

HAUNTINGS: MEMORY, NARRATIVE, AND THE PORTUGUESE COLONIAL WARS¹

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Memory is both more and less than history, and vice-versa'
Dominick LaCapra (p. 20)

Portugal just celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of the revolution of 25 April 1974, which put an end to almost fifty years of dictatorial rule and soon afterwards to thirteen years of gruesome colonial wars in Africa. This has naturally given rise to a series of commemorations and some reflections on the role of the revolution and its promise of a new future for Portugal as a progressive society. Instead of the socialist utopia dreamed by so many and feared by as many others, the nation seems to have found its way through European integration, based on a solid embrace of the cardinal virtues of marketing and consumerism. Nonetheless, the fundamental precepts of a liberal democracy can be said to be solidly anchored in Portuguese society. After the initial chaos brought about by the revolution and the ensuing attempts by the extreme left and right to take control by force, the political process has been marked by decades of stability aided by significant economic support from the European Union. Wide-scale land reform and government take-over of the banking system and key industries have yielded to market pressures and were undone by re-privatization. The economy is seen as solid, unemployment rates are among the lowest in the EU, and an entire generation has been able to grow unencumbered by censorship. It would seem as if by abandoning its empire Portugal has also freed itself of the questionable position of singularity which Salazar's Estado Novo had forced it to assume. No longer the sick-man of Europe, Portugal seems indeed to have resolved its contradictions and

exchanged its pariah role for a healthy unexceptionality. And yet it is as if in the rush to put the past behind, the nation had decided to simply forget the wound at the base of both its past and present conditions: the decision in 1961 to pursue war rather than entertain alternatives to accommodate the desire for autonomy by its African colonies.

The year of 1999 saw a series of public commemorations of the revolution, from traveling exhibitions to series of lectures in Portugal and abroad. Images of soldiers in combat position on the streets of Lisbon, surrounded by children, or with carnations planted on their silent guns – symbolizing the fact that even though the revolution occasioned a radical rupture in the nation's history rather than inaugurating a transition, it did so with a minimum of violence and only a few accidental deaths – have been continuously displayed in public. Yet, images of the colonial war, or any other forms of discourse on the war, have been almost absent from such displays even though both the revolution and the colonial war were carried out by the same military. The special *dossier* published by *O Expresso* (17.04.1999) to commemorate 'twenty-five years of April' can be seen as symptomatic of such disparity. It includes a series of interviews with witnesses of the revolution as well as with prominent figures such as the last Minister of Foreign Affairs of the old regime – under the headline, "If it was good for Portugal it was awful for Africa" – and with Angola's first Prime Minister after independence, who is asked to reflect on the significance of the revolution for his country. *O Expresso* also ran a prominent feature on a new film being produced to "narrate the fantastic history of the twenty-four hours of that unique April day" and a piece of humorous fiction with the title "The 25th of April never happened", in which life in Portugal is described as if the revolution had failed. Although there are some mentions of the war – in that fictitious story it still goes on – there is no dedicated feature on it, even although there is one covering "the fashion of 74". From this issue of *O Expresso* it seems clear that the effects brought about in Portuguese society by the revolution have taken root and one can afford to play games with its memory. Indeed, one could say that the memory of the revolution is so firmly established, so institutionalized, and its consequences for national identity so present everywhere, that it has assumed a sort of invisibility and that

only by pretending to negate it can one hope to bring it further into the public light. The fictitious story is a well-realized, gentle satire of notable developments in the period immediately following the revolution which was marked by severe instability, as well as of prominent figures of the political and cultural elite. Its conclusions, however, are stunning for it would seem that the worst consequences of the revolution's failure, in the writer's imagination, would simply be that access to the coveted consumer goods of other western European countries would be delayed, above all portable phones, whereas the war in Africa would still be going on even after the most repressive signs of the regime – political prisoners, a brutal secret police, complete censorship of all media – had all but completely dissolved through sheer inertia. Not only is such a commemoration of the revolution significant for its inability to address the effects of the colonial war on the nation, it is also revealing in terms of what collective identity it projects. It insists on the positive, if somewhat unexpected, role of the armed forces in putting an end to dictatorial rule in Portugal, while suppressing another, more conventional one: the army's role in prosecuting the colonial war. Put in other terms, the revolution, inasmuch as it is seen as a factor which has enhanced national identity, has been assimilated and historicized, whereas the colonial war, with its inherently complex and largely negative connotations, has been largely avoided.

In this essay I want to explore the question of how processes of memory have been deployed to attempt to surmount this collective amnesia and the fundamental role played by fictional narrative as the privileged, if not exclusive, instrument for anamnesis. My focus is limited to post-revolutionary Portuguese texts. Not only would the conditions and effects with regard to the African nations who fought to gain independence from Portugal be quite different, but in most cases, even if the war of liberation was successfully won, it was not replaced by peace. Indeed, I think it would be rather faulty to speak of war in terms of memory in the case of either Angola and Mozambique, or even, if differently, in that of Guinea-Bissau or East Timor.²

That the revolution and the colonial wars are intrinsically linked is hardly disputed, many observers going so far as to consider the disastrous conditions faced by the Portuguese armed forces in

Africa as a direct cause of the actions of the officers who removed Marcelo Caetano, from power. In the words of Mário Soares, "The 25th of April resulted, essentially, from the fact that the military did not want to continue, indefinitely, the so-called missions of war overseas... The colonial war caused the regime to rot which would necessarily lead to the 25th of April and to decolonization." That is also the view of Manuel dos Santos, former commander of the anti-aircraft units of the Movement for the Independence of Guinea-Bissau and Cape Verde (PAIGC) who occupied several ministerial posts after independence and for whom the use of Russian SAM 7 ground-to-air missiles was "decisive for the end of the dictatorship in Portugal... the 25th of April, in a certain way, was conceived here in Guinea-Bissau."³

If 25 April marks a decisive caesura in the history of twentieth-century Portugal, the colonial wars were no less significant for the nation. Although numbers and statistics by themselves are limited tools they can serve to sketch an idea of what the war effort meant for the Portuguese, a nation of nine to ten million. João Paulo Guerra notes that the armed forces mobilized a total of 820,000 young men for combat and that the war expenses averaged 43 per cent of all public expenditures during those thirteen years, at the end of which there had been 8,831 dead, circa 30,000 wounded, close to 4,500 mutilated and over 100,000 soldiers affected with post-traumatic stress disorders (Guerra, p. 32-34). As João de Melo notes, "the days and long years of the colonial war belonged to all the Portuguese" (Melo, 1990: p. 8) And yet, discussion of the colonial war has been almost completely absent from the public domain. Even if by now one can no longer claim that there have been no attempts to reflect on the experience of the war, that is nevertheless a constant claim in the few studies that have been published. The editors of the second published collection of iconographic documents relating to the war experience, note that they had to do without material from official archives (much of which remains secret), relying instead on other centers of documentation and photographs taken by the individual soldiers who had participated in the war.⁴ Moreover, not only do the editors explicitly argue for the validity of their efforts as a countermeasure to the lack of knowledge about the war, "banished from memory by many and unknown by others", they also frame their effort within a

process of memory, citing Pierre Nora to express the hope that their efforts at documentation would provide a stimulus and base for future historical processing of the war. It is clear from their introductory remarks that they see the necessity of preserving what they refer to as "live memory" in order to prepare the ground for historical analysis, that is, that in the absence of historical reflection, the recourse to memory is an ethical imperative (Monteiro and Farinha, p. 11-13).

