it. When presented with an opportunity to snatch something, he will take it without giving the matter a second thought.

On the other hand, the characteristic of challenging moral or social boundaries could be interpreted in a relatively more positive manner. "It's difficult to grasp him. He's just like the eel, proverbially known for its slipperiness", someone expressed on one occasion. As mentioned previously, the term is only definable in the context from which it emerges. Accordingly, a *molweni* was also described as a "free spirit", who is not restrained by social conventions. Someone that enjoys being free, someone that does not want to be controlled.

A *Molweni* has a rebellious character, challenging authority, control, even social rules themselves. He has a home, but does not like returning thereto. He likes the streets. He likes adventure. "A *Molweni* doesn't live for the system. He's a rebel". The sense of rebellion used here is not one in which he will rise in opposition against a particular oppressive entity or situation. Instead, it is invoked in the sense that he will never act subserviently.

In sum, a *molweni* can be described as a street boy or a homeless panhandler who cannot be trusted. But, *molweni* can also signify transgression, opening up an ambiguous ground for interpretation. Most people agree that there are various levels or degrees of *molweni*hood, or rather that there are *molwenes* of all social standings. Moreover, one can behave like a *molweni* at certain moments, under certain conditions and in limited contexts. As a performance that is acted out in conformance with the audience. One can put on different fronts, depending on the social stage on which one finds him/herself (Goffman, 1959). There has been hardly any academic or literary examinations of this subject. The few accounts I have come by include Groes-Green's (2010) work with a group of young men who refer to themselves as *molwenes*, given that they are defined as being marginal, wild and tough. These men lived in Maputo's suburbs in the absence of a solid network of kin. Some grew up on the streets, while others came from other provinces to the capital city looking for work. In the absence of meaningful work or educational possibilities, they persistently engaged in risky activities of violence, unsafe sex and crime, for which they were often arrested. Groes-Green sought to understand their practices of transgression against the background of the everyday experience of social marginalisation. To this end, he makes use of Bataille's sense of sovereignty, as moments of extreme bodily experiences of superiority embedded in the experience of transgression. Groes Green (2010:387) states:

> "The project of Bataille was to understand how and when excessive phenomena such as violence, crime, sacrifice and sexual orgies for better or worse enter or re-enter life as meaningful practices. These phenomena, Bataille (1962: 41–3) reminds us, gain salience precisely because they so explicitly transgress the taboos which uphold the societal order, and because they, by means of transgression, furnish a sense of sovereignty".

According to Groes-Green (2010), transgression thus emerges as a source of agency. In their moments of transgression, the young men momentarily transcend their experiences of exclusion. Taussig (1998:353) contends that these are instances in which the body becomes a vehicle for the transgressive.

From a different point of view, I would additionally like to share Isaac Zita's understanding of *molwenes*.32 In his text, "*Os Molwenes*", the Mozambican writer characterizes a social category — the *molwenes* — using the character of Tinga. In his story, Tinga decides to go see a movie at cinema Império.33 Approaching the long queue that had developed at the entrance of the building to buy tickets, he reaches down into the pockets of his old and dirty pants and gives a sigh of relief upon confirming the existence of a few coins. He sees *molwenes* like him in the queue, making a lot of noise and commotion. He approaches a boy in the queue and asks him if he could buy the ticket for him. The boy responds affirmatively, but only if Tinga will give him a coin in return for the favor. After some reluctance, Tinga gives the boy a coin which he receives avidly. Tinga then goes for a walk and stops in front of a vendor selling greasy fried fish. He stays for a while contemplating whether to try the fish and then finally decides to buy one. He wraps the fish in a piece of brown paper, probably the remainders of an old bag of cement, and moves in the direction of the queue to collect his ticket.

Once inside the cinema, Tinga directs himself to the bathroom. Distracted, he bumps into another cinema-goer, who starts to hurl obscenities at him. Inside, the urinals exude a terrible odor, a mix of urine and feces, provoking nausea. He leaves the bathroom without washing his hands, in the direction of his seat to watch the movie. The cinema room was beset with the pestilential smell of sweat. There was a cacophonous noise from the mingling of loud voices, laughter and shouts. It was total confusion! In the same row as Tinga, sat a student that did not hide his feigned superiority every time he communicated with the other cinema-goers. At a certain point, someone close to him, who had already seen the movie, began to shout out the upcoming scenes, disregarding the student's request for him to stop. The student, already losing his patience, yelled out "I don't want to know!" The other one answered "I don't care! I'll do whatever I want!" In despair, the student exclaimed: "Staying with *molwenes* is so annoying!" The other one threatened him with his fist, shouting "blacks are tough!" while hitting his own chest. The student kept silent and began to read a book. Tinga, attentively observing everything, did not understand how the student could read in the dim environment of the room. He thought to himself "students have everything, even eyes that can see in the dark". The others continued shouting out the upcoming scenes in the movie. Tinga, looking at the student and the environment around him, reflected with an

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32 Isaac Zita died in 1983 with only 22 years of age. His book "Os *Molwenes*" was published after his death by the Association of Mozambican Writers in 1988. I provide here a shorter version of his text, which I have re-adapted and translated from Portuguese.
33 A cinema mostly for the so-called indigenous population in colonial times.

unexpected modesty: "we are really *molwenes*!" As if by arts of witchcraft, he recalled all he had done that day. He felt his hands sore from carrying an immeasurable amount of charcoal bags like a cargo animal, the tons of firewood that he had chopped, sweating like a man pushed to his very limits. All this for the boss's benefit alone. All that for a pitiful amount of coins that served him in imitating the white folks in buying a cinema ticket. However, things were changing. The boss was the only one who could not see that everyone's eyes began to flicker with the prospect of revolt.

It is a truism by now to say that an individual's social standing may be implied by his public behaviour. Bourdieu (1984) has already exposed how social status and class position are embodied in everyday life. Nevertheless, what I find interesting in Zita's story is the categorization of a whole segment of the urban population, probably the majority thereof I should think, as *molwenes*. This is a social class defined by low-status work, economic hardship, illiteracy and practically no prospects of social mobility. I began to enquire into this particular signification of *molweni*. I learned, for instance, that until relatively recently kids that spoke Changana among themselves at school, instead of Portuguese, were labeled *molwenes* by their Portuguese speaking peers. In fact, social boundaries concerning class and identity enacted in colonial times were subsequently maintained, and were rearranged somewhat, after independence. The colonial legacy of a divided world in which a sense of personal value was measured in terms of race was maintained by the division between a minority Mozambican *assimilados* and the rest.34 Shortly after independence, Portuguese was adopted as the official language, with the ambition of socialist modernization and progress, with the objective of unification instead of division; however, whoever did not fit a particular socialist ideal of Mozambicanity was still penalized. Needless to say that social and economic divisions were exacerbated when the country embraced neo-liberal capitalism.

All in all, *molweni* acts as a status, either imposed or assumed, that positions the individual at the lowest margins of social hierarchy. Youth, and particularly young men, figure centrally in this concern. The social exclusion of youth necessarily requires its being situated in the social landscape in which it occurs. After independence in 1975, the youth began to enjoy special attention from the government. Young people were considered the main source of future party cadres. The Mozambican Youth Organization (OJM), established in 1977, had as its main objective the patriotic and socialist education of youth. Every young

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34 The Portuguese racialized policy of "assimilation" created a black Mozambican urban elite (see chapter two).

individual, between 14 and 30 years old, could be part of OJM, provided that they comply with the obligations and duties of statutes and programs, helping to build the political and ideological foundations of the then under construction socialist society (Biza, 2007). Youth was, thus, fundamental to the construction of a particular social, economic and political project. However, in the short period after independence, the country experienced great changes that required political and economic reorientation. With the introduction of the neoliberal model in Mozambique, and the consequent reduction of state involvement in the social field in the late 1980s and early 1990s, the relationship between the state and the youth changed. Young people, previously the subject of ideological indoctrination, became responsible for themselves (Biza, 2007).

Street children and youth appeared in ever-larger numbers in the urban centers of Mozambique in the years following the war and structural adjustment programs, as the country made the transition from socialism to capitalism. Political neglect, structural imbalances and the total political, economic and moral crisis encountered throughout the country opened up breaches for the reformulation of boundaries. In this context, transgression can be viewed as a means by which to cope with the circumstances of social exclusion. Contemporary representations of youth in African countries, as elsewhere, abound with transgressive descriptions. The manner in which youth are represented, and the terms applied to refer to them, also disclose much about the social and political constitution of a society (Comaroff and Comaroff, 2005:19). It has been said that nowhere is the challenge of youth in the twenty-first century more acute than in Africa (De Boeck and Honwana, 2005:1). On the one hand, we behold the overwhelming demographic dominance of young people on the continent. On the other hand, the uncertain socio-political context and mass unemployment felt throughout many African states has placed them under situations of continuous and systematic strain. According to Diouf (2003), previous representations of African youth, as the hope of African nations in the post-independence period, have given way to the construction of African youth as a threat. Not only did the youth lose their prestigious status as primary agents of change, given to them at the height of the nationalist movements in African societies, they ceased above all to represent a national priority (Diouf, 2003). The category of "youth" has been used by those in positions of power to define groups of subordinate people (Argenti, 2007:8). To be sure, definitions and notions of youth cannot simply be based on age criteria (Caputo, 1995). Although the social category of youth is gaining an increased visibility throughout the African continent, it is marked by ambiguity nevertheless. In a Turnerian sense, youth tends to occupy a liminal space – "betwixt and between" – which is undefinable in static terms (Turner, 1967).

Deborah Durham (2000) suggests thinking of youth less as a specific age group and more as a relational concept situated in a dynamic context.

In the words of Argenti (2007:8), "African political hierarchies are said to be gerontocratic not because men (and to some extent women) accumulate power as a function of growing old but, on the contrary, because they can only grow old to the extent that they have successfully accumulated wealth and power". Argenti (2007) argues that most of Africa's youth have been deprived of the entitlement to adulthood. Rather than resolving constraints imposed by local gerontocracies, the postcolonial state has exacerbated them with the introduction of neoliberal economic principles. Young people represent a marginalized majority group more than they ever have (Argenti, 2007:10). However, these anxieties about social reproduction mostly affect the category of masculinity, as young men seem to be incapable of achieving social maturity (Weiss, 2004:14). This representation of an uncertainty regarding the future is certainly gender biased. The moral panic about youth in Africa concerns male youth specifically and who, in turn, seem to be the most visible victims and perpetrators of violence in the main. This is discussed further, and in greater depth, in the following chapter.

4.3. Street Boy[35]

I shall dedicate this section to exploring the characterisation of *molweni* by considering the conventional definition of *molweni* as "street boy" (as mentioned previously). Generally, popular opinion about street children in Maputo is expressed by victimising discourses. The typical observation was that a child begins wandering the streets, day in and day out, because of a lack of family support. The years of the war notwithstanding, as well as those right after it, when children effectively had lost their parents or other caregivers, most children in the streets were not orphans and did have homes to which to return. If this is so, then why did they run away from home? Most of the time they did not feel at ease in their households. The figure of the abusive stepmother was often blamed for the child's recourse to street life. On the other hand, children are given work-intensive jobs that are not suitable for their young age. Sometimes they were treated like little slaves, with no time being made available to play, to be a child. Although the most commonly shared perception was that the child decided to live in the street due to family abuse or abandonment, there were,

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[35] It is necessary to clarify that I did not carry out research with street boys living in downtown Maputo in the timeframe of this research project. However, I got to know several boys in these circumstances and with whom I often conversed.

nevertheless, some people who had a completely different understanding of the issue. Namely, that these children decided to abandon their homes because they desire the freedom that they can experience in the street, where they can play all the time, avoid household chores or go to school and do not have to obey their parents. In any case, once the child becomes older, the perception changes and they become better-defined as deviant youngsters. Most people asserted that the longer the relationship that they have with the street, the higher the probability is that they will engage in illicit activities.

The phenomenon of street children in Mozambique is a relatively recent one, since the beginning of the 1990s to be exact. In Mozambique every child belongs to the community in which it was born, just like it happens in most African societies. Its well-being was, thus, the responsibility of all of the members of the community, transcending the responsibility usually assigned to the biological parents in Western societies. However, the disintegration of the traditional family network system greatly accelerated in urban contexts, in conjunction with political and economic instabilities, rendering abject poverty much more visible in public spaces. This often took the form of children living in the street of urban centres. In the transition to the 1990s, the country specifically experienced the changes from a socialist regime to neoliberal policies.

The erosion of the welfare state in the midst of a destructive "civil" war had devastating consequences, particularly for young people. Honwana (2005) argues that family and other key institutions for the child's initiation into adult roles were severely disrupted by the war and young people were forced to make sense of their world in a chaotic social environment. It was in this context of violence and destruction that the country witnessed a substantial presence of children and youth living on the streets. Loforte (1994) and her research team counted about a thousand street children in Maputo at the beginning of the 1990s. Many of the children interviewed cited that the war, which had destroyed the lives and possessions of their families, gave rise to their situations. Family instability and intra familial abuse were also mentioned as the cause of their decision to live on the street (Ibid.). According to Mr. Mussagy Jeichande, the first Mozambican ambassador in South Africa, himself a significant participant in the Mozambican liberation war, despite the self-evident influence of the war in the emergence of children living on the streets in the early 1990s, the phenomena probably had its root causes in the rupture with traditional forms of family structure;

> "Since independence there has been a kind of break with traditional values. The
> leadership of FRELIMO was concerned with human development but the direction
> taken did not take into account our cultural reality, our values and the motives behind
> these values. For instance, by severely attacking polygamy and mimicking Western

society, we emptied some of the content and moral values of our society. By radically breaking with our values, particularly in the years in which we began to suffer the aggressions of the Rhodesian and South African regimes, making people massively migrate from the rural areas to the urban centres, children mostly suffered the repercussions. Men started meeting other women and they did not want to drag their children with them to this new relationship. Men, as well as women, in order to keep their new partners, forgot about their children. Thus, children were not the priority anymore as in the past. Then we entered the market economy that accelerated the degradation of these values. In monogamist families with many children, the parents under economic pressure started requiring their children to work more than they were capable of. The children got tiered and preferred to go on the streets" (Excerpt from an interview with Mr. Mussagy Jeichande, Maputo, 18 February 2014).

Generally, people that lived through the colonial and initial post-independence period attributed the urban phenomena of "street children" and "youth marginality" to social disintegration and to the decrease in the control exercised by the family. This was evident in the various informal interviews that I conducted with individuals from this generation. The younger generation tended to blame "poverty" and the lack of alternatives, such as accessible schooling and proper employment. In other contexts, the rise of social inequality as a by-product of neoliberal state policies, transformations in family arrangements, the breakdown of community and social control have also been identified as destabilizing factors that lead children and youth to seek refuge in the streets with their peers (Bourgois, 1995). During the 1980s, structural adjustment programs, imposed upon many countries in the "South", led to the retreat of the state from matters of child welfare. As wealth became concentrated in the cities, and people in the rural areas became even poorer, unaccompanied youngsters migrated from the countryside to the cities seeking new opportunities (Nieuwenhuys, 1999; Bayat, 2000).

In the many conversations that I had with the boys and young men living on the streets of Maputo, all the factors mentioned above played a role in their decision to spend most of their days and nights on the streets, with sporadic visits to their families, generally living in the peri-urban areas of the city. Most of the boys felt pride in occasionally returning home, thus revealing the importance attached to having one to return to at all. However, it became evident that they also enjoyed the sense of freedom they could only find in "street-life". A recurrent phrase would be "at home they speak too much", meaning that they did not wish to be controlled by others. At times, they also found the affection they lacked at home among peers on the streets. Among the children living on the streets of Mindelo in Cape

Verde, Bordonaro (2012) found that liberty and autonomy were pointed to as being the reasons for choosing to move to the street. He speaks about an "ambiguous agency" that defies the normative Western fabricated concept of childhood (Boyden, 1997). In fact, street children challenge "Western cultural fantasies of children as innocent and vulnerable, in need of adult protection" (De Boeck & Honwana, 2005:3). Bordonaro, however, argues that considering streetward mobility to be autonomous migration should not hinder the fact that strong social and economic constraints underlie the decision to move to the streets (Bordonaro, 2012:416).

One such example of these constraints is demonstrated in the case of Francisco, one of the street boys living in downtown whom I often met. He had been living on the streets for more than four years (since he was 13 years old). He left his father's house because he did not get along with his stepmother. First, he went to live with his uncles but he did not feel well there either. He met Gaspar on the street and began to hang out with him, eventually staying on the streets full time. Gaspar is like a brother to him, he told me. Francisco only met his mother recently. She travelled from the province of Inhambane to Maputo after receiving the news that she had become a grandmother. She asked Francisco to leave his child with her and he conceded. Francisco told me that he did not recognize that woman as his mother. It hurt too much that he had lived his life until then without ever meeting her. I have seen Francisco grow up on the streets from a young polite and respectful boy to a young man, father of a child he could not keep, continuously dealing with conflicts with other street actors or the police. On one November evening, outside a downtown live music bar, he told me about his most recent problem. His girlfriend (not the mother of his child) had been taken forcefully by a group of other young men living in the street to an abandoned house and she was not able to leave. He was frustrated because he could not do anything about it. If he were to try to get her back, then he would be brutally beaten. A few weeks later, we met again at the same place. Francisco was now with his girlfriend that had been freed in the meantime. She had been released from "captivity" the day after the incident. I was not given further details about what had happened.

Street girls were practically invisible in Maputo. The few girls that did live on the street adopted different livelihood strategies than boys. Hardly seen during the daytime, they would engage in sex work during the night or attach themselves to an older street boy in order to secure resources and protection. Some girls soon start renting rooms and left the streets, but continued to work as prostitutes by night. The majority of street children are boys. Boys spend more time on the streets and the attractions of street life make it easier for boys to leave home because the street is not only a place of work, but also a place in which

they enjoy friendships and which presents plenty of options for recreation. It is more difficult for girls to leave home, given that the street is more of a rough place. Although boys and girls alike may face violence, girls are more vulnerable to it, including sexual harassment and stronger discrimination (Nieuwenhuys, 2001). As mentioned in the beginning of this chapter, women or girls were hardly ever called *molweni*. The association of a woman with the term was mostly related to the transgressive, rebellious traits implicated. Regarding the use of the term to characterize someone living on the streets, its application was mostly limited to men.

