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The Colony

Conceptualising space through the corporate culture, work, and quotidian life of an Indian corporation in Tete, Mozambique

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Research Report

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SCHOOL OF SOCIAL SCIENCES **DEPARTMENT OF ANTHROPOLOGY**

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ABSTRACT

As capitalism speeds up and spreads out whilst entering a new phase of internationalization, individuals are left with uncertainty with regards to what 'place' means and how they should relate to it. Within the corporate sphere, this must ring true for many office workers – especially those who have migrated to new cities or countries. Scholarly work on time-space compression has prompted anthropologists (and social theorists) to re-think 'place' not solely in terms of capital, but also in relation to race or gender. By looking at an Indian-owned international mining corporation, which has entered Africa – specifically in Tete, Mozambique – with, in their view, the aim of functioning as a 'local company', I wish to interrogate corporate self-conceptualisation by asking the question: "What does it mean to be an Indian corporation in Africa?" I explore their Colony – made up of the corporate administrative office and adjacent housing compound – by looking at how this space is constructed in relation to the outside space of the country in which it is located, as well as through an unpacking of this construction with regards to workplace relations in the corporate office and in the lives of office workers both within and outside of the office. We can no longer look at a single place without considering the complex mix of the global that makes it up, that indeed *collapses* into it. We are challenged to see place as a point of intersection; to not merely look at the visible networks of global capital, but also to recognise and give importance to those invisible flows of people and networks that link them, especially in relation to south-south partnerships and interactions. When looking at the office space, we must acknowledge that the office space is more than simply a daily meeting place – it is not static, and it has no boundaries (other than its four walls). Rather, it is more complex than a single identity and yet, at the same time, is unique in the complexities that unify it.

For Sébastien and Chloé

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Preface

"The Land of the Lost… Of dust and men"

It's a warm, spring morning in September when I arrive in Tete, northern Mozambique, for a month-long fieldwork stay. As the plane glides to a halt at the end of the runway, I glance out the window of the tiny Air Link plane, and I am surprised at the size of Tete airport. The plane has stopped a mere few metres from the airport terminal's one and only entrance. Disembarking from the comfort of the air-conditioned plane, I'm struck by the oppressive heat. The sun beats down and there is no breeze in the air. Making my way down a short corridor flanked by eight seats, I enter a single room that serves as passport control, customs, security, and baggage retrieval. In amongst the chaos of the 18 or so passengers from my flight (the <u>only</u> flight today) trying to shuffle around this room, navigating the dizzying to-and-fro between the various points, I look up and out through the doorway to see a young Mozambican man in his mid-20s, dressed in blue overalls, holding a sign that simply says "Indatet". My lift to the Colony, Mr Petricio. He takes my single battered green canvas suitcase, and with a brusque "Hello", rapidly walks to a white twin-cab truck parked in the dusty parking lot (if it can be called that).

Driving towards the Samora Machel Bridge, which crosses the Zambezi River, we pass many small, square shacks, painted in varying colours, lining the side of the road; some as close to the edge of the road as possible whilst others extend all the way back. Stalls selling shoes, bric-and-brac, or dead chickens are scattered along the side of the road. I'm trying to take in the scenery around me, but am also trying to tell Petricio that I need to exchange South African Rand into local currency. Realising that his English is as non-existent as my Portuguese, panic begins to set in: How will I cope in Tete for a month if no one can understand me? Petricio finally understands my request and takes a sudden left turn, muttering "Tete" – I'm confused by this for are we not in Tete? – and a couple of kilometres along, he pulls to the side of the road. Around 10 faces suddenly appear in the windows, waving Mets (meticais) under my nose to exchange. Feeling tired, confused and overwhelmed, I ask Petricio to take me to a bank instead. At a Standard Bank, I queue to exchange my notes – a feat not easily done when no one speaks English. Thankfully as this is a South African bank, the forms are partially in English. Leaving the bank, I walk to a vendor on the opposite corner of the road to buy a local sim card. The vendor does not understand me and calls over a friend, who also does not speak English. I gesture to my phone and point at the sim packs he has displayed. Laughing he gives me one, only for us to stumble upon the next hurdle: It isn't a Nano sim, nor do I have a key to unlock my iPhone. I laugh to myself thinking, "Malinowski surely never had such problems!" A flurry of activity ensues with both vendors and Petricio looking for any possible tool to open my phone. A wire, a bent paperclip, a comb, and yet

none fit. Eventually I pick up a toothpick off the ground (ignoring the fact that it may well have been previously used to extract food from a stranger's mouth), in the hope it will fit, but to no avail. The second vendor, however, snatches it from me and proceeds to shave the one end into a very sharp point. Success! The phone is unlocked, the sim is inserted and I am, at last, contactable.

An hour later we are back on the road, finally on our way to Chirodzi Open Cast Mine. The drive is long, hot and bumpy. Silent except for Petricio's music playing – early 1990s love ballads. Over the course of the next two hours, we say very little to each other, passing a mirage of veld flecked with isolated rural villages and dry river beds. There are few people out in this heat and those that are seek shelter in the limited shade of the bare Baobabs. I doze off every so often, only woken when Petricio swerves to avoid a particularly deep pothole and, finally, when he taps me on the shoulder to say we are close to the mine. Entering the mine compound, we drive through a highly-guarded boomed gate, past two deserted houses on the left, a small hospital on the right. Petricio turns into an enclosed section and passes through another securely-armed gate – this is the main Office site. We walk into a white square building, into the reception area where I am introduced to my contact, Mr Vijay, a 40-something Indian gentleman, the receptionist Mr Danwa, a local Mozambican man in his early 50s, and Mario, the Mozambican Health and Safety Officer from Maputo, who says to me, "Welcome, Ms Melinda. Welcome to the land of the lost. Of dust and men. And no signal…"

……

From the bustling town that leads via the isolated, pot-holed roads to a mine compound that is perceived as unchartered space, malleable and ready for moulding into that which the corporation desires, Tete province is a place of stark differences. I initially envisioned this project to be a study of capital and work regimes; a simple study up of office workers. Instead, what slowly emerged over the course of my research was that relationships between countries and corporations are deeply embedded in understandings of space, time and networks, with a nod to the historical path that has led to this particular point in time and the precarious road which lies ahead. Further, contrary to what we, as emerging anthropologists, are taught in postgraduate methodology or craft classes of traditional fieldwork requiring us to fully immerse ourselves in order to render the strange as familiar, what the process of studying up does, as Roy (2012) so adroitly puts it, is to in fact defamiliarise ourselves so as "to capture this complex terrain" (Ibid:37).

Chapter one

Introduction

Africa is considered a key player in global politics and dynamic[1] economies – much of which is based on its mineral resources. It is a continent that is well-represented by multi-national investors, each with their own approach to business practice, with one of the largest industries for foreign investments being that of extraction. How, then, in a climate of such growth and a fight for resources, does a corporation set itself apart from other companies – especially those who are long-established or non-foreign? In scouring multiple websites and glossy brochures of these other companies, one is easily blinded by the bold marketing propaganda aimed at selling itself and its set of ethos to the wider public, but what of the office staff working towards these goals of profitability and sustainability? In this drive to establish a presence in industry, to what extent are the everyday office workers who are *doing the work* neglected or forgotten? What sphere of living and working do they create and how does it connect the *here* to *there*?

I am interested in the way in which international companies make themselves at 'home' in Africa, and through this project I would like to gain insight in understanding this 'settling-in' process, and in doing so I turn to an international mining corporation as an example of a company that is trying to do exactly this. By looking at an Indian-owned international mining corporation, which has entered Africa with, according to them, the aim of functioning as a local company within the various African countries it locates itself, I want to look at their own self-conceptualisation of what *being* an Indian corporation in Africa means in relation to their corporate offices – the way in which the space of the office is constructed in relation to the outside space of the country in which it is located through an unpacking of this construction with regards to workplace relations in the corporate office and in the lives of office workers both within and outside of the office.

There is a substantial amount of mining literature which focuses on on-the-ground miners who work for corporate-owned mines (Coplan, 1994; Moodie, 1994; Nash, 1927; Welker, 2014, to name but a few), or ethnographies on artisanal and small-scale miners, or even Zama-Zama (illegal) miners. However, there seems to be few corporate ethnographies in this current bed of mining literature that: (1) are set within an African context; (2) study up by looking at highly-skilled and/or managerial office staff specifically; (3) address the aesthetics of the office and compound space itself; and (4) fall within the scope of burgeoning relationships that are constructed between workers *across* the Indian Ocean.

[1] The term *dynamic* has recently begun to replace *emerging* as a "more useful description of the rich diversity and nature that encompasses the actors and factors of the economies in question" (White, L in Makura, M and GIBS, 2012)

I am not denying the presence of any of these individual themes within current ethnographies by anthropologists and other social theorists. However, the point of departure for this research will be the actual *nature* of the work place – its character, composition, and nuances – with the aim of understanding how India and Africa are building their transnational relationship through the office space and its employees. By looking at the key players in the company and labour involved, its institution and policies, I am hoping to compose an organisational ethnography that addresses the culture of the work place and how it is created *here* by a company from *there,* and of how corporate culture is created through Indian capital. I do this by looking at an Indian-owned corporation's offices in the mining town of Tete in northern Mozambique, specifically.

Mozambique is a key example of extractive capitalism, yet differs much from its neighbouring extractive countries, such as South Africa and Botswana. Mozambique, although considered to be a rising economy[2], still struggles with economic instability, poor infrastructure, poverty, limited health care, and corruption is rife. Motivation for studying Indatet[3] Africa's Mozambican administrative mine office and open cast mine in Tete lies in the fact that this particular mine is the only one owned by the corporation with a nearly-all Indian implanted staff composition in the office space, thus making it an ideal locus for observing the different networks and flows between the foreign office staff and the local workers.

The aim of my research was to begin to bring these four different aspects *together* so as to provide insights into corporate culture, enclaves and south-south relations by addressing the following core question: In what way does a single Indian corporate office, its aesthetics, regimes and staff carve out a space for itself within the African context is finds itself, and how is this space, and the corporate culture it manufactures, located within the broader geography and economy in which it is situated? This further leads to the sub-questions of how we can consider space in this context: Is it a space of business or capitalism? A space of performance, and power struggles? A diasporic, globalised sphere or a bounded space? Or a space of loss and/or isolation for the workers and their families?

Literature Review

Burawoy asks the key question, "Why do workers work?" stating that "as men and women transform raw materials into useful things, they also reproduce particular social relations as well as an experience of those relations" (1985:7-8). The workplace is both an environment of turbulence and

[2] Currently placed 10th (with India at 8th) out of the 13 fastest-growing economies in the world according to the World Bank report in June 2015 (see www.businessinsider.com/world-bank-fast-growing=global-economies-2015-6)

[3] Pseudonym

passivity, according to Burawoy, and a study of labour needs to be done from two points. Firstly, from the objective point by looking at the type of labour carried out, and, secondly, from the subjective point that addresses the struggles engendered in the interpretation of this labour vis-à-vis the economies, politics and ideologies of the state.

Burawoy's framework of production politics gives us a means by which to understand the sociality of the office space and it is from this point that I look to explore *how* the corporation works, the way in which it embeds or places itself into a country. Through looking at the quotidian movements and interactions of the office staff, the social practices of the work place, and the office policies and regimes, I hope to show that the office space of any corporation is *more* than just four walls – it has its own points of conflict and contention, that struggles and differences are negotiated daily, regulations and policies influence staff composition, work ethic, and resignation or dismissal, and foreign capital creates relationships between the *here* and *there*, and that the aesthetics and space of an office create sites of action, and interplay and interconnect to produce what Burawoy describes as manufactured consent to work.

Ethnographic vignettes from Indatet are used to look at the way in which corporates or institutions create or manufacture individual and collective identities of the labour force, and how issues of masculinity (Rapport, 2002; Salzinger, 2003), race and community (Cross, 2010, 2014; Chari, 2004; Lee, 2009) are influenced by the corporation and their addressing of these issues, and how different social relations are either constructed or deconstructed through office politics – the nuances, sensitivities and movements that are delicately intertwined (Braverman, 1974; Benson and Kirsch, 2010).

Additionally, by looking at the way in which corporations (paralleled here with the State and society) organise themselves and their people, I hope to gain insight and build on existing literature of corporate studies (Miyazaki, 2013; Ho, 2009; Thornton, 1998; Welker, 2014; Yanagisako, 2002) into the way in which a corporate culture is built through this and whether or not it is successful (Collins, 2001). Further to this, is also how globalisation has changed corporate organisation, specifically in south-south studies. This, obviously, is broadly done through labour and work regimes, guided by texts such as Elyachar's (2010) piece on phatic labour (which refers to Malinowki's notion of phatic communion interlinked with Marxism) in which the question put forward is whether social practices, such as phatic labour, can in fact be considered labour or not? Elyachar answers 'yes' – this metaphor of labour and its communicative channels are more than reflective; they are "modes of action" (Ibid:457); channels through which resources can flow. This is mirrored in the work ethics of a corporation: information exchanged and garnered holds value and is used to build further social and

economic connections, and each company has placed a value on intangible concepts of communication and protection, which in turn act as invisible infrastructure impressing on both the corporation and a country's emerging or established economy.

The study of capitalism, from an anthropological view, specifically looks at the processes of production, exchange and consumption, and how they fall within the broader scope of the national or global economy. Capitalism is a social system that demands continual growth (Graeber, 2011) in which goods produced and distributed are possessed by a small minority (capital class), whilst labour is sold for wage by the majority (working class) to produce goods (commodities) which are in turn sold for profit. Various readings of anthropological texts on this subject, such as those of Polanyi (1957), Weber (1947), Mayer (1963), Willis (1977) and Chari (2004), show how man's livelihood is not simply reliant on the economy, but rather that it is embedded *within* it, that social and economic organization is constructed in relation to capitalism, and how a political economy of development is linked to global capital (Ferguson, 2005; 2006), respectively, thereby illustrating that globalisation and capitalism are constellations of networks that regulate the way in which office staff function for and within a corporation.

Furthermore, Chari (2015) makes the argument, by citing Damodaran, that when looking at Indian capital in Africa, explicitly, one cannot but help look at where caste and regional divergence lies within the flow of capital. Citing Damodaran's 2008 study of India's new capitalists, Chari states that it is remarkable that "old merchant castes…correspond most closely to a 'national bourgeoisie' and that they have led Indian private investment in extractive industry in Africa" (Ibid:90). Through the forging of networks that cross-over the familial, political, and financial (to name a few), these houses have been able to expand themselves not only domestically in India, but also globally. In this way, by looking at the family-owned corporate, one can begin to explore how Indian capital, specifically, is used to engage what is meant by global capital.

In looking at the way in which Indian capital plays out in Africa, a further question arises in what type of zone the office space creates – is it modular (much like a floating factory island) or Ex-City (deeply implanted into its new environment) (Bach, 2011:104)? According to Bach (Ibid), zones have the ability to both attract and shape investment and modernity. These spaces that corporates locate themselves within became not only zones of investment and networks, but also of norms (Ibid) with networks and relationships of contestation and mutuality developing between capital holders and government officials, and this new office space with no history – "no smell" (Bach, 2011:108) – allows its employees to reinvent themselves whilst in the pursuit of making money. The question that offers itself up immediately, however, is *how* do the office staff reinvent themselves? Do they immerse

themselves fully into the existing history and culture of the country they're located within – do the strangers from *there* become intimates *here*? Do they leave India behind or bring India with them in terms of caste, hierarchies, work policies and friendships? It is from here that we must look to existing literature on enclaves. Enclaves have long posed problematic to anthropologists – especially in developing countries as they "were once key locations for enquiries into the cultural and gender politics in global production networks. Today they have gained conceptual currency as unique territorial spaces… a space that is de-contextualised and segregated from the nation beyond its perimeter wall, governed by a political regime that is entirely inward-looking and whose proclamations of hard work as a 'moral, personal and social good' serve the interests of transnational capitalists" (Cross, 2010:356). By addressing whether the corporate office is indeed a distinctly bounded space enclosed by a larger unit, I will pay attention to what is meant by the term 'enclave'.

Cross (2010; 2014), by looking at emerging informal economic enclaves in Andhra Pradesh in South India, critiques Ong's notions of space. Ong (2006; also cited in Cross, 2010) considers economic zones as unique spaces – "a country within a country … carved out from the territory of the nation and encoded for economic freedom and entrepreneurial activity" (Cross, 2010:357) and that the individuals operating in these spaces are bounded by rules governing growth and productivity. In contrast, Cross questions how these zones operate daily and what they represent a departure *from*. He instead addresses enclaves in terms of labour precarity, boundary permeability and citizenship (Ibid) and claims that through these three factors, these economic zones are in fact *not* bounded systems (Ibid). Rather, as O'Donnell claims, the zone "mediates as much as it segments, becoming a new kind of border not just between the zone and the rest of the country, but between local and global (Bach, 2011:115).

Massey (1994) states that as capitalism speeds up and spreads out whilst entering a new phase of internationalization, individuals are left with uncertainty with regards to what 'place' means and how they should relate to it. Within the corporate sphere, this must ring true for many office workers – especially for those, such as in the Mozambique office, who have migrated to new cities or countries. This longing that they experience for a place of their own, within a community they know, is largely a consequence of their spatial and geographical displacement and, thus, the friction felt towards others (as further explored by Tsing [2005]) which arises as a reaction to this displacement. In her essay, Massey (1994) attempts to address the issue of time-space compression by asking whether anthropologists (and social theorists alike) could not re-think their sense of place more laterally – not solely in terms of capital, but also of broader concepts such as that of race or gender. For Massey, the argument that capital is what makes individuals feel out of place is a too simplistic explanation. She argues, instead, that although economic forces certainly play their part, it is *people* who isolate others

– perhaps in response to the alienation that Marx (1990) so often associates with capitalism. For us to get a full sense of Massey's argument, we must look at the distinct ways in which individuals are placed within networks and flows – their movements, interactions and differentiations, and the underlying politics that play a role in who asserts power and who is entrapped by this power.

Massey's essay lends itself to asking many questions both within and outside of the office space. Most importantly, to me, is the question of what does locality mean to us? In this era of a cities and villages where the global collapses into the local – much like Stasch's (2011) macrocosm within the microcosm – how do workers, especially those who have migrated from India, find stability 'here' without losing their own sense of history and identity unique to the 'there' that they come from? Instead of looking at a place as having only one identity, Massey challenges us in this global age to perceive places as both one and many – due to the people and networks that make it up. She says, "[i]f it is now recognised that people have multiple identities then the same point can be made in relation to places…such multiple identities can either be a source of richness or a source of conflict, or both" (1994:6). Similar to Massey's description of people and places having multiple identities, the office space and Colony surely carves out its own identity as a representation of an Indian mining corporation in Mozambique. Let us then ask ourselves the following questions: is this identity global or local? Indian or Mozambican? How are these identities forged or portrayed through the layout, design and organisation of work space? What features and objects play to the construction of such identities (and here I look to Foucault's (1977) work on docile bodies)? Further, the office staff will each have their own multiple identities – that of the employee during work hours as opposed to that of the person outside of their job. Bringing into play those employees who have migrated from India to Mozambique, one is suddenly confronted with the fact that identity, much like gender (Salzinger, 2003), is not as binary as 'in' and 'out' the office.

We can no longer look at a single place without considering the complex mix of the global that makes it up. Massey challenges us to see place as the point of intersection; to not merely look at the visible networks of global capital (distribution, production, movement, money), but also to recognise and give importance to those invisible flows of people and networks that link them (1994) – these circulatory global connections of awkwardness as Tsing (2005) puts it. When looking at the office space, we must acknowledge that the office space is more than a daily meeting place – it is not static, it has no boundaries (other than its four walls), it is more complex than a single identity and yet, in the same light, is unique in the complexities that unify it.

