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Nothing to Hide, Really

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Dear Peter,

The phrase I kept hearing and smiling politely at in São Vicente was "We have nothing to hide." It was uttered over the breakfast table, across a car seat, along the sidewalk; it seemed odd and comical to hear it so often, verbatim, as if part of a ritual greeting. "Talk to everybody, talk freely," said a Foreign Ministry official casually buttering a slice of bread in the dining room of the Aparthotel. "We have nothing to hide."

It's the sort of phrase that ought to make you suspicious. The child who flies unbidden to the kitchen and informs his startled mother that, whatever she might imagine, he "did'n do nothin'" almost certainly did. But after only 10 days in Cape Verde my defenses had been lowered by the warm reception I had received and the glowing praise heaped on the Cape Verdean government by the many and various diplomats and aid officials to whom I had spoken. The general consensus was that the nation's public servants were honest and industrious. Most of the foreigners I spoke with had worked elsewhere in Africa -- Rwanda, Somalia, Togo, Central African Republic, -- and all, without exception, compared Cape Verde favorably to those countries in terms of infrequency of corruption and abuse of official privilege and the premium put on competence and hard work. Their copious praise did not seem idle or self-interested.

On the other hand, the dissenters and dissatisfied I met during my first week and a half in Praia, the capital, seemed just a little flaky. One man spoke articulately about official nomenklatura and how it placed incompetents in positions of responsibility merely because of their Party or family affiliation, but then went off on a tangent about how, since the Party took power, schoolchildren were being taught "not that we descended from Adam and Eve, but from monkeys!" Another fellow, after too short an acquaintance, shook his head behind his dark glasses and said disgustedly that the country was a "military dictatorship." Whether or not Cape Verde is a dictatorship, depending on how the term is defined, is open to question; it is quite obviously not a military dictatorship. One rarely sees soldiers in the streets, and the only ones I ever saw outside the capital were picking up litter. Moreover, the government is cutting the military budget 30% this year. As a general principle of military dictatorships, the army gives, but never gets, the ax.

My defenses were also lowered because of the happy contrast Cape Verde affords to Mozambique. Although the drought in the islands is infinitely worse than that in the southeast of the continent, where it

Samuel Levy traveled to Cape Verde this summer on a grant from the ICWA.

broke in 1985, there are no swollen bellies, no refugee camps and no famine deaths. The fear that dogs daily life in Mozambique, the agonizing suspicion that your friend is a police informer and the simple knowledge that you could, at any moment and for no reason, disappear; the mind-bending difficulty of distinguishing between truth and falsehood, between loyalty and opportunism that so taxes and brutalizes the senses are nowhere to be found in Cape Verde. There are no political prisoners, and people criticize government policies as vocally in public as they do in private. It is, by most measures, the only former Portuguese colony in Africa where people are materially better off and enjoy more liberty than in colonial times.

All the good news I had heard since my arrival had a narcotic effect upon my critical faculties. Sure, I'd heard a little dissonance in the background, but it seemed to amount to no more than the rustle of a candy wrapper at the symphony. I was preparing to close my eyes and enjoy the music when a classic rude awakening jolted me out of my comfortable seat.

The incident recorded below occurred in Mindelo, the port city of the island of São Vicente, on July 11th. It is transcribed precisely as recorded in my notebook within an hour after the fact.

"6:30 p.m.

Well, well, well! Back in my room at the Aparthotel. It may sound more dramatic than it really was, but I have just been expelled by the secret police from what seemed to be an innocuous meeting. Not even a meeting, but a 'palestra,' or address, given by the Prime Minister on the Second National Development Plan. Let's go over the facts.

"I was brought to the meeting by Mário Matos, the Delegado de Comunicação Social on S. Vicente (i.e. the man responsible for all information services on the island, including the reception of visiting foreign journalists.) This was at approximately 10 minutes to 5 p.m. The chairs in the hall, the design room of the former high school, now junior high, of S. Vicente, were quickly filling up. I sat on the extreme left of the third row; I could not have sat farther back if I had wanted to, since the rows were filled from the rear forward, and chose my spot strategically so as to be as inconspicuous as possible. Matos introduced me to a young woman reporter and told her, more or less, to look after me in his absence. He then excused himself to pick someone up at the airport.

"The Prime Minister arrived 20 minutes later, and the audience rose respectfully as he and the other four members to sit on the dais walked unaffectedly down the aisle. The crowd settled down as a young man, who did not identify himself but was most probably either a local Party official or an aide to the Prime Minister, began to explain the purpose of the meeting. (Oh, another notable on the dais was the Foreign Minister, Silvino da Luz.) It was clear that the sound system was either not switched on or not working; and when the Prime Minister was introduced, cleared his throat and spoke a few inaudible phrases into the dead microphone, the sound technician approached the dais and informed the young

aide that, in fact, the sound system was not operating properly. The young aide then informed the audience, which by now overflowed to the balcony that gave to the hall, that the meeting would be delayed until a new sound system could be located and set up.

"All this is relevant because the mild confrontation that preceded my expulsion did not occur until approximately one half hour later, a fact that adds room for speculation to the possible interpretations of the episode. In the 30-minute interval between the temporary adjournment and my exit from the hall, I had a rare chance to observe the comportment of two of the highest national and Party authorities, the Prime and Foreign Ministers, during a 'recess.' My notes taken during this period include the following parenthetical remark: 'Nice, informal: Silvino da Luz and Pedro Pires are yukking it up over something on the podium.' (I should note for the record that the two men were not laughing uproariously in a manner one might consider incompatible with their public dignity, but rather, chuckling decorously.) When my attention wandered from the dais, I jotted down some musings about the large Amilcar Cabral portrait hanging on the wall behind and to the right of the five seated leaders, specifically why the (P)arty responsible for selecting an appropriate photo of the founder of the PAIGC (African Party for the Independence of Guinea-Bissau and Cape Verde) would choose one in which Cabral looks like a tenured academic or Camelot intellectual, suggesting his career as an important African political thinker, rather than as a guerilla leader with his colorful sumbir (the Mandinka hat he sometimes wore).

"I may have been ponderously following this train of thought, or reminding myself that, since I had nowhere in particular to be after the meeting I need not be impatient with the delay, when the young woman journalist appeared at my side and said softly that, in fact, this was a Party meeting and I could not be in attendance. I was puzzled -- Mário Matos had told me, in response to my question as to whether the audience was composed exclusively of Party members, that no, there were average citizens as well as Party members present. I asked her who was responsible for the expulsion order (which I did not, at the time, characterize as such). She thereupon crossed the room and soon returned with a mild-mannered young man with eyeglasses, slightly balding, with a wan and vaguely apologetic smile.