Most of the younger boys on the street earned their living by asking for alms. For this purpose they often present themselves as victims and sufferers, by means of their discourses, facial expressions and appearance, using ragged, dirty clothes and no shoes. They basically set up a "poverty show", to use Erving Goffman's expression. The author states that "if the performer is to be successful he must offer the kind of scene that realizes the observer's extreme stereotypes of hapless poverty" (Goffman, 1959:49). Older boys generally performed odd jobs, cleaning and guarding cars, unloading merchandise for shops or in the markets. Some would also engage in petty theft. Several social researchers have observed that as children on the street grow older and their bodies mature, they are popularly perceived of as "deviant youth" (Marques, 1999; Evans, 2006; Frangella, 2010). In Maputo, a street boy will be referred to as a *molweni* while he effectively lives in the street. But he can stop being regarded as such if he moves out of the street and engages in a different lifestyle. Thus, former street boys who had changed their way of life would say they used to be a *molweni*, implying that they had surpassed the status. On the other hand, a young man can be regarded as a *molweni* independent of whether he has a home to return to in the evening or not. The category is reliant upon the condition of homelessness, but is not excluded by it. In fact, considering popular opinion, *molweni* is more adaptable to "deviant youth" than to street boys. Among my interlocutors, some had been street boys and had eventually moved back to family households or rented out a room for themselves. Some continued to sleep rough while others still had never lived on the streets at all. Independently, because of their lifestyle and attitude, they were positioned (and positioned themselves under certain conditions) as *molwenes*.

Indeed, children and youth on the streets have repeatedly been portrayed in dichotomizing structures — as "victims" and "perpetrators" or "at risk" and "as a risk". They are regarded by governmental and non-governmental institutions as something to be contained, intervened upon, essentially "a problem to be solved" (Hecht, 1998). Their visibility in the city centre streets causes them to be deemed as a public nuisance and they

defy the segregated order of the modern city by illegitimately occupying public space (Scheper-Hughes & Sargent, 1998).

4.4. Public vulnerability

The idea of a public realm, clearly distinguished from the private one, emerged with European modernity, as shown by Habermas's (1989) work on the Public Sphere.36 The public sphere goes beyond the physical aspects of public space, encompassing an abstract realm in which political processes take place. Before Habermas, Hannah Arendt (1958) had explored the relationship between the public and the private sphere as being essential to the practice of citizenship. The public sphere comprises the public dimensions of human social life, in which the use of public space is only one component thereof. Nonetheless, understanding the social construction of public space has become increasingly important in urban studies. The body and bodily practices emerge as something inextricably connected to the production of space. Bourdieu's (1990) notion of habitus, as a form of language that is learned by the body, has been influential in spatial analysis. An interest in the embodied urban experience flourishes in the social mapping of cities and in the use of public spaces (Sennett, 1994).

Lefebvre (1991 [1974]) asserts that people, as well as experiencing space, also produce space. Space, as well as time, are integral aspects of social practice. Therefore, they can only be understood in the specific context of the society that produces them. For Lefebvre, boundaries between social spheres are played out in everyday urban life and embodied social practices. In the introduction to The Practice of Everyday Life, De Certeau (1984: xii) states that "everyday life invents itself by poaching in countless ways on the property of others". He refers to the creative resistance to repressive structures enacted by ordinary people in everyday situations. This is, the practices employed by users to re-appropriate space, by means of "tactics", articulated in the details of everyday life. His analysis focuses on the creation of space through spatial tactics of orientation and movement, in the mundane act of walking itself for instance.

Indeed, public space has been widely studied in relation to the interaction between space and its users. Public space is also a stage upon which notions of appropriate

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36 The idea of "public sphere" has been regarded as a particularly Eurocentric concept. Habermas's concept of public sphere has been criticised for its supposedly elitist connotations, as being essentially a bourgeois space of political discussion and democratic negotiation.

behaviour and societal order are acted out. Researchers in the social sciences have extended their analyses of the production of space and have posed questions about how space is produced in ways that inscribe inequalities. Consider, for example, Wacquant's (2008) deserted, because they are perceived of as being dangerous, streets in Chicago's Black Belt or Bourgois's (1995) El Barrio resident's vulnerability in the face of everyday violence of crack sellers in the streets of East Harlem, New York. In this regard, Low (2000) has focused upon the experience of space mediated by social processes such as exchange, conflict and control. She analysis "the plaza" in Costa Rica as a site of resistance to state domination and to local efforts at social control. Rules of access and control over space take form in the policing of public parks and plazas.

In the contemporary research agenda on postcolonial urban contexts, African contexts particularly, urban life is overtly marked by stereotypes of extreme resilience or of intense violence. Cities in the Global South appear mostly as spaces of exclusion and marginalisation. As cities comprised of slums that become "dumping grounds for surplus population" (Davies, 2006: 175). However, the perspective of an alternative urbanity has been timidly emerging. Innovative approaches to analysing the urban have instead focused upon the complex manners in which urban identities and spatialities are being fashioned, proposing an alternative "aesthetic agenda" towards African cities in order to reveal the city's multiple meanings and experiences (cf. Pieterse and Edjabe, 2010).

Mbembe (1992) demonstrates how "the ruled" manage to build alternative popular publics next to "official" (state imposed) publics in claiming public spaces, moving away from strict dichotomies between domination and resistance. He urges scholars to stop interpreting postcolonial relationships in terms of resistance or absolute domination and to focus instead upon the logic of "conviviality":

"Precisely because the postcolonial mode of domination is a regime that involves not just control but conviviality, even connivance – as shown by the constant compromises, the small tokens of fealty, people's inherent cautiousness – the analyst must watch out for the myriad ways in which ordinary people guide, deceive and actually toy with power instead of confronting it directly" (Mbembe, 1992: 25).

In an effort to counteract the view of African cities as failed cities, Simone (2004) demonstrates in various ways how African cities are in fact creatively productive. His focus lies on the complex dimensions of informal urban livelihoods and upon those cultural imaginaries that disrupt existing forms of social stratification (Simone, 2004). "Space, in a way, belongs to whomever uses it, despite the half-hearted attempts of the city authorities to

control the slow but unstoppable occupation and progressive denser use of that space" (De Boeck and Plissart, 2004: 230). Bayat's (1997) "quiet encroachment of the ordinary" captures the complex dimensions of urban subaltern politics over the active use of public space in the ordinary practices of everyday life. Through their infringement on public property, disenfranchised individuals exert control over their time and over their space, challenging the authority of the state and of those social groups that aim to regulate its use. Driven by the force of necessity, they move forward and improve their lives, however they do so calmly and quietly (Bayat, 1997: 56-58).

This brings me back to the notion alluded to in the introduction to this chapter, and to Butcheca's own words: "A *molweni* does not want to be at home, live a normal life". It is in fact this subversive connection of the *molweni* to the public space of "the street", and its break with domesticity, that I wish to develop in the final section of this chapter. The appropriation and rearrangement of urban public space by these young men blurs the prevailing meanings attributed to the public and to the private and disrupts the sense of the concept of "home". By living in the street they challenge the public/private dichotomy, transposing the realm of the domestic into the public. By making private use of a public space, intimate realms are revealed on the public stage. The outdoor space becomes an inside space (Geenen, 2009:361). The young men blur what has been labelled by Gupta (1998 in Favero, 2005:20) as "colonial dichotomies". It is by evoking and appropriating such dichotomies that they negotiate their own status (Favero, 2005).

It has been said that maintaining a clear distinction between the private and the public, or of the inside and outside, is particular to Western ways of social life. What may be considered "intimate" activities in Western societies are actually carried out in the "public" space, for a variety of reasons and in many contexts (Qian, 2014). Overall, the contestation of public space, in the ways in which public/private distinctions are constructed, diverge from the domestic values of bourgeois privacy in many ways. In Maputo, domestic activities, such as preparing food and childcare are often conducted in communal spaces, outside the private domain of the interior of the house (additionally because of the lack of interior space). The reception and entertainment of visitors is often done in the yard, where a set of plastic chairs are positioned under the shade of a tree. It is very common to use the public space of the streets for leisure activities; namely, for having a few beers, chatting, listening to music and often dancing to it, especially once the effects of the alcohol kick in. Favero (2005) notices that in urban Delhi (India), the use of public space for leisure echoes a belonging to the lower middle class. In Maputo, this also appears to be the case. So, how is it that my interlocutors' use of the public space stands out from the use made by other urban dwellers?

I reason that they actually create a sense of "home" that is evidently "out of place". They are the only ones washing, cooking, sleeping, being idle and so on, in the space of the market, where everyone else is either working or shopping. They are regularly classified as *molwenes* by other occupants of the space that they share for transgressing the boundaries of what is socially accepted. However, as mentioned previously (see chapter two), their occupancy of the market is a clever opportunistic move. In the market they encounter exactly what they need to "get by".

Image 19: Stalon washing his clothes in the market close to the bottle depository.

Image 20: Machance, Beto and Stalon preparing meat for lunch. Stalon's brother, in the back, had come for a visit.

Image 21: Machance cooking at the coal place in the market.

Image 22: Pernoca helping Delcio to dye his hair, close to the bottle depository.

Image 23: Stalon making dreads for a little girl while conversing
with Beto at the coal place.

The young men impose and expose themselves in the public space of the market
where they cook, wash, style their hair and sleep. However, their experience of home and
belonging become ambiguous in the process. To be sure, home as a single family dwelling
has been a Western construction, which has been diffused through time and space
(Rybczynski, 1986). *Molwenes* further complicate the conventional interpretation of "home"
by dragging it out of the house and into the public space of the street. Although they create a
sense of "belonging" to the street, the street was generally perceived of as a temporary
situation, and therefore not actually contemplated as "home". My interlocutors usually
referred either to "home" as the family household that they "abandoned", even if
intermittently, or as a projection in the future as a place where they would establish their own
household. The street is a place for *molwenes*. In order to progress, to move forward in life,
one has to stop being a *molweni*. Thus, this identity is experienced as a suitable option for
them in the present moment and which provides a feeling of freedom from domestic control
and from responsibilities.37

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[37] Considering the "postmodern" formulations of identities as fluid and situational.

Image 24: Paulo, Beto and Kito looking bored hanging out at the coal place.

But the street is also a space in which these young men re-inscribe their public vulnerability. Their constant visibility becomes central to how they are positioned, and how they in turn position themselves, in the social landscape. Their provocative use of public space creates anxieties and, occasionally, intolerability to their presence. Disorderly conduct does not come without consequences. The places occupied by the young men in the market were not free spaces (Geenen, 2009). A satisfactory relationship with the owners needs to be maintained. One day when I arrived in the market, I did not find any of my interlocutors at the bottle depository. Pedro told me that the owner had asked them to leave because he had visitors arriving and they were drinking and making noise. "It looked bad" he justified. The group used to hang out close by the bottle depository, but after some conflicts with the owner a number moved to the building of the former Olympia cinema and others went to the coal storage place. On another occasion, I encountered Zefanias bragging to his friends in the coal place about a successful theft and the owner, who had overheard the conversation, came out of his office warning that he would not permit those kinds of conversations there. Stalon later confided that if they would start making too much confusion, then they would end up being expelled from any given place. Among street gangs in Kinshasa, Geenen (2009:347) found that, although street youth claimed that "sleep occupies no space", constant negotiations over the use of space with other users took place. Gang leaders, who did not appreciate disorder in their territory, would exclude troublemakers from the group without hesitation in order to maintain it.

Although my interlocutors did not form a gang with strict hierarchies, such as is evident among Geenen's interlocutors, they did share various similarities. Some members from among the group were reluctant about the attitudes and behaviours of others, feeling that their own image was impaired by dint of their association. Consider the following observation of Stalon in this regard: "I'm busy to put up my own scene. I need to find my corner. Not here in Xipamanine, it's full of *molwenes*. Or it could even be here in Xipamanine, but not in this corner. Maybe a bit further. A place where I would draw tattoos and dreads. I just need 5 zinc sheets, push electricity, buy a hair dryer… I can call a girl I know to braid hair… Afterwards tell these friends that I don't want anyone there. They can come visit me, but it's not to become a hangout spot, start drinking there. I don't want people who drink there. I will tell them, here I'm working; I don't want to be bothered here".

There is still another form of how their public visibility may lead to their public vulnerability. The way space is lived and experienced in everyday life by my interlocutors predisposes them to police harassment and incarceration. Street life has made it possible for them to live their lives on their own terms, with no obligations towards anyone but themselves. However, their freedom becomes conditional. In their quest for freedom, they put themselves in a situation in which they recurrently become dispossessed thereof. The paradoxical consequence of the experience of freedom on the streets is ending up in prison, which figures as the uttermost symbol of un-freedom.

I have mentioned previously that transgression could be understood as an experience that allows for a sense of sovereignty (Bataille, 1962 in Groes-Green, 2010:387) and that the body be considered a vehicle for the transgressive (Taussig, 1998). However, by having their bodies carved with tattoos and scars, allusive references to the excessive interpersonal (and self-inflicted) violence upon the body, the young men seize upon unwarranted attention. The visibility of their idleness, in conjunction with the materiality of their poverty, made them particularly exposed to tentative measures of "cleaning" the public space of the urban "outcasts". This is not particular to the *molwenes* of Maputo. Conditioned by their bodily excesses (Herrera, Jones and Benitez, 2009), or provocative occupancy of public space (Geenen, 2009), street youth have often been "punished" for their transgressions.

Chapter 5: Performing Masculinities

"Don't know, those women they like me because of what. I don't have anything. It's enough for me to walk with my style, they start calling Stalon. Myself, I just have to say come here. They don't say no. I don't know why. I have nothing… a job I don't have. I don't have money."

Image 25: Stalon with a girlfriend at the bottle depository in Xipamanine.

Stalon told me that the girl in the photo, above, was his girlfriend and showed me a tattoo of his name tattooed on her stomach. Then he showed me her name tattooed on his hand. I commented that, some weeks previously, he had told my friend Esmeralda that the name he had tattooed on his hand was his mother's name. "I said that? Really? Oh… I was probably drunk!" he answered jokingly.

Stalon had many girlfriends. I met several and he boasted about many others. "I'm like marijuana leaves. Who doesn't like them?" he told me. One day he had 5 girlfriends in his house, he said. "In my house I had one that I left there in the morning when I came to

Xipamanine. Then I left here with another one, thinking that the one at home had gone to her house, you see. All of a sudden, another one arrives. That's three women already! Another one came. I took her to my brother's room. They're talking and another one is coming. Already this one, I really like her. You know what I did? I ran away. Left all of them there. There was no other way. Also, my sister in law was frying fish there and I was afraid of the oil, that they would start arguing and throw the oil at me. I didn't sleep home that day. I slept at mama's house. Eiiiish, seriously!"

Stalon was flirtatious in addressing women and they seemed to respond positively to his advances. Compared to his friends, he certainly received much more attention from girls. He could frequently be seen with his arm around a girl's shoulder or waist, without her making any effort to resist. For his friend, Jekula, things were different. He told me, concerning relationships with girls, that:

> "They say we are *moluwenes*, we drink, smoke, and hang around here with no work. They're scared of us. They think - this guy might even cut me. It's difficult to get a girl. I have nothing to offer. I'm going to take her to sleep where? Going to take her to sleep in a *barraca* (stall) here in the market?"

In this chapter, I begin by describing the young men's discourses about their intimate relationships with girls, the role that money plays in these relationships, and their ideas of fatherhood. I then analyse recent research about masculinities, confronting the notion of the "breadwinner ideal" and the impact this notion has had on the young men's lives. Thereafter, I will proceed to analyse how they exercise power and how power is exercised upon their bodies through the inscriptions of tattoos and scars. Finally, I consider issues of self-imaging or self-representation, as the young men perform their desired masculinities for the camera.

5.1. "Money to cook"

Stalon had a wound on his finger, one which had been given to him by one of his girls who had bitten him. He explained that he had gone home with this girl and given her things to cook. While she was cooking, another one arrived. They started fighting and when he tried to separate them, one of them bit him on his finger. Stalon told me that he had been with many "crazy women". When he used to drink a lot, he went out with "vampire women". According to him, a: "Vampire woman is the one that goes out all night to discos, drinks, and drugs herself with pills". He further conveyed that he did not trust women. If he were ever to get married, it would have to be to a girl from the village. City girls are not good women, as they are "turning between men, playing too much, asking for money and whatever… Those ones are not good to marry. Or, maybe they are good to marry. She is the one that doesn't

want to marry. She still wants to play… First, you try. You go live with the person to see how it goes, just like when you go to work and your boss is first seeing if you are good."

I noticed that, among my interlocutors, intimate relationships with girls were not longstanding, nor were they envisioned as having to occur this way. Stalon admitted that he was not interested in having a steady relationship. He justified this by saying: "I can get a girl; that is nothing special. Take her home, buy her things, nice clothes, feed her well… she's pretty and she has style. Then she already goes dancing with others. I'm nobody anymore". In a conversation with Stalon and Jekula, I tried to explore further the assertions young men make about women's apparent persistent infidelity, and obviously their own.

Stalon: "That happened to me already. I caught my woman with another man in my house. As they didn't close the door, you know what I did? I locked the door from the outside and went to buy drink. I stayed there drinking, drinking. After a long time I opened the door, called the woman, called the man outside. I tied that man up. I was already with my brothers there. Went with him to his house. He also has a woman at home. Arrived at his house and did the same thing with his woman. Then I went back to my woman because I love her. I didn't leave her because me too, I did justice by sleeping with this woman".

Jekula: "That's normal. Man cheats on woman, woman cheats on man. What is bad is getting caught really in the very act. It hurts! But, a woman, like a man, always do it. A woman when she walks she's *conquistada* (conquered) every day. I can have my girl, but I'm going to *conquistar* (conquer) other ones. My woman that I have at home is one I already kept. She's mine. Outside I can *namorar* (date). A woman also has the right to *namorar fora* (date outside), but what happens is that she can't bring it home. She can't be caught in the act. Even people who are married do this. What's important is just to hide it. But, it happens… A woman when she takes a bath and makes herself pretty, it's to be appreciated, no? A woman doesn't go 30 steps without being complemented. A woman is a flower. A woman may not have a house, but she will live in a house".