Much as the collision of history and anthropology cannot be ignored – that this present is a moment within a historical process – we must acknowledge that capitalism and anthropology too are

in a state of constant play. Pedersen[4] speaks of the significance in the *place* from which one enquires shapes context (*locus*) and puts importance to what you discover (*focus*) within the spatial *scope*. Locus, focus and scope is predicted on abstraction – the pulling out of aspects of the same entity and recognising that what seems to be "things" are in fact "categories". Pedersen challenges us to consider how we can adequately report on a well-represented entity (such as the Colony or office space) when there are several accounts circulating in one place. How does one begin to study all these accounts when the field has shifted from being one of location to a field of circulation (Roy, 2012) instead? Perhaps the best way in doing so is through the use of semiotics – the notion that the "presence of something makes present something else" (Stasch, 2011:161) – to pull out the individual stories from their congealed place to give each person their own narrative and identity. In engaging with readings of semiotics and ritual (Pederson, 2014; Stasch 2011), we can begin to identify that through language, social networks and interactions between actors and objects, the Colony is a place of microcosmic action that is indicative of a broader macrocosmic order – it is a place of "action [that is] about the organization of action" (Stasch, 2011:160).

Methodology

My research field site was located within the administrative office of Indatet Africa in Chirodzi, near the town of Tete in northern Mozambique. By choosing to locate my research outside of South Africa, my research aim was to gain a further understanding into the way in which foreign companies operate and cultivate identities through the aesthetics of the workspace within southern African contexts. I was given full access to not only Indatet's administrative and mining offices, but also unrestricted access to the open cast mine, wash plant, workshops, nursery, hospital and mobile clinics and outreach areas. In September 2015, I began five weeks of fieldwork at the Indatet open cast mine and its adjacent living quarters, 'the Colony'. The term 'colony' is a widely-used concept in India, used to refer to housing colonies across class.[5] Whilst it may be a common-sense term for the Indian expats in this study, it also, subtly and unintentionally alludes to the broader question behind my project: how and in what ways might an Indian corporation present itself as a colonial force in an African context? The Colony is used by the expats to distinguish between the living spaces they solely occupy as opposed to the working space of the greater mine compound, which is accessed by all. By moving to the coal mine and living on the Colony, shadowing and observing work and labour, and socialising with the expatriate work force on a daily basis for this time period, I was granted a rare chance to look at the ensuing relationships between the *here* and *there*, and the investor relationship of south-south

[4] Seminar by David Pedersen on his book, American Value, at CISA, Wits University in August 2014
[5] With thanks to my supervisor, Prof Sharad Chari, for elaborating on this point for me

as opposed to the traditional north-south, and the day-to-day interactions that build towards developing this space.

The Colony itself (Appendix 1) is made up of a 'Guesthouse' with two strips of single rooms parallel to one another with a conference room on one end and the kitchen and dining room on the other. The Guesthouse is situated nearest to the armed entrance, and is visible to all, whilst a second living space situated a few hundred metres away houses the majority of the expat workers. Each of the strips of housing is allocated according to a particular demographic – one strip of housing is exclusively for the South African contractors employed to train the workers in the wash plant; another strip, referred to as Bachelor's Row, is for all the younger (roughly 24-39-year-old) male expats; whilst the other strips are for 'older' workers. I was provided with a room in the Colony's guesthouse, specifically Room 9, which is exclusively kept for the Chairman of Indatet when he visits from India and was given to me as I was a 'special visitor'. At times, this status as a special visitor was limiting and difficult to negotiate, and, at other instances, advantageous and emancipating. Initially, prior to leaving for the field, it had been agreed that my methodological approach would be that of observation only, as to become a participant would, by implication, place me in the space of an employee. However, little did I realise this approach would be limiting and difficult. For the first few days, I was largely ignored, with no one approaching or addressing me, other than my contact, Mr Vijay. I would enter the office space, sit at my assigned desk and observe the office staff, moving in and around their space, largely unacknowledged. At meal times I would sit alone, trying to listen in on conversations, which was impossible as all conversations were conducted in Hindi, whilst my fellow diners would stare at me in confusion and amusement. In the evenings, after work, when everyone was socialising, I would be left in my room alone to watch a Portuguese *novela* (soap opera) or the Bollywood film on the Mozambican and Indian channels, respectively. Much the same as many ethnographers before me, this sudden immersion into a community and field site, with no connection to the world outside of the Colony fences, was frustrating. It was this isolation, with no outside interference, that on day four spurred me on to approach Mr Vijay, asking him if I could engage with a more hands-on methodology by spending time in each department, observing and learning the processes and functions of each department, in the hope that this would establish relationships with various individuals. This shift from simple observation to participant-observation proved invaluable. Thereafter, days would be spent shadowing various individuals in various departments, listening to explanations of work processes and machinery, which eventually led to participants opening up and including me in daily interactions, and welcoming me into their social circles at meal times, in the evenings and on weekends. The most important and beneficial inclusion was of my being invited into a group of friends – jokingly referred to as the 'Young Guns' – when, after an afternoon spent

'interning' at the wash plant under the guidance of Girish, a 25-year-old recent recruit from Bhilai, Chattisgarh, I was cautiously invited to join the group for a drink and pre-dinner snack. This simple invitation and my acceptance led to my continued and increased inclusion in the daily activities of the expats. I found that the best time to capture information was in the moment, whilst acquiring a feeling for this 'way of life' of a mine colony or learning the rules, etiquette, norms and practices that pertained to the space and its people (Malinowksi, 1922).

By entering the office space on a daily basis over a period of five weeks and through daily and continued observation over an uninterrupted period, my aim was to gain insight on the organisation and composition of the corporate office, how office workers occupy roles, and the manner in which their identities – both internally and externally – are either manufactured or produced. Through the observation of work patterns and social interactions, both inside and outside the work place, it becomes possible to ascertain whether friction or fusion is created in dealing with various proponents of the work place.

Additionally, to participant-observation, I conducted interviews with both local and expat staff members in the hope that this would assist me in distinguishing the life histories of the employees and the nuances that exist within their interactions. These interviews were both structured/formal (within the office space through the course of the working day) and unstructured/informal (externally whilst meeting and socialising with individuals in the evenings and over weekends). I feel there is great value in conducting both structured and unstructured interviews with the *same* individuals throughout as the depth of information I gained changed as relationships and bonds of trust were built over the course of my fieldwork. These bonds of trust are challenging and problematic, which I speak to later in this and subsequent chapters. Similarly, the types of questions I asked within the office space differed largely to those that I was able to pose externally in more social settings. Further, I found that there was value in asking the *same* questions to *different* people.

In the office space, I spent my time observing and interviewing various departments and individuals therein. Questions regarding the quotidian actions and interactions of the administrative office, specifically regarding the composition of the office and mine work forces; the foreign-local split; historical and employment histories; observations on the office space; whether or not the presence of the Indian parent company is felt within their own office space through the aesthetics (the spatial arrangements, sounds, smells, objects, art, design, architecture); whether hierarchies (gender, education, status) are created within the office space; if any socialisation, and policy implementations affect their place in this space; the way in which new staff members are welcomed in and those exiting addressed; whether language(s), semiotics, time and bodily movements create and affect the

dynamics and productivity of the office space; and whether there is a sense of 'here' (Africa) versus 'there' (India) – do employees have a sense that they are walking into an Indian office in Africa each day, or has this space cultivated itself to be *of* Africa?

At first I faced several obstacles with regards to the way in which my male participants approached me, and allowed me to approach them, due to their pre-conceived construction of me as a single, female visitor. When asking several participants, near the end of my research period about the reasoning behind their initial avoidance of me, several similar answers were echoed: firstly, that they were shy to approach a woman under the 'watchful eyes' of others for fear of how it would be interpreted; secondly, generally speaking, in India, they would not approach a woman outside of their social circle unless it was for romantic interest; thirdly, they were not entirely sure that I was not working for the company and were suspicious of my presence in the Colony; lastly, they were kept too busy and pressured by working conditions to make time to seek me out. These points will be touched on in ethnographic examples in later chapters, but I mention it here as it holds deep significance for the challenges faced as a female ethnographer attempting to embed herself in an all-male field site. Challenges of acceptance; inclusion and exclusion; trust and full disclosure; unwarranted advances; and misunderstanding all, at various times, hindered fieldwork with their social construction of me having to be negotiated and redefined constantly.

However, as my time in the field progressed, and as my inclusion into the group of Young Guns deepened, I was increasingly accepted and included in the Colony community and its various activities. This was evident in the way that the form of address used for me changed over time from 'Ms Melinda' to 'Melinda-*ji*' (the Hindi honorific to denote respect). This culminated in one morning, over breakfast towards the middle of my stay, when the Project Head, Mr Deepak, commented: "Melinda has become so much one of us that by the end of her stay we will call her Melinda-*devi".* I am told, later, that this particular honorific, which means 'goddess', is symbolic of my acceptance and inclusion, and is a very high show of respect. This inclusion warranted me an opportunity to move freely around the office and living spaces, thus allowing me to socialise and connect with various participants. Through socialising during meal times, in the evenings and on weekends, I was able to engage in informal conversations and unstructured interviews with various participants. I found that most insights and information of value were provided when participants were at ease and comfortable in either the mess (the term the expats use for the dining hall), outside of the Colony, or in their rooms. In gathering oral histories from individual participants, I sought to ask them of their experiences of being '*here*' and '*there'*; where they were from; for those employees who had migrated from India to Africa, whether they experienced a sense of isolation or absorption into the 'here'; whether staff experienced a sense of belonging or isolation and loss; how – and *if* – they socialise outside the office space; how were

bonds created through the corporate space. Pre-fieldwork, I had hoped to look at the families of the office staff – how they were integrated into the Colony space through socialising, schooling, and events – but this was unfortunately not possible due to the fact that there were no families living in the Colony anymore. Except for one elderly couple, Mr and Mrs Desai (who was never seen) who were leaving for India together at the end of October 2015 upon Mr Desai's retirement, the last of the wives and children had moved back to India some months previously. Thus, I instead posed the question of family to the workers as hypothetical (for those about to be married) and as reflective (for those whose families had left). I did, however, upon my return to South Africa, have an opportunity to meet with the fiancé of one participant who was due to move to Chirodzi in late October 2015.

A further tool of ethnography that I utilised, somewhat to my surprise, was that of the mobile phone, specifically the social chat platform of WhatsApp. At first, whilst in the field, I used my mobile primarily for communicating with informants in terms of making appointments and scheduling meeting times through phone calls and texts. As time progressed, though, a number of informants that I developed friendships with migrated to 'chatting' to me on Whatsapp, "a cross-platform mobile messaging app which allows you to exchange messages", videos and photos, either person-to-person or within a group[6]. The degree of privacy that Whatsapp (and other social chat platforms) allows in an otherwise public sphere, meant my that informants felt secure in sharing certain thoughts and information with me over this medium. This speaks to the changing nature of ethnography and fieldwork as: "Computers, digital archives, the Internet and mobile devices are changing both our lives and anthropology in significant ways. The consequences for fieldwork are emerging daily, and they already affect interactions with informants, definitions of data, and ethnography's disciplinary future" (Sanjek, 2016:13). The mobile phone allows a connection or semblance of intimacy which is highly regarded (Archambault, 2009), but not often experienced. Interestingly, I note this changing nature and relationship of data collection in that material of an extreme personal nature, pertaining to the establishing and maintaining of intimate and sexual relationships and affairs, was only shared with me once I had left the physical field site. This also speaks to the perception of self that informants wish to project within the Colony space, and provides an opportunity for those informants, who otherwise feel shy, to have their voices heard. However, as with any research tool, these social platforms render representation as problematic. The ethnographer must exercise caution in the acceptance and interpretation of all information provided as social platforms, despite being private, are very rarely objective or neutral spaces (Dicks *et al*, 2005). Murthy (2008) argues that the anthropologist should maintain the socio-cultural gaze when analysing digital media as platforms such as these are

[6] www.whatsapp.com (homepage). Last accessed 9 January 2016

manipulated and conflicting spaces in which alternate identities are created and any offered data is vulnerable to misinterpretation and should be scrutinised carefully. Despite such limitations, Murthy posits that daily interactions "for most of the world is becoming increasingly technologically mediated" (2008:849). New technologies, such as social media and chat platforms, should be incorporated into field work alongside traditional methods of participant-observation, so as to provide a multi-modal ethnography that is rich in description and data as they are extensions of the existing and compound networks (Ibid).

In breaking away from conventional research, which looks at the disadvantaged, the impoverished, or the victimised, I have aimed my research at 'studying up' in the hope of understanding the processes around power and responsibility implemented via corporations – how the everyday lives of employees are influenced and dictated by those who control these structures (Nader, 1972; Roy, 2012). Furthermore, although my ethnographic approach was that of a single-site approach which 'studies up', in essence this site is made up of multiple sites within itself (an Indian corporate ('site 1') in a Mozambican province ('site 2'). Traditionally fieldwork would be conducted in a single site over a length of time studying a single society in isolation. Whereas I don't diminish the importance of this type of fieldwork, in the age of globalization and world capitalism, I want to follow Stasch's (2011) and Marcus' (1995) notion that there is value in inverting the notion that the world framework can be seen in the local. Instead, the global collapses into the local, and ethnographic work looks at the connections, networks and accumulations made across space and place.

Chapter[7] outline

Chapter two is an overview of Indatet, briefly describing the history of the company and its placement within the coal industry of Mozambique. The chapter looks at the history of coal and mining operations in Tete, and the geographical and demographical makeup of the province and the immediate surroundings around the Chirodzi mine. Lastly, it introduces briefly the ancillary economies that have arisen as a result of the company's arrival.

Chapters three to six work to provide an overview of the company's dynamics from top-to-bottom, the company to surrounding villages, then senior management to junior management, and finally the 'personal'. Chapter three looks at Indatet's impact on the four villages directly surrounding it, vis-à-vis the company's patronage model of corporate social responsibility of developing a resettlement village for displaced locals and through the availability of the hospital and mobile clinics

[7] Each chapter title is a quote from one of my informants, taken from informal conversation or during an interview, that pertains to the nature or themes of the chapter

to the communities. Chapter four addresses the nature of interaction and relations between the expats and the local communities either living on or directly adjacent to the mining area and Colony in view of language, family and lifestyle, and approaches to work. Chapter five begins to move more into the office space by specifically looking at the relationships between the expat workers, and the differences between the labouring and work ethic of the older senior men in comparison to those of the younger, more junior men. It also looks to the spaces in between – outside of the office space and into the personal spaces of the Colony – and the way in which every day life, beyond the office hours and workspace, is constructed and reproduced by looking at how friendships and bonds are formed, how the expats socialise, and the way in which they 'bring' India into the Colony. Exploring themes of intimacy and desire, chapter six addresses the hidden world in which the expats conduct and negotiate their sexual lives and relations with local women, and how the sudden presence of a woman in the Colony (myself) places younger expats at a juncture as to how to treat this new 'body'.

In chapter seven, I look at back on the way in which the company has cultivated an identity and place through themes of power, organization and space, specifically in terms of developing an enclave for itself in Tete. Finally, the conclusion will reflect back on my initial research question of self-conceptualisation of the Indatet mine and Colony as a foreign company in Africa.

Chapter two

"Tete is grown up now…when I got here, it was a child."

From goat country to booming coal province

Tete, the capital city of Tete province in the district of Ciadade de Tete in northern Mozambique, once known as a Swahili market centre under Portuguese colonial rule and a stopover for those travelling north to Mozambique's neighbours, Zambia and Malawi, is today a bustling and developing city that attracts many traders, investors and migrant workers. Despite its placement on the banks of the Zambezi River, there is very little attracting visitors to the city, evident in the response received when telling Claudia, a Mozambican now living in Johannesburg, back in August 2015 of my upcoming stay in the province. Laughing hard, she questioned, "But why? There's nothing there. *NOTHING*! Just the opportunity to get a tan". Without doubt the hottest city in the country (temperatures in the province can reach up to a high of 50° Celsius), perceptions of the once-sleepy town such as these are still popular – there isn't much to do if you are a tourist. However, "a new rush is under way. It's a rush for resources, a rush for money, a rush for a new life" (Keane, 2012). According to the 2007 National Census, Tete province is roughly 98 417 km^2, with an estimated 1,783,967 inhabitants. This is a growth of over half a million in a decade, when compared to the 1997 figure of 1,144,604, with a projected growth to 2,228,527 by 2012[8]. In 2008 only two flights into Tete took place each week; now there are over 12 flights into Tete Chingozi airport weekly, with at least one per day from O.R Tambo International in Johannesburg. There are talks – as gathered by various informants during fieldwork – that the airport will soon be demolished and rebuilt on a new site to accommodate the increased arrivals and departures. However, digging deeper, it is revealed that there are suspicions that coal deposits exist under the current runway. Increasingly, businesses, restaurants and guest compounds are opening in the city to accommodate the influx of people into the province, all of whom pass through the city centre at some point in time. Thus, more houses and hotels are being built, banks are expanding, and the roads are busier than ever before, with traffic a problem previously unheard of.

This rapid growth is largely thanks to the swift entrance of both local and foreign investment in recent years in response to surveys and reports announcing the finding of large, highly-valuable underground coking coal deposits – unlike any that have been found world-wide in last five decades (Keane, 2012; Wallenlind, 2013). The town and province have become a magnet for foreign companies, specifically those that make up BRICS (Brazil, Russia, India, China and South Africa), eager to capitalise on the available resources. The Mozambican government has issued mining licences to

[8] www.geohive.com

just over 40 companies, although issue of new licences was suspended in 2011 under investigation into the compliance to government contracts and deliverance of promises to affected local communities.

Indatet's arrival in Tete

Indatet Africa, the African subsidiary of the multi-national Indatet SP Ltd, is an Indian mining company that has come into Africa as a foreign entity with the aim of functioning as a local company, employing capital across Africa, and influencing labour and migration within the various countries it operates in, whilst recognising the mineral wealth and work discipline of the African nations. They have a major presence within Africa, primarily in South Africa, Mozambique and Botswana, with new ventures planned for Cameroon, Gabon, Sierre Leone, Madagascar, Mauritania, Namibia, Senegal, Tanzania and Zambia.

Through the use of Indian capital and labour (which is of the higher-educated management line order), Indatet Africa claims to be geared towards building honest and sustainable relationships in the various regions it operates by contributing towards growing Africa by establishing upstream infrastructures that add value to local communities and local economies. According to the company's ethos, their objective is to open the minds and doors of the mining industry by positioning Africa and its people in their correct place – as the owners and controllers of Africa's resources – and to build a legacy for the future: "This philosophy is entrenched in their corporate culture, which centres on transferring skills, enriching lives, creating employment and adding value to the communities in which it operates".[9]

After establishing a presence in 2008 in Johannesburg, South Africa, acquiring the mines in Mpumalanga and Richards Bay, Indatet Africa set its sights on the coal-rich district of Ciadade de Tete in Mozambique. Indatet Mozambique (hereafter Indatet for simplicity) is one of three companies to own rights to mine coal in the Moatize area of the Tete province. The Chirodzi Opencast coal mine is situated roughly 88 kilometres away (a two-and-a-half-hour drive due to the bad state of the roads) from Tete town. In a meeting with the current Project Head at the Chirodzi mine, Mr Deepak, on one hot Saturday afternoon, several questions are put forward as to the reason why Indatet was interested in investing in Mozambique. Mr Deepak is a quiet and unassuming gentleman in his early fifties, with a wife and teenage son (who is about to embark on an engineering degree at university) back in Kanpur, Uttar Pradesh, in North India, and he who previously headed up the Botswana office for

[9] Taken from the company's website, which is not included in the references for sake of anonymity

Indatet in Gaborone. Firm, direct and, yet, approachable, he commands a great deal of respect and admiration from his team despite only having joined the Tete offices two months prior. He says:

"Africa is mostly unexplored and rich in mineral wealth. The company [Indatet] *wanted to be a pioneer in starting business, like any company. If you are first in, you're first; if last, you are nowhere. We chose to start the project as a Greenfield one – that way we can run processes as we want to. Besides there was very little here when we arrived."*

Sunil (aged 31), the chief geologist at Indatet who did the initial explorations, in an interview talks of the early days of the mine. Whilst working for the parent company in New Delhi, a call for young exploration geologists was put out to travel to Mozambique. At first no one stepped forward, but Sunil, eager to develop himself and to gain exposure and experience outside of India, stepped up. A team of three were sent to Tete in May 2008. After two weeks in the small administrative office of Indatet in Tete town, the team moved to Chirodzi to begin processing the land. Sunil recalls that there was "nothing here, only bush. We lived in tents, with no light or water. We brought water from Tete town". Initially sent with instructions to drill for chromite, the team of two geologists and one driller alongside 15 locals prepared various sites for drilling. He tells of the surprise the young expats felt at the unfamiliar terrain of Tete. Basing a camp in the bush, they trained local Mozambicans to cook Indian dishes using gas energy alongside a generator for lighting. With no water source or borehole, they improvised by making a small ditch in the Marara river to source water. This they used to bathe in after adding sachets of chlorine. The bottled water that they brought from Tete was used for drinking and cooking. They lived in this rustic camp until the end of 2011, when they moved into several bunkers on the current site on which the Colony is set and constructed a make-shift kitchen, whilst building of the Colony commenced over the next six months. Slowly staff numbers increased and the administrative office was moved from Tete to Chirodzi, also in a bunker. A year later the administrative offices were built, with the construction of the wash plant following not long after.