"When I introduced myself by name and profession he did not respond in kind but limited himself to saying that the meeting was limited to Party members and that I would have to have an express invitation in order to be allowed to attend. He did not tell me to leave, or even suggest it; he left me to draw my own conclusion and respectfully to absent myself. But I did not want to and, at this point, seriously believed that I had every right, as determined by Party policy, to stay. After all, Matos had told me the meeting was not exclusive, and the local reporter's presence suggested the press was welcome. Moreover, I was here by the express invitation of a government official, Matos. When the young man responded that foreign citizens could not be present at Party meetings (and that this was indeed a Party meeting was not yet proven to my satisfaction), I pointed out that I was not there

as "an ordinary citizen" but as a member of the international press. (It must be noted that "Social Communication," the network of "information people" of which, in the Third World, foreign journalists are considered part, carries considerable weight and prestige. The freelance reporter, who may be no more than an irritating mosquito in the U.S. and is sometimes treated as such, is, once accredited, automatically an important personage in Third World countries. If journalists, especially Western journalists, weren't considered important and influential, why would we be alternately courted or persecuted, but never ignored, by Third World governments? I thought that my status as a "social communicator" might avail me under the circumstances, and attempted to play on it. I expect I may be forgiven any subsidiary feeling of professional hauteur.) But no, the young man was polite but persistent. Anyway, he said, a second address for the general public would soon be given, and I could attend that one to equal advantage. Foolish forensics! I played a new angle: I would be in Cape Verde for only a short time and would certainly miss the second address, and therefore a special dispensation ought to be made for me in this case so that I might not depart the country woefully ignorant about the Second National Development Plan. The plea, however, fell on deaf ears; still, since he could not muster a better argument to have me leave, I tried one last suggestion.

"If he couldn't grant a special dispensation, perhaps one of the top leaders on the dais could. (And, I thought, no one would contradict them, official policy be damned.) That's when he told me, and I almost regretted making his job difficult, that my expulsion order had come precisely from someone on the dais -- almost certainly, I expect, the Prime Minister. If he didn't issue the order he almost certainly approved it, since no one would likely act without his consent under the circumstances. Now, this was an argument I couldn't resist: when the Prime Minister and Adjunct Secretary-General of a sovereign state and single party thereof, respectively, kicks you out of his meeting, you go. I thereupon remarked to the young man that "well then, you're expelling me from the meeting" (the first time the word expulsion was used). He was noticeably uncomfortable with my choice of words -- after all, there was never the slightest suggestion that physical force might be used should I refuse, and the possibility of my refusing probably never crossed anyone's mind -- but it was clear to me that my time and ammo were up, and didn't wait for him to pronounce the words or read the appropriate corollary to the riot act to hasten my exit. I smiled, he smiled, we shook hands -- one must shake hands -- and I gathered my notebook and little camera bag and turned toward the aisle on my left to leave.

"That aisle, however, was filled with occupied chairs and standing people; I could not pass without considerable difficulty and, heavens, added insult to my already injured dignity. (Nobody wants to be unwanted, and to be selected out of a crowd of 500 for expulsion is somewhat humiliating, regardless of the fairness or unfairness of the act.) I would, therefore, have to walk to the front row, turn right, pass the men seated on the dais, turn left and walk down the center aisle with 1000 staring eyes upon my

rejected person.

"Now, from the time I gathered up my tools and started out of the hall to the time I turned my back on the dais -- the most difficult part of the exodus -- approximately eight seconds elapsed. In that period, I had to make a decision: should I appeal directly to the Prime Minister? Both momentum and better judgement militated against it, the former because the easiest way in the world to turn indecision into accomplished fact is to put one foot in front of the other and postpone a conscious choice until the other alternatives are bypassed. I couldn't well proceed half way down the aisle, turn around and return to the dais to make my plea -- at least not with my dignity intact, and I had grown quite jealous of that curious quantity by then. Better judgement kept me walking, and from directing any attention, either implorative or petulant, at the men on the dais because I have interviews scheduled with two of them during the week of the 23rd. Not only did I not want to antagonize them, nor get expelled from the country, I also figured that, if they "knew" me by introduction, a necessary precondition to a special pleading, and rejected me nevertheless, they might do so again weeks hence, either from a foolish regard for consistency, embarrassment at having to receive someone they may perceive to have offended or simple dislike. If we couldn't meet under uncompromisedly cordial conditions, we had better, for my sake, remain unacquainted. So I walked, slowly, with the dignity and pronouncedly heavy footfalls equal to my offended professional status, past the dais, down the center aisle and through the door. Once outside on the balcony I cursed under my breath and fumed.

"When reason returned, I figured I'd simply wait for Matos to return from the airport and escort me, late, into the meeting; I only regretted that it would probably be in session and my seat, which I continued to regard proprietarily, would be occupied, which meant I'd have to stand through a long and potentially boring meeting. Whereas initially I had debated whether it would be worth it to stick out a delay that could have continued indefinitely, my desire to attend was by now redoubled. I wanted to hear what Pedro Pires, the Prime Minister, had to say if for no other reason than my conviction that he didn't want me to hear it. So I decided I would wait for Matos rather than sulk.

"He hadn't arrived by the time a new microphone and amplifier were carried past me and into the hall. When they were finally set up and the young aide's voice began to float above the crowd and out to the balcony, I knew I could not depend on Matos to get me in. And because the aide's voice could be heard only indistinctly from where I was standing, due both to the weak microphone and the gossips behind me, I crowded in further. I was on the fringe of the spillover from the hall, perhaps five paces from the entrance and with head bowed in concentration over the Prime Minister's insufficiently amplified voice, when a young man tapped me on the shoulder and said "I want to speak with you."