In addition to their charge that public attention to the colonial war has been minimal and that official entities perpetuate this by remaining silent about the events and conditions that so marked the nation, all of those who have written on the subject, interestingly, make a very explicit link between their efforts and questions of memory. João de Melo, in the preface to the extensive anthology of fiction and essays that he published in 1988 traces a first sketch of what would become the literature of the war. And in the editor's note, the conjunction between the pioneering role of such work and the issue of memory is already succinctly exposed:

Os Anos da Guerra – 1961/75, is, fourteen years after the start of decolonization, the first collective attempt to get a picture, however imprecise, of what was the presence of the Portuguese in Africa in the crucial years during which the colonial war was undertaken in three fronts...

Os Anos da Guerra – 1961/75 is a first step. But it was impossible to postpone it. Because it would be absurd to pretend that that, which memory has not yet ceased to remind us of, has already been forgotten (Melo, 1988).

That he ultimately argues for a restriction to the recent writings centered on the war campaigns starting in 1961 is both understandable and critically logical. This anthology does bring together forty-six different authors, some represented with several entries, of which some are rather short but others constitute entire narratives or essays. Prose fiction has been almost exclusively the only genre chosen to reflect on the war and one can think of several reasons for this, from the fact that the novel is widely granted more recognition, to the relative neglect of any autobiographical forms, to the lack of direct engagement on the part of historians and other

critics who might pursue a different discourse. Although one notable film, Manoel de Oliveira's *No, or the Vain Glory of Command* (1990), has attempted to engage the issues of the war by inserting it into a larger historical framework and seeing it in terms of Portugal's historical myths of overseas expansion, its abstract approach has failed to engage the audience in spite of critical acclaim. Indeed, at a general level, one can say that the film has been dismissed as a viable critique of the war. Moreover, narrative fiction can also be said to allow more freedom for selective memory, even if it remains strongly autobiographical. The writers represented were, for the most part, directly involved in the war. Alongside some of the greatest names of contemporary Portuguese literature one also finds others whose work is of a markedly different quality. And besides Portuguese authors, including some who used an "African" pseudonym, there are also important African writers such as Luandino Vieira, Pepetela, and José Craveirinha. The argument behind this of course is that the war affected everyone – albeit in different ways – and that all those who opposed the war, or were forced to participate in it, were actually on the same side, that of freedom, and against oppression in all of its forms, be it colonialism or fascism. Without wanting to deny some validity to this view, and keeping in mind that the colonial wars were never simply an issue of race, as social class for instance also played an influential role in attitudes and experiences, I think nonetheless that one ought to keep some critical distance. To maintain such a distance is naturally difficult for those who have suffered directly from the effects of the war, and who thus often feel not only a pressing need to keep its memory alive, but also a certain form of authority derived from personal experience.⁵

Although the question of authenticity would seem to be minor, it has been invested with key significance by all of the writers and even by a number of critics. That this is not a simple point can be seen from the fact that such a sense of positioning sometimes takes extreme forms and raises considerable doubts. For instance, the need to delimit the literature of or on the colonial wars, leads quite a few to imagine that only direct participation in the war authorizes one to write about it. This is perhaps most evident in the position taken by Rui de Azevedo Teixeira, whose 1998 book on "The Colonial War and Portuguese Novels" is the first sustained

critical study of the most important narratives about the war. Teixeira, himself marked by active duty in Angola from 1973 to February 1975, when considering the "cardinal question of combat experience" comes up with as many as six classifications for writers, from those who saw actual combat, to those who were neither in the armed forces nor in Africa.

What is relevant about such a typology is its very necessity and the fact that one of the six categories, that of women, is considered "special" (Teixeira, p.105, n.130). Although I will come to this question in more detail later, it is important to note that this is given relevance by Teixeira. In reference to one of the most complex novels of the war, Lúcia Jorge's *The Murmuring Coast*, he must remark that in it "there is no direct description of combat, no *empirical* elements of the war whatsoever", something he views as a "capital lacuna" and which would, in his opinion, cause a self-gratifying "obsessive reflection over the war phenomenon" (Teixeira, p. 334-35). Clearly much of this can be explained by keeping in mind how those writers and critics felt themselves to be trapped by the war. Yet the desire to see themselves as much a victim of colonial oppression as the liberation fighters must be regarded as highly problematic, especially when it takes the form of assuming that one could represent the others. Without wanting at all to fall into a simple dichotomy between good and evil, oppressed and oppressors – and in many cases this is a strategy which the writers themselves employ, in reverse, so that the white Portuguese assume the role of villains in contrast to the black heroes of the guerrilla movements (Ribeiro, p.139) – accepting the possibility that a Portuguese writer could speak for the African would be at best critically naïve, and at worst another form of oppression in itself. For, if experience to those writers appears so fundamental as grounds for authority, authenticity, and memory, speaking for the Other, instead of promoting understanding, is merely a form of ventriloquism whose consequence would be the elaboration of a false memory.

The articulation of memory, the (somewhat frustrated) search for a diversity of memories, and the attempt to evoke a collective memory from the integration of individual memory was the explicit purpose of what may have been the most significant (and to my knowledge only) public attempt to discuss the effects of the colonial

war: the colloquium held on 5 November 1993 in Coimbra. Maria Manuela Cruzeiro in her opening words makes a succinct but clear exposition of the conditions under which such an effort was organized ("the total lack of support from circa seventy institutions approached") and of the apparent shame involved in talking about the colonial war, relegating it to the level of a discursive and existential taboo. It is against such a silencing, and against the drive for commemoration on the part of the state and its apparatuses (media and schools), that Cruzeiro imagines the discussion that took place before three hundred observers.⁶