Stalon: "I know many women that have many houses. A woman can leave my house and say she's going to her house, when she's actually going to another guy's house. A woman, even when she enters a *chapa* (public transport) and there's no more place to sit, a woman, I'll get up for her to sit, or I can hold her, but a man, you're not going to hold a man! No! *Txova lano!"* (Keep away!)

Jekula: "It's impossible not to *namorar fora*. You can like your husband a lot, but you have to *namorar fora*. For example, you have a man you really like for real, but you have another one that is for you to play with. It's like you have many pants, but there's

one that you always like; a special one that you can't ruin. Also, it's tiring to go on top of the same woman every day. You have to vary. They just can't discover it. Now they pick up your phones and make a lot of trouble, they catch messages. You shouldn't touch your husband's phone, or your wife's phone. You are the one that's going to be fucked. What's important is to take care of each other".

Stalon and Jekula perceived of having "outside" relationships (*namorar fora*) as being something inevitable, even in more committed relationships, such as among married couples. This practice is tolerated only in as far as it is not discovered. In the end, the value of having a relationship was to take care of each other, which did not contrast with having other men or women. What also came up in the discussion was that, it was easier to secure resources as a woman. A woman will always have a house, several even, Stalon expressed. The emotional and material values of relationships were generally interdependent. This issue often emerged when young men expressed annoyance that women always wanted money. On the other hand, women stated dissatisfaction with men who did not provide. That money is interlinked with intimate relationships is nothing new. Anthropologists have given elucidating accounts of the role money plays in sexual relationships, particularly heterosexual relationships (e.g. Cornwall, 2002; Cole, 2004).

Generally, comments by men about women "these days" were depreciative of women's "thirst for money". "Since we turned into a capitalist society, all they want is money, all the time… You have to make her smile. You know how you make her smile? By showing her that you have money. By paying for her drinks, taking her out for dinner, driving her in a nice car…" expressed a friend. Generally, the discourses of women corroborated men's perspectives to a great extent. Good men, or desirable men, were the ones that could support them and level up their lifestyle. A friend that had a relationship with a married, foreign man accepted his occasional outbursts of violence towards her, in order to maintain a certain lifestyle that he provided for her. I met several women that did not see the point in living with a man unless there was a financial advantage thereto. I also met women that had given up on their marriages because their man was overtly unfaithful or violent. Linda (fictional name) was 25 years old and had three children, boys of 9, 7 and 2 years old, all by the same man. The couple was no longer together. She explained that she had sent him away because he did *moluwenisses*, spent all the money drinking and began to hit her. According to Linda, "many men, especially young ones, make children but don't care for them. Even, there are women that have to take care of their men on top of that, pay for them also, buy clothes…" There was a mixture of pity and prejudice against the women who paid

for their men and although men complained about the increasing demands by women, they took great pride in paying.

On one occasion on which Pedrito was exceptionally talkative, he complained: "My woman left me. The one you saw a few days ago here with me. The child she had in her arms is my daughter. Yeah, she found another guy that gives her more money... You see if I give 50 and the other gives 500, she will go with him. But, the other can give her 500 for just a short time… I would give her 50 over a long time. She will think she should have stayed with me when the other guy leaves her". Pedrito stated his frustrations about not being able to "keep" his woman in terms of money, or more accurately, the lack thereof. Nevertheless, he reported that he would be a steady provider and, thus, would be a more secure option for her. On another occasion, Kito told me that he did not want to go visit his girlfriend without something to give her, what he called "money to cook". I asked him whether she would be angry, or like him less, if he would show up without the money. He said that that was not the case, but he would not feel good himself, as a man.

The first time I heard the expression "money to cook" was with Stalon. He was dressed in his dark formal suit talking with his girlfriend at the time. She was tall, elegant and very pretty. She stood out from among the average girls in the market due to the seductive and stylish way in which she dressed. I had noticed that, around that time, that Stalon had also started paying more attention to what he wore. When she left, he told me, "that one doesn't want to leave. She's from Gaza and it's time she leaves my house. She controls me *maningue* (very much). I want to play". In the following days, I found Stalon to be very quiet, withdrawn even. I asked him what was going on. He told me that it was because of his girlfriend. She came to Maputo some months ago, with her daughter, and from that time on he had never had enough money. He wanted her to move to his mother's house, but she did not want that because then she would have to help with the house chores and to get up early. "She's lazy", he added. A few weeks later, Stalon complained that his girlfriend had fooled him. They went to rent a room that she had found in Xipamanine. He paid 500mzn (around 12 euros) for the rent and later discovered that the house actually belonged to her family members. He did not want to live there because then he would be "under their dominance". She was not a good woman and he was starting to drink too much because of the stress, something he expressed with annoyance. He had given her "money to cook", but he would not go eat with her because he was afraid that she would poison him. He was not even going to sleep there, he remarked further.

"Money to cook" was expressive of an affectionate relationship, one in which both people take care of each other, as Jekula stated when referring to what was essentially important in a relationship, and it reflects the dominant patriarchal values in the south of Mozambique just as well. The expression seems, on first impression, to undervalue women's agency, relegating them to the "subordinate domestic sphere" and establishing the man to be the "provider". However, this impression is certainly one that has been tainted by "western" or "Eurocentric" experiences. In fact, I found that there was widespread approval, between men and women, of the notion that "as a man, one has to pay". It was revealing when Kito told me that he would not feel good "as a man" to arrive at his girlfriend's place without money. Thus, to give his girlfriend money was expressive of his maleness. On the other hand, women should be responsible for the performance of domestic chores. However, in practice, things were never so clear-cut. "Money to cook," with its probable origin in patriarchal values, is representative of different degrees of a social practice in which, men mostly, provided for the support of their women and children in monetary terms, and had been remoulded, thereby acquiring alternative significations. Women expected men (or at least men with whom they were involved intimately) to pay for their consumer needs and desires. Money was also requested in order to make themselves prettier (to get hair extensions, to get their nails fixed, and so on), at times to become more attractive for other men, so my interlocutors remarked. It is noteworthy to recall Stalon's assertion that he could give things to a girl to make her pretty and then she would go off with other men. Pedrito too revealed his frustration when his woman left him for another man who, he claimed, gave her more money. Gender relations do not fall short of ambiguity and contradictions. Stalon's conflict with his girlfriend is illustrative of the complex negotiations and power shifts involved in the (re)shaping of gender relations. She was not performing her expected role in the household and he, parenthetically, never had enough money. Despite his claim that he wanted her to leave, he ended up renting a room for his girlfriend and himself outside of his "domain". When Stalon refused to go live in a house belonging to his girlfriend's family, stating that he would be "under their dominance", he was in fact fulfilling the role of a "proper" man, as it is perceived in the local context. A man from the south of Mozambique does not go and live with his wife's kin, a statement I will clarify further on in this chapter. All in all, Stalon was caught between social expectations, "she's not a good woman", and his personal desires. The situation was, as he confided in me, "giving him stress".

"The focus on how discourses generate subject positions and how people embody, transgress or reconstruct such positions is foundational for enabling us to think about sex and sexuality" (Spronk, 2014:6). To say that people, particularly young men and women, are caught between "traditional" values and "modern" ways of thinking and acting is a truism. In

the same sense, there is a whole range of ambivalences between discourse and practice. Nevertheless, it seems relevant to nuance certain discussions in which female sexuality is often reduced to an expression of male dominance, moving forward from the misleading stereotypes of the powerful man and of the subservient, passive woman. While it is commonplace to hear about how men should pay for women, and that women expect this from men, learning about how men engage in intimate physical relationships with other men for material gain is discussed far less frequently.

One day Stalon told me, "You see that guy there? He's a faggot. Yes, he's gay. He doesn't like women. He likes men. He's a woman that one! Even today, we called him and he started saying he wanted to have sex with me, only afterwards he recognized my voice. Hehehehe… he didn't know it was me at first. He's the boyfriend, or better, he's trying to conquer that one there (pointing to a young man in the group)". The young man confirmed and told me that he had been receiving presents from the guy. Even that day, he had given him a cell phone and credit to call, he added taking out the phone to show me. He was letting things go on like this. He gave him some kisses and let him perform oral sex on him but would never go to bed with him. He asserted that he liked women, but was just taking advantage of the guy. On another occasion, I was with Stalon and Pedro at the bottle depository. A young man who was dressed like a woman, with tight shorts and a tight top, passed by. Stalon recalled a day on which he was in the bathroom and the young man came in, "he got scared! I'm too big for him!" he gloated. "I wouldn't mind fucking the guy if he would pay well" he added. Pedro said that in fact there were many cases like that. However, if one wanted to maintain his identity as "a man", sexual involvement with other men was only acceptable for the exclusive purpose of receiving gifts or money. In other cases, men who had sex with other men, or were sexually attracted to other men, were regarded as being "women". This had a derogatory inclination. Calling a man a woman in this context constituted an offense, as the following instance indicates.

Delcio was arguing with Raimundo while the latter washed his arms, legs and feet with a plastic bowl full of water and soap. He cleaned his feet well, scrubbing them with a stone. Delcio was shouting at Raimundo, who seemed not to be too bothered by the whole thing. When Raimundo finished washing and left, I asked Delcio what happened. He told me that Raimundo had asked him for some money and he said he did not have any. Raimundo began to offend him by saying he was a woman in prison. Raimundo was the first from the group to go inside (prison) around the year 2009 and for nine months. After that, he never went in again. Himself, he was there one month during the time Raimundo was also there. After that, he lost count of how many times he went inside. "He can't say those things. It's a

lie! My brother saying that to me makes me very stressed! There are many of those cases inside, homosexuals, but not me!"

Whenever the issue of homosexuality arose, the fear of being perceived as "not a real man", or of exhibiting a feminized identity, was evident among my interlocutors and among their male friends. This anxiety over male sexuality was determined by the heteronormative codes in southern Mozambican society, in which homosexuality has been feminized. The rhetoric used to characterize men who desire other men dislocates, as Cornwall notes, "the markers of femininity and masculinity from bodies of females and males" (1994:112). As has been asserted by Butler, "the presumption of a binary gender system implicitly retains the belief in a mimetic relation of gender to sex whereby gender mirrors sex or is otherwise restricted by it" (1990:6). As we have seen, a male body can assume a feminine identity at times.

In order to be a man in southern Mozambique, as well as to be a woman, one should have been able to bring forth offspring (see Mariano, 2014). "You know, people here in Mozambique have children very young because you never know when you will die. People die young here, and you have to leave descendants", I was told by a young man in the market. It was important to leave descendants according to my interlocutors. Without exception, all of them wanted to have children sooner or later. For Machance, it could happen in the near future. He told me that he would always manage to get some money to give to the mother so that she could cook for the child. On the contrary, Chongas wanted to wait because it is too expensive and he still lived in his mother's house.

Jekula asked me "*Mãe* (mother), how old are you?" I said "I'm 32 years old". "Oh, you need to make a child, at least one. It's a part of you that stays when you leave. People will look at it and say that's the child of Andrea. They will remember you. It's your mark, continues your name. Also, to whom will you leave your things? Who's going to eat your things after? You have to make a child!" I replied that it was not so simple because I travelled frequently and would have to leave the child behind sometimes. He explained how that would not be a problem. Many people go away to work and there is always someone to take care of the children, "it's normal".

Most of my interlocutors claimed that they aspired to become fathers and some of them had already achieved fatherhood. Procreation did not need to occur within marriage, and it rarely if ever did. None of the guys with children lived with their child's mother. Nevertheless, they spent time with their children and they gave material support as much as

their circumstances would allow. Although Pedrito's woman had left him, and taken the child with her, I often saw him with his daughter in the market. In Paito's case, his two-year-old son lived with him at his mother's house. When Paito worked in the market, the child stayed with his grandmother at home. Paito told me that the mother of the child had "run away" and left the boy with him.

Image 26: Pedrito with his daughter at the coal place in Xipamanine.

Stalon did not see his daughter very often, because she lived in Gaza with her mother, and when the girl's mother travelled (often to South Africa) she stayed with her grandparents. When, in December 2014, his daughter did spend an amount of time with him at his house, he asked me to go meet her and to bring along the camera to take some photos. He was very enthusiastic about having his daughter with him, even if only for a short while. Aninha was 11 years old and she resembled him closely. She was shy and did not

speak a word with me. Stalon told me, however, that when she gets to know someone she does not stop talking.

Image 27: Stalon with his daughter at his place in *bairro do aeroporto*.

On the way from Xipamanine to his place, Stalon was telling me about his new relationship with his neighbour. It was easy, he said. He just had to wink at her from the other side of the fence and she would come over. In this way, he did not even need to spend money on phone credit to call her. But, there was a situation that disturbed them; she was pregnant and wanted "to take it" (have an abortion). She was not from Maputo and the family members who housed her would want to send her back to Inhambane, where she would have problems if she arrived with a big belly. People would "speak badly". Stalon knew a lady that worked in the hospital and who sold pills to this end. He was planning to go and see her as soon as he got the money to buy the pills. He asked for my opinion about it. "To prevent this from happening, you should use condoms. Why didn't you use one?" I asked. He said he often forgot in the heat of the moment, especially when he was a bit drunk. It was not the first time this happened to him or even the first time he needed to buy the pills from the lady working in the hospital.

A few months passed and Stalon moved out of his place, renting a room for both of them in Xipamanine. Their romance blossomed and some conflicts arose. When the girl's parents were informed about the pregnancy, they came from Inhambane to "fetch" their daughter. Stalon told me that he had asked for her hand in marriage, but her parents refused and took her back home with them. There she stole some money and ran back to Maputo to live with Stalon. He explained that the origin of the conflicts between the neighbouring families resided in an issue that took place sometime previously. The girl's brother, with whom she lived, had had an affair with Stalon's sister in law and when discovered he was obliged to pay a fine of 4,500 meticais (around 100 euros) as punishment. Now he was creating problems for Stalon and his sister. It was better to move out; Stalon really liked the girl. He often told me how nice a girl she was— calm, stayed at home a lot, treated him well and did not drink much — he bought two packs of spaghetti. I asked him what that was for. He told me it was to take home for his girlfriend to cook. "Why don't you give her money for her to buy the things?" I asked. "First time I gave her money, I gave her 200 meticais (around 5 euros). When I got home she served me a dish of sweet potato leaves with *xima*. Second time, I gave her money to buy chicken and I ended up eating *patinhas* (chicken feet). Hmmmm, I didn't say anything but now I buy myself. I give her a lesson".38

5.2. Changing masculinities?

Recent research about "changing masculinities" in urban Maputo have shown that unemployed young men from impoverished backgrounds were becoming increasingly unstable partners and fathers, unable or unwilling to take on the responsibility of supporting their female partners and their children (Aboim, 2008). In recent decades, formal sector jobs have become scarce and poorly paid. In addition, legal employment opportunities for Mozambican men in South Africa have declined sharply. According to Agadjanian, fewer income-earning opportunities has accelerated the decline of traditional marriage and family regimes in urban areas, "undermining men's economic and social supremacy" (2005:261). Aboim has asserted that the difficulty felt to fulfil normative ideals of masculinity has generated a sexuality with value in itself, in which power was concentrated on the body, searching for symbols to evidence it socially (Aboim, 2008:293). Faced with the difficulty of fulfilling these normative ideals of masculinity, particularly that of the "breadwinner", young men have reasserted their masculinity through "bodily powers" (Groes-Green, 2009:290).

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38 *Xima* is an everyday meal, a pap made of corn flour and water. The dishes prepared for Stalon were made with "cheap" ingredients while, according to him, he was giving his girlfriend enough money to buy more expensive food.

The impact men's loss of power in the wage-earning systems has had is that many young men adopt a predatory sexuality and violence as a means to assert dominance over women (Aboim, 2008; Groes-Green, 2009). This research seems to suggest that the enactment of these "subordinate" masculinities was a reaction to unemployment and poverty. As these young men were not capable of asserting their authority over women through economic powers and social status, they resorted to violence or sexual dominance (Groes-Green, 2009).

In relation to my interlocutors' interactions with young women, I did not perceive that they were "reasserting their masculinity" through a predatory sexuality or through violence against female partners. I did observe, on several occasions, moments of flirting with young women in the market and it did not seem that women were being subjugated to a subservient position in these playful overtures.

Image 28: Machance flirting with a girl while Stalon is drawing a tattoo on his leg, in Xipamanine market. The girl on the left had just gotten two tattoos.

Having concurrent female sexual partners increments a man's self-esteem, as it is thought to be a sign of a man's virility and control over several women at the same time. This was mostly evident through Stalon's discourses and in the approval of his friends. Kito once told me that a man should have at least two women at the same time, preferably three. Women, as well, were expected to have more than one man, albeit more discretely, and mostly in the service of securing additional resources. Although my interlocutors complained about the material demands of their girlfriends, they expressed the importance of supporting their female partners and children.

Simoni (2015), in his research with Cuban men engaged in sexual and romantic relationships with tourists, found that the money received from foreign women was used to support Cuban girlfriends. "As much as possible, one had to strive to be the man that took care of his woman" (Simoni, 2015:405).In the same vein, the young men I worked with seemed to strive to maintain the values of "being a man" by means of providing for their girlfriends, despite their precarious situation. While, according to other research, the role of the man as breadwinner is being challenged in the impoverished contexts of Maputo, my interlocutors seemed to cherish this model.

Other young and older men that I spoke with in Maputo, particularly Christian men, held the view that a man should be faithful and have only one woman. The woman's right is to be taken care of by the man. The will of God is that men provide for women. It was, nevertheless, mainstream perception that young women "nowadays" were always after money and financially well-off men were more capable of having several girlfriends. Thus, it is not surprising that some men felt it necessary to enhance their sexual performance to compensate for their financial faults. Indeed, it was widely acknowledged that some women often had one partner who helped them financially and a boyfriend to play with (sexually). These situations sometimes involved an inversion of gender provider roles, as the women supported their boyfriends (Groes-Green, 2013).