"Well, the game was up: I wouldn't get to hear Pedro Pires after all. I followed a short, unshaven fellow a few paces down the balcony. We turned to face each other. He said crossly that I

was not supposed to be where I was, that I had already been asked to leave the meeting, that I didn't have an invitation; his tone was controlled but stern, only marginally more so than the man who carried out the expulsion order and who, I assume, is the second fellow's superior. I replied, tiredly, that I understood myself to have been expelled only from the hall and not the balcony, and anyway I was a journalist, did have an invitation from Matos, etc. I really didn't care to prolong the discussion, since it would obviously be fruitless, but was peeved that I was being carefully watched and that (a), I neither assumed nor noticed it and (b), this little network of spies was more efficient than I had imagined. (I had only been listening two minutes when my shoulder was tapped.) My voice turned edgy, even petulant, and I demanded to know who this fellow was, "so that I would know who expelled me," I declared. In retrospect, I feel he was probably not supposed or accustomed to answer that sort of question. In Cape Verde, most people, especially poorer people of the sort who have more frequent and unequal contact with the forces of authority, probably tend not to question the credentials of a putative policeman. But I still had not agreed to go, and had challenged the authority of nameless fellow in civilian dress to compel me to do so. He hesitated before uttering the words "I'm a policeman."

"What a revelation! It was not Party monitors or militants who orchestrated my exit, detected my continued presence and finally got rid of me, but secret police. And if there were enough of them to find me twice, this time in a tight knot of silent listeners, there were almost certainly many more distributed throughout the crowd of 500. I expect some of them belong to the Prime Minister's security detail, others to some local detachment that "knows the terrain" (although in Cape Verde, there isn't much terrain to know). But I did not expect them to be so ubiquitous and vigilant.

"I left.

"Now, whatever I may have learned had I attended the meeting, and, once I was convinced it was a Party function, my intention was to draw a bead on the character of the Prime Minister and see how the 'inner' and 'outer' Parties relate, I learned as much or more from my expulsion. In fact, the episode raises a variety of issues and implications that probably would not otherwise have occurred to or much concerned me."

In retrospect, the contrast between the assurances that "we have nothing to hide" and the incident described above are a good illustration of the mildly schizophrenic politics that seem sometimes to afflict Cape Verde. Some form of this disorder is bound to trouble the political life of a people in circumstances like the Cape Verdeans'; an independence movement bred at home but trained and come of age at war abroad is bound to arrive somewhat out of sync with popular sentiment and expectations for the nation's future. And if indeed it is the slightly erratic character of the Party that chafes when one least expects it, perhaps the best point from which to begin tracing the origin of the little spasm that jerked me from the Prime Minister's address is a brief examination of the African Party for the Independence of Guinea-Bissau and Cape Verde (PAIGC).

The relationship of the only legal political party to the islands it rules is an odd one. In the first place, it is now called the African Party for the Independence of Cape Verde (PAICV). The "G" was dropped and the "V" added early in 1981. In November of the previous year, "Nino" Vieira, the current President of Guinea-Bissau, (1) deposed then-President Luis Cabral, brother of founder Amilcar, in a palace coup. Cape Verde and Guinea-Bissau were, until that time, two separate states ruled by one party; Aristedes Pereira, the President of the Republic of Cape Verde, was also the Secretary-General of the PAIGC. In Guinea, it seemed, the Cape Verdean-dominated party played a sort of "spiritual" or ideological counterpoint to temporal power of the state. Nino's coup was deemed a contravention of the Party's policy on political stability, and the Cape Verdean part of the Party then coined its own acronym and went its separate way. It is still a sticking point between Bissau and Praia that the Party of the former retains the "C" for Cape Verde in its name, and although the two states maintain cordial, if sometimes strained, relations, the two parties have none.

Many observers felt that Nino's coup was really about a nativist Guinean reaction to the predominance of Cape Verdeans in the government in Bissau. That state of affairs was in great measure an inheritance of Portuguese colonialism, which used the relatively better-educated and culturally "assimilated" Cape Verdeans as civil servants throughout its African empire. In colonial Portugal, where illiteracy was the rule, Cape Verdeans enjoyed the esteem reserved for the educated. A friend of mine recalls watching a Cape Verdean in 1972 enter a tavern and correct the math on his monthly bill after conferring with the owner. Two Portuguese laborers looked on. When the Cape Verdean left, one turned to the other and said, "Those Cape Verdeans, they're really sophisticated." The first liceu, or high school in Cape Verde was established in 1866; Guinea-Bissau had to wait until the late 1950's for its first. And the same division of labor in colonial Bissau that found the Guineans pushing brooms while the Cape Verdeans pushed paper had the former filling the rank and file of the guerilla forces while the latter called the shots. This is not to say that no Cape Verdeans participated in combat, but that the Guineans did a disproportionate share of the fighting and dying for the two countries' independence. After the war, the paucity of skilled Guineans left Cape Verdeans in top positions throughout the Guinean government.

Even centuries before the Portuguese -- or anyone else except the Spanish under the obsessive-compulsive Philips -- began setting up anything resembling coherent colonial bureaucracies, Cape Verdean lancados were living and trading on the Guinean coast, often in violation of one or another Crown monopoly. The lancados (the term is derived from the Portuguese verb lancar, to cast out), often the illegitimate sons of Portuguese masters and Guinean slave women brought to the islands, were Cape Verde's early demographic contribution to Guinea, and, in terms of numbers, a paltry repayment for the many thousands of slaves taken to Cape Verde from the coast

1. All references in the text to "Guinea" are to Guinea-Bissau, not Guinea-Conakry.

for local service or transatlantic reshipment. Much of Cape Verde's population is of Guinean origin; on the island of Santiago, where the process of miscegenation of black Africans and white Europeans is much less advanced than elsewhere in the archipelago, trained eyes reputedly can distinguish between people of Fula, Papel and Balanta descent. (These Guinean ethnic groups were among those that suffered the most slaving by the Portuguese.)

Now, the purpose of this digression into the common ethnic origins and contemporary political experiences of the Guineans and Cape Verdeans is to explain a curious aspect of Cape Verdean politics. One irony of the extraordinary degree of correlation between the histories of two countries is that, in certain important respects, the political spirit of the PAICV is more suited to a Guinean climate than to the Cape Verdean. Certain ideas and behaviors the Party learned in the course of its 12-year war of independence in Guinea-Bissau and attempted to practice at home are unsuited to the local temperament. My expulsion from the Prime Minister's address is the most trifling of examples of the political culture of "a luta" or, "the struggle," -- possessive, exclusive, adamant and just a little bit paranoid -- in action, of a battlefield ideology delivered to a country at peace.