Silencing is not just a tool of the State. It is also a consequence of the fact that for many, memory is still foremost – if it will not always be – a source of shame, an unbearable pain whose power prevents many from speaking in public. Repression and denial are the terms under which Cruzeiro sees such an evasion of the responsibility to bear witness. And so, in Cruzeiro's apt phrasing, those who have come forth to write and speak about the war, either through fiction or through analysis, would be those who would have "the courage of memory" (Cruzeiro, p.5). Indeed, the situation in Portugal, in spite of democratization and a rapid adaptation to contemporary European standards which the previous regime had tried to obstruct, has meant that the public sphere has been less than welcoming to the necessary process of exorcising the national phantoms. As I have been arguing this put the burden of memory on narrative fiction, the one medium which perhaps more readily leant itself to the dual attempt of exorcising private ghosts and forging a national consciousness that would not succumb to amnesia.⁷

Whereas João de Melo in his initial exploratory essay of a decade ago necessarily surveyed a wide range of materials to establish what he considered the war generation, which in his eyes also constituted a "literary generation", more recent works, either Ribeiro's 1998 essay or Teixeira's 1997 book have narrowed analysis to a smaller number of the most representative novels. Teixeira's extensive analysis turns on his contention that the novels of the colonial war perform a cathartic function, allowing their authors to confront their anguished memories of the war and of their own forced participation in it. Ribeiro, achieving a greater distance from the texts studied, distinguishes precisely between those which would

stay focused on personal experience and those which would be able to transcend it and thus contribute towards a rethinking of national identity. She ends her essay with precisely the question of what kind of future one might imagine for Portugal, based on the novels of the war. In what follows, because what concerns me at the present is the deployment of processes of memory, I will limit myself to the consideration of two novels: António Lobo Antunes's *Os Cus de Judas*, first published in 1979 and translated in 1983 as *South of Nowhere*, and Lídia Jorge's 1988 *A Costa dos Murmúrios*, whose translation as *The Murmuring Coast* only appeared in 1995.⁸ These two novels are not only, arguably, the most important of all fictional thematizations of the war, they also problematize conditions of memory and forgetting, showing in the process, ways of addressing the destruction of individual identity and imagining new forms of national identity. And, to a certain degree, one could say that they are correlated, Jorge's novel both serving to expand on the limitations exposed by Antunes, not necessarily answering them, but provoking new questions, and suggesting different models both for existence as well as for remembrance.

Until José Saramago received the Nobel Prize in 1998, both he and Lobo Antunes were considered the likeliest Portuguese candidates for it. A psychiatrist who served in the war in Angola, Lobo Antunes's novels have caused both admiration and shock among the Portuguese public and his international reception has been considerable, especially in Germany. Lobo Antunes's work revolves around the issues of the colonial war, even if they are not the only theme or preoccupation of the author. Indeed, one could just as well say that the Portuguese national identity, the repressive conditions of bourgeois life, the rottenness of the fascist past and the impossibility of happiness in human relations all constitute the core of his work. But the war in one form or another always seems to make an appearance and, especially in the earlier works, is undoubtedly the factor under which everything else is subsumed. Or, to be more precise, it is the remembrance of the war, the impossibility of forgetting the horror and the trail of human destruction that is its legacy, which distinguishes Lobo Antunes's novels. Critical attention to Lobo Antunes's novels has been sparse and tends to focus precisely on the question of the war although without paying attention to the issues of memory. In a necessarily

brief and sweeping overview of his works, however, Henry Thorau aptly comments that "the concept *memory*, which appeared in the title of his first novel, *Memória de Elefante*, can be said today to have become the programme for all his further novels" (Thorau, p.525).

In some important ways it could be said that *Os Cus de Judas* is the same novel as *Memória de Elefante*: in both the reader is confronted with a doctor as main protagonist who saw combat service in Angola, whose marriage collapsed, and who is haunted by the memories of the war, desperately trying to escape his solitude and the appalling mediocrity of his society. The similarities between the two novels are many, even down to some of the incidents related. But then *Os Cus de Judas* is a much more refined narrative, written from beginning to end as an obsessive monologue spoken to a voiceless woman, in which the functions still attributed to other characters in the previous novel – for instance, the dismantling of the main protagonist's self-pity through the sarcasm of his listeners – are combined in the same voice. And *Os Cus de Judas* is written in altogether another key, more tragic and more lucid, for the real weight of the war experience and the haunting power of memory are given primacy here. What in the first novel was suggested as the cause of individual and collective collapse, is brought out in the open and the depiction of Portuguese society as an inescapable realm of ghosts is explicit. There are the ghosts of the previous regime, "The spectre of Salazar, our glorious leader, hovered over the white washbasins, protecting us from the gloomy and suspect idea of socialism", and the "desperate, afflicted ghosts inhabiting [his] body" that constitute the recollection of bourgeois childhood. There are the ghosts of the "dead companions persecuting [him] in [his] sleep, begging [him] not to let them rot in their lead coffins", and even those who return alive are spectral: "The plane that flies us to Lisbon transports a cargo of slowly materializing ghosts, officers and soldiers yellow with malaria, fastened to their seats, looking out the window at blank space."⁹

The images evoked bring to mind Vietnam. For one, both war efforts were extensive and prolonged, roughly thirteen years. Both were waged from a similar ideological perspective, as heroic efforts to contain the spread of international communism and uphold western civilization, both had a share of infamous massacres, and both were doomed to failure. Also, the position of

the soldiers returning home was at least ambiguous and at worst a hellish complex of guilt and torn feelings. However, whereas Vietnam forced a re-positioning of American consciousness and its memories have been explored from a variety of points and in a variety of media, the Portuguese colonial wars have been displaced by the events of the revolution in Portugal. Consequently, Portuguese soldiers never really faced public condemnation for their actions in war, as instead they were celebrated as the heroes who had rescued the nation from authoritarian rule. But that move has also meant that there is no public space to work out the extensive trauma occasioned by the colonial war.

The silencing of memory suggested in the conclusion of the *Memória de Elefante* as a possible means of survival is denounced unequivocally in *Os Cus de Judas*: "Why the hell won't they talk about it? I'm beginning to think that the million and a half Portuguese who passed through Africa never existed and I am narrating for you a cheap, implausible novel, a contrived story composed of one third bullshit, one third alcohol and one third tenderness, you know what I mean?" (Lobo Antunes, *South of Nowhere*, p. 51). In both novels the shattering of identity caused by the war is inescapable. An important difference, however, is that in the second novel the narrator maintains one constant element and that is the certainty of failure when facing the family expectations. This is relevant inasmuch as the war here is explained as a form of last hope on the part of his family for the transformation into manhood of the narrator. And this, apparently familiar drama, can be seen as a national allegory, in which a generation formed by fascist ideals, repressive and hypocritical morals, and imperial propaganda mired in a supposedly grandiose past of conquest, justifies the war with all its horror and sacrifice as an instrument of national regeneration. At the very end of the novel Lobo Antunes depicts a scene in which the narrator quietly explodes such a myth. The confrontation between the narrator and his family not only allegorizes a generational clash, a clash accentuated by the experience of the war and the unavoidable gulf between propaganda and reality, but suggests an answer to the official silencing of memory. For in the careful depiction of the bourgeois surroundings Lobo Antunes not only puts forth class markers, he embodies a whole national/colonial past. The passage should be cited at length:

*I visited my aunts a few weeks later, wearing a shabby suit I had bought before the war. I waited standing next to the piano with the candelabra between an imperial cabinet full of framed pictures of dead generals and an enormous clock ticking softly. The curtains in the windows waved evasively, the silver sparkled from the cabinets in the dark. My aunts turned on the lamp to observe me better and the light suddenly revealed faded Arraiolos carpets, Chinese carpets with dragons, the curiosity of the maids who peeked through the door, wiping their fat hands on the kitchen aprons. Instinctively I assumed the stiff serious pose reserved for park photographers or for standing at attention when I was a cadet in Mafra, in front of the moody captain who always frowned arrogantly. The room smelled like camphor, naphthalene and Siamese cat piss, and I wanted very much to walk out of there to the Rua Alexandre Herculano and look at the sky. A bamboo cane traced a disdainful arabesque before it was stuck in my chest, while a weak, raspy voice said "You're thinner than when we last saw you. I always hoped the army would make a man out of you, but I guess there's nothing to be done." And the pictures of the generals in the cabinet seemed to confirm the evidence of the disgrace (Lobo Antunes, *South of Nowhere*, p. 154).*

Yet, as Lobo Antunes also makes clear, silencing memory is at best a temporary expedient, for although the narrator goes about emptying ashtrays and pretending that all is normal he will always maintain the memory of Africa inside him, ready to intrude upon the appearances of a stable present: "«You never know, Tia Theresa» – the black woman in whose hut he had looked for solace from the war – «might come by and pay me a visit»".¹⁰ And ultimately silencing memory is not only a betrayal of one's own dead comrades, and of those who were killed, tortured, and executed by the Portuguese, it is also a monstrous denial of reality:

Everything is real, especially my hangover, the pain at the back of my neck, my arms as difficult to control as prosthetic devices. Everything is real except the war that never was; there were never colonies, or fascism, or Salazar, or the Tarrafal prison camp, or

the PIDE, or the revolution, none of that ever existed, you understand, none of it, time in this country stopped so long ago... (Lobo Antunes, *South of Nowhere*, p. 152).

Lest one think that such a denial is just imaginary, one only has to note that in 1993 it is still possible for one of the principal men implicated in the colonial wars, General Kaulza de Arriaga, military commander in Mozambique from 1969 to 1973, to deny the reality of much of the tragedy of the war. Not only does he deny the significance of the massacres of civilians by the troops under his command, he also denies the disastrous conditions of the war, preferring to see the events of 1974 and the subsequent independence of the colonies as acts of political treason: "There was no military problem... Where was the war lost? Not the war, where were the overseas provinces lost? They were lost here in Lisbon... The coup in Lisbon was made because we did not lose the war overseas. And this was prepared by the communists..."¹¹ In the continued absence of historical reflection on the war, memory and the voicing of memory through narrative are the only available remedy against not only the fading of time but the attempt to cover up the "disgrace" in imaginary shortcomings of manhood or equally imaginary conspiracies.

Memory, of course, as Dominick La Capra aptly notes, "is both more and less than history" and as such it is also highly individual and can play all kinds of tricks. One of the problems inherent to the memory of the colonial wars and their narratives is that they tend to reflect primarily, if not exclusively, the point of view of those who, even if against their will, took active part in the war, who both suffered the effects of the war and were part of the colonial army. Written by a woman who – although she was in Africa for a period as the wife of an officer – had no further direct experience of the war, Lídia Jorge's *A Costa dos Murmúrios* necessarily exhibits a very different perspective. More importantly, however, is the fact that in this novel not only are memories of war the motivating force of the narrative, but the narrative itself constitutes a prolonged reflection on the war and reality and on the processes of memory through which such experience is filtered and framed.

The very structure of the novel indicates the extent to which it is a metanarrative problematization of the processes of memory and of the authority of the survivor, as well as of the relationship between reality and representation. The novel opens with a short narrative, entitled "The Locusts", written from an omniscient point of view, which relates the marriage in Mozambique of a young enlisted officer to a woman called Evita, and how he later dies by suicide. This is followed by a much longer text in which Eva – that is, Evita twenty years later – addresses the voiceless and nameless "author" of the first text in a monologue. The second narrative does not so much question or expand on the first, as deny any transparency to language, thus questioning the effects of representation, and "annulling" the first text. As the concluding words of Eva explicitly state: "«Little by little the words detach themselves from the objects they designate, then the sounds separate from the words, and of the sounds only murmurs remain, the final stage before erasure,» said Eva Lopo laughing. Handing back, annulling «The Locusts»" (Jorge, p. 274).

It is not surprising that practically all of the critics who have approached this novel have commented on its questioning of History and of the historical process. Ana Paula Ferreira, for instance, regards Lúcia Jorge's narrative as a postmodern text, critical of Enlightenment values and of those narratives about the war, such as Lobo Antunes' *Os cus de Judas*, which are written as though the real is knowable and whose "ideological and philosophical assumptions on which their claims to "truth" are grounded... reproduce the same masked, secretive, irrational violence that they wish to denounce".¹² Even if Ferreira is right to read the two novels against each other from a gendered perspective, Jorge's novel is not the only one to be critical of historiography or of representation. Lobo Antunes's novels do that as well, even if in the end the choice of the cynical male narrator whose bitter perspective is a direct result of war experience might still create a form of heroic anti-hero, something which Lúcia Jorge is able to completely avoid. However, the implication of the Portuguese army in the atrocities, which in Antunes's work cannot but be attenuated by focusing on the figure of the resisting doctor, is in Jorge's novel emphasised by the voice of Eva, especially as she becomes conscious of her young husband's participation in the massacres.

That in itself would already constitute a large gap between the two texts and might indeed lead to an observation of how Jorge's novels seem in many ways to be in dialogue with those of Lobo Antunes, carrying on where his narrative had been forced to stop by the limitation imposed by his own participation in the war and by his gender. But one way in which the novels really differ is in their treatment of memory.

To start with, one should note that whereas for Lobo Antunes's novel the war is the compelling trauma bringing forth memory which erupts in narrative, in the case of Jorge's novel it is narrative itself – the "Locusts" – which brings forth memory and in turn produces the subsequent narrative, which both reflects on the previous narrative and its effects. Of course the war is still the motivating force behind the two narratives and the memory recalled in the second narrative is a memory of the war. But this strategy also allows the narrator more space for reflecting on the process of memory itself. And, even if in some crucial points the two novels necessarily coincide in their view of memory and the place of forgetting, in between there are universes of difference.