Image 29: Flyers, posted all over the city, publicizing products to enhance male sexual performance.

Expectations of what a man or a woman should do are culturally and historically (re-) constructed. Women are expected to be economically dependent upon men in Southern regions of Mozambique, which are characterized by patrilineal structures of family and social organization. The *lovolo*, commonly translated as bridewealth, serves to publicly acknowledge that the man getting married is capable of taking care of a family. It transfers the reproductive capacity of the woman to her husband's family. Accordingly, women have a reproductive obligation towards their husband and his family (Mariano, 2014:38) and they go to live in the husband's household, or the couple forms an independent household. This resonates with Stalon's discourse on not wanting to go live in his girlfriend's family compound, as this would position him within their domain.

According to Tvedten, a patriarchal culture of male-dominance is common throughout all regions of Mozambique (Tvedten, 2011:4). Patriarchy refers to a system of domestic power that is exercised by male heads of families, over both men and women of all

ages (Turner, 1996:137). In Mozambique, this form of authority vested in men dates back to pre-colonial times and has been exacerbated by colonial efforts to install Western patriarchal values in which women were subordinated to the male provider (Tvedten, 2011). Manuel has used the term *"Machista"* society to refer to the south of Mozambique. She used the definition of Machismo given by Sternberg: "Machismo is a cult of the male; a heady mixture of paternalism, aggression, systematic subordination of women, fetishism of the woman's body, and idolization of their reproductive and nurturing capacities, coupled with a rejection of homosexuality" (Sternberg, 2000:91, in Manuel, 2008:36). According to Manuel (2008), contemporary Maputo seemed to conform to this model, which gave rise to the subordination of women and to the supremacy of men. She also noted that women were increasingly searching to become economically more independent.

Power relations, seen in this light as patriarchy relations, crystallize male domination and obscure the detection of other symbolic associations of gender systems (complementarity and reciprocity) as well as the perception of different powers, often installed in the female rather than in the male (Loforte, 2000:36). This focus on patriarchy also undermines other dimensions of social hierarchies, such as seniority or wealth. Additionally, underlying this perspective of gender relations seems to be the suggestion that when the man no longer has the means or the will to "support" the woman, he is in no social position to enforce control over her. This reinforces the view that women are subordinate to the male provider.

Yanagisako (1979) has cautioned against assumptions, based on the separation of the domestic and public (political), which are grounded in Western notions of family and household. For instance, in relation to cooking practices, Holtzman (2002) has highlighted the importance of food in relationship-building; particularly, how women in African pastoralist societies exercise their power as providers of food, influencing male political spheres. Arnfred (2007) has also shown how the preparation of food was a basis for female authority in a matrilineal society of northern Mozambique. She found that women considered cooking for their men to be a privilege and a matter of pride. The cultural and social significance of food and eating has been widely acknowledged among social scientists (Mintz and DuBois, 2002). Turner (1996) has emphasized the complex relationship between eating, food, sexuality and the body. He states: "The process of eating is transcribed into a discourse of social relationships and exchanges" (Turner, 1996:xiv). "Money to cook" was part of the complex gender dynamics and negotiations that took place between young men and women in Xipamanine. My interlocutors' girlfriends made use of the necessity of "money to cook" to provide for other things that they needed.

In Mozambique, as in other contexts, money facilitates a variety of exchanges and is an integral part of gendered relations and families' daily practices and experiences. (Groes-Green, 2013; Newell, 2009; Bénard da Costa, 2002). In the peripheral neighbourhoods of Maputo, household members are not always fixed. There is a great deal of mobility and resource exchange with other relatives living outside the household. Families organize themselves in order to develop strategies that allow for survival and social reproduction. The circulation of children among the larger family network is common and represents one such strategy (Bénard da Costa, 2002:57). I observed this in various situations. It was also evident, from Jekula's comment, that I should have a child independently of my necessity to travel often as there would always be someone that would take care of it. Among the young men in Xipamanine the will to have children, sooner or later, was unanimous. In Mozambique, a person is considered to be incomplete if he/she has not produced descendants. "In short, a person is a project that is only completed when he passes away, becoming an ancestor who is remembered and respected by his descendants" (Passador, 2009:690). In this way, one is defined by their descent group and by the exaltation of his/her ancestors. Both women and men experience personal suffering and social discrimination when they are childless in southern Mozambique (Mariano, 2014).

In any case, the compulsion to adhere to the male "provider" model, as well as of achieving fatherhood, may overshadow other important features of men's experiences as being men. Loizos (1994) and Vale de Almeida (1996) have criticized approaches to the study of masculinities, such as Gilmore's (1991), in which manhood involves three major demands: to procreate, to protect, and to provision. "This vision is too deterministic, since it states that the harsher the environment the more stressed is masculinity as an inspiration and objective" (Vale de Almeida, 1996:157). Surely, "to be a man" is not circumscribed to constituting a family and providing for it, or is it?

In this research, I take "postmodern" formulations of identities as being fluid and situational, negotiated in social interaction and inscribed within power relations that take them into consideration. Several authors point to the fact that essentialist explanations, such as the male/female binary, cannot account for the diversity of ways in which people are gendered nor can it account for the diversity of meanings attributed to masculinity in different contexts (Cornwall and Lindisfarne, 1994; Vale de Almeida, 1996; Miescher and Lindsay, 2003; Gutmann, 2006; Mekgwe, 2010; Piscitelli and Simoni, 2015).

Marilyn Strathern (1988) argues that the Western dichotomy of society/individual is problematic to developing an "endogenous" analysis of gendered difference. She states that: "In Western orthodoxy, gender relations consist in the social or cultural construction of what already has differentiated form through the biological sexing of individuals" (1988:148). For Strathern, the simple connection between sexed bodies and male and female perspectives is inappropriate when discussing non-western societies. Instead, gender is an open-ended category. Judith Butler (1990) goes further in suggesting that we must transcend the notion of gender itself. She conceptualizes gender identity as being a stylized repetition of acts over time and not as a fixed identity. By arguing that the gendered body is performative she suggests that there is no continuous gender identity. Thus, and according to Butler, gender does not exist as an underlying "natural" identity, but as something created through sustained social performance. Butler's gender performativity is concerned with the "doing", rather than with the "being".

Since the 1990s, research on men, male subjectivities and masculinities has expanded significantly. Anthropology in particular has made substantial contributions to the studies of masculinities by looking at the "subjective perceptions of men about being men" (Gutmann, 1997:398). An important book on the subject, which has largely contributed to on-going critical discussions among scholars in the humanities and social sciences, is Cornwall and Lindisfarne's (1994) Dislocating masculinities. Probably one of the most cited works is Connell's Masculinities (1995). Connell elaborates on the concept of "hegemonic masculinity" and suggests that there is a specific definition of masculinity that is hegemonic and dominates over other types of (marginal) masculinities. Connell stresses that ''hegemonic masculinity'' is not a fixed character type, the same always and everywhere. It is, rather, the masculinity that occupies the hegemonic position in a given pattern of gender relations, a position that is always contestable (1995:76). Ten years later, Connell together with Messerschmidt have rethought the concept. Hegemonic masculinity embodied the most honoured way of being a man at present. Only a minority could enact it, but all men positioned themselves in relation to it (2005:832). Hegemonic masculinities were nevertheless open to change: "The concept of masculinity is not intended as a catchall nor as a prime cause; it is a means of grasping a certain dynamic within the social process" (2005:841). There has been some critique of Connell's model for its failure to recognize situations in which various hegemonic models coexist.

Indeed, the development of research on men and on masculinity has, in recent decades, resulted in an interesting and ongoing theoretical debate. Nowadays, it is an anthropological truism that ideologies of masculinity and femininity are culturally and

historically constructed, their meanings constantly contested and always in the process of being renegotiated in the context of existing power relations (Miescher and Lindsay, 2003:4). Given the multitude of possible gendered contexts, relationships and practices that converge in the structuring of identity in different times and spaces, several authors suggest that it is more accurate to speak of multiple masculinities, rather than one singular masculinity (Berg and Longhurst, 2003).

To be sure, research on masculinities in Sub-Saharan Africa has flourished since the beginning of the millennium (e.g., Miescher and Lindsay, 2003; Morrell and Ouzgane, 2005; Reid and Walker, 2005; Cole, Manuh, and Miescher, 2007; Uchendu, 2008). Nevertheless, studies about male youth masculinities seem mainly to focus upon the topics of violence and sexuality. Violence or abusive sexual behaviour towards others is usually associated with young men and frequently justified by a "crisis" in contemporary forms of masculinity, linked to increases in youth unemployment. Throughout the 19th century, definitions of "youth as trouble", based upon societal anxieties about the undisciplinary and unruly nature of young people, particularly working class male youth, gave rise to a number of studies about gangs, juvenile crime, violence and so forth (Valentine, Skelton and Chambers, 1998). This research originated with the Chicago School of sociology, in the first half of the 20th century, and it focused mainly upon Western societies, particularly Britain and the United States (Bucholtz, 2002). Youth, as a category of social analysis, can in fact become the focus of moral and disciplinary attention (Durham, 2000; Amit and Dyck, 2012). A concern over social order appears to necessitate a control over young men's masculinities (Phoenix, 1997:6). If one considers the fundamental characteristic of gender to be the use of the body as its metaphorical ground (Vale de Almeida, 1997:4), a concern for social order appears, as well, to necessitate a control over young people's bodies.

Alcinda Honwana (2012) has used the term "waithood" to refer to youth in Africa, suspended between childhood and adulthood. She contends that without jobs, young people cannot support themselves, get married, establish families or gain social recognition as adults. However, youth in "waithood" are not passively lingering and are, instead, creatively inventing new forms of being. But what does it mean "to become an adult?" Do boys only become men when they father children and support their families? Behind the conception that young people throughout the world, particularly young men, are not in a position to make the transition into social adulthood lies the potential for fallacy. That is to say, one may be led to overlook their actual capacities to re-appropriate their own destiny and to reinvent their identities (Biaya, 2005). Several scholars have asserted the importance of reframing young people as cultural agents in their own right and not solely as a future generation of

adults (Amit and Wulff, 1995; De Boeck and Honwana, 2005; Amit and Dyck, 2012). When reading the literature on young men, particularly on the African continent, it is quite easy to assume a priori that in order to fulfil expectations of masculine success young men feel required to adopt the role of provider. Faced with the impossibility of doing so, they perform problematic masculinities, or in the words of Groes-Green (2009) "destructive subordinate masculinities". Discourses on the failure to fulfil masculine ideals inspire notions of a "crisis of masculinity" that feeds popular moral panics about men and boys (Reid and Walker, 2005:10).

In *Surveiller et Punir: Naissance de la Prison* (1975), Foucault introduces the notion that the body is the site upon which political power is exercised, through the discourses and practices of psychiatry, criminology, and penology. According to Foucault, disciplinary methods permit the control and domination of the other's body, not by physical violence but through individual self-surveillance. Additionally, to think about masculinities (and femininities) inevitably leads to considering "the body" and the power relations inscribed thereupon. As contemplated by Foucault, the body (and sexuality) is the direct locus of social control. The body is regulated in the interests of public health, economy and political order. Turner (1996) has argued that Foucault's theory removes any capacity for resistance or opposition to disciplinary regulations and practices. The latter Foucault acknowledged, however, the "creative powers of bodies to resist" the "grip" of systemic power on the body. Where there is power, there is resistance. Thus, subversive responses are always possible within the creative possibilities for resistance (Bordo, 1999: 254-255).

Csordas has defined the body "as the existential ground of culture" (1990:5). The body is both objective and subjective; material and abstract. In other words, the body is not reducible to the biological, nor can it be reduced to the discursive (Turner, 1995). Diouf (2003:10) contends that, in many African societies, the body can be seen as the main resource available for youth to express, in sensuality or in violence, their longings and demands. Biaya (2000) delves into the emergence of new modalities of relations to the body in the negotiation of masculinity, sexuality and femininity among youth in Dakar. Pype (2007) shows how "fighting boys" in Kinshasa use their bodies as the ultimate site of social existence, identifying the role of violence in the construction of identities. (2007:251). To my interlocutors, the body was certainly a site of pain and pleasure, but also of power.

5.3. Inscribing the Body

"The left arm is the woman arm, with roses which is a sign that one likes to flirt. It's with this arm that I embrace the girls", explained Stalon. While the right arm is about "lack of respect" with fuck yous, cannabis leaves, knifes, guns and so on. "The fuck yous tattoos are of *molweni*!" The type of imagery, popular among the young men, were indeed "anti-social" icons such as the one's denominated as a "lack of respect" by Stalon. Demello (1993) noticed that tattooing among American prisoners was about creating a common culture and identifying with a particular community or group. The young men in Xipamanine shared some of the popular tattoos that convicts in California have, as described by Demello. For example, Stalon's most recent tattoo was of a tear below his left eye. Demello states: "the most powerful prison tattoo is the tear" below the eye that directly identifies the individual as a convict or ex-convict (1993:11). It may have other meanings, such as the loss of someone close. In Stalon's case, it represents neither of these events. A tattoo on the face is a powerful attention grabber, taking part in the creation of an image of toughness, gaining respect among his peers and the interest of girls.

Image 30: Stalon showing his recently acquired tear tattoo below his left eye.

Stalon admitted that getting tattoos was like an addiction. He contended that it is difficult to find someone with just one tattoo because people get addicted to it and always

want more. In fact, Stalon receives a lot of work drawing tattoos. "To have tattoos now is fashion. It's for the style. Everyone wants!" he said. The girls get flowers, stars… The guys get powerful animals, like lions, scorpions… and the *curandeiros* (traditional healers) like to make snakes.

Image 31: Tattoos done by Stalon. On the left a young man and on the right a girl.

To be sure, bodily inscriptions such as tattoos have existed for centuries, establishing a relationship between the self and society through the skin (Schildkrout, 2004:320). The design of the tattoo expresses an aspect of the self and sometimes marks an association to a certain group. Tattooing has been associated with marks of local identity. Referring to the famous Mozambican Makonde tattoos, Schneider (1973:28) found that the typical explanation for the tattoos was "to show I am a Makonde". I believe that for the young men in Xipamanine, tattooing effectively offers recognition among peers, enhances their identification with a group (with a certain lifestyle) and at the same time conveys discrete meanings to others (Herrera, Jones, & Benitez, 2009). Jekula told me that the gun he had tattooed on his right leg, below the knee, spoke about himself: "It's my style, I'm a quiet guy, but when provoked, I don't stop at nothing". He transmits a message to others through his tattoo and people should at least think twice before provoking him. "Other people, they put numbers, like 26 is a person that likes money and doesn't like to share. Already the 28 is a person that steals with knives, with guns. Really a bandit!" the young men explained.

Marking the skin is also about taking control over one's body, a medium through which to express against oppressive social conditions. Demello (1993:13) observes that

tattooing "re-establishes the convict's authority over his own body and challenges the system which attempts to control it" (1993:13). About women's tattooing in colonial Mozambique, Gengenbach (2003) shows how it became a form of resistance to colonial power. Namely, how women challenged "civilizing" efforts through the persistence of tattooing practices, even though the Portuguese prohibited it. Politics are certainly inscribed upon the body and tattooing can constitute a means of empowerment. For my interlocutors, tattooing, specifically tattooing guns, knives, barbed wire, and fuck yous, publicly displayed their discontentment with the prevailing social, economic and political situations that have placed them "at the margins". The body is, thus, regarded as a domain of intersubjectivity and agency. Moreover, tattooing can be experienced as a process of initiation and the pain experienced during tattooing brings about a bond between those who share it together (Paulo, 1994 in Jackson, 1996:33). Nevertheless, when Jekula got a big tattoo on his face, covering half of his cheek, his friends commented that he had gone too far, "it's too much rebellion… Who will give him a job one day, with that tattoo?" The ambivalence towards confronting "social norms" or abiding by them is evident in the discourses of my interlocutors. They use their body as the site of protest, while at the same time, in a Foucauldian sense, they inscribe disciplinary restrictions upon it too. By extensively tattooing their bodies, they sought to assert a certain place for themselves in contemporary representations of masculinities. These young men pride themselves on being the individual managers of their own bodies, but not without uncertainties and contradictions.

Image 32: Stalon showing his barbed wire tattoos.

Image 33: Jekula's "fuck you" tattoo.

Image 34: Machance showing his tattoos.

Frangella (2010) argues that, regarding street dwellers in the city of São Paulo in Brazil, their bodies appear to be the last territory on which, and through which, manifestations of their experiences in the city are signified. The author takes as her starting point the premise that the body, which emerges simultaneously as physical, symbolic, political and social, is built into the relationship with other bodies and in the interface with spatial and social dimension of the city streets. The body is, therefore, understood as an object upon which mechanisms of power and dominance are inscribed, while it discloses as an agent that challenges these same mechanisms (Frangella, 2010:16).

In addition to the tattoos, the bodies of the young men in Xipamanine were also carved with scars. Drinking high-level alcoholic beverages and getting into fights was commonplace. Verbal insults led to physical confrontations and broken empty glass bottles became deadly weapons. Indeed, the physical endurance to bear the hardship of the street was part of what it meant to be a man. Fights and incarceration, places in which they were exposed to all kinds of disease, from skin problems to tuberculosis, definitely marked their bodies. Jekula explained that he had gotten some of the scars on his face while he was in prison from an allergy to the water there. He spent three months in prison because he had stabbed a guy with a broken bottle in a fight over a girl. "He was taking my girl! I didn't like that!" he exclaimed. Jekula wanted to get rid of the scars that actually looked like acne scars. He asked me to bring a cream from Europe next time I travelled. An "original" cream, not "pirated" like the ones that were sold in Maputo, he added.

It was common for me to arrive in the market and to find one of the guys having been injured because of "bad drinking" the evening prior. One time, Pernoca was hidden in the warehouse behind Dipec. Chongas took me to see him. His face was very swollen and he was trembling. He had not eaten all day. I gave Chongas some money and asked him to go buy a plate of food for him. Apparently, they were drinking and a fight broke out the previous day. It was Chongas who hit Pernoca. When I asked Chongas how he put Pernoca's face in that state, he answered: "His face is already ripe. When you drink too much Tentação your face gets soft and then this happens". Stalon confirmed, "Yeah, Tentação makes your cheeks swollen".