An afternoon spent with Paulo, a senior HR Officer and one of the few Mozambicans in the office, details the way in which Indatet is made-up. Paulo is short, bald with ring glasses and a shy smile. In his late thirties, he has been with the company for the last four years, assisting and organising immigration, work permits and visas. Patiently he details the way in which foreign companies are required to follow the various Mozambican laws and policies when building a work force. Paulo explains that when foreign companies 'set up shop' in Mozambique, the governmental labour policies are such that only a certain number of expats may be hired in relation to the size of the company. Expats are often brought in, especially from parent companies, as they have more experience and

knowledge in the field. Ideally, according to Mozambican labour laws, the number of expats should be fewer than those of nationals (locals). These figures are also dependant on the number of years that the company has been established within the country. Thus, the number of expats allowed to be employed decreases in accordance with the years that the company spends in the country, as can be seen in Table 1, which follows:

Table 1 – employable expats in foreign corporate

		Small business	**Medium**	**Big**
	ET (Employee Total)	1-10	11-99	100 +
Years 1-4	Expats employable	1	10% of ET	8% of ET
Years 5-10		1	8% of ET	5% of ET
Years 10 +		1	1% of ET	1% of ET

The reasoning behind the stipulation that expat employees be decreased as the years go by is that there is an expectation that foreign knowledge be passed on to the national employees, who should gradually be trained in all established procedures and systems. Thus, there should be no need for expat workers, and the locals will be equipped with the necessary skills and knowledge to complete the job with no foreign supervision.

Paulo, however, explains that Indatet is considered a 'mega-project', meaning that a special agreement based on the scale of the operations, the knowledge and systems being brought over, and an evaluation of the large sum of foreign capital invested by Indatet into Tete has been put in place with the local government for leniency on these figures and year ranges. The altered ratios for employable expats for Indatet are seen in Table 2:

Table 2 – employable expats for mega-projects

		Indatet	
	ET (Employee Total)	100 +	
Years 1-4	Expats employable	30% of ET	
Years 4+		20% of ET	***This is the current phase of Indatet***
Years 8+		10% of ET	
Year 12+		5% of ET	

So, for example, this mega-project agreement has been designed in such a way that Indatet has agreed with the Mozambican government that 30 percent of the total manpower will be expats hired

by the parent company in India. Thereafter, the figure will decrease in 10 percent increments at years four and eight, and then five percent at year 12. In effect, after year 12 the only expats that should be remaining are those of high level management. Indatet is in its fifth year of production and the ratios stand as follows: There are 550 employees at the mine in total, with 65 expats all from India. Although this is well below the 110 that would constitute 20 percent of the total, the high-level management workforce in the administrative and mining offices still reflect a dominance of expats over locals with a ratio of 65:25.

Contracts are offered to new recruits for two years and are up for renewal or extension thereafter. This is in accordance with work permits which are currently only issued for two years. Each expat needs to have a work permit prior to obtaining a residence visa, which is necessary to live in the country. Work contracts are offered by Indatet to the employee and an application is submitted to government for a work visa, with a resident's visa being applied for via the Indian embassy. One to three weeks after arrival in Mozambique, all expats must apply for a *DIRE* (identity card solely for expats which costs around 19,250 Mets per expat per year) which is valid for one year. Expats whose *DIRE* runs out and is not renewed in time, or is at any point incorrect, may not leave the country to travel home to India or elsewhere for business or pleasure. This all seems like a fairly straightforward process, but Paulo tells of the delays and struggles that occur in dealing with the Indian embassy and Mozambican government's local offices. Deadlines are often missed because information is not received and applications are not executed in a timely manner, thus resulting in tensions within the office space. Despite utmost care, and constant verification, *DIRE* cards also come back with mistakes, such as that of a recent mix-up that was observed during fieldwork: The case of the two Anils. Both arrived in Tete in the same month, but a year apart. They not only share a name, Anil D and Anil S, respectively, but also work in the same department (CSR). Their applications for their *DIRE* was submitted on the same day, with proof cards being returned some weeks later for checking. Despite checks being done (and photocopies being made of the proof cards), their actual *DIRE* cards were returned with Anil D's signature on Anil S' card and vice versa. A small mistake that has a large effect such as when Anil S has to postpone his upcoming home visit to India and cancel a trip to Lake Malawi that the Young Guns had been organising. When contracts are terminated after two years, Indatet either absorbs employees back into the mines in India, or transfers them on to fledgling projects in other countries – this is especially the case with the younger or junior employees as they are seen to be "fresh and energising to the company, bringing with them new approaches to processes and methods" according to Mr Deepak (Project Head).

Mozambican labour law and contracts differ between nationals and expats. Although Paulo did not wish to go into much detail as to how, he did offer that salaries are paid into local bank accounts for each expat, and most expats usually transfer money to their Indian bank accounts (up to 90 percent of the monthly salary may be transferred). Locals are also paid into their bank accounts, with bank accounts being a strict stipulation and no cash payments taking place at any time. Paulo goes on to say that a stark difference may be observed between the spending habits of expats and locals – this is a recurring reflection in conversations over the course of my research. There is a dichotomy of savings in the workforce, with Paulo stating that "Indians save their money too much, but Mozambicans do not save at all". In response to why this is, I am told that Mozambicans do not have a culture of having and saving money; what they earn they spend almost immediately. Mozambicans are also unable to purchase land. Post the Portuguese exit from Mozambique, in June 1975 the independence constitution proclaimed all urban and rural land would be state owned, this later officially enacted under the Land Law (Act No. 6/79) of 3 July 1979. The Land Law act makes it almost impossible for Mozambicans to become land-owners and, according to Paulo, this knowledge and hopelessness means building homes on land that they do not own, or investing in cattle and agricultural activities seems futile in light of the fact that they may well be displaced at a later date.

Informal economies

The arrival of a multinational corporate into an impoverished region, with little economic viability of its own, invariably creates or adds to smaller informal economies. Although for this study I chose to not investigate such informal economies, I mention them here fairly briefly as they make up or touch on the everyday lived experience of the expats on the Colony.

Establishing of Chitima settlement and growth of Chirodzi market

The influx of foreign investment into the Tete province has seen a similar flow of migrants moving into the direct communities in search of employment opportunities. Prior to Indatet's arrival, the four local villages were smaller with fewer locals who would sustain their livelihoods through farming, animal husbandry, the selling of wood to passers-by and in Tete town, and through bartering livestock and produce between themselves[10]. Chitima, a village larger than the four surrounding the Indatet mine and which is located between Cahora Bassa and Chirodzi, was only established when British mining company, ENRC, set up to coal mine in the Cahora Bassa district of the province, slightly north of Chirodzi. From here migrants from neighbouring towns (Tete; Songo), and provinces (such as

[10] As told to me by a local villager and translated by Sunil

Beira where the port is situated) within Mozambique, as well as immigrants from Malawi, Zimbabwe and Zambia infiltrated the area. This led to the establishment of a larger settlement in Chitima, and expansion of Chirodzi village, though small and limited, serves as a market for not only the local villagers, but also for the Indatet expats, thereby bringing in extra money to the community which would not have been there otherwise. Similarly, with the arrival of Indatet, more jobs have become available in terms of mining and housekeeping, and the company is aiding in the improvement of basic infrastructure and development.



Figure 1 – The growing market that the expats shop at on weekends

Prostitution

Informants tell me that prostitution has increased in the villages since the arrival of the Indatet mine – how this is established by them is unclear as they deny purchasing time and sexual favours with any local village women, although one of my informants later admits that the men do make use of the services of prostitutes in Tete, Songo or Cahora Bassa.

Diesel theft and resale

Although I did not witness any incidents regarding the theft of diesel from the machinery on the mine, I was told by expats that this is a regular and two-fold occurrence: firstly, for the monetary value in which diesel is siphoned from the machines and sold to locals in the villages for extra income; secondly, for protest purposes where diesel is drained so that the machines cannot run and work is halted whilst grievances are put forward.

Tete as a space

I have just finished a tour of the workshop store rooms and am standing with an informant and one of the local Mozambican drivers, Joe. Chatting to them both about the nature and purpose of my research, Joe, in response to my stating that I'm broadly interested in the way that foreign expats integrate into foreign countries, he asks me, "Do you mean like the Chinese?" Seeing my confusion, he tells me of the existence of a nearby village, situated "somewhere between Tete [town] and Chirodzi", where Chinese traders (trade relations between China and Mozambique date back to the 1960s) integrated, settled, and formed relationships with locals, with children of Chinese-Mozambican descent being born. Sometimes these relationships ended in the full-time settlement of the Chinese traders, but mostly – from what I am told – the traders would leave to return to their families back in China. Joe continues, telling me that there is now Chinese-Mozambican community not far from the Indatet mine, and promises to take me there if I have time[11].

Overall, there is a perception constructed by the expats that the company is moving into 'blank space' that has never been touched before. This is, quite obviously, not the case, as is evidenced by the numerous companies pushing for extraction rights in the province; an increasing presence of the BRICS (Brazil, Russia, India, China and South Africa) in the country (Bond and Garcia, 2015); the existence of long-established international shops and restaurants (such as South African-owned Café del Rio and Indian-owned grocery stores and the Galaxy Indian Restaurant in Tete town); the consistent growth of Zimbabwean and British-owned housing compounds specifically run for migrants in and around Tete town; and, perhaps most poignantly that of the ethnographic example above. All these examples of economic opportunity and expansion show this space to not be static, but fluid and ever-changing. Rather, we see that Indatet is *re-entering* Mozambique in a *different* global moment.

[11] Sadly, when meeting Joe, I had not yet had a local mobile phone number and I only bumped into him three days before returning to South Africa, thus I never did manage to visit the village he spoke of. However, his story is verified by accounts by French (2014) in his book on the history of Chinese migrants into Africa, detailing stories such as Henan who pursues a system of 'sexual colonization' in Mozambique (and other Chinese migrants around Africa).

This is a paradoxical place which appears as new territory, but in actuality is not. Northern Mozambique, as a previous Portuguese colony and an opposition-aligned province in the civil war that followed colonial exit, has largely been abandoned by its government or national state, thus shifting responsibility and opening it up to the "economic predations of resource-extracting multinational firms' operation in secured economic enclaves" (Ferguson, 2006:13) and, rather unsurprisingly, the province has become a 'victim' of the previous failed bodies of governance. The colonial Portuguese failed to govern and develop the land, instead selling off rights and land to various companies. After independence, the ruling Frelimo party largely isolated and forgot the northern provinces, instead focusing on developing and building the southern parts of Mozambique, where its stronghold of voters lies, thus leaving the province open to the promises and "predations" (Ibid) of extractive companies. Ferguson (2006) argues that postcolonial African contexts are too often left with their colonial role as providers of raw materials. In northern Mozambique, Indatet enters such a context shaped also by its complex set of legacies of colonialism and civil war.

Chapter three

"Not all fingers are equal"

Pradeep, a Workshop Officer from Faizabad, has been with Indatet for three and a half years. Shy and timid, it takes a couple of weeks for him to say 'hello' or chat to me, despite my being included in the Young Guns group. He is accommodating and tries to please everyone – overtly so. It is not until Suresh tells me one day of a situation that took place in the summer of 2013 involving Pradeep, that his persona suddenly makes sense. Pradeep was on his way to the workshops one morning when he was ambushed by a group of villagers and local miners (who at the time still lived on the compound and had been forced to take part in the kidnapping). Dragged to a remote area, he was gagged and tied to a stool in front of a large fire. Hands and legs bound together, and encircled by the angry mob, he was beaten under demands for the Project Head's phone number and number of his room. Pradeep refused. With each refusal his stool was dragged closer and closer to the open fire. "This may not seem big, Melinda, but remember this took place in the height of summer when the temperatures can reach up to 50°C", Suresh reminds me. This exposure to the heat of the flames in the heat of Tete alone could have seriously injured Pradeep over the course of the morning. Pradeep did not, however, relent to the demands of the villagers with them eventually setting him free. What is noted, however, is that despite Pradeep's subdued demeanour since, his attitude and commitment to staying on at the company has been highly admired and valued.

Vijay, the CSR Director from Kerala, has a similar tale, telling me that he has often ended up in volatile situations and been violently attacked during numerous strikes. Being the Director of CSR means that he is often placed at the frontline of conflict. Strikes often arise due to tensions surrounding unmet monetary expectations and miscommunication, or delays regarding community outreach. Strikes and protests reach the mine offices quickly and easily paralyse activity due to the fact that some communities are located on the mine land, with the protestors often being intoxicated and under the influence of alcohol and drugs (marijuana), feeling abused and forgotten as they see coal being produced but are not reaping any benefits. Strikes have been known to last for up to a month. However, what must be remembered is that the lack of infrastructure, the precarious livelihoods and the limited health care display the lack of modernity not as a result of "cultural inferiority but of a political-economic inequality" (Ferguson, 2006:33), which has arisen from Mozambique's complex political history of the slave trade and Portuguese colonisation. This 'need' for CSR highlights heavily the failures of the State to its people.

Corporate Social Responsibility (CSR) definitions are numerous and varying, but for the purpose of this study, I turn to Crane *et al*'s (2008) consideration that CSR is a programme of philanthropic activities organised and executed to calculate and manage the socio-political impact that corporations have on the communities within which they operate. It is an approach of integration that aims to stabilize and secure a corporation's identity within (in this case) a foreign context which has left it open to much criticism and scrutinisation. I follow Rajak's (2011) assertion that (in line with my studying up by looking at the office managerial staff instead of a study down of miner workers) one must look not at the target market of CSR, but rather the benefactors of it, in this case Indatet, so as to identify the processes and fluidity through which a company comes to exist and function within a hostile and ever-changing environment.

Indatet strives to add value to local communities and local economies by contributing towards and maintaining several self-imposed pillars, namely: (1) developing education and health plans; (2) promoting livelihoods of self-dependency; (3) building infrastructure to reduce existing rural-urban divides; (4) introducing livestock management and animal husbandry practices; (5) encouraging youth/sports programmes for community development; and (6) building towards sustainable and ecological development via environmentally sound policies and practices. According to the company's ethos, their objective is to open the minds and doors of the mining and power industries so as to build a legacy for the future: "This philosophy is entrenched in the [Indatet SP Ltd] corporate culture, which centres on transferring skills, enriching lives, creating employment and adding value to the communities in which it operates".[12]

Indatet Mozambique makes efforts to deliver on these promised pillars by establishing community ties and bonds with the surrounding villages through its CSR programme, which is specifically seen through three *key areas* (with supplementary community contributions): the Colony clinic; the mobile clinic; and the resettlement village:

Hospital

I am at the hospital today, in my last week of fieldwork, as a patient. Having suffered from a headache for several days and now feeling feverish (which I suspect is due to the unforgiving Tete heat and case of a cold), I have been instructed to "attend clinic for a malaria test". I am struggling to communicate with the nurse what needs to be done as the doctor who speaks English is away, so I message Sarvajeet, an informant who speaks Portuguese, asking him to translate for me. He tells me

[12] Taken from the company's website which is not included in the references for sake of anonymity

to wait, he will come straight away. Eventually, I communicate the need for a malaria test to the nurse and I am taken into the back room where the testing is done and instructed to sit on a small, three-legged stool where a rapid response Malaria pin-prick test is administered. It is negative. At this point I hear Sarvajeet in the waiting area calling out. He confers with the nurse for me, getting me the standard issue of paracetamol, and, as we leave, I notice he slips several condoms into his pocket from the box at the entrance. Seeing that I've observed this, he says, "It's for my workers. Or if I go out."



Figure 2 – The Hospital in the Colony

The hospital is a located within the Colony, in the far corner of the compound grounds, a colonial looking structure with a porch that serves as a waiting room. Despite it being located within the Colony grounds, it is surrounded by a six-foot wire fence with barbed wire at the top. It also has two entrances: one is a single entry gate that leads off directly from the Colony, a few metres from the guesthouse. This gate is used by the expats living in the Colony when they need to access the hospital. The second entrance is a separate one, which is accessed directly from the main road leading through the mine compound. It is this second entrance that the mine workers and villagers use. When one walks through the double wooden French doors, one realises that although it is referred to as a hospital, it is in fact much smaller – one large rectangular building divided into multiple spaces. To the left of the entrance is the head doctor's consulting room, occupied by a desk, chair, computer, mobile

medical trolley and single consultation bed. Directly behind this office is a waiting room – once patients have been seen by the doctor, they are led into this room to await further tests that need to be done. The nurses' stations are located in the centre of the 'hospital' area, with each station consisting of a desk and two chairs (one for the nurse and one for the patient), and separated for privacy by a blue mobile curtain. To the right of the stations – and opposite the consulting and waiting room – is a large room, which is the overnight/observation area. Up against the back wall are several rooms (pharmacy, store room, filing room and testing room) and toilets.

Built by Indatet at the same time as the Colony, the hospital was intended to serve the work force (both expat and local) for any on-site emergencies and to verify illnesses or sickness in cases of absenteeism. Ironically, the clinic sees very few expats through its doors – a challenge that Doctor Ranu has yet to resolve for occupational health reasons. Instead, the company has offered the hospital up to serve all four local communities as part of an outreach project in aiding and educating the communities in healthcare. Doctor Ranu is the Head Doctor, a Mozambican doctor from Maputo who has been here since June 2014, having previously worked for the government hospitals in Maputo and Tete, and thereafter for several private international companies. He explains that the Colony hospital operates each day from 08H00-13H00 and again from 14H00-17H30, with him and his team of two nurses (one male; one female) seeing anywhere between 40-80 patients a day (Appendix 2), almost all of whom are local villagers that attend appointments in the morning session.

Doctor Ranu tells how Indatet is the first foreign company he has worked for that has opened the clinic, supplying free treatment and medication, to locals. Medication – ranging from paracetamol, cough syrup, antibiotics (for adults and children) to malaria drugs, is stored at a low temperature in a locked room at the back of the hospital, with only the doctor and nurses owning a set of keys. All medicine is purchased by Indatet from pharmaceutical companies in Maputo or elsewhere, and the company receives no subsidies or contributions from the government. Malaria is rife in northern Mozambique, and locals often walk in complaining of symptoms associated with malaria. Tests are routinely performed and anti-malarial medication is distributed to those who test positive for the disease. Often, however, locals do not believe negative results and, on such occasions, are sent away with a strip of paracetamol to appease them. During the rainy season (summer months of December-March each year), malaria is more prevalent as locals sleep outside due to the soaring temperatures in the evening, whilst cholera and diarrhoea are on the increase due to poor sanitation and faeces being washed into water sources during flash floods. Despite the area booming in terms of mining and populations in the rural areas having proliferated, infrastructure, already struggling post the civil war, remains poor and unable to cater for the increased populations, with access to clean water being a

dominant issue. It is estimated that in the rural parts of Mozambique, such as Chirodzi and its surrounds, only 24%-37% of Mozambicans have access to safe drinking water (Brudefors, 2014; *Medecins Sans Frontieres*, 2015). Cholera and cases of diarrhoea are high and impossible to contain and cure. In combination with malaria, fatality is a given. Thus, during the rainy season, the Colony hospital supplies Certeza, a point-of-treatment water chlorinator aimed at cleansing water for cooking and consumption that was developed in 2004 by American NGO PSI, to the four communities. "These costs are minimal to the company who pays for it each year, but make a big difference to the poor who cannot afford it", emphasises Doctor Ranu. All money spent on medicines and supplies – the majority of which are utilised by the communities – are bought with Indatet money. Condoms, however, are government contributions which the hospital puts out on display, and all walk-ins are encouraged to take these on exit.