In the two novels one can see some form of a therapeutic function of narrative as if by voicing their memories of the war the characters were looking forward to a kind of validation of their experiences, a recognition that indeed they had gone through those experiences and that in spite of them, or because of them, they were who they were. This is something which both Dori Laub and Susan Brison, among others, have insisted on as being crucial to the rebuilding of identity after trauma.¹³ But a major difference has to do with the fact that in Lobo Antunes's novel the audience is a silent woman whereas in Lúcia Jorge's novel the audience is an unidentified male who had "authored" the initial short narrative, "The Locusts", with which the novel opens and against which Eva's monologue develops. In other words, whereas in Lobo Antunes's text memory is deployed to perform before a silent audience whose only role is to listen passively, thus enabling the narrator to constitute himself into a subject, in Lúcia Jorge's novel the narrator's memory is also replacing another type of memory, a more coherent but fundamentally limited and perversely blind memory, which had already tried to establish itself as the 'truth' about the war. Jorge's text is quite complex: the novel opens with a a short narrative

written from the point of view of an unidentified male which narrates the wedding of Evita to a young officer stationed in Mozambique and his death shortly afterwards; and then the novel proper, narrated by Eva – who frequently reminds the audience that she is Evita twenty years later – reacts to the previous narrative and expands on it. This narrative strategy has several advantages and one of them is that it allows the author to present a critique of the role of narrative memory whilst at the same time avoiding a direct representation of the relationship between narrator and audience. And as such, it forces the reader to question issues of positioning when reflecting on memory. A major difference between the two novels resides not only in the fact that they are separated by ten years – after all both authors belong to the same generation and became known after the revolution – but in the way that gender issues are approached.

Lobo Antunes does not hide the relationship between gender and war – after all, the aunts’ hopes that the narrator might become a man through the war are a sort of frame for the novel. Moreover, love, but especially sex, occupies a prominent role in his novels, as both an escape from, and as an act of, violence.¹⁴ And yet, he perpetuates a view of women as objects in a male symbolic order¹⁵. For the judging aunts simply enforce that order; and the black lover – with whom the narrator temporarily found solace from the brutality of the war and who is ultimately gang raped and executed by the secret police who accuse her of collaboration with the liberation forces – becomes a symbol both of the narrator’s impotence towards the regime in whose army he serves, and of an idealized and victimized Other.

The narrator in the opening part of Lídia Jorge’s novel appears to have subscribed to a similar logic when young – taking on a black lover instead of accepting the offer of seduction by Helen, the wife of the captain under whose command Evita’s husband was – but otherwise the reader is given a perspective that resists not only war, but the male glorification of it which underlies so much traditional national historical narrative. In this perspective, as Ferreira and others have noted, male “heroics” appear juxtaposed with female courage, the shining scar that is the Captain’s pride is made obsolete and contrasted to the disgraceful scar which one of the soldier’s wives incurs when, having been refused admittance to

the clinic, she delivers a dead child and ruptures her sphincter muscle. By making visible the presence of women in the war scenario, even if still kept away from the combat zone, Lídia Jorge certainly seriously problematizes traditional conceptions of what constitutes a war narrative. That she does so without falling into yet another dichotomy with women opposed to men on an eternal good and evil struggle – Eva and Helen obviously are charged names – is another way in which the writer demonstrates the theoretical coherence of her narrative. Indeed, as Barbara Freeman asserts, referring specifically to the stereotypical opposition between men and women on the issue of war, “What is crucial for an effective resistance to war is not a reversal of the same themes, but a displacement of the very structure that produces it” (Freeman, p. 308). Jorge’s novel also has the effect of displacing the traditional structure of the role of memory and of its relation with history: memory in *A Costa dos Murmúrios* is not simply opposed to silencing, and nor does it provide the cathartic deliverance that it is imbued with by Lobo Antunes.

Before going further with an exploration of the differences that separate the two novels on the issue of memory, it should be noted that they also exhibit three crucial similarities. First, there is the fact that memory is in both cases directly linked with the authors’ own experiences of war and their memories of it. Second, both novels at times put forward a need to forget as an essential element for survival. And lastly, both authors view memory as an essential antidote to collective historical erasure. Nonetheless, even such similarities already imply radical differences as well. One of the most marked, of course, is that the experience of war of the authors is clearly different, so that even though for both the autobiographical content is necessarily elevated, the nature of the memories cannot but diverge. Thus, it is not unexpected to find a concentration of details in Jorge’s narrative that might have appeared insignificant to Lobo Antunes, just as Lobo Antunes’s direct involvement with the carnage of the battlefield will have resulted in more traditional memories. However significant such a difference, it does not put into question in any way, the “authority” of either narrative. Teixeira’s attempt to distinguish between the two on the basis of actual combat experience cannot be endorsed. When dealing with issues of memory anyway, only a naïve reading would

presume that actual experience of any kind is a guarantee for the fidelity of memory. As Lynne Hanley aptly remarks in the introduction to her seminal study, "our fictions have power, they shape our memories of the past and they create memories of pasts we have never had, of experiences not even remotely like anything that has ever happened to us" Hanley, p.3-4). In a sense, by providing a neat and coherent, but as ultimately revealed, false narrative of the past in "The Locusts", Lídia Jorge presents the opportunity to recognize such a difficulty, not so as to provoke complete relativism in the reader, but rather to avoid an all-too idealized view of memory's reliability.

The need to forget as an element for survival, which both authors at times put forward, is also handled differently in each narrative. In the two books by Lobo Antunes the desire to forget, that is to stop the irrepressible flow of memory from disrupting daily life, is only ironically advanced as a possibility for ensuring survival. The reader knows well that the promises which the main protagonist in *Memória de Elefante* makes in the conclusion of the novel, to forget the war experience and accommodate himself to a life of mediocrity, are false, even a form of self-delusion. Likewise, the gesture of emptying the ashtrays in the conclusion of *Os Cus de Judas*, which can be read as signifying a break with memory, is denied through the unrealistic hope voiced by the narrator that he might be visited by the black woman whose house he frequented in Africa.

In Lídia Jorge's narrative, however, forgetting the past is never just an ironic but ultimately empty gesture. For one, in the figure of Alex, Evita's young husband, forgetting his past as an idealistic student of mathematics is indeed key to his adaptation to the new role as soldier. Even though I would not go as far as Maria Cabral in assuming that the themes of memory and forgetting "are, above all, fictionally demonstrated in the character of the bridegroom" I certainly agree with her view that "his trajectory can be entirely read as a process of amnesia".¹⁶ The narrator Evita remembers having been shocked by the chaos seemingly opened up by such radical forgetting:

*at some point we always lose the memory of what we once desired,
and the groom might as well have lost it then, but in fact it
complicated matters quite a bit for him to have forgotten it like*

that. Because if we started to forget what we wanted to discover, and after that our names, and after that what country we came from, how could we agree on what time to go out, or when to go shopping? (Jorge, p.42).