On one occasion, Machance was yelling at Edu, Jekula, and Zefanias. He was full of anger. I had just arrived to the market. Pedrito came to say hello and tried to calm Machance down, telling him "look, *mana* Andrea is here, calm down, talk to her…" with no success. Machance did not even look at me, as if he was not seeing anything around him besides the guys at whom he was shouting. Suddenly he left. After a few minutes he came back with a

catana (a machete). It was a new one, still wrapped in plastic. He started hitting Edu and Jekula with it, everywhere, on the face, on the back and hard. He also cut Zefanias a little on the arm. No one around had the courage to intervene. When the scene erupted, Pernoca even jumped on top of the wall of the bathrooms, scared. Machance was unstoppable, on his own hitting these three guys. It was a spectacle of masculine excess. He then left with the *catana* coming back again after 5 minutes without the object and obviously much calmer. At that moment, he came to speak to me "*Mana* Andrea, I'm sorry but I had to do that. Things have to be resolved like that, face-to-face, in the moment… I couldn't let it pass. We're friends but there has to be respect." He explained something about talking behind his back. "This one here (pointing to Edu) talks too much. He talked wrong to me. Disrespected me. That can't be!" After a while, he left asking Jekula to go with him. Jekula followed him, as if nothing had happened just 15 minutes previously.

In his ethnography with street-level drug dealers in an inner-city neighbourhood in the United States, Bourgois (1995) shows how public displays of violence were crucial to establishing credibility on the street. He states: "Regular displays of violence are essential for preventing rip-offs by colleagues, customers, and professional holdup artists. Indeed, upward mobility in the underground economy of the street-dealing world requires a systematic and effective use of violence against one's colleagues, one's neighbours, and, to a certain extent, against oneself" (1995:24). In "search of respect", Machance also displayed his authority violently on several occasions. This was done even if this behaviour resulted in the necessity for him to "disappear" from the scene for a few days in order to protect himself from vengeful acts or imprisonment. This was the case where once he stabbed another young man in the market, who required serious medical care. Machance did not show up for a few weeks. He told me that he regretted his actions, but that he was not able to control himself. According to him, the young man was provoking him while he was preparing lunch. He warned him several times that he had a knife in his hand and that he would use it if provoked further.

The bodies of these young men, always lacerated and bruised, signalled their transgression, but also signified how violence was fundamental to the performance of gendered identities. One day, Pedrito, who was exceptionally talkative, a circumstance that he associated with the fact that he was drunk that day, expressed his frustration "I would like to get out of here. Take me (to Europe) and leave me there. Here, for no reason, they cut you. Even while you are standing still, not provoking; someone can break a bottle on your face. You see how we are full of scars." The inscriptions on their bodies, certain types of tattoos or scars, were marks of both a tolerance to endure pain and the assurance of their

toughness that asserted their authority on the streets. However, these undisciplined bodies were also targets of another kind of violence; they are disadvantaged by the absence of any kind of social services or resources, and are inscribed in a cycle of recurrent incarceration (as we have seen in chapter 3). Thus, on the one hand, these bodies "become canvas for the inscription of political power" (Schildkrout, 2004:323) and on the other, the central point from which power can be exercised. In the words of Wolputte (2004:260), "the human body emerges as the meeting ground for both hegemony and counterhegemonic practices, power and defiance, authority and subversion".

5.4. Putting the body on stage

"I want to make a video clip of just me dancing to many songs! I want to put it on the Internet for all to see. I want to become famous. I'm already a bit, but I want to be more. People will see and admire how well I dance" Stalon expressed to me once. Stalon resorted to fantasies about the possibilities of success and recognition through the dissemination, local and global, of his qualities as a dancer. Flaunting his body, showing off his tattoos or his dance moves, thus seemed to serve as a mechanism for Stalon to stand out from among others and to, perhaps, become a celebrity. The production and dissemination of DVDs in which his dancing was displayed also served as a strategy by which to acquire more power and esteem among his friends and, particularly, his girlfriends. He perceived that his performance in the videos accentuated his seductive power with women. He told me about a girl who called him once. She said, "I don't know you personally, but I really liked seeing you dance. I'm your fan!" Stalon had lent a DVD I made for him to Pedro, who played it in the company of some friends. One of the girls in the audience was impressed with Stalon and asked for his number.

For my interlocutors, dancing and making music represented an opportunity for self-realization. As they exhibited their rhythms, they exercised power through their bodies, making themselves heard and seen. The performances carried out in front of the camera represented a chance to project their images further afield. "I hope that the disk will go around the world. For example, on the Internet even someone from outside can enjoy my way of singing and one-day search for me. Find me right here in Xipamanine. Like those

guys of Tofo Tofo39. It's not that I'm waiting for that to happen, but maybe I can be lucky",
said Jekula referring to his motivation for participating in the production of music.

The young men in Xipamanine were mostly interested in one beat coming from South Africa.
As mentioned previously, my interlocutors had constant, direct or indirect, contact with South
African popular culture. Namely, they were avid consumers of kwaito songs and dance
videos, which they could find in the market effortlessly among the plentiful pirated DVDs that
showcase music genres from all over the continent and from diverse periods of time. The
lyrics in kwaito are normally sung in indigenous South African languages, which bear
similarities to Mozambican languages and could be understood by my interlocutors. They
certainly identified more with kwaito than with any other musical style available to them.
Kwaito is a largely male-dominated music genre. Female artists exist, but they are few. The
prevalence of a male point of view also entails that the issue of masculinity be brought to the
fore.

Stalon and Machance told me that they had learned to dance Kwaito years
previously with friends who had returned from South Africa and who had taught them the
movements. They said that they often used to dance at a club in Xipamanine that had closed
some years previously. Apart from the performances at the club, they were occasionally
invited to dance at parties, for which they were also paid. The nickname Machance comes
from those times when he was already well-known as a good dancer of kwaito. When he
danced in the bars, people began to call him Machance after a South African kwaito artist.
Kwaito is dance music in essence. In general, the instrumentals are made entirely of
synthesized sound, a fusion of slowed-down house music beats and African percussions
(Mhlambi, 2004). The song usually develops from simple bass beats and reaches a climax
at the chorus. In kwaito, the instrumental arrangement and "danceability" of the composition
are given more importance than the quality of the lyrics (Mhlambi, 2004:121). The dance is
characterized by very fast repetitive body movements, with a close coordination of the upper
and lower limbs, usually performed by young men in a group or in pairs dressed in simple
clothing, such as shirts, short leg pants and All Stars sneakers (Pietila, 2012). At times, it
appears to involve highly coordinated teamwork, while at other moments it seems like a
competitive individual display of skills.

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[39] Tofo Tofo are a Mozambican dance group. Tofo Tofo participated in Beyonce's "Run the World" music
video in 2011 after she came across a Youtube video of them dancing at a wedding and asked for the
U.S embassy in Maputo's help to find the young men.

Pantsula dance, born in the townships of Johannesburg in the Apartheid era around the 1950/60s, found its perfect match in Kwaito music in the 1990s. Pantsula means "to waddle like a duck" or "to walk with protruded buttocks". Pantsula performances, with its specific dance movements and dress-codes, is rooted in the street culture of the townships. However, the dance and its accompanying music (kwaito) have gradually moved out of the townships and into the commercial arena (Rani, 2012).

Image 35: A still from a video. Machance and Stalon dancing at Dipec bar.

Dance takes part in the social production of identities, in all their continually changing configurations (Desmond, 1994:57).[40] Kwaito, thus, inspires a style and attitude towards life, a sense of belonging and a distinctive identity. A variety of aesthetic elements comprise these identities through corporal practices, such as a particular way of dressing and walking, or by inscribing the body with tattoos and scars.

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[40] Desmond (1994:42) cautions that, as a discourse of the body, dance is particularly "vulnerable to interpretation in terms of essentialized identities associated with biological difference".

Image 36: Machance and Stalon posing for the camera in Xipamanine market.

Image 37: Pedrito and Beto posing for the camera at the coal place in Xipamanine.

Among my interlocutors, Machance was the one who most embodied Kwaito, from the way he walked to his clothing choices. He walked with one hand in his pocket as though he were pulling his leg up, almost as if he was performing one of his dance moves. He constantly chewed on a toothpick, resembling the South African *Tsotsis* that used to chew on something as part of their style. Machance's body language transpired self-confidence, a kind of street-wise posture, which he enhanced when posing for the camera. He gave off an attitude of "not taking shit from no one", of self-assertion, one that demanded respect. In almost every photo, he positioned his hands in the form of a pistol. When asked why he did this, he answered "For no reason really. It's just my style". All Star sneakers, floppy cloth hats and Dickies trousers were his daily clothing choices, characteristic of pantsula/kwaito style. The appropriation of a South African "township style" visually mirrored the young men's aspirations of both social and geographic mobility.41

Image 38: Machance's portrait.

The term kwaito derives from the word *amakwaitosi*, which means "gangster" in South African townships where it emerged in the early 90s following the political and social changes of the post-apartheid era (Mhlambi, 2004). It was the music of an empowered generation right after Apartheid, enjoying a newly acquired freedom. Urban youth were free to spend their nights in clubs or in the streets, rather than under curfew (Niahh, 2008). After many years of repression, the use of "ghetto language" or *Tsotsitaal* in the songs represented a politically charged action originating from Soweto youth (Salkind, 2009).

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[41] This is not a feature solely evident in my research context. It bears similarities to many other places. Heike (2002), for instance, shows how young men in Kenya, engaged in portrait photography, gained power and prestige through the ostentatious display of commodities and poses. The clothes they wore were mainly imported from the United States. While proudly showing-off his imported outfit, Heike's interlocutor Peter states: "I am like a movie star in my street" (2002:54).

Considered the first kwaito hit, Arthur Mafokate's 1995 song "Don´t call me *kaffir*" illustrates this newly acquired freedom of expression. The song is a protest against the offensive use of the term *kaffir* by white South Africans to address black people (Mhlambi, 2004).

The performance realm is also fundamental for creating meaning in kwaito (Niahh, 2008). Earlier township music, fashion and dance styles have been incorporated into the genre. Soweto street-based youth gangs, from the mid-1940s, asserted a distinctively urban identity that came to be known as *tsotsi* (Glaser, 1998). *Tsotsi* styles are frequently included in kwaito videos and performances. The pantsula clothing and dancing style has also been integral to kwaito performance from the outset (Pietelä, 2012). From the 1960s, pantsula has been defined as a township youth style. The image of the pantsula is connected to that of the *tsotsi*, sometimes seen as being completely synonymous to one another. This image is not only in reference to their dress-codes or dancing-steps, but also to a way of life. Makukela (2008:85) states that: "*Amapantsula* are similar to *tsotsis* in that they reject working as wage labourers and would rather support themselves through criminal exploits".42 According to Salkind (2009:3), the township functioned as a "symbolic site of embodied contestation" for the Kwaito imaginary. The township (Soweto in particular) is a constitutive part of the "ghetto imaginary" linked to these bodies and is associated with high murder rates, police harassment, hardship, and squalid conditions (Niahh, 2008:352). The music reflects the lives of young black men with a certain street-smart lifestyle, linked to the spirit of struggling, making things happen oneself.

Kwaito has emerged as an alternative to hard labour and low wages, as a legal form of hustling to youth in the townships. Peterson (2003) talks about a feeling of entrapment in township life, as a type of incarceration. One form of entrapment is survival, implying the negotiation between different forms of hustling as a means of securing a livelihood. He mentions that kwaito youth have become caught between the demands of entrapment and flight. Flight does not necessarily mean escaping from the "ghetto", but instead involves the strategies employed to transcend the debilitations of "ghetto life". Peterson refers to the notion of Uku Panda, or "to make life", as a form of hustling that marks the economy of the township (informal dealing, semi-legal practices, petty crime, and so on). In Mozambique, people also use the expression Phandar in a similar sense. It roughly means to "get by", make a living in difficult circumstances.

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42 Amapantsula is the plural form of pantsula. South African films "Mapantsula", 1988, directed by Oliver Schmitz and "Tsotsi", 2005, directed by Gavin Hood, depict Johannesburg's township life in the apartheid and post-apartheid period respectively. Both films centre on male characters that have become caught up in a life of crime. The film "Tsotsi" is accompanied by kwaito music soundtrack.

Kwaito was initially consumed and produced by youth in the townships, but soon it achieved considerable legitimacy as a profitable business within the music industry, turning young, anonymous "ghetto youth" into celebrities (Peterson, 2003). In South Africa, there are several examples that affirm how Kwaito music becomes a means for young men from the townships to earn a living and even to attain celebrity (Peterson, 2003). In fact, wealth achieved from the music has generated upward mobility for township artists. Kwaito, thus, may provide a way out of the township, despite it comprising the source from which the music gains its sustenance (Niahh, 2008:354).

According to Mozambican musician and producer Dj Ardiles, Kwaito was very strong in Mozambique in the 1990s. The miners brought the music with them from South Africa. He states: "Kwaito was a part of us" and recalls that at family parties everyone would dance to the Kwaito hits. Nowadays, it has much less adherence, even though old hits still find success at parties. The "new" Kwaito is much more commercial; it has moved from the townships to the urban centres. This becomes evident in the video clips that denote a bling-bling lifestyle, he added. Dj Ardiles is referred to as being the creator of Pandza. Mozambican music style Pandza emerged as a commercial hit between 2006 and 2009. It is a fusion of Mozambican rhythms, namely Marrabenta, with Ragga, and Hip-hop. Pandza means to "break" or to "rip", as in "ripping up the dance floor". In fact, Pandza sounds often blared out of cars on the weekends, while people danced to its rhythms on the streets. Nowadays, Angolan Kuduru and other styles have a greater share of the attention in Mozambique.

In 2012, Hip-hop artist Slim Nigga launched a song, turned hit, called *País do Pandza* (The country of Pandza) in which he criticized Mozambican society, Pandza artists for a recurrent ostentation culture in particular, and "show-off" behaviour. This resonates with criticism directed at "new" Kwaito artists as being obsessed with economic growth and consumerism, routinely partaking in manifestations of wealth, despite the claims that they represent the view from the townships. However, Kwaito, like any other popular musical form, is composed of a diversity of styles, content and practitioners (Peterson, 2003). My interlocutors' attention was directed to "old-school" Kwaito; they exhibited the pantsula style. When I showed the song and video-clip we produced (which will be discussed in detail in the following chapter) to Dj Ardiles, he recognized it as the "original" version at once. "These guys are not performing the commercial version of Kwaito. This is the old pantsula style. It really comes from the township".

In South Africa, the "new" Kwaito has been criticized for comprising a sexist attitude that objectifies women (Peterson, 2003). This includes women performing sexually explicit dance moves, their bodies utterly available for men to use. Critics have argued that Kwaito lyrics and video clips often portray women as sexual objects and as being submissive to men. However, others are open to a different kind of interpretation. These statements about how women and their sexuality are represented in the video clips seem to neglect that they are active agents, in control of their own bodies and are aware of their sensual self. Impey (2001) argues that Kwaito has also presented women with a means of self-representation in post-apartheid South Africa, by "acting out the very symbols of their sexual objectification" (2001:44). Among my interlocutors, for instance, the woman's body was not there to serve the man, where she was the one dancing for him; instead, they were the one's moving their bodies to the rhythmic setting of the music.

In fact, the performances the young men carried out for the camera evidenced contrasts. In other words, the ambiguity of their self-representations and body language become evident in the differences between the still and moving images produced. The contradiction lay in the "tough" masculinity depicted in the photos versus the somehow "soft" masculinity performed for the dance videos. The elegant and feminized body movements – twirls of the wrists and ankles, bending of the knees, moving thighs left and right – contrasted with the attributes desired and ascribed to men of defiant, forceful and more rigid gestures. This ambivalence demonstrates the fluidity and instability of masculinities.

Image 39: Still from video of Kito dancing.

Image 40: Still from video of Stalon dancing.

The Pantsulas draw on a particular image of black identities in apartheid and post-apartheid South Africa: the "streetwise gangster with a heart" (Farber, 2015:115). Bearing a resemblance to the Congolese *Sapeurs* (see Pype, 2007), the ideal of manhood is publicly acted out and dependent upon appearance, control over one's image (clothing choices, attitude, body language and the like). Basically, the presentation of one's self is a form of creative agency (Farber, 2015).

Chapter 6: All about Making a Video together

By the time that I arrived with Carla (fictitious name), we both expected to find everyone ready and waiting for us to begin shooting the dance video clip we had scheduled to film that day. However, even though Stalon had called in the morning to confirm that they were waiting for us, nothing happened as we expected. Machance met us first, worried and agitated and with a blood-dotted T-shirt, telling us that he had become involved in a problematic situation. He explained that Salomão had stolen an apple from a vendor and that this vendor had become overly upset, threatening and insulting them. Machance threatened the vendor right back. They effectively got into a fight because the vendor did not calm himself down. As I understood it, seeing the blood on Machance's T-shirt, blood which was not his, the vendor must have become quite injured in the process. At this point, Salomão had disappeared and Machance had to be taken to the police station unless he would have given 100 meticais (around 2.5 euros) to the market security worker. He did not have the money and even though he eagerly wanted to participate in the filming of the video clip, he could not do so before solving his own problem. He asked for our help. On the other hand, there was Stalon, who did not want to dance without Machance. Finally, after many explanations and negotiations, we went to speak with the security worker together in order to ask him to wait until the following day so that they had time to gather the money required to pay him off. Unsurprisingly, the man did not agree and wanted the money immediately or he would call the police. Confronted with this situation, I decided to pay the 100 meticais in order to carry on with the work and to ensure that Machance, as well as Salomão, would not eventually end up in the police station.