The one fact that most dramatically distinguishes the contemporary political histories of Cape Verde and Guinea-Bissau is that the war against the Portuguese colonial government for the independence of the former was fought exclusively in the territory of the latter. Cape Verde is an archipelago, and while guerilla wars can sometimes be waged on islands (the struggle in Sri Lanka is an example), small, barren islands distant from any coast and used as a military supply point for an occupying army are not the ideal place to fight a hit and run contest with conventional forces. With the exception of some clandestine cells, PAIGC activity in the islands during the war of independence was very limited. Moreover, many Cape Verdeans are, culturally, much closer to the European Portuguese than to the African Guineans, and were not receptive to this "African Party." Consequently, the PAIGC was almost alien to Cape Verdeans when it assumed power in July 1975 -- not just because they'd never been exposed to its ideas and leading personalities but also because the Party's leadership, so long exiled from the islands, had developed its political ethos during an historical interval that the islands had entirely skipped. For many militants, "the struggle" didn't end when the ink on the peace treaty dried; that marked the end of the "armed struggle" and the beginning of the real battle -- against reaction, for progress, etc. For them, the conceptual framework of war and peace are identical (as they may be said to be for all true cold warriors). But for many Cape Verdeans who never left the islands or who emigrated in search of work in Europe and America, the outstanding issue between their vision of the future and the old order was resolved when the Portuguese flag went down and the Cape Verdean one up the pole in Praia; they wanted to break with the colonial government, not with the past. (Yet others wanted no break at all, convinced as they were that Cape Verde could never make it on its own.) The Party brought the combative political culture of "the struggle" to islands that felt the war as the rumble of distant

thunder. It was inevitable that the meeting of the two fronts occasion frequent squalls.

One example of the divergence between the local culture of the islands and that of the Party and its political supporters is their dissimilar attitudes on race. In Portuguese colonial ideology, the Cape Verdean played a special role as "the most perfect Portuguese human being"; he was the paradigm of what the Brazilian sociologist Gilberto Freyre called "lusso-descendants," mestizo heirs of Portuguese language, values and customs.⁽¹⁾ But despite foreign theorists' ambitions for a non-racial paradise in the islands, Cape Verdeans did and do divide themselves into a racial hierarchy. Here as most elsewhere the rule continues to be that it is more desirable to be white than black, and to have a greater preponderance of white than black features (or "blood") because white is more intelligent than black, more attractive, more virtuous, etc. These assumptions come out clearly in conversation. An acquaintance described the subject of his dinner-table anecdote as "white-looking, but his hair's not good." The priest performing the confirmation ceremony of a group of children invoked the Holy Spirit "in its whiteness." Many Cape Verdeans speak disparagingly about and distinguish themselves from the Guineans -- those with whom, had Amílcar Cabral's dream of binational union been realized, they would have formed a single state. "If we had their rivers," said a João, a carpenter in the capital, of the Guineans, "we'd be rich. But they're in misery 'cause they're lazy."

People in Cape Verde tend to use the terms "black" and "African" as synonyms; and just as many average folks with more than a helix-worth of "white" genes would take exception to being called black, so too would they object to being called African. This class of people is quite convinced, as were the Portuguese and Brazilian theorists who invented the doctrine of multiracial colonialism, that their culture is more "advanced" than that of the "backward" coastal "tribes," and that consequently they are superior. (It is worth noting that the putative superiority of the white race formerly invoked by many to justify continued political dominance of the "overseas provinces" by Lisbon was later in vogue as a rationale for keeping a safe political distance from primitive and impulsive black Africans. The supremacy of the white and declension of the races therefrom, yesterday's reason for preserving the unity and hierarchy of the Empire, was more recently put forward by some Cape Verdean racists as an argument against the unification of Cape Verde and Guinea-Bissau -- a historical irony that recalls the pungent Portuguese saying "The flies change, but the shit remains the same." It is a mystery to me why so many people to whom I spoke were not satisfied to say "we're different from the Guineans" or "all things that are similar need not be made uniform" to justify their opposition to bilateral union but insisted instead on their racial superiority. One begins to suspect that Fanon was right about the influence of race as an ordering principle of our subconscious.)

Party people, on the other hand, sometimes go overboard in their

1. Freyre, Gilberto, O Mundo que o Português Criou (Rio de Janeiro: Editora 1940).

efforts to identify themselves with the continent: every third adjective in a militant's conversation sometimes seems to be "African." This is no doubt a consequence of Cabral's political philosophy and the context of colonial pan-Africanism in which it developed. It must have been, at the time, an extraordinarily appealing notion: the common struggle against a common colonial enemy, the reassertion of black pride, of African pride, after centuries of forcibly learned inferiority, the sum total of shared history and aspirations would naturally conduce to feelings of continental unity. But from the perspective of the 1980's it seems that the centripetal forces that heled make Africa a locus of hope and glory in the early '60s have long since played out. The continent is deeply troubled by civil and international wars, perhaps less united on any issue, with the exception of apartheid, since the O.U.A. was founded in 1963. Militants' constant references to Cape Verde's "African" character ring dissonant in the current political context; they seem to reflect an almost desperate and anomalous attachment to the Party's ideological origin and Cabral's vision.

But Cabral's experience, ironically, was a colonial one. Born of Cape Verdean parents in Guinea, he attended high school in Cape Verde, university in Lisbon (where he was star pupil in agronomy) and returned to Guinea on a colonial government contract for an agricultural survey of the country. He was the quintessential man of both, or all three, worlds, and is easily conceived of as the father of both countries. (A Portuguese conservative once took offense at my description of Cabral as a revolutionary and declared him "a great Portuguese." Of course, there's no reason he can't have been both. I expect the rejoinder was based on Cabral's defense of the Portuguese language as an indispensable tool in the development of Guinean national identity. He was quite prescient on the matter: the use of Portuguese in Guinea-Bissau is now undergoing a mortal challenge from the French spoken in bordering Guinea-Conakry and Senegal. The failure of the central government in Bissau to make itself relevant to life in the country's hinterlands except as a dangerous parasite has effectively annexed the country's rural economy to those of its Francophone neighbors; there's even been talk in Bissau of joining the franc zone in order to recoup trade lost to more the stable currency. But the implicit suggestion of the conservative's remark -- that the Portuguese language is the true common denominator of all "Portuguese" people -- raises the entirely different and fascinating issue of Portugal's own sense of identity, which is better left unaddressed for now.)