But Eva also, in her distrust of the efficacy of memory to establish any accurate account of the past, or even simply to survive the erasure of time, can be skeptical of remembering at all, "What historic memory, what testimony? Forget it again, forget it (said Eva Lopo)" (Jorge, p. 200). This distrust is not just an expression of bitterness in the light of the lack of collective consciousness but indicative of a necessary split in identity signalled constantly by the naming of the narrator as both Evita and Eva in recognition of the passage of time. Here one could think, even though safeguarding the obvious differences, of the need expressed by survivors of limit-situations to effect such a split between their past and present selves, to the point of assuming what cannot but be seen as a double identity. For instance, Susan J. Brison, writing on Holocaust survivors, quotes Charlotte Delbo: "No doubt, I am very fortunate in not recognizing myself in the self that was in Auschwitz... I live within a two-fold being. The Auschwitz double doesn't bother me, doesn't interfere with my life. As though it weren't I at all. Without this split I would not have been able to revive".¹⁷

In a way, the narrator of Lúcia Jorge's novel is also literally such a double character, whose identity split enables her to go on with her life. This would be another radical difference between Jorge's narrative and those by Lobo Antunes. For in those the characters still keep going back to infancy in search of answers to their present situations. The war experience and its memories constitute a caesura but not a break in the identity of the characters who maintain unchanged their basic characteristics. However, Eva also obviously does not follow her own injunction to forget and almost immediately also urges her audience to go look up the military archives, "No, I'm not making it up. Look in the military archive. Go to the museum entrance, turn in your card to the soldier... Ask for it – they're always nice people, the caretakers of History..." (Jorge, p. 225).

As much as she might feel the futility of memory and laugh at traditional History – from the repeated jabs at History, the

description of her Contemporary History class at University is perhaps the most explicit, as the lecturer, a priest, when confronted by her view of relativity explodes with a tirade about God being above all (Jorge, p. 202-3) – Eva nonetheless is not like Helen, the Captain's wife, one who is "innocent, without memory"¹⁸ Helen knows much more about the atrocity of the war than Evita and it is through Helen's revelations that Evita comes to know the extent to which her own husband had become a sadist killer. It is Helen who shows to Evita the photographs where the massacres were documented. But Helen had already lost her former self. As one of her servants dies from poisoning Helen seeks solace with Evita who, however, can be lucid at Helen's grief: "Helen is getting ready, she holds onto my hand, ... From her face flows a torrent of tears... I have no doubt that the person she mourns is herself lost in her reflection in someone else" (Jorge, p. 213). And when Evita finally refuses to be seduced by Helen who imagined her relationship as an act of vengeance on their husbands and, by extension on the army, Eva once again takes recourse to a similar metaphor, saying, "Between you and me, identity is a mirror that reflects us and implacably isolates us".¹⁹

The young woman who is slowly confronted with the horrors of the war and with the chaos that threatens the foundations of her self is represented in the linear, coherent, and false, narrative "The Locusts" as believing "that memory had no end" (Jorge, p. 20). But as Eva discloses in her narrative, she grew more and more ambivalent towards memory. Eva certainly does not hold a simple concept of truth or of reality and is well aware that History is made of wars and massacres that no one remembers anymore. Eva oscillates between the conviction that memory is but "a hoax meant to deceive dust-colored oblivion" (Jorge, p. 70), and the necessity to escape the "the deep grave of forgetfulness" (Jorge, p. 235). She also knows that the past is made of ruins and ghosts but insists that "It does no good to wish there to be ghosts among the rubble. Why wish that ghosts remain amid the rubble?" As she continues, it is obvious that she lucidly perceives that although those who left Africa and returned to Portugal might go on living as if time had stopped at the moment of their passage through Africa, time indeed has not stopped. And that lucidity is perhaps the one marking quality that still unites the narrator's two selves, Evita and Eva.

The split between Eva and Evita, and the split between the two narratives in Lúcia Jorge's novel, has further implications in terms of the construction of Portuguese national identity and the role given to memories of the colonial war in it. If the split between Eva and Evita is a necessary strategy to ensure survival at an individual level, perhaps a similar split is also necessary in order not so much to ensure collective survival, as to ensure the survival of a certain kind of national identity. My interpretation of the split in the personality of Lúcia Jorge's narrator was facilitated by a comparison to the statements made by Susan Brison when analyzing trauma survivors and in particular Holocaust survivors. Obviously, this is a comparison which should not be pushed too hard as there are significant differences; nonetheless I think it applies and a further brief comparison between the construction of national identity in Portugal and Germany might make its relevance clearer. For in the aftermath of the Holocaust and the splitting of Germany into East and West, German national identity has been clearly not only split but also remade in two different facets, according to either a western model which necessitated public and official mourning to atone for the hideousness of the Nazi crimes, or an eastern model which preferred rather to exalt a memory of heroic resistance to fascism in the past and consequently suppressed much of its collusion with such past. This is precisely what Gerd Gemünden explores in a recent essay. As he states, Germans now feel that they are someone again but wonder who it is that they are.²⁰

In the case of Portugal none of this would seem to apply. Portugal, in contrast to Germany, is a mature nation-state, indeed its national unity (linguistic and territorial) has been in place and hardly changed since the thirteenth-century. Furthermore, Portugal remained neutral during WW II, always balancing a difficult act between its oldest ally, England, and its ideological preferences towards Germany. And in the case that matters now, the colonial war, Portugal seems to have decided almost from one day to the next to stop it unilaterally. As a result there was not a profound split in the country's identity, except perhaps for older generations, to whom the process, no matter how necessary it was, seemed like treason, a betrayal of Portugal's cherished imperialist myths. And perhaps it is here that one can begin searching for the reasons why there is a disparity between the commemorations of the revolution,

and the difficulty in preserving even the memory of the colonial war.

Eduardo Lourenço has advanced the thesis that, contrary to other nations, Portugal does not have any doubts as to its national identity. In a 1984 lecture he asserted that Portugal was characterized by a hyper-identity, and decolonization had only served to intensify such a feeling. In his view, the colonies were always judged as extraneous to Portugal. The notion that the colonies were indeed a key component of Portugal would have existed only in the ideology of the old regime, so that once that was gone, the disappearance of the colonies, rather than being felt as a loss, would confirm Portugal's true identity, an identity rooted in its history spanning eight centuries.²¹ Although there is much that is fascinating in Lourenço's thought, this thesis presents a series of difficulties, including a return to a concept of Portuguese exceptionality which Lourenço would have been the first to criticize in another context. If I mention this thesis, however, it is because in wanting to link national identity with memory (the words of the lecture's title) Lourenço effectively collapses memory into history and all too easily dismisses the issue of the colonies or of the colonial war and its memory. In doing so, and by appealing to Portugal's long history, Lourenço ends up attempting to suppress those memories. This might provide us with the necessary insight to understand the discrepancy between commemorations of the revolution and the absence of discourse on the colonial war. What is evident is that in order to claim a unified national identity, Lourenço has to insist on a certain humanistic tradition involving Portugal's overseas experiences while completely silencing the colonizing aspects of such an enterprise. In much the same way, the Portuguese armed forces will insist on being celebrated as having freed the nation from despotism and conveniently forget to mention their role in the colonial war.