I had met Carla, also a frequent visitor to Xipamanine, sometime previous to this. She was interested in producing a photographic work on bodily postures and the workers' movements through the market. I introduced her to my interlocutors and she would pass by to have a chat with us whenever she went to the market. Some weeks later, a proposal to shoot a dance video together came up in conversation. The guys frequently communicated their desire to have their dance skills recorded on DVDs. Carla expressed her readiness to collaborate, an easy feat considering that she had some experience in recording dance performances. After the incident described above had come to pass, we were able to proceed with the shooting of the dance video as scheduled. My interlocutors had arranged for the music to be played from a friend's house, close to a spacious place in the market, in which they had sufficient terrain to dance. Stalon and Machance inaugurated the improvised dance floor and soon many others joined, including passers-by that felt compelled to perform a few dance moves in spite of the camera or perhaps because of it. A big circle of people,

mostly children, was formed. They watched as the dancers' performances alternated in the centre of the circle, clapping and cheering enthusiastically. Stalon and Machance would enter the circle and exhibit a harmonious coordination of movements. Then someone would interrupt them and take over the stage for a while until someone else cut in; this went on for about one hour.

Image 41. Preparing to shoot the dance video. Stalon dancing in the centre while Machance and Carla check out the framing on the right.

When we had finished shooting, I remained chatting for a while near Dipec bar with my interlocutors. A group of young men drinking in the bar began to make some discomforting remarks, suggesting that I was taking advantage of my interlocutors by selling their images and making money. My interlocutors immediately defended me and told them off. It was not the first time that I noticed suspicion arising about my intentions, although never before had anyone clearly accused me of this outright. This feeling of distrust, regarding my presence and activities in the market, eventually faded away as time passed among the group of young men. In fact, over time it transformed into the, no-less disturbing, perception that I was there to help them or to change them. This is a topic that I will elaborate upon in greater detail below.

The following week, Carla brought a few DVDs containing the footage to the market. She had not edited the video and also brought a mistake that had been made while filming to everyone's attention; the video had no sound. The young men were disappointed and the interest in the DVDs plummeted. The fact that it had no sound completely demotivated them. I suggested adding sound to the images, but their interest was not piqued. It would not be the same. They explained that it would not look good if the music was not coordinated with their dance moves and suggested making new videos instead. A few weeks later, Chongas surprised me abruptly by asking: "You know that Stalon was shown on T.V.?" "What? Of course not! How?" I asked. Performing some exaggerated dance moves he said: "He was shown like this, and like this… It's true! I knew you didn't know about this. Mother, you wouldn't do that to us. It had to be that other one, Carla. She is using our images. Maybe she is eating money". "I'll call Carla right now and ask her. I'm sure she has nothing to do with that" I said, feeling confused about the whole situation. Later that day, Chongas admitted that he had not really seen Stalon on T.V.; instead, a girl they knew made up the story. I assumed that he was simply testing my reliability.

In this chapter, I seek to account for the collaborative process of making a video, paying specific attention to the choices and decisions made throughout the project. I describe and discuss the negotiations carried out throughout the process (including aesthetic choices and technical concerns), examining the dynamics of power and participation through a reflexive perspective. As stated by Pauwels: "Images and visual representations to a large part derive their significance from the process and context from which they emerge" (Pauwels, 2010:567). Therefore, the medium employed to get to the final product is just as relevant for reaching an understanding as the end product (or representation) itself is. Although there are several limitations to this collaborative method, the potential to create mutual insights is highlighted. Its creative features open up a space of unpredictable possibilities. As Favero (2013:70) asserts, the serendipitous encounter with the visual in our fieldwork can provide us with precious and unexpected insights. The young men in Xipamanine have creatively used new media for the production and circulation of images of the self. Indeed, the shift to digital music and images has altered distribution and consumption patterns in remarkable ways. Today, in postcolonial cities, new media is creating possibilities for subaltern urban populations (Sundaram, 2010), fostering new forms of imagination.

6.1. "You did Apartheid!"

At the young men's requests, in the immediate aftermath of the events described above, I began recording their dances myself, albeit with far less technical knowledge than Claudia had possessed. I showed up with my camera to film a dance video clip on a Saturday morning, as had been arranged the previous day with Stalon and Machance. The Xipamanine market was often even busier on Saturday mornings than most other days and many of the young men were either drunk or had a hangover, thereby making the environment more difficult to manage. It took longer to get started than it had the previous time, as we were constantly distracted by passers-by or inconvenienced by the drunk and disorderly. While negotiating the details of production with Machance and Stalon, where we would shoot, how many songs, whether there would be enough money to buy them a bottle of Tentação and so on, Jekula interrupted and asked whether he could dance with them. We told him that, this time at least, only Stalon and Machance would be dancing. Jekula was offended: "You did Apartheid! When you take photos it's all of us, then when you make a clip you choose the ones you like!" he complained later. Indeed, Stalon and Machance danced well, coordinating their body movements in a perfectly synchronized manner. They had already prepared for the video, rehearsed the dance moves and had chosen the clothes that they were going to wear. Jekula could not dance well, something he later admitted himself. Jekula's accusation touches upon an important aspect of the research method all the same —basically, that collaboration has a relative effectiveness.

To be sure, "all image production by social researchers in the field (…) must be collaborative to some extent" (Banks, 2001:119). This notwithstanding, the dynamics of power and complex processes of negotiations that take part in a collaborative research project are often undervalued in ethnographic accounts. The term collaborative (or participatory for that matter) seems to occupy the position of an unquestioned marker of individual or community empowerment, but it can in fact lead to the reinforcement of existing power imbalances. Collaborative audio-visual projects are not risk-free by any means. Carlos Flores contends that one needs to always be aware of the "way in which the power to act and to propose are established, and the manner in which the outcomes are distributed among the different participants" (Flores, 2009:222). Each individual involved in the "shared" construction of knowledge should be provided the space for self-representation and empowerment (Flores, 2009). According to Jay Ruby, for the process and product to be effectively collaborative the "parties involved must be equal in their competencies or have achieved an equitable division of labour" (Ruby, 2000:208). Evident in Jekula's insight, that I was doing Apartheid, was the difficulty to articulate my own expectations alongside those of

my interlocutors and to ensure that everyone had the authority to tell their story. Indeed, the problem with visual collaborative projects that claim to give a greater voice to the people being filmed, is how to actually know whose perspective is being finally represented (MacDougall, 2011).

It has been said that collaborate processes, or "shared anthropology", mutually benefits both the anthropologist and his/her interlocutors. On the one side, allowing people to achieve greater control over their own representation and, on the other, allowing the anthropologist to reach new insights (Flores, 2009; Pink, 2009). In fact, in the past couple of decades, the term collaboration (or even the term participation more so), has evolved into a "buzzword" that renders any kind of project or process infallible. The problem with this is that limited critical reflection has been dedicated to the actual efficiency of this assertion. Participatory methods of research have been overly proclaimed as a means of shifting the traditional asymmetrical power relationship between the researcher and the researched, but a critical examination of the power relations in participatory situations is hardly ever performed. Neither is the actual motivation behind the choice of such methods often recognized.

In other domains, however, this romantic or idealized view of participation has been questioned more openly. Actually, critical inquiry of participation in the development discourse has an earlier history. In *Participation: the new tyranny?* Cooke and Kothari (2001) question the discrepancies between rhetoric and reality. With its roots in activist participatory research, the paradigm that the subaltern should be empowered by becoming actively involved in research and development planning initiatives, has indeed been called into question. Therefore, allowing for recognition that participatory approaches could in fact reinforce existing inequalities. In *The Nightmare of Participation*, Markus Miessen (2010) asserts that beyond all the positive discourse about participation in a globalized pseudo-democracy, real participation does not really take place. Instead, it is instrumentalised in order to maintain the status quo; that is, for an unequal distribution of power. He urges for an undoing of the "innocence of participation" (Miessen, 2010:13). From the perspective that every form of participation carries a conflict within it, Miessen argues for an inversion of participation, in which conflicts are regarded as an enabling, instead of as a disabling force.

Over the past few decades, with the emergence of postmodern discourses in anthropology, reflexivity, dialogue and intersubjectivity are naturally assumed as fundamental to the production of ("shared") knowledge. No doubt there is widespread recognition of the importance of interlocutors' engagement in research and in how they

shape the anthropologist's understanding. Anthropology is hardly considered to be a one-sided objective science. Nevertheless, the simple rhetorical mention of the dialogical aspects of fieldwork does not imply that the process is collaborative. So, what marks the difference between research methods labelled "collaborative" and conventional ones? Lassiter (2005) views collaboration as an expansion of conventional ethnographic practice. He urges practitioners to move beyond metaphoric representations of collaboration.

> "Few ethnographers… have sought to extend the metaphor of dialogue to its next logical step – the collaborative reading and interpretation, between the ethnographer and his or her interlocutors, of the very ethnographic text itself" (Lassiter, 2005:3 in Schwartz and Lederman, 2011:70).

In the end, "collaborative" is meant to shift the control of the research process and outcomes from the anthropologist to the collective sphere of the anthropologist with his/her interlocutors on an equal basis (Rappaport, 2008). It is precisely the difficulties encountered in "achieving" this equality that put the "authenticity" of collaboration in question.

Related to the issues of "power inequalities between those controlling the means of representation and those represented" (Basu, 2008:95), is the notion of framing. In visual representations, there is never an unmediated view of reality. Every image goes through a process of "conscious discrimination" (Grimshaw, 2001:17). First of all, the person behind the camera is selective in regards to time, focus, angle and framing of each shot (Hockings, 1988:212). The filmmaker Wim Wenders has elaborated upon the concept of framing[43], expressing that; "We are always used to looking at a frame for what is inside, in a painting, in photography or in film. (…) But the actual act of framing something is keeping something out. I think frames are defined much more by what you don't show than by what you show. So, it's a constant decision what you decide to leave out". In any creative process, such as in the production of anthropological knowledge, there are always mechanisms of exclusion and inclusion, established both by the anthropologist as well as between other participants involved in the research project. These can be based on aesthetic concerns, moral values, resource distribution or any other number of factors that may be involved.

At the time of Jekula's accusation, I was focused on my aesthetic interests solely. I was, in fact, projecting my own vision about how their dance should be expressed and how their video clip should look. I was enthusiastic about Machance and Stalon's proficiency in moving different parts of their bodies in synchronization. Machance's nifty footwork was

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[43] In an interview for the documentary film "Janela da Alma"
http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=mFIHnl4rmd0 viewed on youtube on 05/08/2015.

unique among the group. I also found it amusing that one person was tall and the other short. They had the custom of inserting theatrical pieces into their dancing and really gave a great performance, instead of just a few ordinary dance moves as most of their friends had done. For these reasons I wanted to make a video with just the both of them. By accusing me of "doing apartheid", Jekula openly confronted me with the fact that I was the one with the power to make the final decisions. Nevertheless, throughout the process there were many times during which the young men slowly showed me just how much they were also in charge.

Image 42. Stills from video of Stalon and Machance dancing at Dipec bar in Xipamanine.

6.2. "The making of"

At a certain point in time, the young men began to question the calibre of my equipment, asking me to get a professional camera in order to improve the quality of the videos. Jekula explicitly told me: "You have to come shoot with a big camera which stays still in one place and we dance in front of it. You can't just stay shooting with your little camera". They did not

openly challenge my competencies to produce the videos, but my camera was not worthy of a professional shoot in their view. For my interlocutors, professional filming was done with a bigger camera, placed on top of a tripod. As in the early stages of the creation of motion pictures, the camera should "watch from a fixed place outside the action" (Grimshaw, 2001:27), while "people move in and out of the frame as if on stage" (ibid:19). On my side, I was more inclined to hand-holding the camera. For I agree with Jean Rouch that, "it allows the cameraman to adapt to the action as a function of the spatial layout. He is thus able to penetrate into reality, rather than leaving it to unroll itself in front of the observer" (Rouch, 1974:40). After some time experimenting with different modalities of recording their dance performances, the young men showed interest in taking this research to another level.

My interlocutors began to imagine accomplishing a "proper" video clip that could engender the attention of others beyond that of their immediate circle; maybe it could even circulate around the world. Soon the requests escalated and took on larger dimensions. "We are fed up of dancing to others' music, we want to do our own. We are dancing to others' music while we should be doing our own". My interlocutors believed that they were capable of creating their own songs and wanted my help in order to carry this out. They informed me that Pedro knew someone who owned a small studio in which we could create the instrumental music and then they could add their voices over the tracks inexpensively. "The video clip should come out in December, the time of festivities. You think it could come on T.V.? You think we can sell DVDs? Will you put it on the internet?" they asked, fantasizing about the project's possible outcomes.

On the 6th of November 2013, I accompanied Machance, Stalon and Jekula to the studio to record their song. Together with Butxa, the owner of the studio, they tried out several beats until they created one that satisfied everyone. The lyrics invite people to meet them in Xipamanine, where they try to make a living day by day.

> Every morning each one of us comes to Xipamanine to get by … to take charge of our own life.
> Today it's Friday… Today I want to see my gang. I want to dance…
> You will find us in Xipamanine, in Dipec. You will find us in Dipec. In Xipamanine…
> Dance Machance, dance Stalon, dance… How do you dance?
> This guy gets by, day by day. They say he doesn't work in no place. He gets by…
> You will find us in Xipamanine, in Dipec. You will find us in Dipec. In Xipamanine…

I'm going to go meet my wife. She's preparing rice. It's already night people. We've done enough. Here we get by. The boys from Chamanculo need money… they'll go and have fun… 44

Image 43: Machance recording in Butxa's studio.

Jekula's part in the song was not translated though. Jekula decided to sing in a language or a dialect that was difficult for his friends, or for anyone else for that matter, to understand. At the time of the recording, Jekula told me that he was speaking about a child who did not want to go to school. He said that he was using a dialect from Swaziland spoken by some of his kin who live close to that country's border. On the other hand, his friends, Stalon and Beto, told me he was singing some parts in Zulu and other parts in a language that they did not recognize. From what they could comprehend he was saying, he spoke something to the effect of the song's greatness. Jekula was criticized by the rest of the group, especially by Machance, for singing something no one could fully understand.

Once we arrived at the studio, Machance asked whether I wanted to sing in the beginning of the song; considering that I was like a "mother" to them, given how long I had known them for he explained. By referring to me as "a mother" in this situation, he was

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44 Patricio Martins (linguistic specialized in languages from the South of Mozambique) helped with the translation from Changana to Portuguese and I translated it into English.

suggesting that I should let people know that I was giving them assistance and encouraging them to grow, to do better. I think he understood this gesture as a sort of gift that he offered to me. I respectfully refused, explaining that it would not sound good and that there was no need to include me, especially not as "the one helping them", but I will return to this issue later in this chapter. He added that he wanted to express, in the song, how hard life in Xipamanine is, a place where there is no work and so they take every opportunity given to them to steal from those who are not careful with their stuff in the market. Butxa intervened, asking if they were sure they wanted to say the word "steal", given that this could have negative repercussions for them. They agreed with the interjection and, after a short discussion among themselves, eventually changed it to "get by". In Changana, the term is phandar. It roughly means to scavenge, to search, to manage to keep going in a difficult situation by any means necessary; in sum, to "get by". As it was the first time that they had ever recorded a song, they were kind of lost, not knowing how to perform or the way in which to include all three of their voices. Butxa suggested that they could do it like a conversation between them; they approved of the idea at once. In fact, Kwaito lyrics are more often chanted or rapped than sung. Therefore, the inexperience of my interlocutors with singing did not interfere with the desired outcome. Their lyrics represented an expression and validation of a way of life. Their way of life, in which they felt, under the circumstances, they had no option than to hustle for money. To dance and have fun were important components of this lifestyle. Actually, through the recreative activity of dancing, they transcended the troubles of their existence. The refrain: You will find us in Xipamanine, in Dipec, portrays their sense of belonging at the same time that it indicates a sense of immobility. In Xipamanine they spend day out day in hustling for money, and in the bar Dipec they dance to have fun.

Once the music was ready, the next step was to produce the video clip. As my video editing skills were very basic, I thought it would be better to collaborate with an artist for the clip. Untrained in filming and editing myself, I expected that a video artist would complement my skills, assuming full responsibility for the risks this collaboration entails (see MacDougall, 2011:105). I had recently met Jorge Fernandes, who was working specifically with video art that focused on urban dynamics in Maputo. When I mentioned that I was looking for someone to collaborate with, he immediately expressed an interest in participating in the project. My interlocutors were equally enthusiastic about the prospect of having a professional working on their video. A week or so before the shooting, I engaged in conversations with both my interlocutors and the artist about the production of the video clip several times. I acted as something of a mediator, giving feedback about the ideas on both sides. I showed Jorge previous stills and moving images that I had made with the young

men. He got to get to know them a little, through the images and through my descriptions. When he heard the song he began to have a feeling about how to shoot the video. He told me that he would take two cameras so that he could film close ups of their upper and lower body movements simultaneously. This would be done while the young men would perform in different spots in the market. Jorge was going to borrow one of the cameras from a friend. I told Stalon that taking care was very important and that no one should interfere with Jorge's cameras. Stalon assured that this would not be a problem. With Machance around, nobody would have the courage to interfere with us, he added. "Machance is the boss here. People are scared of him".

For their parts, the young men explained their ideas about what should be featured in the clip. They wanted to end the video by dancing in Dipec bar, which matches the song's lyrics, i.e., that they can be found in Xipamanine, in Dipec specifically. They wanted to move through the market with a radio playing their song. It was also important to have alcoholic beverages on hand. The bottles of Tentação were important so that they would lose their inhibitions, as they explained it. But the bottles were also relevant to the performance itself. They usually played around with the bottle in their performances, as if to show how Tentação plays a significant role in their everyday lives. Even though everyone had plans for the recording, things happened spontaneously on the day itself. Ideas arose as a result of the surroundings.

On the day we convened to shoot, it was incredibly hot, probably about 36º Celsius. The recording took place in the market. Despite the oppressive heat, and the gusts of wind that kept throwing up dust onto our skin, no one quit. Jekula was not present, however, for reasons other than the oppressive heat; he was at the police station.

Image 44: During the shooting of the clip in Xipamanine. Jorge on the left with the camera and Stalon in the middle showing his tattoos.