The point here is that the path Cabral took in the 40s and 50s was followed by fewer and fewer Cape Verdeans in the decades thereafter: in labor-scarce postwar Europe, the hardworking Cape Verdeans were easily employed on the docks in Rotterdam and in French factories. More were carried on the steady stream of emigration to the United States, where Cape Verdean communities were long established on the New England coast by the crewmen of whaling ships. And as more Portuguese abandoned the metropole for northern Europe or the prospering colonies in the 60s, and young men settled in Angola when their terms of military service there ended, Cape Verdeans even

began emigrating to Portugal to fill labor shortages in construction and agriculture. History has tethered Cape Verde firmly to the West. Cabral's pan-Africanism, already cutting against the grain of race consciousness in the Cape Verdean past, gradually became increasingly archaic and irrelevant to the average Cape Verdean's concerns and aspirations. And it seems plausible that many Party members need compulsively to affirm their identity with the continent as the dose of autosuggestion needed to combat some underlying doubts about it.

The metaphor of mild schizophrenia becomes increasingly appropriate when one considers that there may be a considerable divergence of opinion among Cape Verdeans about just what Cape Verde is. The following exchange is transcribed from a recording of my conversation with Prime Minister Pedro Pires the morning of July 29:

Q. "Does Your Excellency foresee the eventual integration of the emigrant community residing abroad into national political life?"

A. "The future of Cape Verde is in Cape Verde. The central nucleus of the Cape Verdean regime is the country [itself]...this is what will determine the future of Cape Verde. In the future of Cape Verde, I don't see the possibility of a country distributing itself in various worlds...it would be its own ruin. So that... Cape Verde is this here (points to the ground with both index fingers), these ten islands we're on. This here is the future of the country. This is the country. Now, the rest are communities with which Cape Verde will have to develop relations. But Cape Verde is this. Because if not, it would be a diminution. I can't imagine how it could be, this pretension, it would be a diminution -- Cape Verde is... this is what determines what's out there; what's out there will not determine what in here. This here. The central nucleus is this. Therefore, everything that will be done will have to take into account this central nucleus."

My modest follow up question -- about whether the government had plans to extend the vote to Cape Verdean citizens residing abroad -- demonstrates that the range of my first question was broader than I anticipated, and touched what may be a raw nerve.

While no precise numbers are available, most sources agree that at least as many Cape Verdeans live abroad as in the islands. There are some 340,000 Cape Verdeans in the islands. In the United States alone, Cape Verdean immigrants counted with their descendents number approximately 300,000. There are said to be about 45,000 more in Portugal, 25,000 in Senegal, perhaps 10,000 in Holland and a substantial number in France^{and} Italy. (These and similar patterns of migration in search of work often leave a disproportion of women to men in the country of origin of the migrants. This is generally true in Cape Verde. One exception to the rule is a village on the island of Boavista that sends its eligible womenfolk to work as domestics in northern Italy.) There's a healthy smattering of Cape Verdeans elsewhere as well, in such places as Argentina and Scandinavia, in sufficient quantity for a few novel doctoral theses. Hard-working, seafaring people really get around. I don't doubt stories told me

during my stay of Cape Verdeans who ended up in Siberia and Japan.

I expect the point the Prime Minister addressed was the political task of defining Cape Verde: is it the 10 islands to which he referred or the entire Cape Verdean diaspora? The question is a crucial one. I do not believe the strict geographical and exclusive spirit of his answer reflects the unfavorable image the Cape Verdean government has in many emigrant communities, and a consequent desire to limit its declared constituency to local residents. It is a question that must be answered before one can plan intelligently. Nor is the dilemma a unique one: other governments, such as those of Israel and Portugal, must also choose a balance between needs and aspirations of their respective ethnic diasporas, whether composed of citizens or not, and those of citizens resident in national territory. But because Cape Verde is such a new country -- only 11 years independent from Portugal -- the choices are still being made and, as necessity dictates, not everyone is happy with the result.

It is in the newspaper Terra Nova that the "diaspora school" of Cape Verdean identity in particular and opposition to the government in general is most articulately expressed. Terra Nova, or New Land, is published by the Capuchin Brothers of Cape Verde; their order is based in Mindelo, the country's intellectual capital, on the island of São Vicente. The paper itself is a combustible mixture of short essays, editorials and vitriolic letters to the editor spread on paper with little evident regard for any prevailing libel law. For all its faults -- including a systematic failure to distinguish between news and opinion -- it is a lively and welcome distraction from the clumsy sycophancy of the official state newspaper, Voz de Povo (People's Voice), where headlines like "Sixth Conference of the First Section of the Urban Sector of the Party Concluded its Work Monday" go down like molasses. Every month Terra Nova seizes indifferently upon good cause and weak pretext gleefully to rake the government across the coals. On a number of occasions Brother António Fidalgo Barros, the paper's editor-in-chief, has been called into court by the government to answer for publications the Party leadership considered particularly outrageous. (Nobody on either side of the controversy ever explained the specific charges, if any, to my satisfaction, or seemed to assume that the sporadic skirmishes had any real legal content.) But official warnings and appeals to reason notwithstanding, Terra Nova continues to wage its never ending war of words with the government publications A Tribuna (The Tribune) and Voz di Povo. The managing editor of the paper, Brother Frederico Cerrone, insists that he and Barros do not regard it as "the opposition newspaper" despite Cape Verdeans' reference to it as such. But Barros's editorials try desperately to live up to the title bestowed as epithet by Luís Fonseca, the militant leader of the official youth movement, in a moment of pique: "the little opposition newspaper." Barros is a gadfly who loves to sting.

An essay by a Cape Verdean emigrant in Paris published in the July issue of Terra Nova spoke with brutal eloquence to the questions of Cape Verdean identity and what may, for convenience sake, be labelled the "class conflict" between the Cape Verdeans who assumed

power upon independence in 1975 and some of those who remained as underrepresented in the new regime as they were in the old. Luíz Silva, the author, began by collecting all Cape Verdeans living outside the islands under the rubric "emigrant." He then suggested criteria by which one might distinguish between what he called "first" and "second (class)" emigrants: the former are well-received, well-paid and well-integrated in the Western countries in which they live. The latter, by contrast, receive no help from their consulate and live at the bottom of the wage scale and social order in the countries where they work. The former are the cadres, functionaries and scholarship students the government sends abroad; the "emigrant experience" they pass through, says Silva, is merely an expensive and parasitical form of tourism. The selfsame officials sent abroad to staff Cape Verde's consulates really don't give a damn about the emigrant worker and his problems. And eminent Cape Verdeans who visit at the invitation of foreign governments are chosen precisely because they say nothing controversial about events at home. "Thus," he writes, "there comes a judge speaking about love in the poetry of Eugénio Tavares when he could be speaking about Justice (sic) in Cape Verde, a question of great importance at the moment (and) a doctor talking about literature when our health (care) isn't so great... The irony of destiny," he continues, "is that these top cadres, who circulate principally in Lisbon, Paris, Brussels, New York, Rio, etc., don't know how to avoid (embarrassment) when they're told that emigration is a profound act of revolt against the situation in the country." The real emigrant -- and real patriot -- is the average guy who, by sweat and smarts, works hard and sends back a monthly stipend to his family in the islands, who studies on his own, moves up the ladder and thereby imparts greater prestige to Cape Verde. If the "petit-bourgeoise du plateau" (a reference to the ruling group in Praia, the capital, which is built on bluff) really want to be of service, he suggests, let them go work in one of "Os Cinco" (the five former Portuguese colonies in Africa). "Where's the much talked of African Solidarity born in the days of the anti-colonial struggle?"