The hospital's ambulance, although stationed at the Colony, is also on standby to be loaned to the local village hospital in Chirodzi, should the need ever arise. The ambulance driver has been trained in basic first aid and is able to assist in minor accidents and injuries. The ambulance is a double-edged sword: a blessing to Chirodzi Hospital whose own vehicle is often broken down or not in service, but a curse to the staff of the Colony hospital as it places further demands on their time, especially after hours.

Mobile clinic

It is day 16 in the field and today I will accompany Doctor Ranu and the mobile clinic unit into one of the local villages, Nhamadzanidzane. Turning left out of the mine compound, we drive the short distance to Chirodzi market, where we take a sudden left turn and drive about 11 km on a dirt road, through the market, past a few houses and then through the bush. As we pass a local shebeen *(a larger hut that acts as the village's local drinking spot), I am told that 80 people were recently killed here in a mere two to three-day period. Although the cause of death is still unknown, it is suspected that contaminated water used to make* pombe *(local beer) is to blame. Nhamadzanidzane is made up of several homes, ranging from basic, single room huts constructed of wood and palm leaves, to open shelters with no walls and only a grass roof. There's one home that is made up of clay walls, and I am told this belongs to the wealthiest man in the village. He not only owns the most livestock, but also owns the* shebeen*.*

We park in the open land in front of the local school. Attracted by the heat, flies buzz in and out of the ambulance, and our mouths are dry and taste of dust. As the queue of people builds up at the doors of the ambulance, I move to sit in the back where I can observe without interference. The patients

are many – we see around 110 mothers, children and elders. Most complain of headaches and bodily pain. They all suspect they have malaria, but few, in fact, do. They refuse to leave empty-handed, however, and once again paracetamol and condoms are handed out to each in the hope of appeasing the patient. One mother specifically stands out for me – she has come with her baby and Doctor Ranu laughs when he hears the child's name, which translates to "Tuesday Health" and I wonder if this is an indication of how the villagers feel about the mobile clinic?

It is two weeks later and I have joined the mobile clinic on another day out. This time to Cassoca, a village that is located within the mine compound itself, only five kilometres from the Colony. Doctor Ranu is not in attendance today, so I will join the male nurse, assistant and driver – none of whom speak English – who will run the clinic for the morning. Like Doctor Ranu, the nurse is impatient with the villagers and their infirmities. There are fewer patients present today than at Nhamadzanidzane, but those present all have the same complaints as those patients in Nhamadzanidzane. When the last patient is seen, the nurse and assistant begin to pack away. As we are closing the doors, ready to leave, a woman comes up wanting to be checked. The nurse is clearly annoyed and tells her "No". She complains bitterly and will not let go of the vehicle. The nurse eventually relents – he does not examine her, however, but passes some paracetamol and condoms through the window. Suddenly delighted, she greets the nurse warmly and wanders off. The driver hands out condoms to some young school boys at his window, and they fight over who gets them and the empty box.

Finally, as we pull off and begin to drive through the village, a man runs up to the ambulance. The nurse instructs the driver to keep going and not stop, but the driver slows down. The man, still running, asks to speak to the nurse, at which point the driver angrily shouts "No", thus infuriating the man further who now shouts at us and throws a stick at the ambulance. When I ask why we didn't stop, I'm told, in stumbling English, "Because he was having beer. Why he can't leave beer?" I am told, after some difficulty in interpreting one another, that this is a common occurrence. In the trail of dust that is spat up by the wheels of the ambulance as it speeds – somewhat scarily given the locals walking around, the state of the dirt road, and the numerous goats and stray dogs – the driver and nurse throw pamphlets with diagrams on how to use female condoms out of the window. A parting present in the hope that next week, more women will want these…

The mobile clinic, which visits two of the four villages weekly is, according to Doctor Ranu, the "heart of all the communities…it is the centre"; the part of the CSR programme that locals rely on the most. The villagers in these areas, I am told, are the "forgotten people". They are part of the arm that supports the political opposition and as such, Doctor Ranu explains, "government does nothing for them, but they demand a lot from Indatet". They are impoverished, angry, bitter, and are responsible

for the majority of disruptions to work as they are the most affected and angriest. The following ethnographic moments are examples of this:

An elderly woman in her seventies (she is not sure her exact age) complains of pain throughout her body. Doctor Ranu examines her, but finds nothing wrong. Aside from her complaints she seems well. He explains, as he passes a strip of paracetamol to her, "What else can I do? She is sore because she is old and I could tell her to go to the hospital, but I know she will not. So I give her this. These people would not be happy with no treatment and that would mean trouble for the company"... Another patient, a mother with a child of two or three years of age, presents the child claiming there is a rash and subsequent wounds on her child. Doctor Ranu examines her. The assistant examines her. Finally, I am asked to examine the child. None of us see a rash or wounds, yet the mother, indignant and furious, cries asking how we cannot see the problem. Doctor Ranu gives a mild pain killer, once again, to keep peace.



Figure 3 – Doctor Ranu in the back of the mobile clinic, waiting to see patients

Although the team keep a detailed log of names, illnesses and medicine administered for both company and government policy, it is estimated that 90% of the patients that they see are not in fact ill. During the course of these mobile clinics, I notice what the doctor is referring to, with the above ethnographic vignette being a fairly typical experience. Most patients complain of aching bodies, headaches and fevers, although they look healthy. Often if the staff protest that they are in fact not ill,

they will return with a younger sibling or child who 'is unwell'. Doctor Ranu and the male nurse who leads the clinic are visibly impatient with the villagers and their infirmities, saying that "it is difficult to know who is really sick. People come, they say they are sick but they are not really. They just want [medicine] because it is free".

I ask why the villagers are placated in this manner and am told that this is to ensure that tensions do not rise, which may result in the villagers protesting on the mine grounds or disrupting work. There is a weariness in the doctor's voice. He is tired, he says. Tired of villagers who are not really ill and exploit the free medicine, and tired of the anti-Indatet reactions given what the company has done. He exclaims as we drive back to the Colony:

"Look at their houses! It's nothing. Indatet are building better houses and still they say 'it is not good enough'. Even me, I'd be happy with this [new] house. It has more rooms, there will be water, electricity! Later, there will be a better hospital, school, more houses. They want jobs on the mine – but they don't even know their own names or ages. So how can they work? And still they demand and demand!"



Figure 4 – The village of Nhamadzanidzane

Resettlement village

Indatet have made a commitment to the four communities to establish a resettlement village some kilometres away from the mine. There has been huge investment on the part of the company as part of the CSR project to compensate for the 'involuntary displacement' and loss of *machambas* (fields) as a consequence of the mining area lease and extraction process. As is custom with most mining companies, Indatet (with approval and support from the local Tete government) is making every effort to relocate locals from all four villages within the lease area to a safe zone away from the mining area. There are around 577 families that need to be resettled.

Anil, a 30-year-old Assistant Manager (who previously worked at Indatet's Botswana office in Gaborone before moving to the Tete site four months earlier) heads up the team that is responsible for the construction of this resettlement village. He explains that the company is currently in phase 1, due for completion by the end of September 2015, which entails building the first strip of 10 houses and digging the foundations of the new hospital. The first model house, he tells me, was built in 2014, but the local government officials were not happy with this first version and modifications had to be made to suit the cultural habits of the locals. Although the model house was viewed and modifications were approved in 2014, phase 1 only began on 1 July 2015 due to other projects taking priority. Phase 2 of development is the building of a further 100 houses and completion of the hospital by September 2016, and thereafter the addition of a new school, recreation centre and parks. Furthermore, the company has had to ensure that all construction is environmentally sound, with no animals killed and forestation being preserved.



Figure 5 – The model house for the envisioned Resettlement Village (RV), which stands in isolation some kilometres away from the site on which the RV will actually be located

The resettlement village is envisioned and put forward, by the company, to not only compensate for loss of agricultural land and to not further disturb the locals' livelihood, but is also an attempt to improve impoverished living conditions and build a solidified single community by bringing together all four villages. However, as Scott states, the "thinly veiled subtext of villigization [is] also to organize human communities in order to make them better objects of [sic] control" (1998:224). Houses are allocated to those individuals most affected by the adverse mining conditions mentioned earlier. The houses are each 140 m^2 on a plot of land that is 50x100 metres. The houses themselves consist of three bedrooms each, a living room and a dining room. Behind the house are two smaller structures, to the left is the bathroom (shower room and toilet) and to the right is the kitchen. This architecture is unconventional, but I am told by Anil that this is what the local government required when plans were drawn up so as to keep with the cultural expectations and way of life of the locals, who prefer to bathe and cook outside of living areas. Although there is no electricity planned for the homes currently, an open control electrical system will eventually be installed.

The building project, however, faces various issues or problems. Anil talks of issues with manpower. An average day on site, to complete 10 houses in the allocated time, requires at least 80-90 workers. However, he explains that on average his site only has 60-65 builders reporting for duty, especially on days preceding or following the weekend, owing to workers being too drunk or hung-over to arrive for work. He also tells me of workers disappearing for days with no explanation as to where they have been. One story in particular stands out: two brothers were responsible for the brick-making for the houses. They contracted the labour to a local company and were tasked with the management of this local work force. Indatet paid 30 000 Mets to the brothers to settle the wages of the contracted labourers one Wednesday towards the end of the month. By Friday, the angry contractors were demanding their payments and neither of the brothers were to be found, the money disappearing with them. This caused a hiatus of work and a financial loss to the company, with the money being written off. Five days later both brothers reappeared with some (not all!) of the money. Not having any reasonable account of their whereabouts nor an explanation of the missing money, Anil had no option but to let them go. In a situation where the mine is already using more expensive bricks of a higher quality (hollow square bricks which are thermally sound and noise proof), costs like these impact heavily on labour flow. Materials are not easily or readily available in this part of Tete province, thus delaying work. Furthermore, the mine has needed to cut costs radically in recent months due to the coal price dropping, whilst attempting to keep building work at a high quality. Anil states that explaining this to locals incites anger and feelings of distrust between the locals and Indatet as they assume that "cheap means low quality" or that the company is withdrawing from its CSR commitments.

Other community contributions

In the last few years, Indatet has also made smaller contributions to the community. Most importantly is that of employing workers (in the mines, house-keeping and administratively) from Tete and the local villages, and contributing to the local informal economies by shopping at the local markets.

Water collected in the mine during the rainy season is pumped from the mine into the water reservoir, which is situated on the edge of the mine. Mario tells me how the locals from nearby communities would bathe in the reservoir and take water back to their homes, not understanding – or perhaps choosing to ignore – the warnings from the mine that the water is unsafe and contaminated, thus leading to numerous cases of illness, which in turn resulted in increased tensions. In an attempt to keep the locals away from the water, Indatet erected a fence. This, instead, resulted in fences being cut and stolen to gain access. The Director of CSR, and my contact, Mr Vijay, tells me that it was in response to this that the company have opened up the local water sources and donated water pumps within each of the four communities, thus alleviating the long walk to the nearest water source and providing clean drinking water to more people and each month five litres of milk is given to the workers mining the coal as a 'goodwill' offering as the local belief is that drinking milk will alleviate dust-related illnesses.

In terms of education initiatives, classrooms have been constructed in the surrounding villages and school uniforms are donated each year to the children. The company has also partnered with the Institute of National Employment and Professional Training (INEFP) to provide professional courses to young adults (aged 18-30), from the Changara district, who were forced to leave school due to financial and other reasons. A recent number of individuals successfully completed courses in sewing, construction, painting and carpentry (*jornalnoticias.co.mz*), all paid for by Indatet, with the company donating 15 Singer machines to several local ladies in the hope of aiding them in establishing themselves as independent seamstresses.

The Role of CSR

I look at CSR here in the context of the manner in which it facilitates and embeds Indatet in this space as a foreign corporate. Mr Arnav, the Head of HR for Maputo and Tete, emphasises during an interview that there is a need for the company to understand the locals and to improve on their quality of life: "They didn't ask for the mine, so we must respect that this is still their land. We are guests here, so we must treat them as our hosts. It is about respect. I want to do something for each pocket of the

community – the older people; the younger people; the teachers. If you get to one person at a time, [you] can change attitudes. Otherwise [they] follow [a] mob mentality."

Foreign corporates are often viewed with negativity and scepticism when entering new locales – they displace communities, they cause disruption to lifestyles, they destroy land, and cause damage to the natural environment. Negative media portrayals (of issues and misbehaviours), government policies and community pressures may lead to the stand still (as is often noted in Indatet's case history of strikes) and possible closure of a corporation. It is thus in their best interest to exercise a rigorous CSR programme in the hope of embedding themselves within the space and garnering local support, creating future allies in the villages so as to survive and prosper (Elankumaran *et al*, 2005; Welker, 2014; Crane *et al*, 2008).

In the short period that Indatet has been in the province, they have attempted to meet CSR requirements on various levels. Indatet exercises a patronage model of CSR which constitutes the mine and villages as interdependent subjects with mutual obligations. Villagers demand Indatet act as a patron, in much the same way Welker's study of Sumbawan villagers did of Newmont mine, *through* obstruction. Despite the fact that at times these CSR initiatives have formed new zones of struggle and reactions of volatility, the locals have still come to recognise Indatet as a responsive unit to their demands – much more so than the ruling political party who have left them 'forgotten in the bush' (Geenen and Claessens, 2013; Welker, 2014; Hill & Irvine, 1993; Laidlaw, 2010) and, as such, Indatet has become the agent of infrastructure and development – a role that should in theory be the that of the Frelimo party. Conversely, however, it is obvious in this study, that "[t]hese strategies were partly successful in extracting concessions from the mine, but they also prompted Newmont managers to classify villagers as security threats" (Welker, 2014: 31). The various components of CSR as tools of social engineering is visible in Indatet's 'commitment' to the surrounding communities and is wholly reliant on the continued cooperation from both sides. If the company fails to deliver the resettlement houses on time – or to expected specs – the villagers in turn make the working environment hostile and, at times, violent in retaliation. A fine balance between expectation and delivery, or in the least communication, must be kept at all times. CSR is undoubtedly essential in overcoming socio-political trials that corporations face – especially when trying to establish themselves in a competitive industry in a foreign locale – and is imperative in helping to cultivate an identity or to 'humanise' a corporation to the affected people, moralizing corporate interest and "economizing morality" (Welker, 2014: 30). Yet, when looking to CSR, and the sense of displacement and precarity that arises from it, one must question who the development truly benefits as "'development' has become a mask for…gross forms of exploitation" (Padel and Das, 2010:13) in the name of progress and empowerment.

Chapter four

"These are not my people"

The comparison, made in the closing anecdote of chapter two, with regards to the Chinese-Mozambican village not far from Chirodzi and how my informant states, "We could never be like the Chinese", raises important questions as to the relations and interactions that exist between the expat Indian workers and that of the local villagers in establishing an identity within the community. Aside from the obvious differences in approach to work between the Indians and Mozambicans, in interviews, and observations, I routinely observed and noted that the expats set themselves very much apart from the locals, choosing to associate only when absolutely necessary. At first glance, one assumes that this is a reactionary response to the tensions that arose at the inception and establishment of Indatet in Chirodzi through the appropriation of *machambas* (agricultural land) and resulting 'involuntary displacement' (Keane, 2012) of the locals in the surrounding four villages, namely Chirodzi (from where the mine adopted its name); Nhamadzanidzane; Cassoca; and Nhantsanga.

Trying to understand how land negotiations take place, I push Mario, the Mozambican Safety Officer, to explain how land is purchased if it is not owned by the villagers. He explains that the local government have reached an agreement with Indatet to pay an amount to the villagers residing on the land, even though they are not the legal landowners, as a gesture of kindness. Indatet approaches the relevant community leader, identifying those *machambas* inside the causation area that are required. Together, with the leader and a land surveyor, the company measures the land and takes count of all fruit-bearing trees. Thereafter an offer for the land is made, and negotiations ensue based on land size, condition of the terrain, and the number of fruit- or nut-bearing trees, which the locals eat from, thus a price is offered per tree. Once a compensation figure has been agreed upon, payment is made and the villager has a few days to vacate. However, part of the compensation deal is that locals must be provided with alternative land and be allowed to benefit from any crops on the original land for a year thereafter.

Mario has offered to take me on a drive through the grounds of the mine – from the entrance off the main road to the far end of the mine land where the coal-mining is done. We do not know each other well yet as I have only been on the mine compound for three days now, but I am eager to understand the way in which the mine has affected the locals and see the land for myself. During our ride I ask him to tell me more about the relationship between the locals and Indatet and am pleasantly surprised by his openness on the subject:

"[Interaction] used to be friendly, up to…up to two months back ago. We stopped [mining] here for a month. It was…it became tense because of lack of communication. One of them. That thing that we found, when we tried to find the root cause, was lack of communication, because they [villagers] need to be told what is happening every time. And then one, I can say, that one of the biggest mistakes that Indatet is doing, is to…if I may say? Is to put an Indian to look after the local people. There is a big gap of culture here in between. He doesn't understand the small things that can mean a lot to the local peoples. Like opening a road where there is a graveyard is not a problem for him, but for the local people it is because ancestors are disrupted…"

"What other issues are there that cause tension, Mario?" I ask further.

"They [the company] is making a lot of noise. I believe you heard the noise of the wash plant during the night? That noise, for us doesn't sound a lot because we are coming from the big cities, but for them this used to be a quiet place…only the night birds you could hear them singing, but the machines making noise, for them is a problem. So there's [a] noise problem. They need to be moved. All this dust goes to their crops, so the crops don't grow better. But we understand there is climate change, but they… You need someone to be…who speaks the language, who can explain like a local. These are the things that make a big difference between…"

Over the course of the month in Tete, I am exposed to conversations with the expats, locals and, at times, the South African contractors (who make a third sub-set of visitors) that echo these 'sentiments of difference', whether it be: (1) language; (2) family and lifestyle; or (3) approaches to work.

Language

Julia, from the Zambezi province of Northern Mozambique, runs the house-keeping team of three, for the expats. Petite and soft-spoken, she nervously tells me in broken English that the major issue is that of language: "They [Indians] don't speak our languages" [echoing what Mario said earlier]. This leads to many misunderstandings and much confusion, resulting in the expats being "rude and shouting men". When I ask what they shout about, Julia shrugs and changes the topic, saying "We are mostly happy. Just salary is not good", at which point her assistant tells her off in Portuguese. Julia translates for me: "She says I am going to be chased away because I am talking to you."

Girish, from Bhilai, finds working with the locals difficult, having "to push them to work always as they don't want to do the work on their own". He also expresses language as a barrier in this, and adds that at times he feels unsafe and threatened by rumours of imminent volatile strikes.

Pranav, a Mine Officer from Lucknow, states that if one "went 30 years back in India, you would find Tete similar", and that the people are "kind but hard to bond with, mostly due to language".

Sarvajeet, a Mining and Logistics Officer from Bilaspur, observes that the Mozambicans differ in that they "have no culture of their own. Indians have [kept] their heritage despite colonialism, but the Mozambicans…they are still trying to be Portuguese instead of themselves. They don't save. They enjoy life and [to] party. They live for now; they do not plan for the future. They are lethargic. But they are also kind, they have good hearts. I used to visit them [his workers] for lunch on weekends, but not much anymore. It is time that is a problem and others' [expat] opinions that prevent me from socialising."