Inspired by the setting, Jorge asked them to shoot some scenes at the coal-storage place where we met. Machance arrived with a small radio, playing their song loudly. The first thing he wanted to arrange was to secure the liquor. He vigorously negotiated with me over the purchase of two bottles of whisky. He argued that Tentação was too "low-class" a drink and that they deserved an upgrade, given that this was their first ever single. I have to admit that Machance can be very persuasive, and that I can be easily convinced. We walked through the market, with the small radio playing the song, passed by the liquor stall to buy the whisky and continued in the direction of what seemed to be an empty warehouse and which had a sort of a stage, on which they danced for a while. Some of my interlocutors had previously asked the owner of the place for permission to shoot there. I did not know about this before time and it was a pleasant surprise because the white wall, coupled with the cement floor, created contrasts and shades that had a strong visual effect. Another unexpected event was the use of an abandoned car for a performance that Jorge decided to capture in still images. From there, we continued moving towards Dipec bar, which was the scheduled end point of our journey, stopping at certain places for other performances. Jorge was filming and taking pictures the entire time, while I was attentively observing the event. I was not the only one watching. On some occasions there was quite an audience, the influx of people at the warehouse in particular was noteworthy. The song was catchy and I heard some youngsters, from among the spectators, singing along. As the crowd emerged and grew, I had the impression that the young men became even more enthusiastic about their

performance. They stayed on stage for longer and some of the guys who had not yet taken to the stage began to do so.

Image 45: During the shooting of the clip in Xipamanine in the empty warehouse.

The video included many close-ups, focusing on feet, hands, body parts in movement from different perspectives, alternated with scenes of conviviality, all happening at a fast pace.
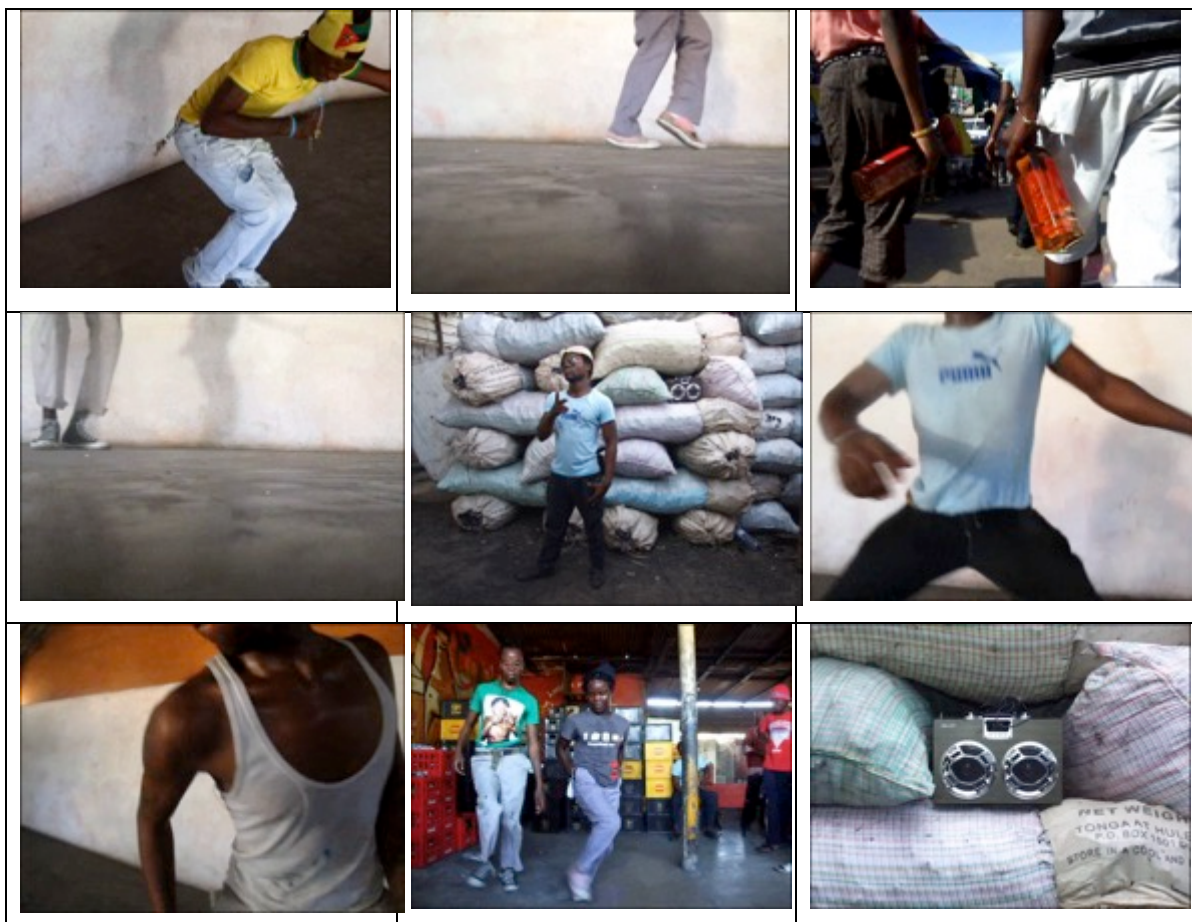

Image 46: Stills from the video clip.

Jorge did the editing on his own. When he showed me the result, I was pleased by how closely he was in sync with my own aesthetic concerns. I felt that his use of many close-ups of arms, hands, legs and feet pointed out the complex coordination and beauty of the dance movements to the viewer. It also created a more intimate atmosphere which I felt closely mirrored the market's character. Holding the camera by hand, Jorge was able to follow their movements closely. Whereas my interlocutors had expressed a preference for the more classic filming done with a tripod ahead of time, they did not question Jorge's technical or stylistic choices. According to Jean Rouch, a moving camera articulates better with the movements of those being filmed. It is about "trying to make the camera as alive as the people it is filming" (Rouch, 1974:41). The choice of camera style is intimately connected to the relationship between the filmmaker, its subject and the viewer. One approach is what MacDougall (2011:108) calls the "constructive camera", where the manipulation of images by the filmmaker is made very evident. This mode distances itself considerably from the realist mode of other approaches to ethnographic filming.

According to Trinh T. Minh-Ha (1990:88), a range of strategies, such as few close-ups and emphasis on wide-angle shots promote an aesthetic of objectivity to produce "truthful images", providing the illusion of having an "unmediated access to reality". The close-up has, thus, been "condemned for its partiality" (Minh-Ha, 1990:80). MacDougall (2006:265) elucidates that the (now dated) objections to close-ups come from an insistence on holism, including as much surrounding context as possible, to maintain the ethnographer's presumed commitment to truth. Thus, the body should be kept intact rather than be shown in fragments. In this way, close-ups produced an amputated view of the human subject. Regarding my interlocutors' video clip, from the start there was no intention of producing an ethnographic film, nor was it the intention to give a thorough account of their everyday experience. Even if there was, I would not feel obliged to commit to belated positivist logics of naïve objectivity. I found the video was interesting to expose a sensuous, aesthetic or even artistic, perspective of their dance. For my interlocutors, the video represented a chance to express themselves and project their image, through their music and dance skills.

As a trained artist, and with sensitivity for the aesthetics of filmmaking, Jorge was capable of creating a "proper" video clip, an achievement that I would not have been able to pursue on my own. His perceptive artistic gaze was also reflected in the young men's reactions, which were radiantly positive with the outcome. "You took a long time for a reason boss! You took long to do it good!" said Machance. I had never seen them so excited about something, Machance and Stalon particularly. "Put it on the internet! Put it on Facebook!"

they said. Despite none of them being users of these technologies, they were very conscientious of the fact that they could be seen worldwide. The video clip can be found in its entirety on YouTube under the title "Pandzula 4 Life no Xipamanine".[45]

Image 47: Machance showing the DVDs of the video clip. In the back is Stalon with his arm around a girl's shoulder while he boasted that she liked him even better after seeing the video clip.

When we viewed the video together on a different occasion, without the presence of Jorge, I tried to understand what the young men had liked or disliked specifically. The video focused on body parts, on dance moves, and less on individualities. The camera was hand held, not set on a tripod, where one or two members would pop in and perform. Thus, it was quite different from the videos we were used to making. I was curious to hear their commentaries on the way in which the video was made. Image elicitation provides the opportunity to go back to the visual data produced (in this case edited by Jorge) and include the young men's visons. How they themselves thought they should have been filmed. This technique should be useful to gain valuable insights from feedback and try to diminish the bias brought in by the researcher's interpretations (Chalfen, 2011). Harper (2002:13) asserts that "elicitation interviews connect 'core definitions of the self' to society, culture and history". Most elicitation studies use photographs, but it can and has been done with other visual image media. For instance, Rouch and Morin were the first to use this technique at the end

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[45] http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=fjyFHRvF7MA

of the 1950s in *Chroniques d'un été*. In the film, the amateur actors watch and comment on their filmed portraits (Harper, 2002:14).

What follows is an excerpt of a longer conversation between myself and some of my interlocutors while examining the video. It is worth highlighting my interlocutors' focus on their image, with little attention paid to filming styles or frames. Their comments were concentrated on who was wearing the appropriate outfit, or was not, who was performing good dance moves, and so on. Their feedback actually corroborates the importance given to a certain streetwise style in their performances (as developed in the previous chapter).

> Beto: This part is a failure. Here, when you see this kid's feet (close up on feet with slippers).
>
> Andrea: But, he's pointing to his feet. What does that mean?
>
> Beto: That he is showing the dance (the dance moves).
>
> Andrea: So, what is the failure?
>
> Beto: That part did not come out well.
>
> Stalon: Yeah, that kid, right? (All laugh when the image of the guy with the slippers comes up again).
>
> Andrea: What's wrong? The way it's filmed. Showing the feet? There are many parts like that. What about here? There's close-up of other feet.
>
> Stalon: Ah. Here there's no problem. It's good. He's with the correct shoes.
>
> Andrea: Ah. You don't like the other one because he's with slippers?
>
> Stalon, Beto and Machance: Yes. The slippers!
>
> Andrea: So, if the close up is with Converse All Stars, it's good?
>
> Stalon, Beto and Machance: Hmmm (yes)
>
> Andrea: But what do you think about the way it's filmed, moving around with the camera?
>
> Beto: The video is good, but just those parts with the kid with the slippers. That one, he sabotaged a lot.
>
> Stalon, Beto and Kito: The video came out good. Good image.
>
> Stalon: Just I should be singing.
>
> Andrea: But, when we recorded you didn't think about that?
>
> Stalon: No, I see it now.

6.3. *"You have to appear!"*

When I returned to Maputo, after a few months away, my interlocutors informed me that the song had been a big success. It was played several times a day at Dipec, in Xipamanine.

Before I left, the guys told me to ask Mr. Inusso, the owner of the bar, to add the song to the jukebox. But the music was not just playing in Xipamanine alone, it had spread to other neighbourhoods too. Stalon told me that the song had even reached Chokwé, about 250 km north of Maputo, in the neighbouring province of Gaza. "In Chokwé also! There's a guy from there who came here and was playing the song in his car. He started asking around, who plays this song? A guy working in Olympia came up to him and said, to show the guy who plays this song I want money. So, this guy took 200 mzn (around 4 euros) and gave it to him. He then brought the guy to meet me. We shook hands and he congratulated me". "So, the guy paid 200 mzn just to meet you?" I enquired. "Yeah, just that! Also, yesterday, I was drinking with a guy and he had a big phone. He asked, you really have a song? Yes, I have two songs. The guy didn't believe me. So, he went on YouTube and wrote Pandzula 4life no Xipamanine and he found me directly. He was surprised! So, you have talent after all! Yeah, I do!" Stalon also informed me that while I was absent a man came to Xipamanine stating that he was from Eco TV and wanted to invite them on his program after seeing the video clip on YouTube. Stalon claimed that he was waiting for me, as he did not feel comfortable appearing on TV by himself since he felt his mastery of the Portuguese language was inadequate to explaining our project.

After the success of the first song, requests began to roll in to produce one more. In addition to putting it on the Internet, they wanted to attempt to present it to a television program. Stalon and Jekula wanted the next video clip to include a part in the studio as they were recording the song. Stalon would be dressed in a white suit and Jekula would wear a sweat suit, but not just any suit, these had to be those ADIDAS ones. Both would wear Converse All Stars. They talked about including women dancers, "shaking their big behinds". Stalon wanted to have children participate as well. He envisioned the video clip as taking place during a big party, with everyone dancing. Machance, on the other hand, wanted to film in Chamankulo's alleys, hanging around "with the guys" and inviting someone with a car to drive them downtown. They also said that I had to appear in this video, even if only a little, for people to see that I was their "mother". In the specific context of this conversation, by referring to me as their mother, I was positioned in the role of caretaker; holding power over them, even if temporarily. Machance explained that he considered that it was important to show people that I know them well. "For a long time we are together and you are seeing us grow up", he observed, adding that I should be able to show people back home what I had been doing in Mozambique. This request for me to "appear" illustrates how anthropologists are often subjects of representations by their interlocutors. I was very critical of this kind of authenticity pursued through "appearance". As observed by Geertz, this is the anthropologists' claim of authority, by proving he/she has truly "been there" (Geertz, 1988:4).

However, I do not intend here to embark on an unproductive "inward-directed reflexivity", primarily reporting individual experience and losing sight of the subject matter of ethnography (Davies, 1999:17). Instead, I wish to point out the complex nature of representation in situations of power imbalances, particularly evident in the perception of being there to help. My interlocutors expressed that they wanted me to appear in the video, and to participate in the music, so that people knew that I was helping them. Other people in the market would also sometimes comment that the young men were very lucky to have me there to help them. I began to wonder whether I had not made it perfectly clear that I was working on my doctoral thesis, or was it that my presence did not make sense to them unless I was there to help. After all, I was the foreign, white, privileged woman working with the poor, black and marginalized boys.

Interrogating the relationship between anthropologists and their interlocutors has certainly become ubiquitous in the wake of the "writing culture" debate. Collaborative approaches to research and representation have grown to be a means by which to attempt to arrive at a more "shared anthropology" (Pink, 2004). Nevertheless, the request for intersubjectivity in anthropology should not mask the unequal distribution of power between the researcher and his/her interlocutors (Pels, 2014). At certain moments I felt that this more "engaged" methodology increased the pressure to account for specific expectations, such as "to help". According to the Oxford English Dictionary the definition of the word help is: "The action of helping; the supplementing of action or resources by what makes them more efficient; aid, assistance, succour". It is not incorrect to say that I was helping my interlocutors to achieve something that they wished for. However, it seemed to have been inadvertently neglected that the relationship went both ways. My interlocutors, as well as other people surrounding us, seemed to believe that my task was to improve their situations. In general, it was hard to imagine that I also benefited from the project. In the end, how did this influence our interaction and the knowledge created?

There can be no doubt that collaboration involves a dialectical feedback process with interlocutors, but the dialogue established is hardly symmetrical. The differences in power between anthropologists and their interlocutors do not cease to exist, even when referring to the methodology as being collaborative, and must be taken into account. I am not saying that my interlocutors were passive; they knew exactly what they wanted and had resources sufficient to pursue it. They showed me how they were also in charge of the project several times. It is no news that multiple negotiations and reciprocities are established in the "ethnographic encounter". Nevertheless, I question why they needed me to make videos and music? Was it the production costs? The logistics? For more exposure? Did they find a way

to make my presence useful to them? In fact, I actually became their producer. The young men used my presence with the camera to realize their fantasies of success by creating music and dance videos, and I needed them to keep performing for the camera to have interesting material for my thesis. Gifts also require a return (Mauss, 1990 [1925]). This is the basis for reciprocity in human interaction. In the research context these are "gifts that produce the very possibility of data acquisition" (Jackson, 2010:284). The relationship established between the anthropologists and his/her interlocutors should indeed be mutually beneficial. In any case, personal relationships with informants are an integral part of the anthropologists' data (Davies, 1999:82). Gifts may open up the possibilities of a more rewarding encounter, but they may also originate in dicey expectations.

Returning to the plans for the production of a second song. On the 21st of August 2014, we agreed to meet with Butxa at Zman's studio to record the song. Butxa had closed down his own studio and was working at Zman's studio, located in Xipamanine. Before entering the studio, we sat outside and talked once more about the ideas for the video clip:

> Stalon: It's not possible to dance with broken shoes. I don't have sneakers. I only have these shoes; the kind you use with a suit. You know, these older men's shoes. I need sneakers to really dance well. Good clothes, I already have.
> Jekula: Yeah, we have to wear brands, like NIKE sneakers, for people to see we are important. So, I can use NIKE sneakers, my T-shirt can be ADIDAS and my hat can be PUMA.
> Stalon: You see, for the poster I can use my shoes, but while I'm dancing I have to use sneakers. This time the clip should be made in town, not here wandering about in Xipamanine.
> Jekula: But when we are finalizing the clip it should be at the Dipec bar in Xipamanine. All our babes will be there. We should rent a car and arrive there by car and be received by the girls. Then we enter with style!
> Stalon: If we don't have money to rent the car, we can go on a *chapa* (mini-van taxi), dancing before getting in.
> Jekula: But to rent a car just for a little while is cheap. It's better with a car.

Machance arrived later, accompanied by Zefanias and another guy. He was carrying a plastic plate with bean stew, which he finished eating at the entrance to the studio. When I asked him about his ideas for the clip, he said: "We'll enter the neighbourhood of Chamankulo as there are many tight alleys, abandoned houses and it's full of cars and people, you see? We appear at a nice place with our brothers, sitting somewhere, you see?"

Suddenly, even before starting to work, Jekula and Machance entered into verbal confrontation and Machance threatened Jekula with a knife. Jekula recalled an aggression inflicted upon him by Machance with that same knife some time previously and became very distressed. He showed the scar carved into his leg, and spoke of the pain that the knife had caused him. Jekula was out of his mind, inciting a fight with Machance. Fortunately, Machance rapidly calmed down and I was able to convince him to leave and to meet me further on down the street. It was more difficult to cool Jekula down and intervention by Zman and Butxa was required to lead him outside. It was no longer possible to continue and we had to postpone the recording. In the days that followed, Jekula was eventually arrested and Machance was a fugitive from the police. Stalon ended up recording the song on his own. He prepared the lyrics beforehand and Butxa created the instrumental at the studio.

Image 48: Stalon's "older men's shoes".