After seething for four full columns about the arrogance, ignorance, insensitivity and hypocrisy of the "Cape Verdean elite," Silva concludes with an anecdote that parallels the distinction he drew at the outset between the two classes of Cape Verdeans abroad:

"One of those old emigrants of Rotterdam told me a story I won't resist telling: 'A man who had been very good on Earth had the privilege to go to glory. St. Peter reserved him a cloud where he lived tranquilly. Tired of tranquility, out of curiosity he asked St. Peter for permission to go visit Hell. He went. He was received by three beautiful women, he partied and drank of the best of everything. As soon as he could return to glory, he asked St. Peter's permission to return definitively to Hell, which had the best of everything. St. Peter agreed, although he had insisted that he stay in glory. He thanked him as always and left. Upon arriving in Hell, he knocked several times without anyone coming to open the door for him. Hours later, three individuals showed up who forced him in with kicks, blows and insults, while he screamed that he was the fellow who had visited

Hell just a few days ago, to which they responded:
'Last time you came here as a tourist, but now you've come as an emigrant!'"

Silva's complaint that the emigrant's contribution and dedication to the welfare of the islands is often insufficiently appreciated is well-founded. Worker remittances are exceeded only by foreign aid in their importance to Cape Verde's economy. According to a recent World Bank study, in 1983 remittances plus grant aid were equivalent to 54% of imports of goods and services.

But the statistics, dramatic as they are, don't begin to convey the impressive evidence of emigrant investment in daily life. The pickup trucks that are the primary means of passenger transport on Santiago are almost all owned by emigrants who made good; the cafes and discos belong to them. The bottle of beer in your hand is Dutch; the cheese in your sandwich is Portuguese, the flour to bake the bread American. Everything must be brought from abroad, at great cost, and purchased with remittance money; the islands produce almost nothing, not even soap or bottles. And the material evidence of the emigrant connection lingers on long after the product itself is consumed. Nothing is wasted; it is the rare container that cannot be recycled for another use. Santiago is sprinkled with burros carrying yellow, plastic water jugs that formerly contained Dutch cooking oil, and little girls balancing water-filled Portuguese lard cans on their heads. One sees the fruits of emigrant industry at every stage of the economic cycle in Cape Verde; and because most every family has someone abroad, often someone upon whom it depends, and another family member who wants to join him, there is an almost umbilical attachment between those who remain home and those who go abroad. Cape Verdeans have emigration on the brain: it has been their history (others may read destiny) for centuries. Various epic novels of the country's rich 20th century literature, of which Baltasar Lopes's Chiquinho is only the best known, turn on the theme of emigration, especially to the United States. ("America" is often breathed by Cape Verdeans with a sigh of wonder. Leaving aside the Party members to whom I spoke, Cape Verde often seems as pro-America as Peoria.) Emigration has long been the islands' answer to Malthusian disaster; and when bad harvests coincide with closed doors abroad, the result has been mass starvation. In the last famine, during the 1940's, over 30,000 perished.

In former times, when emigrants went principally to the distant United States and travel was by sea, Cape Verde's contact with its communities abroad was constrained by the limits of maritime communications. Although whalers and sailing ships were always coming, going and leaving new ideas and products in the islands -- literary neorealism, for example, reached Cape Verde from Brazil before it did Portugal -- a departed emigrant would return home rarely if ever. Today, the difference between emigration and migration is become indistinct and the relative affluence of workers at the lower end of the European wage scale is higher than formerly; now that a ticket on a charter flight home is not out of reach and the BBC and VOA Portuguese service broadcast to the four corners of the earth, the

intimacy of contact between the islands and the (e)migrant communities is proportionately greater. The clash of Cape Verdean cultures -- that of the majority with that of the group Silva nastily dismisses as the "petit-bourgeoise du plateau," becomes more understandable when one considers that at the very time Cape Verdeans in the islands feel tied more closely than ever to the emigration nexus, the Cape Verdean government is doing its best to break the dependency mentality and defeat the idea that a Cape Verdean's future lies outside the islands. More difficult than creating permanent work posts, rather than public works jobs, is convincing people that Cape Verde is something more than a global hiring hall. As often as a Cape Verdean egghead emissary abroad displays insensitivity to emigrant concerns or waves his manicured hand with pooh-pooh modesty at compliments on his people's industry, an emigrant fails duly to credit the government for its efforts to make staying in the islands or going abroad something other than a bitter dilemma.

(On a deeper level, there is a certain vaguely self-serving interest in the preservation of the Cape Verdean emigrant's lament as expressed in conversation, music and literature. It is unquestionable that the melancholy of leaving behind the islands is heartfelt; yet somehow the very sublimity of the suffering dilutes the purity of the sentiment. Like the Portuguese, the Cape Verdeans seem sometimes to enjoy a saccharine rush when recounting the heartache of national diaspora. A great classical drama understands a certain inevitability, the compulsion of its protagonist's meeting with his destiny. If Cape Verdeans could choose between a comfortable life in the islands and an even higher salary abroad, the poignancy of the emigration saga would be diminished and the once momentous decision to go abroad reduced to a cash calculus. It would necessitate the complete reinvention of the nation's literature and music, to say nothing of the need for a new world view. If one believes that most people crave the familiar and fear change, such consequences are too radical to make even dramatic economic improvements entirely welcome.)

If a visitor relied exclusively on the newspaper Terra Nova for his impressions of Cape Verde, he might conclude that a cycle of political convulsions was about to begin. Issue after issue discusses such themes as the limits of a Christian's obligations to secular government and reads like a primer on civil disobedience. But although Brother Barros has his partisans and many sympathizers and the government its share of aspiring totalitarians and hotspurs, Cape Verde is not headed for a destructive showdown. It seems more likely slowly to evolve into a democracy, perhaps one similar to the Portuguese.