Suresh, a Mine Officer from Goa, echoes what Sarvajeet says: "Here people need respect. [You] need to give them love; know them; address them. Create a bond by asking, 'How are your children? How is your wife?' and sit with them at lunch".

Language is often brought up as a major hurdle by both expats and locals, and is regularly cited as a category of distinction between 'us' and 'them'. The expats speak varying dialects of Hindi; the Mozambicans from outside of Tete speak Portuguese, and the villagers speak Nyungwe (a Bantu language predominantly spoken along the Zambezi and in Tete province). Thus, English is the fourth language present in this space, and is often not understood by the villagers and local workers. There is a persistent process of translation resulting in information and instructions often being lost, increased miscommunications, and frustrations and tensions erupting. Yet, despite this desire for improved communication on most parts, much like Cohen (2015) notes, there seems to be very little implementation of better communication strategies across all the groups. Several expats, such as Sunil, Sarvajeet and Suresh, have been at Indatet for a number of years and have taken the time to learn Portuguese. Interestingly, it is observed and pointed out to me by other expats that these men often get the best results from the locals who work under them. Whether the link with common language and better expat-local work relationships has yet been *fully* recognised is not clear, as there still seems very little effort made in encouraging expat staff to learn Portuguese. It is repeatedly emphasised by various directors and officers that Portuguese lessons will commence on a thrice weekly basis – at one point I am even invited to attend these classes. New recruits are informed by management that, as Pranav states, "Everyone must learn Portuguese or otherwise be ready to tender a resignation". Yet still the lessons have not begun.

Family and lifestyle

Mr Jagjit, also articulates that the locals have a very different concept of family to what is accepted in India: "The locals do not believe in family. They have many wives. They come work here to

earn money just for [the] month. They don't save for their children. They have no ambition or emotional need for saving. They have girlfriends here in the villages, but wives and children far away."

Tushar, a Logistics Officer from Kolkata, expresses, on a quiet Saturday morning in the office, that the locals do not have a saving culture; they live day-to-day in a basic manner, reminding me of the conversation I had with Paulo in HR, who despite being Mozambican, agrees with this viewpoint of the locals. Anil, an Assistant Manager in CSR from Sambalpur, joins the conversation, exclaiming "It doesn't mean people are not happy. They do not have the stresses to deliver in the same way or to be at work. They live simply. Maybe that's the way life should be?"

Mr Deepak, the Project Head, emphasises in a casual conversation how difficult it is to operate in a foreign space: "We must follow our own culture whilst respecting local culture. We try to include them in our puja [ceremonies], but we do not force them to attend if they don't want to".

During my time on the mine, I attend several *pujas* hosted at the Colony as part of Hindi custom, observing that, although local workers are invited and encouraged to join, they chose not to. Asking Mr Danwa and Augusto why this is, I am told that they will attend if it is hard to refuse, out of courtesy and respect for their employer. However, where possible, they chose to not attend as their religion does not allow it: "I am Christian. They are not. I can put no emotion into the ceremony". However, when a local ceremony is held to assist the ancestors of Nhantsanga village to 'move' from this original site to the new site of the resettlement village, I notice that a large number of the expats join in to observe, be present and pay their respects. This attendance may be viewed dually. Firstly, presence is required as members of the communities, government officials from Tete province and the Commissioner of Tete are all present. Indatet representatives must be present so as to be able to answer any questions as they arise, to explain future plans, and to ensure that any promises made to the villagers will be feasible and agreed upon. Secondly, presence puts forward a positive and approachable corporate 'face', which in turn puts village leaders at ease and more likely to ask the ancestors to support the corporation's work through chants of "We are sorry. Forgive us. Please accept these gifts. Let Indatet work freely here and let no accidents or animals harm or destroy their work" [translated from Nyungwe to Portuguese to English].

Approaches to work

Mr Jagjit, Head of Spares at the workshop, talks of the attitude the local employees have to work: "They are always late. We now have a company bus, but still they are late". I ask why this is and am told that excuses range from they missed the bus, they needed to go to Tete town for personal

issues, or complaints of illness (most often stomach ache), with him stating, clearly annoyed, "Each day there is a new excuse. [They have] no will to work".

Gio, a Mozambican geologist, talks about the differences in work ethic: "Indian peoples are different from others… The biggest difference is quality. Quality of the work. From what I can see…from India…they want to save money everywhere. Even if you tell them how to do the things correctly, the correct way, it's a bit difficult. But, even from Indian to Indian, I can see some improvement here [Indatet]…it is better…a bit better from when I think of where I [previously] have been working before". Gio works closely with the Head Geologist, Sunil, and speaking of their working relationship tells me that it is hard to establish a bond with him as "Sunil will not tell you the things in the right way. He is just shouting, shouting. That is not good for friendship when you are working with someone", expressing to me that there is a lack of respect or recognition for each other's 'humanity'. He also emphasises that local workers will not approach high-up management at directorate level, instead choosing to resolve issues with Indian peers.

I am in the wash plant today, waiting for someone to have time for me. In the early hours of this morning, around 03H45, one of the drivers dozed off whilst driving a truck back after dropping the shift Mine Officer off, inadvertently hitting an electric pole and plunging the mine into complete darkness. Everyone is still frantically attempting to fix the problem, and I am left waiting at the wash plant, drinking warm coke, listening to nothing. The usual hum of machinery and the distant drilling noises are no longer. It is completely quiet – eerily, yet peacefully, so. I begin to understand the quiet that Mario mentioned the villagers miss. I have a meeting with Anton today, an Operations Officer with a South African contracting company who have helped establish the wash plant for Indatet. This is their final month in Tete, and I am lucky to have an interview. It is Anton's first time as an expat worker, having never before worked outside of his home country. He tells me that although they have been here since October 2012, they have not seen much of the province or country as any time off is spent back home. What they have seen of Tete, however, is chaos in comparison.

Anton is cautious about opening up too much about working for a foreign company in a foreign location, but shares some brief impressions of the "two sides of the foreign coin" as he puts it. Although the Indian expats are hospitable and friendly, work relationships are formal and stiff. However, he has become friendly with two of the younger officers, Sarvajeet and Akash, who he routinely includes in braai [South African barbeque] evenings. In response to my question on locals, Anton exclaims, "No, none of us South Africans hang out with the locals. And actually not [even the] expats. Just Sarvajeet and Akash, and the new guy…the tall one, man. Girish".

Contrasting the local-expat work ethic, Anton says that there is very little technical knowledge and 'know-how' on the part of the locals – they need constant supervision and training, but they are hard-working and obliging during work hours. However, the problem lies in their concept of time: "They are always late, man" and "for them, time going home…well, is time going home. They just run". This contrasts heavily with the work ethic of the expats, in which Anton remarks: "They don't stop to work. They will phone you after hours, all hours. If we want to go at 17H00, they will still want more to be done. If you are asleep, it does not matter".

Similar in their difference

Anton has become more comfortable around me over the last week, and has invited me to join him and the other South Africans for a braai and some beers. Here, in the informal setting, I feel comfortable to ask Anton, who will be soon leaving the Colony when the logistics contract ends in four weeks, what other differences he has noticed as an individual neither belonging to the Colony or village communities – specifically with reference to lifestyle and aspects of family. Anton immediately replies: "Melinda, have you noticed that both sides are concerned about how the other side treats his family or people?"

This question is pivotal. A recurring theme in my interviews and conversations is that both the expats largely view the locals as having no family structure, and no commitment to the well-being and development of their individual families. There are incessant comments and questions directed at me: "Why do they not save?" / "Why do they not build homes and pay for schooling?" / "They have many wives and children, and they don't care if they cannot support for their family". Ironically, when speaking to locals, I am confronted with similar attitudes in reverse: that the expats are not committed to their families back in India, for if they were, how could they leave their wives and children, travel to a new continent and foreign land with nothing, to work?

In the perceptions that each have constructed of the other setting themselves *apart and as different*, they are paradoxically *similar*. Gluckman addressed such issues of cultural similarity and difference claiming that as much as cultures differed, there is a need to acknowledge the similarities that exist, and that the "processes by which cultures functioned and changed were universal" (Macmillan, 1995:50). Just as anthropologists and protagonists of the past were unable to accept similarities, Gluckman's theory here warns anthropologists of the now that to overlook similarities would be both inflexible and futile. Macmillan states that Gluckman observed "that in all social relations there are elements of both fission and fusion which he saw as 'two sides of the same social process'" (1995: 52-53). Herein lies Gluckman's approach that there are various contributing factors which establish temporary stability and cohesion. These factors are: "a community of interests created

by membership" in a single economic system; the "ability of individuals to move between groups whilst representing different interests at different times"; a "cross-cutting of divisions by contacts across the dominant cleavage" (Macmillan 1995: 53); and force used to establish both dominance and equilibrium. These factors all work together to establish cohesion and is referred to as *situational selection*.

Much like Gluckman acknowledged the dichotomy between the rural and urban, the knowledge and ethnographies he presented are useful in understanding the ever-globalising world: we can draw comparisons between the local (those from *here*) and non-local (those from *there*) taking into consideration the tenuous local-global links that define transnational and multi-site communities. Furthermore, Gluckman's assertion that an African miner is a miner and that the "people in towns should be studied in their urban context and not as uprooted tribesmen" (Macmillan 1995: 60) holds value for us today in that anthropologists should consider a subject's situation or environment and draw analysis from where they are now as opposed to where they came from or are going.

Liminality of the workers

It is Friday afternoon and Sarvajeet and I are driving to Chirodzi village with Orelio, one of Sarvajeet's drivers. Orelio is telling Sarvajeet that he needs to go to Tete town this weekend but he has no money as the salary payments have not yet been done. Sarvajeet offers him 200 METS so that he can make the trip. On the drive back, we pick up two local miners who used to work for Sarvajeet before he moved to the wash plant. They greet him warmly and chat to each other in Portuguese until they swop to English to include me. There is a sadness on both accounts when one miner says, "Things have changed, boss. You no longer speak to us," and Sarvajeet replies quietly, "No, just my team has changed, that is all". As we drop the miners off at the weighbridge, promises are made by Sarvajeet to call them to play a game of football or have some beers together. When we drive off, he turns to me and says, "I vow it, malai *[Hindi word for 'cream' and his nickname for me]. I will phone them. I don't like that I was moved to wash plant and left my team, my workers". Sarvajeet goes on to tell me that it is not the miners who cause abruptions and halt in work for the mine, but rather "those people [villagers] who do not work for the mine, yet expect to be looked after by Indatet, but they make the miners' lives hard if they do not help".*

It is with this memory in mind and Gluckman's assertion – that we must look at subjects as they are placed in the now – that I turn attention to the local mine worker examining the role he occupies in this space. Initially prior to embarking on fieldwork, I acknowledged the existence of two very separate identities in the space – that of the highly-educated, expat Indian office workers and the local villager. However, over the course of the five weeks in Tete, I was routinely confronted with an

emerging third identity – that of Mozambican miners caught in the liminal space between local and foreign. There seems to be a conflict in these workers, caught balancing their roles and loyalties to the corporation that has given them employment (and, as such, opportunity) with their roles as protagonists against the corporation alongside their village comrades in a stand for Mozambican solidarity.

This third liminal identity and its constant shift from obedient employee to defending villager is a form of *alternating politics* (Welker 2014). Just as Indatet would see the mine workers as irrational and disloyal if they were to stand with the villagers in protest, or loyal and steadfast if they were to stand against the villagers, the reverse moral thread would hold true: from the villager's point of view, the miners are regarded as strong comrades when they join forces in protest, but meek traitors when they stand firm with Indatet.

In reality, protests and disruptions are part of a consistent strategy to affirm and retain local authority over power (Skalnik, 1989) exerted by Indatet, but they are more easily and successfully executed with the assistance and adherence of on-site workers. For the miner, it may seem easier to align with the villagers as the 'fallout' or backlash is often less severe and/or violent. To stand against the locals would be to place oneself in the line of fire physically, much in the way that Vijay and Pradeep were attacked at the beginning of this chapter. However, it is known that the corporation is strictly bound by legalities and policies that would mean another day's work is guaranteed. Allegiances that arise in capitalism – morally, socially and politically – and the frameworks within which opposition and defence of capital and the corporation takes place (Welker, 2014) must be considered at all times in understanding the social contracts that bind these workers.

Chapter five

Young Guns and Sirs

"Sirs work by authority; we work by friendship"

Mr BK Singh is in his office shouting in Hindi at Anil D. Every so often I hear Anil respond back in a quiet and respectful manner, not once raising his voice and punctuating each response with a polite "Sir", "Yes, Sir", "But, Sir" and "No, Sir". Tushar, a Logistics Officer, translates in a bemused manner that Mr BK is upset that the workers prioritised one job over another at the resettlement village – a rather minor incident – but it gives the wrong impression because he had told senior management "something else would be done first". Anil comes out looking frustrated and sullen, and seeing the look of concern I have on my face, Tushar assures me, "Do not worry. It is this way in our culture".

During my five weeks of fieldwork, I observed that shouting was a common occurrence. Shouting regularly takes place on the part of the Sirs – the antithesis of the Young Guns, those expats who hold seniority in both age and job title – with the Sirs delivering the volume and the Young Guns or local miners 'taking it', but not responding in a similar manner. Whereas in the first week it took me by surprise and I expected an on-the-spot immediate dismissal to follow the shouting, one quickly becomes accustomed to this background commotion of the office space. What is interestingly noted, is that shouting sessions are never conducted in privacy – the doors are always open for everyone to hear the spectacle. I am told by Tushar and others that this is to show that there is "nothing to hide" – that the work ethic is one of openness and clarity, without anyone second-guessing as to why muffled disturbances are coming from closed offices. In response to a question as to whether anyone ever shouts back, it is emphasised that if your senior manager/Sir is shouting, "you listen and accept it like a man. If you feel strongly that you were right, only after he is finished shouting can you reply saying, 'Please, Sir, if you may listen to me explain…'".

Furthermore, the upper management Sirs are spatially removed from the mid-management officers who run the on-site work of the locals. Tucked away in the administrative office, far from the mine, wash plant, stock yards, weighbridge and workshops, their entire reporting line is out view and they spend their hours dealing with paperwork or in meetings. Reminiscent of Salzinger's (2003) findings in her study of harness production factory workers, this absence in knowing and seeing what the workers are doing leads to numerous misunderstandings and friction between directors and officers, and this has trickled through into the relations that Sirs have with the local miners. Salzinger puts it that there is a lack of relationship between managers and workers – a resistance has been formed in part because of the established preference to one sex; in part because there is no genuine

labour control – leading to lack of focus and absorption of energy. The issue, as Salzinger so saliently puts it, is that the "issue is not who the men 'are', but who they become on the shop floor" (2003: 151). This then is the paradox in that by applying gender-bias to these roles, they have 'created' the typical male worker that they tried so hard not to employ. Much like Salzinger's observation that in trying to 'produce' a particular 'type of worker' through hiring strategies and gender bias, I observe that through a lack of communication and failing to control labour (resulting in strikes and protests), the Sirs demonstrate a distinct lack of participative management in the office space, failing to produce the ideal worker that they want who "strives for meaning, responsibility and a sense of personal achievement in life, and hence in work" (Cohen, 2015:328). The Sirs instead use fear as *affect* (Cross, 2010) to mobilise and manipulate workers in achieving desired end results or goals. This invisible infrastructure of power, a method of controlling labour through authority, is in contrast with that of the gentler and more approachable work ethics and methods of the younger expats, most notably the Young Guns, which were observed:

Suresh, a Mine Officer, and I are chatting over pineapple juice and chocolate biscuits – a rare treat brought in from the shops in Tete. We are discussing my observations of the 'Shouting Sirs' and he shakes his head sadly, muttering that shouting is not the solution to cultivating stable work relationships with anyone. I ask Suresh if shouting doesn't work, then what does. He responds, "Melinda, shouting shows a distance between two souls. Nothing is resolved by it. Shouting and warnings do not build respect, instead they [local workers] find sneakier ways [of resisting work]. You can't do it in one shot. [You] Must go in [to] this process slow by slow".

Suresh explains this "slow-by-slow" process that he has found highly functional in the daily production of labour is founded on respect and time – showing the local workers that you care and taking the time to create bonds with them is imperative. Suresh begins each shift by observing his workers, trying to see "who is in a different frame of mind", using what would be referred to as *intuition* (Cross, 2010). He emphasises that the labour force in the age range of 30-40 are the most vulnerable as they still remember the civil war as youngsters and are traumatised by the repercussions, and as a group are more "difficult to control – you must handle them delicately". Thus, for them especially, respect is important. Suresh explains that if a worker arrives late or intoxicated, instead of shouting at them or dismissing them, Suresh makes the worker sit in the shade "for a week until he [is allowed to] come back to work. I don't shout. I don't isolate. He sits. Just sits. And everyone around him says, 'Look, Mr Suresh has given him punishment'. They tease him". For the whole day, eight hours, the worker is made to sit idle – he is not allowed to leave. Suresh argues that indeed one man's work power is lost for a few days, but the results earned – loyalty and respect – are worth this temporary loss. Through this practice of 'shaming' – of "touching them emotionally" as opposed to

verbally or physically – the worker is often ridiculed by his peers and laughed at. Suresh claims this hits home faster and harder as no worker wants to lose respect in his own peer group or community, and he knows that by being forced into this 'time out zone', he is doing exactly that. Here, much like fear in Cross' words, we see shaming in the work place "as an *effect* of those worlds that subjects inhabit and interact with" (Ibid:166). Discipline in this form is not about punishment, but rather, as Willis would argue, a reproducing of "the social relationships of the workplace…of inducing respect for elemental frameworks" (1977: 66).

Suresh continues by saying that he also chooses "not to sit and instruct the workers like those in the office, but rather will go with them to the site to watch them". By this he means that he is not an 'armchair manager'– he moves with his workers constantly, following them around the site and managing on location as opposed to remotely. He will, if necessary, get involved and work alongside his team. When drivers need to make deliveries, if time permits, Suresh will accompany them and spend the time chatting to them about any issues at work or about life in general. Suresh explains that this time, isolated from the team, is essential in building bonds and addressing issues in a safe and guarded manner without placing anyone else on the spot or putting co-workers at risk of 'snitching'.

Furthermore, Suresh (and others) build team morale through words, sympathy and emotion. When issues arise, instead of 'naming and shaming', a guilty party is taken aside in private (usually at the end of a shift if possible to be told of any problems or issues in private quietly – unlike the Sirs who shout in the open. When a worker complains of being ill, Suresh emphasises the importance of touch: "Physical touch is important. The workers feel guilty if you touch them and they are lying because you are building an emotional attachment [through contact]". It is also emphasised that relationship building extends into the lunch hours (and after hours) with Suresh explaining that often, at tea time or lunch, his workers will have brought some snacks from home. In the first few weeks at the mine, Suresh showed an interest in the cultural foods that the workers brought (by his own admission this is partly selfish as he is a keen chef himself), but it has become a routine that his workers will now set some aside for him and wait for him to join them in this moment of repose and eating.

Suresh further also acknowledges the observation made by many other expats (and local office workers alike) that Mozambicans are not from a saving culture. Here he tells of how he encourages his team of local workers (all of whom are men) to "take better care of their families. They must not drink so much and argue. They must look after their wives and children". He has devised and introduced a 'saving system' with his team after noticing that they routinely complained of having "no more money in the final week and a half prior to salary day". At the end of the month, on payday, his workers all hand over 500 Mets to him. He holds on to this for them for the month with the agreement

that if they do not ask for it before the final week prior to the next salary due date, if they are able to wait, Suresh not only gives the 500 Mets back to them at the start of the final week of the month, but he will also contribute 50 Mets extra (from his own account) as 'reward'. He says, "Initially [they] did it in greed for 50 Mets, but slowly they begin to realise that they won't get drama from their family for running out of money, because if they are in trouble and cannot wait until the end, at least they always get their 500 Mets. But most get the extra 50 now, too". He claims that the workers complain less of domestic issues since the implementation of this scheme and that the workers utilise their earnings better, thus hopefully one day leading to a saving culture that does not exist in the villages currently.