If the resurgence of the novel in Portugal is due in part to the need to refashion and re-imagine Portuguese identity after the revolution as Ellen Sapega has argued,²² then it would be expected that precisely those novels focusing on the memory of the colonial war would assume special relevance. That they have not is indicative of the fact that for many, like Lourenço, the desire to erect a uniform national identity modeled on glorious achievements, be it

the voyages of discovery in the 16th century or the end of fascism in the recent past, necessitates forgetting the ghosts of imperialism and of the colonial wars. History thus becomes the hallowed realm of Portuguese achievement and the grounds for a uniquely positive and secure national identity, whereas memory, of the colonizing enterprise, or more to the point, of the colonial wars, is negated. Just as in the case of trauma victims, this might be a necessary strategy for survival. Portugal this way can celebrate the revolution and ensure its participation in the material comforts of the European Union without having to question itself. The memory of the colonial war is still experienced too much like a wound in itself and not just the recollection of that wound. Portugal has shown that it does not lack the ability to mourn. When its most famous Fado singer died in 1999, the government decreed an official three-day period of national mourning. But then again, such mourning readily fits in with the desire to ensure the unalterable nature of Portuguese national identity, whereas the memory of the colonial war would threaten to destabilize it. By contrast, although a monument to remember the dead of the colonial wars has now been erected, its official opening on 5 February 2000 met with protests from families of the deceased, who found the date to have no "patriotic" significance and the site itself to be peripheral. They would have preferred the place where the bodies of the dead soldiers had lain in wake upon returning to Portugal, a church aptly named the "Church of Memory". Thus, memories of the wars do not lend themselves easily to internalization; and the novels which insist on preserving them will still – but for how long? – remain as a necessary antidote to institutionalized history. Especially when, as in the case of Lúcia Jorge's novel, they do not limit themselves to a cathartic function but go further, denouncing not only the colonial war and the structures that enabled it, but at the same time probing the insufficiency of memory and narrative to either counteract war or to hold up the mirror of the past to future generations as if in the possession of ultimate truth. Her narrative might well represent "the final stage before erasure" of the public memory of the colonial wars. At the same time, in its criticism of language and representation, and its evocation of the fragmentation of individual memory, it compels us to constantly revise history so that it both remembers and remains haunting.

NOTES

¹ A shorter version of this essay was first presented at the Instituto de Literatura Comparada Margarida Losa, on February 2000. It was published, with slight revisions in *Politics of War Memory and Commemoration*. Eds. T.G. Ashplant, Graham Dawson, Michael Roper. London: Routledge, 2000.

² As Patrick Chabal notes in his 'Introduction' to *The Postcolonial Literature of Lusophone Africa*, "The fourth factor which distinguishes the modern history of Portuguese-speaking Africa from that of most of the non-Portuguese colonies is the character of its nationalism and, in Angola and Mozambique, the impact on society of civil war." (21). He continues, "the impact which continued civil war since independence has had on Angolan and Mozambican society cannot be minimized. Although contemporary Angolan and Mozambican literature is rarely explicit about the conflict which has ravaged these two countries, it is the ever-present backdrop against which all writers and indeed all citizens have had to live... It is too early to say how literature will eventually assimilate the experience of «civil war»" (24). Although Guinea-Bissau has been less ravaged, war has broken out again in 1999. And Timor, which was annexed by Indonesia after the Portuguese left, has not only suffered massacres but even on the very eve of possible autonomy under UN supervision, violence increased significantly.

³ Both comments come from interviews with João Paulo Guerra. The interview with Mário Soares took place on 29 Dec. 1995, the one with Manuel dos Santos on 27 Jan. 1991. See João Paulo Guerra, *Descolonização Portuguesa*, 40 and 130. Here and subsequently, except where noted, all translations from the Portuguese are mine.

⁴ Interestingly, even though this volume is prefaced by João de Melo, who had edited a two-volume compilation of texts with a good number of photographs – *Os Anos da Guerra 1961-1975: Os Portugueses em África. Crónica, Ficção e História* (Lisbon, 1988) – the accent here is still on the need to bring out unknown material, as the following statement makes clear: "With this work, we want before anything else, to contribute to the dissemination of an unpublished, unexplored, fragmentary, and dispersed world of documents.", Monteiro and Farinha, "Nota Introdutória" in *Guerra Colonial: Fotobiografia*, 13.

⁵ Margarida Ribeiro in a recent survey article, "Percursos Africanos: A Guerra Colonial na Literatura Pós-25 de Abril", *Portuguese Literary & Cultural Studies* 1 (1998), p. 136, calls attention to the fact that "Until the beginning of the 90s the literature of the colonial war was the object of a self-reflexive critique, that is a critique made by those who had also written poems or novels about the war and who had been profoundly involved in the war, so that the distance required by criticism was unattainable".

⁶ Maria Manuela Cruzeiro, "Guerra Colonial: Entre o recalçamento e a denegação", *Vértice* 58 (1994), p. 5-7. This special number of *Vértice* includes a series of the essays presented at the Colloquium and others which were added to them. The essays are short and reflect their oral presentation as some are actual transcriptions of oral comments. Two directly address the literary representations of the war. One, by Pires Laranjeira, "Perspectivas da literatura africana de guerrilha", p. 8-10, is confined to a very brief overview; the other, by Carlos Vale Ferraz, "Guerra colonial e expressão literária: Falta de memória? Falta de talento? Ou nós somos mesmo assim?", p. 13-17, assumes the position that not only have there been few works to focus on the colonial war but that their quality is also far from optimal. From this he generalizes that the Portuguese do not rise to the needs of great historical events, a view which might still echo the general complaint about the lack of attention given to the colonial war, but stands in clear opposition to most other observers.

⁷ Teixeira's subtitle, "Agony and Catharsis" is quite indicative of this view of the novel as a medium for working out the haunting traumas of the war. At one point Teixeira also explicitly notes how narrative fiction became the privileged medium in the absence of either public (official) debate or extensive interest on the part of film and television productions (the rare exceptions are mentioned). As Teixeira argues, 'it is then to literature, in its diverse disciplines and different degrees of quality, that falls the cathartic function in relation to the Colonial War. And it will be in the novel that that therapeutic purgation will reach its highest artistic level', *A Guerra Colonial e o Romance Português*, p. 98-99.