Stalon seized the opportunity to talk in the song about what concerned him personally. He did not have to negotiate the lyrics with the others, as he was the only one singing this time. "In the song I'm talking about drinking. Also about neighbours, someone that sees me come inside my home and is already speaking badly about me. Saying, this guy here doesn't have money to eat at home, while he knows nothing… I have these brothers that usually come to my house to play (hang out) with me, while they're not really coming to play… they come to see my stuff. After they go, they say Stalon doesn't have a bed; he sleeps on the *esteira* (mat). Sometimes they see me dance at the *barraca* (bar) and say it's Tentação (drink)… He's dancing because of Tentação…" Stalon's song was focused around the themes of jealously, a sentiment which he felt he was often a target of by others.

For the video clip of his song, Stalon asked me whether I could compile all the videos that we had made of him dancing ever since we began recording, in order to show his progress. He requested that we try to "show" it on TV, without waiting for Jekula and Machance as they were always in trouble. Machance's appearance on TV could even lead to his arrest, he elaborated. When I reminded him that the first song involved Machance and Jekula as co-authors he replied: "We can say the music is by Stalon and guests", reiterating his willingness to continue on his own.

6.4. Digital awakening

Others in the market, whether they were connected to my interlocutors or not, would approach me asking for help to produce their music or to film them dancing. On several occasions, young men spoke to me face-to-face or would call saying that they were talented dancers or singers and that they just needed someone to help launch their careers. Most of these guys were my interlocutors' friends, but a few had just seen me with the camera or had heard about the work that I was doing. Stalon's brother, likewise, wanted me to produce his music. He once sent me a video, through WhatsApp, of himself playing the guitar.

It appeared that these young men attempted to negotiate a space for themselves, within the music industry or in the domain of performing arts, to meet their aspirations and to defy socially established positions of power. Trying to make it in the music industry or through dancing entailed the prospect of attaining quick fame and fortune. "Put it on the internet! Put it on Facebook!" they would say. My interlocutors understood the symbolism of digital media, although in practice they were not competent users of these technologies. They were informed that digitised audio-visual content could be transmitted over the Internet, allowing it to move rapidly in multiple directions, thereby increasing the number of spectators significantly. At one point, I heard Stalon informing Jekula about what Pedro had explained to him earlier. Basically, that when you have a video on the Internet, people who have enjoyed watching it can put "likes" and can share it with others, on Facebook for instance. This also reminded me of how often the successful track launched by DJ Cleo, South African Kwaito-house producer, "I don't want your number, Sizohlangana ku Facebook" (I'll meet you on Facebook) played in the Jukebox at Dipec. Again, it is interesting to note that neither Stalon nor Jekula had ever used social networking websites, or even the internet for that matter. Although their access was structurally constrained, they

were actively engaged with the possibilities of translocality (Uimonen, 2009)46. According to Daniel Miller (2011), Facebook is whatever the people who use it make out of it. Regional differences within the usage of Facebook illustrate the different ways in which the internet is a means of conveying social and cultural life. Actually, "each communication technology produces and is embedded in contextualised assemblages of expectations, desires and beliefs" (Vokes and Pype, 2016:4). Through the notion of "polymedia", Madianou and Miller (2012) argue that the proliferation of communication possibilities is transforming interpersonal communication throughout the world. They emphasize that the responsibility of choice between different media shifts from technical and economic constraints to social, emotional and moral concerns. Mediated communication does not take place over a single technology, but by choosing from among a variety of media technologies available, people exploit the differences within the media in the management of their mediated relationships. This perspective certainly shifts our attention to how users avail themselves of new media as a communicative environment of affordances. The authors recognize, however, that polymedia remains an aspiration and not the current state for much of the world. Polymedia "is only fully achieved when the decision between media that constitute parts of one environment can no longer be referred back to issues of either access, cost or media literacy by either of those involved in the act of communication" (Madianou and Miller 2012:176). It is interesting to note how my interlocutors managed to subvert and to creatively surpass their limitations regarding access and competency with different kinds of media.

My interlocutors had cell phones periodically. When in need of cash, they would sell them. On one particular occasion, Delcio had two phones, but most of the time he had none. Phones were bought, sold, stolen, borrowed or lent as a routine of everyday life. Most of the time they did not bother to keep the SIM card, so their numbers changed as well. Numerous times I had to edit Stalon's phone number on my contact list. When my interlocutors did not have a phone, someone in the neighbourhood would often allow them to send a message or a beep (one tone). In Mozambique, it is very frequent to send beeps when phone credit is running low and wait for the other person to call back. Often, when I called back, I would hear on the other side of the line the expression *"era só para cumprimentar"* ("just called to greet you"). Beto even called me a few times from South Africa, at the time he was working there, "just to say hello". Indeed, the uses of communication technology have to be

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[46] Uimonen (2009) states, "From an anthropological perspective, the growing significance of ICT-mediated social networking calls for a need to rethink our analytical tools to better account for translocality, perhaps through a greater degree of 'social imagination' that allows us to combine empirical and imaginative forms of analysis" (Comaroff and Comaroff 2003 in Uimonen, 2009:286).

understood in terms of local meanings and forms of social interaction. Horst and Miller (2005) refer to a similar practice among low-income Jamaican cell phone users. They speak of a mode of social interaction termed "link-up", which refers to intensive social networking among kin and friends involving regular but very brief phone calls meant to create or maintain social connections. The authors found that cell phone users have large networks of people they often call for very brief chats as a way to activate or to maintain relationships that could one day turn out to be useful. One evening I received a call from an unknown number. It was Delcio calling from someone else's phone. He wanted me to give my Facebook name to him, in order for the owner of the phone to send me a video that he had just done of Delcio dancing in the bar where they were having some drinks.

Advances in digital media have no doubt opened up new forms of doing and disseminating images, sounds and experiences. These advances have changed the practices and meanings of image making, positioning them at the centre of contemporary popular culture. The proliferation of new media technologies has been dissolving the boundaries between production and consumption. According to Paolo Favero, digital media practices have created a space in which "consumers can transform themselves into active producers and citizens can attempt to exercise agency upon the world surrounding them" (2014:166). The democratization of media technology has also enhanced the "accessibility of media to people who traditionally had been in front of the lens" (Ginsburg, Abu-Lughod and Larkin, 2002:4). Indeed, ampler accessibility has triggered new production possibilities and has enabled other "voices" to emerge in the media landscape. The spread of low-cost image making technology and of image sharing websites, such as YouTube or Facebook, has created the conditions necessary for the widespread production, circulation and consumption of images of the self. With the visual turn in social media, we have witnessed the surfacing of a transnational public arena for visual representations of the self. As Stalon once told me, "there's a guy that heard our song in South Africa. He came to tell me. He saw it on the internet. It's enough to write Pandzula and Xipamanine to find me!"

Young people in African countries, like elsewhere, are forefront users of digital media as a vehicle for self-expression and self-assertion. Uimonen (2013) highlights the cultural aspirations for global inclusion of young art students in Tanzania through the performance of a digitally mediated selfhood. The author analyses the digital mediated visual identity of these young Tanzanians on Facebook against the backdrop of offline social and material inequalities. Mukhongo (2014) shows how Kenyan youth use new media platforms (particularly social networks) as alternative spaces for civic engagement. The emphasis is placed on the use of images to circumvent government surveillance strategies. Based on his

ethnographic research, through the use of collaborative video production with a youth group in a rural area of South Africa, Alex Vailati (2014) found that his presence with a camera was linked to a promise of empowerment. Contrary to most literature about collaborative video, empowerment was perceived as an individual achievement instead of something directed at the community. The youth saw video production as a means to "publicize themselves", to be seen beyond the place where the images were produced. Despite given the opportunity to produce whatever they wanted they preferred to be the subject of representation; to be seen allowed social recognition (Vailati, 2014:98-99). Among my interlocutors, as well, the performances enacted for the camera represented an opportunity to project their images, a potential source of financial gain, allied to a possible improvement of their social standing.

In fact, youth in postcolonial cities around the world have become central players in new media productions, facilitated by low-cost mobile telephony, video and digital technologies and parallel distribution circuits (Sundaram, 2009:336). Social media (YouTube, Facebook and so on) create new dialogical spaces and propitiate greater visibility to artists. Strong and Ossei-Owusu (2014) refer to new creative economies that establish the potential for social mobility among youth in Africa and in its diaspora(s). Shipley (2013) analyses the rapid spread and popularity of Azonto, a dance spreading across the country in which it originated, Ghana, as well as among Ghanaians abroad, mostly through Facebook, YouTube and Ghanaian music websites. According to Shipley, its incredible popularity is due to its "performative fashioning of a cosmopolitan persona defined by a celebration of mobility, both semiotic and geographic" (Shipley, 2013:363). US-based and Nigerian-born YouTube sensations, known as the Naija Boyz, hip-hop music videos have reached over 20 million views since 2007. Their success is illustrative of the transformative impact that videos have had on music culture and broadens the location and boundaries of African (youth) culture, less conditioned by geographic locality (Strong and Ossei-Owusu, 2014:195).

Sounds and images have undeniably become united in the acts of consumption, particularly through music video clips. The music video has not only turned into a very effective promotion tool for the artist, it has also unleashed a creative burst of popular and artistic self-assertive performances. Videos also play an essential role in creating meaning, generating a story and a setting for the songs (Pietilä, 2012:12). In Kwaito/pantsula videos, the scene usually takes place in a township environment in which skillful dancing is performed before an enthusiastic audience. It is noteworthy that my interlocutors were interested primarily in producing videos, with the music coming as an afterthought. In fact, they were accustomed to watching pirated DVDs of well-known Kwaito artist's video clips on the many TV screens available in the market or in popular homemade videos, which were

wildly disseminated online and viewed on someone's phone's screen. Stalon, in particular, would avidly watch Kwaito/pantsula videos at his mother's place, where he had access to his brother's DVD player. He regularly practiced his dance moves in front of the TV.

Kwaito sounds are manufactured digitally in a studio. With the aid of a few technologies (computers, synthesizers and samplers), one can produce a Kwaito recording without the participation of a single musician (Peterson, 2003). The abundance of cheap, second-hand computers and pirated software has offered alternative informal recording studios. For the artists, releasing CDs is not a way to make a living, given that the financial gains are minimum because of the production costs and widespread musical piracy. Instead, the motivation stems from the potential to gain "cultural capital, through airplay, CD sales and the associated degrees of fame that come with such public exposure" (McNeill, 2012:102). Stalon explained to me that his music was being included in pirated CDs created in Xipamanine by a friend of his that sells these CDs in the market. People come to ask for music and he has created a personalized playlist, sometimes including Stalon's song. "I am an artist" Stalon said proudly. When asked whether he received any money for the music/CDs sold he said that he did not, but was not worried about that. He was happy to be known as a singer, as an artist. People recognized him at parties; even in other neighborhoods people knew him, knew his music and with the girls he just had to pick which ever one he wanted.

As argued by Ravi Sundaram, today postcolonial cities are "vibrant hubs for new media productions" (Sundaram, 2009:336). A media experience assumes the constant breakdown and recycling in which machines and technological gadgets are used again and again, a constant recycling, unsettling standard boundaries of consumption and circulation (Sundaram, 2009, 2010). Postcolonial media urbanism has, in fact, produced an illicit form, a pirate modernity, in which piracy has become a larger mode of replication for low-cost urban technological infrastructure (Sundaram, 2010:12). By engaging in this collaborative project with my interlocutors, I suddenly became aware of the vigorous ways that digital media is changing the everyday lives of people in Xipamanine and also of other neighborhoods, thereby creating possibilities for the subaltern urban population (Sundaram, 2010). Pirate modernity is definitely thriving in Maputo. I experienced an awakening of the dynamic "informal" economy of desires and new forms of imagination grounded in consumption, but also of the production of media spectacles. It is a particular aesthetic and sensorial experience that I can feel, but which I cannot find the words to adequately define.

"Leaving the field's never easy"

After one year of intensive fieldwork, in which I spent nearly every day with my interlocutors in the market of Xipamanine, my visits gradually became more sporadic. During these times I noticed that I felt a longing for Xipamanine. Instinctively, on the occasions that this feeling arose and when they coincided with when I happened to be in Maputo, I would end up in Xipamanine. While waiting at the *chapa* stop, I would hope to be picked up by one of the drivers that I knew. Then I could, possibly, find a good spot to sit in the front and to engage in amiable conversation along the way. Once I entered the market, I would get lost in the realm of second hand clothes, keeping my expectations high. Maybe I would come across a prestigious fashion designer item; one time at the market I purchased a piece by the renowned Belgian Designer Dries Van Noten. Usually, after this, I would pass by my friend the tailor and while he made or repaired some piece of clothing for me, we would revisit his regular request that I find a Portuguese girlfriend for him. He was from Zambezia province, in the central coastal region of the country, and I found his accent to be amusing. From here I would move along in the direction of my interlocutors' hang-out spot. If Mr. Inusso was around, usually sitting on a tall-legged bench outside of his office, close-by the bottle depository, I would stop to greet him. He would receive me with one of his many recollections of his travels to Europe or we would discuss some hot-button political issue or other of note. Finally, I would meet my interlocutors hanging out at the bottle depository. If, by the time I arrived, none of them were around, then I would sit conversing with Pedro and someone would invariably show up after a few minutes. Later on Pedro stopped working at the bottle depository and my interlocutors moved to the coal storage place. The absence of Pedro was an unfortunate development for me. We had become friends and I missed his presence. We still maintain contact by phone.

If I happened to go to the market on the weekend, there was no escape from having beers with the *mamanas* (women). I would be dragged inside the bar, Dipec, in which I would be offered a glass of cold beer; the next round would be on me. After a few glasses we would be sharing details of our personal lives. Any male who tried to intrude into our female assembly was shunned. One time DMX, an acquaintance of mine, approached me on one of these occasions and before any of the women had the chance to send him away, he offered us some warm samosas, which he had just bought, and then left. The bar Dipec eventually closed down, altering the dynamics of that area in the market significantly; it became much quieter. This was probably an improvement for some of the market's occupants, but I felt it to be a great loss. I had enjoyed some good times in the bar. I recall once when Machance surprised me by selecting a song from the jukebox and graciously

asked me to dance with him. From the jukebox at Dipec, my interlocutors' song also played several times a day, causing them to feel deep pleasure in the result of their achievement.

On other occasions, I would go straight to meet my interlocutors. Upon arrival at the coal storage place, I would be invited to go inside. "Stalon is in the back", I was customarily told. I would encounter Stalon drawing on someone's body with his shabby, self-made tattoo machine or dread-locking some girl's hair. I just sat there listening to his crazy stories. A while later, Kito and Beto would join us. If Machance would show up then I would usually end up having lunch there with them. "Mana Andrea, we're hungry…" were his first words. On some occasions Machance would cook. I was always surprised by how he managed to make such tasty food out of such basic ingredients. In these apparently trivial moments, I realized just how greatly I was attached to my field, as well as how the field provoked transformative effects within me. I regularly forgot that I was there for the purposes of research. The combination of my subjective experience with that of my interlocutors, a "reciprocal fascination and compassionate encounter" (Devisch, 2006:121), was what allowed for the unanticipated yields outlined in this ethnography.

Anthropologists have often provided emotionally charged accounts of the experience of their departure from the field and of leaving their interlocutors "behind" (i.e. Rabinow, 1977; Crapanzano, 1980). After having built up a close relationship with the participants in one's research, it can be a distressing experience for both the anthropologist and for his/her interlocutors. The more profound the involvement of the anthropologist in the lives of those he/she "researches", the heavier the burden of departure becomes. Crapanzano's emotional involvement, mutual dependency in fact, with his interlocutor Tuhami created an overpowering anxiety of separation. Crapanzano's anxiety also arose from the guilt he felt from abandoning Tuhami and his own "therapeutic" role. He writes, "I became a curer. I was leaving in two weeks. I was anxious for Tuhami. (…) Tuhami and I both negotiated our exchange into a therapeutic one" (Crapanzano, 1980:133).

I was asked more than once about my experience of leaving the field; this is a question for which I never had an answer, because I never really left the field or my interlocutors. I was rightly urged to do so provisionally, by my supervisors, in order to write up this ethnography. I still maintain contact with my interlocutors and Xipamanine, by phone calls and I plan to visit them when I return to Maputo. I made plans with Stalon for future adventures in the world of music and video production. The last time we spoke, he told me about his ideas for his next song, which had something to do with a gospel style of kwaito. It is not unusual for anthropologists to resume their connection with interlocutors through new

projects. For instance, Favero (2005:235) returned to produce a visual ethnography of his "field".

But, where does this magnetism to the field stem from? Crapanzano contends that the ethnographer also gains a new conception of self through the complex dialectical negotiation with others in the field. In his words: "The Other must matter in one's own self-constitution; he must not simply be an object of scientific or quasi-scientific scrutiny" (Crapanzano, 1980:141). The researcher's self inevitably becomes a subject of the ethnography (Muhanna, 2014). My identity in the field had changed, it was gradually becoming more and more difficult to distinguish between "the field" and "home". Even my accent changed over time, as I gained a stronger Mozambican pronunciation. I was kept stranded to Mozambique, to Maputo, which I eventually began to call home. Making Jackson's (1995:47) words my own, "Home is where you feel to be yourself, without apology or doubt". I decided not to abandon "my field" because I actually decided to live in Maputo.

Prior to writing these words, I called Paito, the only one among my interlocutors who keeps the same number active and he provided me with an update of what is going on in the lives of some of the young men. Paito himself went to spend some time in Inhambane, where he has some relatives. He attempted to go into business, selling phone credit on the street, but it did not work out as he desired and he returned to Xipamanine, back to working with the coal. He is saving up money so that he can ask for a passport. Beto was back in South Africa for seasonal work. Kito had been released from prison and was well. Salomão was also back in Xipamanine, after over two years of incarceration. However, Paito sensed that he would soon get in trouble again because he did not want to work and was always drunk. He had not seen Delcio for quite a while and thought that he could be back in jail. Machance was released and then sent back inside shortly thereafter. He had been "caught" (by the police) in a downtown area. Stalon had become a father again, of a baby girl.

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