These small, consistent approaches to management are shared by a few of the other younger expats who have local miners, builders, technicians, and so forth, working in teams under their management. By spending several days visiting the mine, wash plant, workshops and CSR sites, it is clearly observed that the younger officers and managers have produced their own distinct work methods that are temperate and affective by recognising the importance of learning Portuguese for effective communication, through visiting and socialising with their workers where possible, and employing disciplinary methods or saving schemes that educate and enrich the work force. Even those newer recruits who have only been in the Colony for a few months have expressed their desire that the Portuguese classes commence as soon as possible so that they can not only deliver instructions clearly, but also get to know their workers as people. Through more humane approaches to labour, recognising the labourer rather than alienating them in the process of production, and developing and investing in forming relationships and bonds with the local workers (Stewart, 1997; Thornton, 1998) the younger expats are utilising valuable tools to reap the rewards of labour that the Sirs seem to be missing out on – calm voices and understanding earns respect; kindness boosts morale; friendship earns loyalty.

Corporate Soldiers

It's Monday morning on day 20 of my fieldwork and things are slow at the office. I take my cup of Chai and knock on the door of Mr Vijay's, my primary contact and watcher here in Tete, new office. He beckons me in and to sit down whilst he finishes his ritual of saying a prayer and touching of a small statue of Krishna on his desk. We catch up for a bit as I have not had a chance to sit down with him for a little over a week. He tells me, rather abruptly that he has tendered his resignation and is now in his two-month notice period. I am surprised by this as I thought he had been quite happy here. He tells me that he has been debating this decision for some months as the company is not doing well financially and the recent hierarchical changes have "incentivised [him] to leave sooner". Elaborating, he explains

the various reasons for his choice to depart: "The HR Head for Maputo and Mozambique has been moved to this [Tete] operation site permanently and some of my CSR portfolio has been handed over to him. Melinda, you cannot have two senior people doing the same job. Egos will clash and people won't know who to report to first. It makes no sense. Also, the current situation is not great. Before the violence of the country has never reached Tete, but is has now". [Political tensions have been ever-present in Mozambique since the Civil war, but are on the increase with news reports of violence reaching Tete, an area that was previously unaffected. Here, Mr Vijay is referring to the recent uprising of the local villagers who are Renamo supporters and have begun to revolt against the ruling Frelimo party.] He continues, saying that a year ago the office workers were instructed to be ready to evacuate the Colony at all times, should the need to do so arise.

We are interrupted by Antonio, the Head of Security, who would like his leave-request form signed. Mr Vijay responds that he cannot sign it as Mr Arnav has said "no". Antonio is clearly upset and argues with Mr Vijay that in the past they have not needed Mr Arnav's input and that it is an emergency. When he leaves, Mr Vijay turns to me and says, "See? See the workers do not understand these changes. I do not either. I have no power or say anymore, so why am I here?"

Five days later, I am back in Mr Vijay's office and the topic of his resignation comes up. Mr Vijay tells me that his resignation was not accepted by the South African office. I ask him why this is as surely if he wants to leave, then he is entitled to do so. It slowly emerges that his was a 'forced resignation' from the management here in Tete – he was requested to tender his resignation, saying: "There is only one reason you leave a job, Melinda. What is that? It is because of dissatisfaction. Nothing else. Dissatisfaction because of work culture, or of being away [from family and India] or you don't enjoy it and you want to set up something or do something different. Those are the reasons for dissatisfaction in Indian companies. I was very satisfied, so why should I have wanted to leave?" Confused, I ask the question as to why he then was asked to resign, and he responds, saying, "It's usual procedure in Indian firms to ask an employee to leave. They don't want to cause disharmony by firing [you]. If you refuse, you won't get [a] good reference. If you do it, then you will."

Mr Vijay describes himself as a dedicated and loyal employee who has rejected offers from various competitor companies over the years. He emphasises that he is a committed and honest staff member, who has never misappropriated from the company and thus it is truly unclear to him as to why he was asked to resign – especially as he was not informed of the reason. One can only speculate that it was either a cost-cutting decision, or a misunderstanding over a mistake. At the reference to mistake, he continues by saying: "Of course I've made mistakes, who has not? How do you grow if not by mistakes? Someone who doesn't make mistakes, he does not do his work."

Mr Vijay explains how the project here in Tete has been a steep learning curve, especially with regards to his area of CSR – getting to know the local communities, working and liaising between them and Indatet results in constant negotiation and is not a simple job. Yet, despite the hardships, he has never threatened to walk away, nor has he complained – even when they beat him up during the strikes in May 2015 over wages and compensation. In fact, despite his being the face of the company to the locals and being beaten by them, at the end of the strikes when the villagers had calmed down enough to negotiate, they refused to converse with anyone other than Mr Vijay as he explains, "I did not run away. I stayed and took the beating without fear. I earned their respect like that". Now, whenever disputes arise between Indatet and the local workers or villagers, Mr Vijay is asked to negotiate. Thus, he plays a pivotal role to the company – a role the CEO in South Africa has evidently recognised and therefore won't accept his being 'ousted' by those in management in Tete.

What emerges through this ethnographic moment is that there is a considerable lack of communication and comradery between the Sirs (senior expat workers) themselves at times. One would expect a situation such as this to leave a bitter impression on an employee, yet Mr Vijay disagrees: "No, not at all. I work for the corporation, not for individuals". He continues by explaining that his history in the Indian military has constructed his perception of work to be that of a 'corporate soldier' – much like an army serves its country and not a specific general, workers should serve the organisation as a whole and not individual managers in a quest for the 'better'.

The Arrival of the Big Heads

Everyone is tense today – stressed, rushing, and preparing for meetings and preparations. I walk around, observing, as no one has time for me today. Even Mr Danwa, the receptionist, is busy at the Colony preparing for the arrival of the 'Big Heads'. I sit at reception hoping someone will talk to me. When the various Big Heads from South Africa arrive, there is a flurry of activity, with stiff bodies, serious faces and endless utterances of "Morning, Sir" and "Yes, Sir". Antonio instructs two of his best guards to stand outside both the office's main entrance and at the door of the meeting room, respectively, at all times. In the mess, at lunch, everyone is formal and stiff. I had noticed in the past few weeks that if Mr Deepak is in the mess, everyone will seat themselves at tables not occupying the head, but if he is not in the mess, others sit at the head of the table. However, today, I notice that each of the table heads are left empty and when the visiting Heads arrive, everyone stands up in greeting or steps back to allow them lunch first as a sign of courtesy and respect. Incidentally, they pick the table I am seated at with Anil S – despite all the other tables being almost empty or with more senior management present. Anil and my conversation, which had been jovial and light, immediately changes. Anil stops talking – he almost looks as if he has stage fright – and he straightens his back,

shifts his tray closer and neatly rearranges everything on the table. As the Heads arrive at the table, he stands up quickly. Out of confusion I stand, too, and they usher me to sit down, but I note that they don't do so to Anil. We eat in silence – the first time since my first week here – and I follow Anil's lead, only speaking in response to questions directed at myself and eating my lunch in silent respect. Eventually, about 10 minutes after the two of us have finished eating, Anil makes eye contact and nods. He politely asks to be excused – something that has not happened before as normally the Young Guns would just leave once they are done eating – and says "Excuse me, please Sirs" in Hindi several times as we leave. When we are outside, he breathes a slow sigh of relief and relaxes his body, yet his facial expression is shell-shocked and he makes a comment about needing to lie down before returning to the office for the rest of the day…

The Johannesburg office is the Headquarters for Indatet Africa, thus exercising a great deal of control over the Tete office. Mr Deepak explains that administrative and power-to-work decisions are made locally by the Tete office, but that resource and financial decisions are handled in India via Johannesburg. Although a free work environment is encouraged, with employees being allowed to take risks from time to time, management will carry responsibility if workers remain loyal to the company. What is very evident is that these visiting VIPs are regarded with a certain degree of anxiety, manifested through a fear of the Tete managers and office workers in failing to control their labourers (Cross, 2010) and, similar to the fear instilled by Sirs on the Young Guns and local miners, the fear instilled by the Big Heads across all expats is significant in that it is a "reminder that contemporary systems of low-cost, hyper-efficient capitalist production hinge on the fear of managers as much as workers" (Ibid:170).

What emerges, for me, is that despite these varying approaches to labour and work, a common thread arises time and again in that the expats attempt to work as a single unit through *cooperation* – whether it be between Sirs and Young Guns, or expats and locals. Whether some describe themselves as working as a member of a family or others choosing to approach work as corporate soldiers, all have in some form or another expressed that they try to be colleagues and managers who live by a policy of "workers do not work under me, they work with me". This is embodied at the farewell of Mr Mrinmoy, the exiting Project Head who will move to Beira to head up the office there, when he says, "I have seen the baby born, seen him to start walking and talking. Now, Mr Deepak will watch him grow to [an] adult. My words are harsh sometimes. I am sorry if I have hurt someone. It was not ever my sentiment. Everyone has special qualities, distinctive abilities and Mr Deepak will be a good leader". Cooperation, as Marx places it, is capital's free gift and a "necessary concomitant of all production on a large scale" (1990:453) and we see this clearly in the case of Indatet's work relationships – when cooperation is in place, better production and results are garnered through

waged labour, yet when cooperation and communication ceases, the process of production temporarily derails and eases (Graeber, 2011) and moral exchanges of respect, friendship and time, 'gift-giving' as such between workers, bind the social relationships and organization that is imperative to the organization of labour, power and capital (Cross, 2015).

"I am like water, put me anywhere and I will flow…"

It is Saturday finally – the day the Young Guns (and I) have been looking forward to! All week long they have been planning a trip into Tete to show me the town and to take me for a "night out". In the mess over meals, in the office over cups of chai, on the short drives, or in the evenings in Pranav's room, elaborate plans to leave the Colony have been worked and reworked throughout the week, with hushed tones urging anyone too excited, "Shhh, not so loud about Saturday. We must keep it quiet!"

I have been on the Colony for three weeks and it is the second last Saturday before my departure. Other than one trip to Cahora Bassa for Mr Mrinmoy's farewell, I have not left the Colony other than for official work trips to the villages, or for two brief, approved trips to Chirodzi market to buy chickens and vegetables. This is not for lack of trying on the Young Guns' parts – they have tried to plan outings that invariably fail due to shift work, lack of vehicles or – as I have most often noted – a direct refusal of permission from their Directors. Today, however, is different for two reasons: firstly, they assure me that the Directors will say 'yes', because they "have not gone out on a night for some time"; secondly, I am assured, several times, "Tonight we go if permission is granted or not".

The plan, thus far, seems to be a complicated and covert operation, reminiscent of teenagers trying to escape authoritarian parents for the first time. I am told by Anil S and Tushar that I will go into Tete with Sarvajeet and Girish on the company mini-bus at 13H30, which makes the trip each Saturday to drop off local Mozambican workers (who live in on the mine compound <u>outside</u> of the secure Colony space during the week) back in Tete town so that they can do their shopping and visit their families. The bus returns on a Sunday afternoon around 15H00. The rest of the Young Guns who are not on shift tonight, namely Tushar, Anil and Pranav, will join us in Tete later on in the evening for dinner and clubbing when a truck becomes available at the end of the day. At 11H30 I am told to head back to my room in the Colony, to have a quick shower and an even quicker lunch with Girish. Sarvajeet is on shift until 12H00, and he misses lunch in favour of a shower. Girish and I finish lunch and wait for Sarvajeet outside at the Colony gate – he is late and we are likely going to miss the minibus' departure. At 13H25 he finally arrives, shouting at us for not being at the bus already. As he forces us to run to the departure point, which is outside of the secure Colony space, I irritatedly point out to him that neither Girish nor I actually know where the bus departs from as we have never been on it!

We reach the gate as the bus is pulling out and Sarvajeet flags it down. The driver is annoyed with him for stopping him, but when he sees me, he smiles broadly and opens the door (perhaps anxious to keep the 'visitor from Johannesburg' happy). As we look into the bus, one thing is abundantly clear – it's going to be a squashed trip. The front row of three seats is the only one to be occupied with women. These are already taken by up by two women who work in the colony as housekeepers and a third lady who I recognise as a contractor's wife. Serephina from the office sits behind this row on the single seat by the door. Despite there not being a seat on this 'women's row' and there are two full open seats amongst the men in the back, Sarvajeet instructs me: "You sit here with the women". Whilst he and Girish take up their seats, the women all shuffle along and squeeze up tight to make room for me. What ensues is a rather ridiculous seating situation, with me balancing precariously on the seat and my legs dangling down on the stairs, facing the side of the vehicle, whilst I hold on to the pole of the luggage hold so as to not fall over each time the minibus swerves or brakes. My legs are numb after 20 minutes. We only have another two hours and 10 minutes to go. As we drive, I watch the dry countryside speed by – life moves on. Children running around, mothers fetching water with large, colourful buckets, livestock wandering along the road. When we stop at a village halfway to drop off one of the miners, the door is abruptly opened and I nearly fall out – only saved by the person on the other side catching me as I tumble off the step. I have barely stood, and my fellow passengers are climbing over me, eager take the opportunity to stretch their legs, go for a quick toilet break or buy drinks at the tiny stall that acts as the local shop. Ten minutes later the bus is ready to go again and after everyone piles in, I contort my body into the most comfortable position to manage the remainder of the journey. An atmosphere has built in the minibus. Someone's mobile is playing traditional Mozambican music loudly and there is lots of chattering in Portuguese and laughter. The cacophony of cheer is only interrupted with the driver's odd curse when he swerves to avoid a pothole or meandering goat in the road. Serephina and I chat and she tells me that she is going to visit her son and nephew (whom she adopted after her sister's sudden death) in Tete, where they live with her mother. She also speaks about life in Zimbabwe where she was born, her family and their move to Mozambique for better work opportunities post her father's death. Lost in her oral narrative, I soon forget about the uncomfortable journey.

When we arrive in Tete, the bus drops us off on the side of the road near the main street. Instantly I feel overwhelmed. Tete is loud and chaotic with people everywhere – little children run up asking for money, shops are bustling, cars and tuk-tuk taxis are hooting and swerving around pedestrians in the street – and it could not be any more contrasted to the quiet and isolation of the Colony. Sarvajeet suggests we go to the other side of the river, where the Galaxy Indian restaurant (the loyalty to India is never far!) and the "better clubs" are. The three of us pile into a tuk-tuk, which speeds

through the old part of town, past colonial buildings that are unpainted and falling apart, and into the newer part of Tete, with its more up-kept homes and entertainment spots along the river bank of the Zambezi. The boys decide that they would like a drink, so we go to the South African-owned Café del Rio at my request, a sprawling restaurant that overlooks the Zambezi and offers us sanctuary from the noise of the town. Seated at a table outside, the dichotomy of life in Tete is vividly obvious: whilst patrons sit sipping alcoholic beverages in the lush gardens, listening to gentle jazz music and eating platefuls of prawns on this 'new' side of Tete, they do so overlooking a safe spot (from crocodiles) of the Zambezi where impoverished locals bathe, wash their clothes and fish for dinner with the remnants of the colonial past of old Tete posing like a theatrical backdrop…

As the afternoon wears on, numerous texts are exchanged between Girish and the guys back at the Colony. At first it seems they have been delayed. Then it seems they are about to leave. Then not. Then they are waiting for a truck to become available. I ask a few times whether or not they'll be joining us, but am dismissed with, "Don't worry, all will be ok". We eat dinner at Café del Rio and are introduced to Nicki, the South African who owns the establishment. She orders us numerous drinks on the house after hearing that I am visiting from her home country. Before we know it, it is 21H00 and still the guys are not here. Again, I am reassured that this is not a worry as they have often waited until 22H00 before going out. An hour later, still chatting to Nicki, we look up and are surprised to see Mr Arnav. He walks up to us, and I can see Sarvajeet and Girish tense up. Their reactions spurn me to feel anxious, too. Mr Arnav warmly kisses my cheeks, which takes me by surprise, and chats to us amicably. He asks how we got here and, in my nervousness, I tell him about the bus. Laughing, he looks at Sarvajeet and tells him that he should have gotten permission, but it is clear to see that this is temporary harmony on Mr Arnav's part. He departs telling us that he will be staying overnight in town before heading to Beira the next morning for a week…

It is now close to midnight, the restaurant is closing, and I try to not panic when Girish tells me he received a text from Anil saying they did not get permission to leave the Colony and I realise that defaults us as having left without permission. Girish tries to organise a taxi back to the Colony for us, but we are told that there are none available, so Sarvajeet decides we should head to a local club down the road. It is the only place open and, as he says in response to our doubt, "We cannot get back anyway. Where else do we go?" He has a point, but it doesn't mean that Girish and I feel any less uneasy about the turn of events. From listening to numerous conversations in Pranav's room when Sarvajeet was not present about his unruly and reckless behaviour, I recall that he has done this before – snuck out without permission and charmed his way out of trouble the next day. Taking the opportunity now, I ask how he plans to avoid trouble in the morning and he tells me it comes down to

caste: "I am a Brahman, Melinda. So is the Project Head. He is like an uncle to me, he looks out for me. He will be cross, but it will be ok". I am dubious about this answer, but have little choice to accept it…

It is 03H30 and we are still in the club. For nearly four hours we have been dancing (to keep at bay feelings of exhaustion) and I can't dance anymore, so Girish and I sit in silence watching Sarvajeet chat up local girls. He wanders back over to us and, as he nears us, a woman alone waves at him. I ask if this is a friend of his, and he replies, "No, it's a prostitute". We finally get a taxi, which we pile into and start to drive back to the Colony. It transpires that the driver doesn't know where the mine is, so Sarvajeet instructs him to pull over so that he can drive. An argument ensues between Girish and Sarvajeet as the latter does not actually have a driver's license and is being reckless. Eventually, he gets back into the taxi agreeing to direct the driver, but wanting to do the gears. The atmosphere is tense. As we get closer to the mine, the driver suddenly screeches to a halt and opens his door. A row of rocks across the road is blocking our way. Knowing that this could be angry villagers responding to the recent eruption of political violence in Tete province, we encourage him to stay in the car and drive around them as best as he can…

A bit before 06h00 on Sunday morning we pull into the mine compound, go through the security checks and are finally in bed. I get two hours of sleep, setting an alarm to ensure that I make the last call for breakfast – only to find Mr Deepak at the mess. He sees me and joins me at the table, asking how my evening out was. He tells me sternly that if I had come to him, asking to go out, he would have given permission. He also states that he does not know why the guys who stayed behind did not tell him that I was out in Tete – he would have sent a car immediately to pick me up. I apologise profusely saying that I really had thought permission would be and had been granted, and he softens somewhat saying, "Melinda-ji, it does not matter. You are safe, but we have these rules in place not because we want to control anyone. The younger men think that is so. It is not. It is because here, away from India, the company is responsible [for the younger guys]. There has been violence and accidents happen. How can Indatet tell someone's family that we have let harm come to their son?"

This ethnographic monograph specifically highlights how several themes of *secrecy*, *homosociality*, *gossip*, and *age and power* all serve to reinforce masculine hierarchies in the expats.

Secrecy

Secrecy is seen in the above vignette in both the planning of the night out and thereafter in Girish's communication with the Young Guns left behind at the Colony. The sneaking around and hushed planning, much like the rebellious actions of lads sneaking out of school to go down to the local pub (Willis, 1977), is an act of resistance against the perceived control and authority of the Sirs

and Indatet. The Young Guns cannot resist during office hours, so instead they do so on the rare occasions such as the one above, knowing full well that the price to pay is exactly that which they seek – permission. If they are caught, their penalty will be denied permission to leave the Colony for at least a month. Power, as Russell (1938) states, is executed through the control and influence of physical mobility, rewards and punishment, and influence of opinion. These are clearly seen in the restrictions place on the Young Guns mobility (although it is viewed as safeguarding by the Sirs) and the influencing of opinion when Anil and Tushar back down once permission has been denied – they do not want to disappoint or defy their seniors. Furthermore, punishment will be inflicted on those who have left the Colony through a denial of rewards and being made to work a shift on a Sunday (as both Girish and Sarvajeet were instructed to do the following week).