The government has begun to act upon the fact that the political culture of Cape Verde is not like that of Guinea. At the risk of a gross generalization one may say that, on the continent, the tradition of passive obedience to established political authority is strong; if a leader is popularly perceived as legitimate, whether by virtue of lineage, age and wisdom or military prowess, he is obeyed. Power, fairly acquired, is not conceived of primarily as a public trust but as a private resource. A good leader may exercise it for public

benefit and a bad one for private gain but both may be equally legitimate, if not equally popular. How heavy a tyrant's yoke must be before a people revolts will vary, but the capacity for silent endurance is staggering.

In Cape Verde, people react differently to official abuse. When the government suddenly announced its new land reform program on the island of Santo Antão in 1980, a crowd of 3,000 protestors, including landlords and some of their tenants, staged a march on PAICV headquarters in the town of Ribeira Grande. Party militants from other islands were called in to keep order and reportedly swaggered around the village with pistols in shoulder holsters. "There were abuses," said Lineu Miranda, a resident of the island and former representative in the People's National Assembly. "They (the militants) carried on with an arrogance people don't like." The land reform issue arose at a time when employees of public works projects had not been paid their meager wages for months. In one confrontation between protestors and police, a young man who reportedly tried to seize the gun of an officer was shot and killed. About a dozen men associated with the protests were arrested, tried and imprisoned.

Most were amnestied within a few months. The government seemed to realize it could not have everything it wanted in Santo Antão as quickly as it pleased, and the land reform program was scaled back. No land would be expropriated; owners expressing a willingness to sell would be compensated at a negotiated price. (Some of the money later used to purchase the farm of the absentee landlords of Tarrafal do Monte Trigo was provided by USAID.) The project limited itself to regulating the annual contracts between landlords and their sharecroppers, reducing the maximum percentage of the crop the former might keep and insisting that such agreements be recorded in writing.

A less dramatic but more recent episode concerned street names in the city of Mindelo on the island of São Vicente. In a recent edition of Terra Nova a letter to the editor complained that "our streets still explode with unpronounceable names that don't always have anything to do with our reality or with us." The author was referring to the wholesale change of street names that followed the Party's ascension to power. Though the practical importance of the repainted plaques is trivial, they demonstrate the disparity of interests between the two Cape Verdean cultures. After independence, the city's thoroughfares were renamed after events and heroes in the official Party saga. Many average citizens probably agreed with some of the changes: as the father of Cape Verdean independence, Amílcar Cabral certainly deserved to have a major artery called after him. But often, the names chosen were irrelevant to all but Party militants. For example, Kwame Nkrumah, whatever his importance to pan-African thought, is nothing but an occlusion of syllables to most residents of Mindelo. Worse still, the name Nkrumah's usurped -- Senator Augusto Veracruz -- is one cherished by many. "They figured he was an old Portuguese who never did anything for Cape Verde," said the old timer who told me this story. "And what's this 'Senator' business? Well, Nkrumah's fine but what they forgot is that none of them would have an

education without Augusto Veracruz. He founded São Vicente High School. He had pestered the (Portuguese colonial) government for years about a school, but they told him there couldn't be a school because they didn't have a building. 'Is that all that's holding it up,' he said, 'a building?' 'That's it,' they said, 'if we had a building you'd have a school. 'No problem,' he said. 'You have a building. I donate my house.' And he did!" Almost all the top leaders in Cape Verde received their education at the Liceu of São Vicente; Cabral himself was a student there.

A Mozambican woman I met in Cape Verde said she thought the Cape Verdeans ungrateful upon hearing them criticize their government; after all, there were no political prisoners, no famine, a reasonably free press and freedom of expression -- what was there to criticize? From a visitor accustomed to power as exercised in Mozambique, such a reaction is understandable; from someone used to the multiparty rough and tumble of American, Portuguese or Dutch politics, the distribution of power in Cape Verde is plainly unsatisfactory. Of course, Cape Verde is not homogenous: the popular saying has it the Europe ends in São Vicente (the more sophisticated and thoroughly miscegenated windward island) and Africa begins in Santiago (the less pretentious and hardly miscegenated leeward island). Nevertheless, all nine inhabited islands in the archipelago have emigrant communities abroad and are familiar with the practice of politics in those countries. The Cape Verdeans' political frame of reference is the system as they've seen it work in the United States and Europe, and they're ready for their own experiment.

The government has tried to respond, if reluctantly. Before the last parliamentary elections of December 1985, the Party spent months urging people to attend meetings and help refine the list of candidates to be offered as the single slate for election. Some of the most unpopular deputies, including left-wing ideologues, were reportedly dropped from the list; and because the Party felt that the business community was underrepresented, it substituted the deleted names with those of some leading businessmen. (One of these men remarked to me that his name was on the list before he was consulted about a possible candidacy.) Walls all over Santiago were papered with political posters and photographs of the candidates. Nevertheless, the rate of abstention was unexpectedly high, and opposition leaders were encouraged by what they interpreted as an indicator of popular disenchantment with the government.

(An aside: one night, in the bar of the only Chinese restaurant in Cape Verde, a friend and I were peacefully nursing some beers and talking with the owner about the prospects of starting a soap factory in Cape Verde when a powerfully-built young man came up to the bar, greeted the owner and asked for a double scotch. He proceeded, in a coherent mixture of Creole, Portuguese and French, to dominate the conversation for the next hour. He began by criticizing the decor of the bar -- which seemed not at all to perturb the owner or his wife. His well-liquored tongue boasted of using his Party status as a credit card, his government-paid travels in Western Europe and experiences on the battlefield in Guinea. He had just returned, in case we were

curious, from six years in the Soviet Union -- his eyes closed briefly here, as if calling to mind the rigors of the gulag -- his reward for faithful service to the Party. Russia was messed up, but what a university! And what had he studied? Fine Arts. It was he, he proudly declared, who designed the election campaign posters we saw all over the capital. "The blue ones," I asked doubtfully. Yes, the blue ones. When my friend and I left the bar, I walked up to a wall and confirmed my first impression of the posters: they looked like the "wanted" notices one sees in post offices all across the United States. Blurry mug shots of about 15 candidates were arranged in three columns of five with their names and occupations in tiny, illegible print beneath the photos. If nothing else, multiparty politics would liven up the local election graphics.)