⁸ António Lobo Antunes, *Os Cus de Judas* (Lisbon, 1979); translated as *South of Nowhere* by Elizabeth Lowe (New York, 1983). The Portuguese title, literally, "The Asses of Judas" means the end of the world; the English title, although catching this meaning, necessarily leaves aside the over-determining associations both with treason and with eschatology. Although Teixeira has very little to say on processes of memory, he also singles out these two novels, together with another one by Wanda Ramos, *Percursos (Do Luachimo ao Luena)* (Lisbon, 1981), as "novels of memory" in a subdivision of his book, *A Guerra Colonial e o Romance Português*, 123-35.

⁹ For ease of reference citations are taken from the published translation, even though it has significant differences – especially the distribution of chapters as each corresponds to a letter of the alphabet and the Portuguese does not use k, w, and y – *South of Nowhere*, p. 9, p. 14, p. 121, p. 152-53.

¹⁰ *South of Nowhere*, 154. This is the very last sentence of the novel.

¹¹ See J. P. Guerra, *Descolonização*, p. 55-56. The interview was conducted on 10 February 1993. "Ultramar", that is "overseas", is the term used by the general to refer to the colonies, keeping in line with the desire of the Salazar regime to view the colonies as "provinces" of a unified, pluri-continental Portugal. When asked about Wiriyamu, the most infamous massacre in Mozambique (which was denounced in *The Times*, and other international press), and whether this had been

the cause of his having been recalled by Lisbon, Kaulza de Arriaga not only denied it but also tried to minimize the extent of the massacre, claiming that there had only been sixty dead on both sides. He also at the same time claims that as military commander he would only know of a handful of operations, since practically all of the 150 daily operations would have been planned by the field officers and not by the Command-in-Chief (J. P. Guerra, *Descolonização*, p. 47).

¹² Ana Paula Ferreira, "Lídia Jorge's *A Costa dos Murmúrios*: history and the postmodern she-wolf", *Revista Hispanica Moderna* 45.2 (1992), p. 269. Besides this article, still one of the most theoretically cogent and developed analyses of Jorge's novel, others have also foregrounded the question of history. Maria Manuela A. Lacerda Cabral has published an essay, "*A Costa dos Murmúrios* de Lídia Jorge – inquietação pósmoderna" in *Revista da Faculdade de Letras do Porto* 14 (1997), p. 265-87, which is based on her MA thesis, the title of which promises a direct linkage between history and memory ("A história como memória em *A Costa dos Murmúrios* de Lídia Jorge", Porto, 1996). In spite of some reservations as to the view of memory put forward by Cabral, this study is key and Cabral's focus on 'forgetting' as the counterpart to memory is important for my own views in the present essay. In my article, "Memória Infinita", in *Portuguese Literary & Cultural Studies* 2 (1999), p. 61-77, I try to address some of those questions and the views expressed there will be mentioned in my present argument.

¹³ See for instance Susan J. Brison, "Trauma narratives and the remaking of the self", in Mieke Bal, Jonathan Crewe and Leo Spitzer (eds) *Acts of Memory: Cultural Recall in the Present* (Hanover and London, 1999), pp. 39-54. Brison builds on the work of Dori Laub, as when she cites the following passage: 'Bearing witness to a trauma is, in fact, a process that includes the listener' (p. 46). See also *Testimony: Crises of Witnessing in Literature, Psychoanalysis and History* (New York, 1992), p. 70.

¹⁴ Luís Madureira in "The Discreet Seductiveness of the Crumbling Empire – Sex, Violence and Colonialism in the Fiction of António Lobo Antunes", *Luso-Brazilian Review* 32 (1995), p. 17-29, offers a mordant critique of the deployment of sex in the novels of Lobo Antunes. However, even if in agreement with many of his points, I would nonetheless point out that Lobo Antunes is also conscious of the chauvinism he imparts to his narrator and that scenes of Portuguese soldiers raping men are used in an attempt to directly counter standard images of male heroics. In other words, the conjunction of sex and violence in Lobo Antunes' novels is not simple and unreflective.

¹⁵ Although in diverse ways this is also the view put forward by Ferreira and Sousa.

¹⁶ M. Cabral, "*A Costa dos Murmúrios* de Lídia Jorge – Uma Inquietação Pós-Moderna", p. 280. Of course one could argue that in order to adapt to the combat situation, Alex had first to develop the lust for senseless violence and bestiality. The "sport" of mowing off flocks of birds with automatic fire leads to cutting off heads of civilians and impaling them at the top of their huts.

¹⁷ Charlotte Delbo, *Days and Memory*. Translated by Rosette Lamont (Marlboro, Vermont, 1985), p. 3, as quoted by Susan J. Brison, "Outliving Oneself: Trauma, Memory, and Personal Identity", in Diana Tietjens Meyers, ed., *Feminists Rethink the Self* (Boulder and London, 1997), p. 20.

¹⁸ L. Jorge, *A Costa dos Murmúrios*, p. 93. In the English translation, curiously, this was left out.

¹⁹ L. Jorge, *The Murmuring Coast*, p. 236. On the relationship between Helen and Evita and on the question of identity see R. Sousa, "The Critique of History" and Paula Jordão, "*A Costa dos Murmúrios*: Uma Ambiguidade Inesperada".

²⁰ Gerd Gemünden, "Nostalgia for the Nation: Intellectuals and National Identity in Unified Germany" in Mieke Bal et al., *Acts of Memory*, (Hanover and London, 1999), p. 120: "A headline in *Der Wochenspiegel* from July 1993 read: «Wir sind wieder wer! Aber wer?» («We are somebody again! But who?») Indeed, the fall of the Wall in 1989 and German unification the following year have had a paradoxical effect on Germans, instilling in them a euphoric sense of national pride, but also triggering a deep crisis about what precisely it is that one ought to be proud of."

²¹ Eduardo Lourenço, "Identidade e Memória: O caso português" in *Nós e a Europa ou as duas razões* (Lisbon, 1990), p. 9-15. For a radically different view of Portuguese society in the period after the revolution see Boaventura de Sousa Santos, "State and Society in Portugal" in Helena Kaufman and Anna Klobucka, eds., *After the Revolution: Twenty Years of Portuguese Literature, 1974-1994* (Lewisburg and London, 1997), p. 31-74.

²² This view has been advanced by a variety of critics but Ellen Sapega's formulation of it is especially direct. See "No Longer Alone and Proud: Notes on the Rediscovery of the Nation in Contemporary Portuguese Fiction", in Helena Kaufman and Anna Klobucka, eds., *After the Revolution: Twenty Years of Portuguese Literature, 1974-1994* (Lewisburg and London, 1997), p. 168-186.

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