Hardon and Posel state that "practice of secrecy produces moral economies of conscious disclosure and withholding. The condition under which information is shared or withheld, with whom and to what degree, is often a conscious calculus of moral gain and loss" (2012:s5) and we see this in the deliberate manner in which Girish took over communication with the Young Guns back at the Colony with regards to their arrival and a vehicle. Not trusting Sarvajeet, who has a reputation for being wild and reckless, Girish instead chose to isolate him from the flow of communication, thereby resisting his position as the new 'baby' in the Young Guns group. Such acts of concealment speak not only to issues of trust in one another – Girish clearly does not trust Sarvajeet to get us home – but it also exposes the hierarchies and loyalties that are often missed in larger groups, but come to the fore in isolated instances. As Goffman (1963) argues, techniques of information control are "embedded within a wider matrix of relationships, hierarchies, cultural norms and sanctions" (cited in Hardon and Posel, 2012:s4) and through this withholding, Girish establishes himself – or at least fights for – a higher hierarchical status and control than that of Sarvajeet, who is his equal in age but more senior in position at Indatet.

Homosociality

There is a certain ritual with regards to the way in which evenings are spent in the Colony. A small number of Sirs, specifically the most senior members of the office staff (Mr Deepak, Mr Arnav and Mr Mrinmoy) will often meet around 18H30 and take a walk around the secured Colony, never leaving its safety, prior to going to dinner in the mess. After dinner they retire to their rooms, watching television, reading or catching up with family over Skype. Mr Vijay, although quite senior, never joins them. The remaining Sirs tend to play volleyball each evening, which some of the Young Guns take part in, followed by dinner and then a similar isolated retreat to their individual rooms.

The Young Guns, however, have their own ritual. After my initial invitation by Girish to join them for a pre-dinner snack, I quickly see the routine when in subsequent days I receive text messages from any one of them (depending who is not on shift) saying: "Tonight, we meet in Pranav's room". This becomes a running joke – each evening I ask, "What is the plan for after work?" And I receive the same answer each time. Pranav shares one of the white cabins in Bachelor's Row with Sarvajeet. They tell me that they met the first day Pranav arrived in the Colony. Pranav was staying in the guest house at the time and had bought a bottle of wine on his first day in Tete town, sneaking it on to the Colony grounds. Sitting on the stairs of the guesthouse, he realised that the bottle was not a screw-top, and, not having a corkscrew, sat trying to get the cork out with a penknife. Sarvajeet passed him and laughed at the scene, offering to help him open the bottle. Together they sat laughing and battling, when Vijay happened upon them and told them off for their unruly and disrespectful behaviour. The next day they went to see Mr Mrinmoy (the Project Head at the time) and asked if the newly-arrived Pranav could be Sarvajeet's roommate. Rooms are allocated on grade level, with a certain amount of choice and HR try to keep same job profiles together and age groups, too. Thus, being of the same age and both being Mine Officers, this was granted and the friendship was solidly formed.

Evenings are spent most often in Pranav's room – even when he is on shift. The reason for this I am not entirely sure of, but I assume that his room has become a space of comfort and security for them to meet in – and the fact that it is one of the few with a fridge certainly helps. I am surprised in my first evening that despite me being offered a seat on a chair, all the Young Guns sit on the single bed in Pranav's room, often draped over one another trying to find a comfortable position. Arms are entwined, or over each other's shoulders, blankets are shared, or heads are rested on a friend's body. This is a very intimate space – bodies do not exist here as separate entities, but rather almost as if a collective whole. On one particular night, Pranav falls asleep after a long day shift and, instead of everyone retreating back to their own rooms, the Young Guns continue to chat and drink whilst he sleeps, with Suresh eventually snuggling into Pranav's back. A separate Manica (local Mozambican) beer is usually opened for me and I drink from it (or if there aren't enough, some is poured into a glass for me first), whilst the youngsters drink Manica from the bottles, passing it around and taking sips in turn. The television usually blares Bollywood films or cricket. If it is Bollywood films, the guys will flick between films finding scenes from old favourites that they love and sing along to. If it's cricket, the television is not touched and no one dares breathe whilst the match is on.

This ritual of beer drinking with peers, reminiscing about memories of growing up in India and holidays home, and gossiping about their senior bosses always takes place in the same place, with the same series of events and the same actors fulfilling their roles (for example, Anil or Suresh will always

be the ones to provide or cook snacks, Sarvajeet will always organise the drinks). Here, in this intimate space, caste does not matter – age and willingness does.

As the weeks progress, and I am increasingly included in this nightly ritual, I see my incorporation and acceptance slowly unfold. First, snacks are no longer given to me on a separate plate, and I eat off one plate with all the Young Guns – often to their amusement at my ineptness at eating with my hands. Then, the separate Manica beer/glass disappears and I am passed the shared bottle to drink from, and, finally, the ultimate show of acceptance is when I arrive one day in Pranav's room and there is no chair for me to sit on. It has been given to a Sir for his room, and the Young Guns present all shuffle along Pranav's single camp cot silently, nudging and pushing until there is enough space for me to join them (although, unlike when the bed is dominated by male bodies and they lounge across one another or cuddle each other, the Young Guns immediately to my sides all keep their bodies tucked in). Squashed in a heap, this is how we watch television for the evening.

Friendship is not based on any pre-existing network (family friends, school or college friends, etc.) such as we might experience normally, but rather is forged through age. These interactions are "devoid of sexual connotation" (Drummond *et al*, 2015: 644) but rather an indicator of homosocial[13] behaviour. Homosociality "describes and defines social bonds between persons of the same sex" (Hammarén and Johansson, 2014). The expats are comfortable in their expressions of affection and bodily proximity, and in the Young Guns, specifically, what is observed is horizontal homosociality, which allows for a more permissive and widening performance of masculinity that is based on "emotional closeness, intimacy, and a nonprofitable form of friendship" (Ibid:2). Whilst Willis' (1977) work on working-class lads displayed the building of tight homosocial bonds through resistance, similarly the Young Guns in Indatet form deep and intimate friendships through their own forms of resistance – defying the Sirs and the company rules by sneaking out of the Colony, whether it be to buy beers from locals in Chirodzi (as I often witness) or on nights out, such as is described in the vignette above. Further, through evenings spent gossiping – a pastime favoured by the Young Guns – these intimate bonds are created through what is socially constructed to be a feminine activity. Gossip creates a unified group, with the re-establishing of social values and appropriate behaviour (Gluckman [1963] cited in Archambault, 2009).

However, though the acts of the lads are more brash and outwardly, the Young Guns display sensitive and endearing bonds – perhaps this is in response to the changing nature of masculinity and the way in which it is viewed. With more feminist mothers and female peers, as the Young Guns often describe their mothers (Suresh's widowed mother who never looked for financial support in the

[13] A term coined by Eve Sedgwick in her piece on male relations in literature (1985)

extended family structure, or Anil S' engineer sister, to name just a couple), the changing construct of masculinity allows for deeper friendships to form as contemporary young men are less inclined to be concerned with being labelled as homosexual (Hammarén and Johansson, 2014). If anything, the homosocial bonds exhibited are very much in line with the current notions of 'bromance' which provides a space for two or more men to have asexual and intimate friendships that are devoid of competition (Chen, 2012), which in turn works to stabilise the heteronormative hierarchies of the young men in the Colony.

Age, power and hierarchies

What is clear in Mr Deepak's reaction is that where the Young Guns see the restrictions placed on going out as being mechanisms of control, the Sirs (acting on behalf of, and in accordance with the rules and policies of, the company) view the same situation in terms of guardianship and safe-keeping. What stands out for me, in this example, is the notion that age holds an ambiguous position in socially-constructed hierarchies, with each age group viewing the other in a negative manner – the Young Guns are valued for their youth and vigour in the work space, but are viewed as wild, inexperienced, and frivolous in the private sphere, whilst the Sirs are admired for their wealth of knowledge and work experience by the Young Guns, but are considered "boring" or "outdated"[14] in the private. Age, not only in the office space, but especially in a male-dominated living space such as the Colony, is an organising principle of power (Bartholomaeus and Tarrant, 2015), constantly attempting to undermine or challenge the established "hegemonic masculinity and how boys or men are variously positioned and position themselves in relation to discourses of masculinity" (Ibid:4). However, the ultimate goal of these age-related power struggles, that of social cohesion and cooperation in the Colony and work spaces, is ultimately derived through submission of the Young Guns to the Sirs.

[14] Quoted from the Young Guns in informal conversations

Chapter six

"I did not stop being a man in Tete…"

The unwelcome fiancée

I am in the wash plant interviewing Akash, a 30-year-old Logistics Officer from Joda, Odisha. He has just returned from a week-long trip to South Africa where he proposed to Zanele. Over the last week I have heard his name many times for Akash has done the unthinkable – he has found a wife, a Xhosa woman from South Africa, who is not Indian, not Hindu, and not truly 'welcome'. In 2013, Akash joined a Facebook holiday group whilst looking for possible accommodation in Vilankulos. Whilst searching through the group, he found a post by Zanele who was working at a hotel in the area at the time. They began chatting online – first about travelling through Mozambique, thereafter about life, work, future aspirations and their dreams. Over the course of the next two years, a romance blossomed gradually with him asking her to be his girlfriend in December 2014, to which she agreed. He tells me, with a little laugh that despite his pursuing her, in February 2015 she declared over Whatsapp that she was in love with him. He panicked, asking Zanele, "How can you love me already?" After four days he responded saying he felt the same way. That April, Zanele travelled to Tete and they met face-to-face for the first time, spending time at a lodge near Cahora Bassa "away from Colony and the judgement of everyone," says Akash, where he realised she was the woman he wanted to spend the rest of his life with.

Akash travelled to India later that year in August on his bi-annual vacation, with the intention of telling his family that he "found [my] soul mate". His family, however, did not take well to his news, telling him that he is bringing shame on to the family by marrying "that foreign woman from Africa". He recollects to me the lengths his family went to in an attempt to have him change his mind: they banned him from talking to her whilst he was in India by monitoring phone and Skype calls; they demanded he resign from Indatet and return home immediately; and, upon his return, they declared they would search for a wife for him and arrange a marriage, sending him several photographs of suitable brides – each to which he responded with a photograph of Zanele and a one line message, "This is my wife".

"Akash," I say sympathetically, "at least you are here in Tete and you don't have to face the opinions of your family right now. By the time you go home again, their anger may have subsided."

To this Akash explains that it is not just his family who have voiced such sentiments, with his colleagues here in Indatet offering unsolicited viewpoints on his wife-to-be, ranging from he is

disrespecting and bringing dishonour to his family, to comments accusing him of having forgotten his culture and religion. He surprises me by saying that several close colleagues have implored him to rethink this path, to not forget his culture and to have another look around for a wife who is Indian at least – even if she is not from India. Sadly, he tells me that the acceptance "Zanele's people" has shown him (after the "initial surprise") has not been reciprocated by his own people. He recounts that the only people on the Colony who have been supportive of their union, have been the temporary South African contractors, who acknowledge, as Anton later tells me, that though it may be hard to "disobey one's culture, the other end is love. It is worth it if you love the person more than your culture". As such, he has become isolated from the rest of the expat men, choosing instead to spend his evenings with those "South Africans who accept his decisions".

Curious I ask whether they will have a traditional Indian or Xhosa wedding. Akash explains that Zanele is very open and receptive to Indian culture, but that she did expect a romantic "Westernised" proposal (down on one knee) and engagement ring. He also states that he had to pay lobola (of 13 cows) to her family, but has decided that she will not pay the dowry to his, and that they are already married under Xhosa customary law – something his family do not yet know. He would like to have a Hindu wedding, but not until his family accept her.

Akash also tells me that Zanele will be moving to the Colony in a few weeks – as soon as her Visa is ready, and they will live in one of the empty family houses together. I ask how difficult this has been to organise, and I am told that it has "not been easy". He was met by much resistance on management's side, but, through persistence, he has managed to convince them to allow her on to the Colony. Despite the fact that the Xhosa ceremony has been conducted, management at Indatet do not recognise the marriage as legally binding – for this recognition, they must register the marriage in India and provide the correct marriage documentation…

It has been two months since I left the Colony, and I am chatting to Zanele on Whatsapp. Akash had given our numbers to each other, and in the week after my return from Tete – and incidentally a week before her move to Tete – we had met for a cup of coffee in Johannesburg where we had spoken of her relationship with Akash and upcoming move. I ask Zanele how she is 'fitting in' and if the Colony feels like home yet. She tells me that despite having been there for over six weeks, she still hasn't met many people. Akash and her live in a family home, obviously separate from the 'single' men, and she explains that she does not eat in the mess (Akash now eats at home, too), nor do they visit or socialise with any others on the colony, and she barely leaves the small two-bedroomed home. Weekends are spent with them enjoying each other's company, and they've made one trip out of the Colony to a lodge for a day, but very little else – she is confined to her home space not because she is forced, but

because she is still very much considered an outsider and despite their politeness when she does bump into them, it's a reserved greeting with no promise of future meetings or friendship.

What emerges throughout conversations with various expats, at various points in my fieldwork, is a deep connection with the social and cultural practices that are a part of 'being Indian'. Despite there being many castes, classes, sects and dialects, setting the 29 States apart from each other, a common thread is the approach to love and arranged marriages. Whilst for the purpose of this study I do not want to delve into the varying discourses on arranged marriages, I mention it here as it is the contrasting point for the 'other self' that arises in these intimate relations with women outside of India and Hinduism.

Akash's experience, as he tells me, is that there is a preconceived perception of southern African communities, but especially black African women. Women are seen to change partners often, are promiscuous (example of so many single mothers being a common thing), not family orientated and unstable within the family structure and, as such, are far from ideal partners or wives. This is in 'high contrast' to the way in which Indian wives are portrayed to me through interviews and conversations. Even Sunil, who Akash was once close to and who himself had a relationship with a local Mozambican woman in Tete town in the early years of the exploration process, has encouraged Akash to give further thought before marrying a Xhosa woman. When the topic was brought up in an interview, he speaks fondly of his past girlfriend, telling me that despite the fact that he was very much in love with her, and he still asks for updates from mutual friends he has maintained contact with, he ended the relationship as he knew they could never be married because he "didn't have [the] strength at that young age to step outside of the expectations of his religion and culture".

The hidden 'mistress'

It has been three weeks since I have left the field. I have kept in touch with a few of the Young Guns over Whatsapp, and with Mr Vijay, my contact. Whereas the guys and I share jokes and daily anecdotes over a group chat, my communication with Mr Vijay is sporadic and strange, with him messaging occasionally 'just saying hi'. It's a Wednesday morning and my phone beeps. It is Mr Vijay, with what I assume is his weekly 'check-in', but this time, when I open the message, I am stunned by what I read:

"I didn't tell [you] that I am going through a tough time in my personal life too. I had an affair with a girl in Tete since 2013. [I]t was a very deep rooted relation. But after I said [that the] company asked me to resign she also decided to quit [break up with] me. In fact, it was a shock more than what company did. She started dating another guy and it was beyond all my tolerance. I wanted to share

my agony before [you] left, but I couldn't… 22 Sep[tember] I resigned, 28 Sep[tember] she quit [left] me."

I am left speechless – Mr Vijay who always spoke of the importance of family and marriage; who often criticised the Young Guns' antics with girls in Tete; who had admitted to me how difficult he found Akash and Zanele's relationship? Stunned, I ask Vijay to tell me more, starting with why she ended the relationship:

***Vijay**: It seems very dramatic [read: sudden]. She says that guy met her just after a day of her decision and he said he wanted to marry her. She says he sounded genuine and she accepted, and she started to sleep with him on the same weekend. I couldn't convince my mind [believe] that she can do such a thing with [to] me after having a relationship with me for more than [two] years.*

***Melinda**: May I ask how you met?*

***Vijay**: In 2013 Oct[ober] she came to the office in Tete town. Since then we started talking. She is too young. She is a 1994 born. She was born to an Italian father and Zim[babwean] mother. We started meeting since then whenever I go to Tete and we started our relation[ship] from Nov[ember] 2013.*

***Melinda**: Oh. How often did you see her?*

***Vijay**: I used to be with her at least in 1-2 weekends in a month. We used to talk in every half an hour since getting up till we sleep. I woke her up and we sleep at the same time. It was more than what I had in my whole life. There were no secrets between us.*

***Melinda**: Would you speak over Whatsapp or phone calls?*

***Vijay**: Yes. Whatsapp, phone imo[15]. We used to do cam[era] sex [and] phone sex when we couldn't meet. How can it be[?] I never trusted any black girl. I trusted her just because she is not black and daughter of an Italian father.*

***Melinda**: Does she message you still?*

***Vijay**: Yes.*

***Melinda**: Yet she won't stop seeing this other man?*

***Vijay**: No. She hardly know[s] him. [I] Am heartbroken. I can't understand. I think she was waiting for a moment to quit [leave] me.*

***Melinda**: Did she give you a reason as to why she ended it?*

***Vijay**: No. I didn't even talk to any female since time I met her. I used to care [for] her like a baby. We meet always at her home. She stays alone. She used to cook my favourite food and we eat in one plate. We feed each other. We bath each other we do everything together. I was taking care of her house and everything.*

[15] A face-to-face chat platform, much like FaceTime and Skype

***Melinda**: Is she expecting you to continue to look after her financially and support her?*

***Vijay**: I don't think so.*

***Melinda**: Does she work, Vijay?*

***Vijay**: Yes, I think [so]. I never saw what, but she says.*

***Melinda**: What confuses me is that she still wants to maintain contact and keep talking to you. Yet she's not willing to leave the other man?*

***Vijay**: Yes. [That's] what I also don't understand. Yes [you are] true. She is not telling [me] anything. I asked the same question to her but she didn't reply. She can't reply. She can't find any reason. I know that. She says let God punish her. [I] Am confused. I think she is just playing with me.*[16]

This is followed by another Whatsapp conversation a few weeks later:

***Vijay**: She messaged today. She [says] is ready to have [a] discreet relation. She said he is not in Tete and he has gone to Beira. I asked her to meet her. I normally used to go on Saturday night and come back Sunday evening [because] I stay with her in her house.*

***Melinda**: Sorry, hold on… So she wants to date you **both**?*

***Vijay**: Yes. She is very high in sex. [I] am physically kind of slave to her. We do a [lot] of dirty and so many [positions]… But she wanted to marry a person from here so that she thinks that he won't leave this country. And he is rich too.*

***Melinda**: How did you spend your time together? Did you go on dates?*

***Vijay**: We used to be in her house only. Oh, it's so romantic. We don't sleep at all. We do all new [sexual] positions. She never get tired. She is so crazy. She used to make lot of noises*

***Melinda**: And during the day? Did you go on dates – like lunch or dinner? Or to the cinema? Or markets?*

***Vijay**: No cinemas here. We did not used to go outside…she always want me in bed. We always used to be nude inside [the] house.*[17]

At first, I am completely taken aback based on previous conversations with Vijay – he has been highly critical vis-à-vis the relationship between Akash and Zanele, and also the "antics of those young guys when they go out". Vijay has over the course of the month often spoken of his wife back in India, of the benefits of arranged marriage, and the commitment that Indian men have to their wives, which is incomparable to that of the Mozambicans and Europeans, and he has, at times, shown great concern

[16] extract from Whatsapp chat, 28 October 2015

[17] (extract from Whatsapp chat, 15 November 2015)

for my reputation as the only woman on the Colony. Listening to him speak of this extra-marital relationship with another woman, there is no doubt in my mind that Vijay is in love with the woman and has gone to great lengths over the last two and a half years to keep the relationship both alive and secret. However, the more he reveals, the more the relationship seems to bring up certain transactional qualities. Whilst there is no way to know for absolute that this is a transactional relationship, the data I am presented with speaks to many similarities with a form of prostitute, which often serves the needs of male migrants who move in and out of migrancy and settlement (in this case the Colony) as documented by White (1990) or of that of *curtidoras* and 'sugar-daddy' relationships (Groes-Green, 2012; 2014; Hunter, 2002) and in women (who are left in financial limbo at part-time male counterparts) establish informal sexual economies (Cole, 2004).