Many Cape Verdeans living in the islands express unhappiness with the government. People in the small settlements outside the capital speak angrily about insensitive bureaucrats and arrogant Party officials. "He must have risen very quickly," said a middle-aged woman in Cidade Velha of a young man from the town who'd joined the Party some years ago. "Now he only visits in a Mercedes and when he does, he doesn't greet people properly." (Here, to imitate him, she clears her throat self-importantly and summons a scowl.) "You say 'Hello, John.' He says 'rum rum rum.'" At Cidade Velha, all the blue election posters had been defaced or torn off the walls.

Nevertheless, there seems to be much less of the arrogant flamboyance and breathtaking larceny among the Cape Verdean elite than one is apt to find on the continent. There are many more Peugots than Mercedes in government service and relatively few cars at all; and no one ever suggested that bribery was a tactic of common resort either in business or government. Nepotism is a serious problem, and when an incompetant winds up in a position of responsibility because he's someone's nephew, people can get exercised about it. With jobs scarce and family ties strong, however, it seems unlikely that another crowd in power would do otherwise. Diplomatic and foreign aid personnel who've worked elsewhere in Africa find the Cape Verdean civil service a reasonably efficient and honest affair. Like the rest of us, the Cape Verdeans complain bitterly about their bureaucrats, and the long lines one sometimes sees in the islands are not for emergency food rations or some scarce good but for one or another permit or document. Anyone who's ever visited the Motor Vehicles Bureau in Manhattan has been through the same ordeal.

But to accept my Mozambican acquaintance's position and insist that the Cape Verdeans be happy with the restricted liberties they have because they're better off than people on the continent is to make the same argument, often cynical, that many Westerners do when opining about South Africa: because South African blacks enjoy a higher living standard than black people on the rest of the continent, they should shut up and be grateful. This is not the place to calculate the derivative of liberty with respect to affluence; all we need to know, Machiavelli notwithstanding, is that there comes a time when the passion for freedom can be purchased with freedom only. If one believes that people have a right to all their inalienable human

liberties, then to oblige them to be satisfied with little simply because others have still less is no argument at all. We don't usually expect people to accept their lot because it is better than the worst alternative. One can certainly debate whether a given political party or program to which oppressed people belong or subscribe is genuinely committed to the ends of liberty and wealth, but prisoners of purgatory are ill-served by appeals to extraordinary patience and worse hells.

There is a Cape Verdean opposition party; its acronym, UCID, stands for the Union for an Independent and Democratic Cape Verde. It's very difficult to tell how active UCID is in the islands. There seems to be little overt political opposition of an organized nature; there are, rather, frequent, spontaneous bursts of dissatisfaction. This past January an angry crowd, including deputies of the People's National Assembly, marched on the office of the governor of the island of São Vicente. It seems that the Ministry of Information, Culture and Sport hired a Portuguese soccer coach to select and train the players to represent Cape Verde at the Amílcar Cabral Cup in Dakar. (The match's name suggests how important Cabral was to all of West Africa.) When the coach chose a team composed almost exclusively of players from São Vicente, the Minister, based in Praia on Santiago, declared the choice unacceptable. The demonstrators at Mindelo -- and to hear the story told with zeal, the whole town turned out -- were reported to have shouted slogans against the central government. "We didn't get rid of the Portuguese just to be ruled from Praia," one resident told me in indignant retrospect.

The political culture of Cape Verde is not one of passive acquiescence to central authority. Protest is common -- whether it be for back wages from the Ministry of Rural Development or against the political monopoly of the PAICV. Shortly before the December election, anti-government posters reportedly went up overnight in one Praia neighborhood; reportedly, the police presence there was intimidating on Election Day. But none of these activities seem like a program of agitprop in action. Taken together and added to the evidence drawn from Terra Nova, however, they amount to a reservoir of discontent wider and deeper than most foreign observers perceive.

The 64,000 escudo question is how far can the government pursue its policy of gradual abertura -- opening up -- without losing its monopoly on the political process? The hint the Prime Minister dropped on his last official visit to Portugal was that the government was considering allowing the creation of a second political party. Interested Westerners, including me, seized on his remarks as portending the imminent democratization of life in the islands. But once again, sympathetic listeners abroad hear selectively. When I asked Pedro Pires about his statements during our conversation, he said he did not favor a second party "at this time"; and when I asked him whether he had met any UCID members on his trip to Lisbon, he replied coldly that not only had he no conceivable reason or interest to do so but that the question was "lamentably inappropriate."

If not UCID, which is, to my knowledge, the only Cape Verdean

organization other than the PAICV resembling a political party, what kind of second party might Cape Verde's leaders have in mind? Perhaps something not too loud but not too soft, not too bold but not too shy, not too different but not too similar. Something not too likely to be an electoral success but not a failure either: a dependable political foil. It isn't easy to create an opposition that is loyal, lame and appealing to voters all at once. But it may be with such a program in mind that the government has begun to invite back to the islands prominent Cape Verdean politicians who left the country -- and active politics -- shortly before independence. One example is José Leitão, a lawyer who lived in exile in Dakar (as opposed to Conakry, where the PAIGC was based,) in colonial times and founded a pro-independence party that opposed the PAIGC's program of Cape Verdean union with Guinea-Bissau. Leitão, who seemed a sincere fellow and much liked by residents of villages outside the capital, is now living at a hotel at government expense and working temporarily at the Justice Ministry until he decides whether he wants to return permanently to the islands. Some apparatchiks misunderstand the purpose of second party entirely. A young and rising militant with a degree in history from a Soviet university seemed encouraged by my speculation that a new party might be created soon. "Yes," he replied, "maybe the intellectuals need a party of their own."

An ersatz opposition will not satisfy most Cape Verdeans. One fellow I spoke to interrupted an optimistic comment I had begun to make regarding the prospects of a second party in Cape Verde. He didn't want a second party, he said, he wanted real democracy. If and when the PAICV creates or permits a safely bland electoral alternative, it may be too little and too late to satisfy the national appetite for real, meaningful, political participation.

Until that time, and perhaps thereafter, Cape Verde's basically tolerant and honest government will suffer the sort of power spasms that got me expelled from the Prime Minister's speech. To diminish the risk of getting kicked out of assemblies when empowered knees jerk, I offer the inquisitive the following advice: don't wear loud clothing when you want to be inconspicuous. Technicolor striped shirts just don't cut it with organization men, whether you're at IBM or a Third World government meeting. Obey the dress code, or the secret police will make you sorry you didn't.

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