Groes-Green (2012) speaks of the young women in Maputo, the capital of Mozambique, who "supplement their livelihoods by engaging in sexual relations with older men, also known as *patrocinadores* (sponsors), ensuring better living standards through gifts and money (in the form of help with rental costs, groceries, utility payments). Much like the malayas in Nigeria (White, 1990) who run informal sexual interactions that for the most part look like domesticated relationships – of "mimicking marriage" (Ibid:59) – where a man 'goes home to' a woman who provides cooked meals, conversation and companionship, and sex, all of which are conducted in the privacy of her room. Vijay's situation with women X shows many similarities – he meets the woman in her room always, once or twice a month, arriving on a Saturday afternoon (after work hours), spending the night and leaving the following afternoon. Time spent together is, according to him, solely in her room, where they eat, chat and have sex. When asked whether they ever go outside together or on dates, I am told no and that they would only "be in her house only... We don't sleep at all. We do all new [sexual] positions". Furthermore, he is unsure of what work she actually does – when I try delve further into what her job is, as he says she works, it is clear that Vijay does not know what she does nor where she works, simply telling me in a later message that "she works for [a] office somewhere"[18] – an highly unusual response to give after 2.5 years together.

Such transactional sexual relationship, or informal sexual economies, are well documented and noted throughout 'developing' regions with large migrant populations in the wake of changing gender structures and deepening social inequality sparked by regional economic reforms (Groes-Green, 2012:48), and are often represented by the migrants for what they are – sexual exchanges for monetary gain. However, what I put forward is that in cases such as this study, where love and intimacy are much yearned-for connections in this isolated space, that migrants such as Vijay project their need for emotional connection onto transactional relationships, thereby creating alter egos for

[18] Whatsapp chat, 1 December 2015

both themselves and the woman. To suggest to Vijay that the women quite possibly – and likely so – sees their exchange as transactional would be incomprehensible – he believes that they are truly in love and cannot understand why she would treat him in this callous manner now when he tells her that he has resigned and is bewildered at the speed with which she has found someone new.

The lunchtime prostitute

In light of the revelation from Mr Vijay, I discreetly ask Sarvajeet over Whatsapp one afternoon whether he knows of anyone having ever used a prostitute whilst in Tete. Much to my surprise he responds almost immediately, "Yes, me". As we chat, Sarvajeet tells me that this happened about a year ago, when he had to go into Tete town to attend a meeting. Having finished early, he went to a local restaurant for an early lunch. Here, he picked up a prostitute, saying that he knew "what she was because she was pretty, [and] gave me signs", although he declines to elaborate on the 'signs' he was given. From the restaurant they went back to a room – he is unsure if it was hers or a friends – where the woman cooked chicken and rice for him and they had sex. He tells me that he paid 500 Mets for her favours and conversation. He goes on saying that although he cannot mention any names, a number of Sirs *and* Young Guns use the services of prostitutes in Tete town.

I ask Sarvajeet whether anyone has ever paid one of the local village ladies in the immediate vicinity of the mine for sex, to which he replies:

"No 1 fuck in Chirodzi thy go to Songo n Tete [No one fucks in Chirodzi. They go to Songo and Tete]" and when I ask why this is, I am told: "Nup bcz we wrk here hw cn v fuck our wrkrs wife n sistrs its angst dignity we hv to maintain status [Nope, because we work here. How can we fuck our workers' wife and sisters? It's against our dignity and we have to maintain status]".

Interestingly, what emerges here is that the expats have 'distinguished' a difference between local women from the villages and those Mozambican women who live further away in the more 'respectable' areas of Tete town, Songo or Cahora Bassa. The expats look to interactions with prostitutes primarily for sexual gratification and thereafter for intimacy and validation. When I ask why they do not establish relationships with woman in Tete town (much in the same way that Sunil did), I am told that this would be futile as the relationship would always need to end so that they could return to India to marry an appropriate Indian girl. Initially I assume that it is only the bachelors who are not engaged to be married who use prostitutes, but it slowly unravels that one or two engaged expats have also paid for sex. This information comes via Sarvajeet, who has increasingly become more comfortable in telling me about life on the Colony. He also tells me that he has once or twice "negotiated the price" for a newcomer to the Colony, as "prostitutes will ask for more money if they

don't know him". This speaks to the way in which the Young Guns organise themselves and the hierarchies they establish as tokens of masculinity. Much as Sarvajeet privately tells me that he negotiates these prices and interactions, I am told one evening in a group setting (with Sarvajeet present) that evenings out are about dancing, drinking and having fun – except for the Sarvajeet the '*mandaar*' (Hindi word for 'player') for whom "it is all about sex".

"The only flower in the desert": My place in this masculine space

It is Vikram's birthday tomorrow, and I am invited to join the Young Guns in celebrating the occasion. They explain that they always begin the celebrations the evening before, with Anil telling me, "We have nothing else to do so it is excitement". Each birthday celebration is ritualistic with a barbeque starting at 22H00, followed by drinking and dancing from midnight. Before leaving my room, however, I receive two texts – one from Anil to hurry up and another from Sarvajeet saying that I may not feel comfortable attending the celebrations. Not one to shy away from the moment, after checking with Vikram that I am indeed still invited, I join them. They pour me a large Sprite with gin from Malawi (that is impossible to drink as it is more gin than Sprite) and drink beers, whilst Vikram barbeques chicken and fish whilst we all sit outside chatting and laughing under the stars on a warm night. The boys forget I am there and speak to each other animatedly in Hindi – I may not understand, but it is clear from the liveliness of the conversation and sheepish smiles that they are teasing each other. Sarvajeet, refuses to come outside for the first hour and when he does, he avoids me. I feel my presence is uncomfortable for him, although I am unsure as to why, and this makes me feel uneasy. I am acutely aware that my being here in this moment is changing the social situation – his mood is evident and has subdued things. Not wanting to ruin Vikram's birthday, I excuse myself from the celebrations, saying that I am tired. Walking back to my room, alone, with the sound of their laughter and happy voices, carried across the silence of the night, taunting me, I feel alone and frustrated by the obstacle I seem to face of inclusion. At times I am included; other times I am not…

Today is the immersion day as part of Ganesh Chaturthi. When the Young Guns built the pandal ten days ago, I was included in the building of this and the subsequent prayer rituals. I am also told to come today by several of the Directors. Yet, ten minutes before we are due to leave for the immersion procession, I receive a text – again from Sarvajeet – saying that I should not come with today and that I would be more comfortable staying at the Colony. This exclusion frustrates me, but I can do nothing but respect it. Then, 10 minutes later there is a knock on my door with Vikram and Anil standing outside wondering why I was taking my time. I explain my confusion and they 'tut' any doubts away, instructing me to "be quick and come".

Exclusion informs us of how space is produced and managed as much as inclusion does. In this case it is me who is excluded. The Colony and all that belongs and occurs within it is the expats' entire life – the Colony does not cease into being when they leave the office, but rather continues on the other side of a fence. This exclusion may be in part self-censorship or a simple desire for privacy. My presence here creates tension and talk. Censorship and exclusion of an outsider is ritualistic in that it is subversive normative behaviour translated into common practice. I have disrupted something here – what exactly I am not quite sure, but I begin to notice that my presence (at times) creates reason for the expats to talk and use my presence as either a point of gossip (perhaps to pass time); or as an excuse for the Young Guns' failure to keep to the work schedule or to work effectively; or to establish social hierarchies or powers within the Young Guns social group. The below vignettes are examples of these:

Example 1 – As a point of gossip: *During the drive back from Visharjan, Girish says something to me and I respond "Girish, that's so funny. You remind me of a brother – in fact, you are that. I think of you as my brother". Mr Deepak and Anil, who are with us in the truck laugh at this. This comes up a week later when someone sees Girish leave my room one afternoon after I have interviewed him and talk begins to circulate and the rumour gets back to Anil and Mr Deepak in an office meeting one day. Anil tells me later that he quickly responded, "But Melinda thinks of Girish as a brother only. Who is saying otherwise?" with Mr Deepak bursting out laughing and coming to my defence by telling his staff to stop gossiping. Gossip of my intentions, as it were, never does stop. Mr Vijay messages me one afternoon towards the end of my fieldwork asking if I am having an affair with one of the young guns as there is talk. Again I must defend my place as a researcher and say that although I have formed close friendships with a few, they are all strictly platonic. Mr Vijay replies, rather amusingly, "Oh, God. How Indians love to gossip if there is nothing else to do".*

Example 2 – As an excuse for poor labour results: *A week later, Anton tells me that the senior manager of Sarvajeet and Girish was angry the other day, complaining to him that "since the white English girl came, I have got no work from the young officers". Anton assured him that I was just working on my project.*

Example 3 – To establish social hierarchies: *Having coffee in the mess with Sarvajeet, who always seems to be hanging around. Girish walks and Sarvajeet, to my horror tells him, "What [do] you want? Can you not see we are having [a] private chat? Go now". I confront Sarvajeet as Girish apologetically slumps off, asking, "Why were you so rude to him? We were not discussing anything that he could not be a part of!" and Sarvajeet responds irritably that coffee time is his time with me.*

My presence and movements through the Colony are, initially, only allowed due to the fact that I have permission from the Indatet headquarters to do research with unrestricted access to the various facets of Colony life. However, my mobility is always hindered or hedged on the expectation of what would be considered 'proper' behaviour from a woman. Ross states that "gendered spatial rules are further embedded in local [cultural] conceptions of respectability and manifested in gossip and sanctions linked to women's visibility and mobility" (2010:61-62). I am often told over the course of my fieldwork of how a 'proper Indian woman' would behave – and although this comment is always hurriedly followed by assurances or acknowledgements of my 'different culture', the undertones of expectation are clearly outlined and I begin to follow these, taking note of what would be acceptable: to maintain an appropriate distance between bodies; to not hug anyone goodbye; to not conduct individual interviews in private, but rather out in the open space under a tree; to always keep my shoulders and legs covered around the office space, to not swim in a costume when we visit a lodge for my farewell (instead swimming in a long t-shirt and shorts), etc. Yet, the local Mozambican women who do move through the office and Colony space as day workers, are exempt from these rules and expectations, perhaps due to the fact that their interactions with the expats are vastly limited and they are there, yet are never seen nor visited, but rather hidden in plain sight.

More, much as Ross (2010) is warned of her unsettling behaviour as she freely and boldly moves between settlements on 'anthropological business', so too I am initially warned, pre-entering the field, by Alison in the Johannesburg head office that my ways of conducting research would be considered troubling and will lead to expats questioning my moral behaviours and intentions.

The Colony space and actions that take place here are deeply masculine, with me being told to avoid certain places and actions because I am a woman, for example when I take early evening walks alone outside of the Colony space but within the mining compound, I am told this is dangerous and to take someone with me. No sooner do I find a Young Gun who is willing to accompany me, and we are told one evening to not walk alone together as it 'may look inappropriate' – despite us walking in plain sight of all the Colony and the security guards. Thereafter, two Young Guns take walks with me – and if only one is available, we abandon the activity. This is all with the aim of avoiding gossip as "stigma attaches easily – through gossip. Space, language and emotion are mutually constituted and constituting" (Ross, 2010:61) and in this space of work and life, cultural codes of conduct and acceptability must be adhered to at all times, so as to keep the rules of hierarchy intact.

The parameters for doing fieldwork as a woman in this dominant, masculine space need to be considered at all times. "Our sense of space, then, is an intimate one. It rests on rhythm and deeply ingrained practices, themselves emotive and emotional. It is deeply resonant with the involvement of

all our senses in pursuing the ordinary activities of everyday life" (Ross, 2010: 66). In order for any anthropologist to successfully navigate and obtain information from informants in a relatively small space of time, relationships of respect, trust and intimacy must be established fairly quickly. This is only possible with complete submersion with personal limitations being transgressed at times (Groes-Green, 2012). However, "the risks of abandoning oneself in the of participation were less threatening than the risks involved in a distant observation, leading to a detached ethnography that denies the intimacy of field relations" (Köpping, 2002 cited in Groes-Green 2012:51), with the risks of gossip being a fairly small one to take.

Chapter seven

"The world is a small village"

It is my last day on the Colony and I am rushing to pack my belongings up before leaving room 9. There's a knock at the door, and I am pleasantly surprised and touched to find several of the Young Guns outside of my room to take me to my last breakfast. When we sit down, Parag the Colony's chef, comes out with a dish and smiles warmly at me, waving me over. Shyly, he lifts the lid and I am delighted to find dosa [a crispy, thin pancake filled with spicy crushed potato] – my favourite breakfast. I am deeply touched that the Young Guns have reminded Parag and that he has gone to the trouble to make this much-loved dish. At breakfast, everyone tells me to please not forget to say goodbye before I leave. After I leave the mess, I begin to make my rounds throughout the various spaces of the Indatet mine compound – from the kitchen, clinic, rows of portable homes and guesthouse within the Colony, to the administrative office, mining offices, wash plant, and security camps outside of the Colony – to bid everyone farewell. The Sirs all hug me warmly as if I am a daughter or niece, and the Young Guns either kiss me loudly on the cheek or shake my hand like vigorously. Mr Danwa holds my hand warmly between his two, saying how very sorry he was that I did not have time to enjoy the local hospitality of his village, but that I must return soon for a visit.

When I get back to the guesthouse, I am dismayed – yet not at all surprised – that there is no vehicle waiting for me. The fight for transport, and unending wait for a vehicle, has dominated each day since I have been here. As the minutes turn into hours, Sarvajeet and Pranav keep me company, telling me to not worry "the car will come" and "no one has ever missed a flight home". As we sit and wait, we reflect on my last month, laughing at what I'll miss most – evenings of Manica beers, Hindi lessons and Bollywood films – and what they'll remember – my endless questions, my curiosity, my attention to detail and the fact that I still at times rely on my spoon at meals when I'm lazy. When the car finally pulls up, I am delighted to see the driver that has come to take me to the airport is Petricio. "Ms Melinda, we go", he says as he throws my ever-more battered suitcase into the back of the twin cab and we exit the secure entrance of the Colony and make our way to the main security checkpoint. As we drive away from the Colony – this little bit of India in Mozambique – listening to the early 90s love ballads that Petricio loves so dearly, with young locals zipping past us on motorcycles with no helmets and Petricio hooting madly at them, and whizzing by the locals washing along the Zambezi river bank under the bridge, I realise how my journey ends much as it started. It has come full circle and yet, not quite. For the loneliness and fear of fitting in that I initially felt for this space is no longer there. Instead, I feel sadness and a sense of loss – as hard as this place is, it has become 'home' to me

for the last six weeks. I have found acceptance and friendship here, a sense of community. I am no longer an outsider; I am part of the Colony…

The Colony of the Indatet mine is constructed and arranged in a manner to arrange and regulate the expats through an establishment of time, space, and mobility. What follows here are brief discussions on various points that I believe set this space up in a very certain organisational manner as an enclave produced through various mechanisms of exchange, power and control.

Architecture of the Colony



Figure 6 – An overview of the Colony taken from the armed lookout point: the Hospital is in the bottom right-hand corner, with the family homes perpendicularly behind it. The large, blue-roofed rectangular building to the centre left of the image is the guesthouse and dining room. The rows of beige-roofed of barrack-type cabins are where the expats live.

Looking to the physical construction, the Colony is placed on the main road of the mine area, overlooked by a secure and guarded lookout point on a hill, located between the main (and first) security entrance and the administrative offices. Both the entrances to the administrative offices and the Colony are regulated by at least two armed guards at all times, and the main camp for the security officers is located in the space between the enclosed administrative office area and the Colony. Enclosed further by six metre wire fencing, which allows visibility at all times, the Colony is perceived

to be a secure and safe haven for the expats, and despite the clinic being on the Colony grounds, it is further enclosed in a far corner of the space with six metre fencing and separate entrance gate (which does not lead to the Colony and is also guarded) off the main road, which is for the locals' use. Access to the Colony is always regulated and controlled, with the guards checking all drivers and visitors at all times.

Such gated communities, living areas that are securely enclosed and controlled, Wilson-Doenges (2002) argues are dually linked with the loss of community and a heightened concern for safety on the parts of inhabitants in zones of urbanisation. Where this is similarly true for the Colony in terms of security concerns, I argue here that the opposite is found in the Colony in terms of community: this enclosure creates an imposed community in light of the isolated rural *milieu*.

Indatet, the surrounding villages and CSR

By looking at the relationship between Indatet and the immediate surrounding communities, it is clear that the despite the fact that land does not belong to the villagers, but rather is bought from local government through mining contracts, Indatet must at all times negotiate and balance the expectations of the villagers carefully. The company have only been 'allowed' to develop the Colony space through the setting up of a relationship of mutual exchange: The villagers allow Indatet to displace them and use previous agricultural homeland in exchange for CSR initiatives (the development of a resettlement village, availability of medicine, and clinic accessibility), the promise of future employment, and monetary compensation for *machambas*. CSR initiatives here in Chirodzi produce zones of friction (Tsing, 2005; Welker, 2014), struggle and contention between the locals and the expats, and it is seen that CSR "entrenches neoliberal capitalism by embedding social relations in economic processes" (Shamir 2004 cited in Cross, 2011:35) – except here we see relationships of subordination and dependency (Ibid) being forged between south-south parties rather than the classical north-south relations. This enclave space which Indatet has constructed for itself is only possible by the corporation's promises and by enacting itself as both ethical (Cross, 2011) and beneficial towards the villagers and their communities.

Labour and work organisation

A further tool of labour control and organisation is that of time-keeping. The management have set up the day in such a way that all employees – expats and locals – must account for their time and movements throughout the working hours. Although the administrative office staff's working week runs Monday to Friday 08H00-17H00 and Saturday, 08H00-12H00, the typical working day for the labour areas (mining, wash plant, weighbridge, security) is divided into several shifts throughout the

day and night so as to keep the mine operational 24 hours a day, seven days a week. This regimented schedule of work is specifically enforced by scheduled meal times for the expat employees, with breakfast (07H00-09H00) and lunch (12H00-14H00) being available for only two hours each so as to allow for shift changes, but also to ensure that productivity is kept to a maximum by not wasting hours away in the canteen.

Employees are required to 'clock in and out' at work when they arrive and leave each day, by scanning their employee cards at the scanners by each of the office doors (admin, mining, wash plant) around the mine. Movement in and out of the Chirodzi mine compound is strictly regulated at all times, but especially more so during hours of work. Requests to leave the compound to go to one of the villages, the resettlement village construction site or to Tete town for meetings are reviewed and decided on based on urgency and need. Personal requests to go to Chitima market for haircuts and supplies, or dental and medical check-ups in Tete must be organised days in advance and even then, these are negotiated and assigned to specific times: if the medical need to go to Tete is urgent, a driver taking coal stocks will take you in, otherwise you need to set up an appointment when several people are travelling to Tete for meetings or appointments. Vehicles need to be negotiated and requested for use, otherwise keys are kept and strictly controlled by Mr Danwa and Senior Directors.

Even in the evenings and on weekends, work never stops. It is regular for evenings and dinner times to be interrupted with senior management phoning Young Guns to address work issues, such as the case of Pranav returning home after a long night shift and meeting us in the mess and halfway through dinner his mobile phone rings with him being called back to the mines; or the case of Sarvajeet who is called out at 04H00 one morning as one of his drivers has hit an electrical pole on the way to the wash plant and plunged the whole compound into darkness with no power; or Anil being required to work through the night to prepare a power point presentation last minute for his Director to present the next morning in a meeting. Incidents such as these are not isolated, nor are they unusual. There are regular and frequent examples of this during my fieldwork stay. Where one could argue that such occurrences are also not unusual for any corporation, one must remember that these expats are 'on call' all the time. They work, play and live on the Colony – there is no opportunity to avoid phone calls or messages, or to shirk away from the responsibilities of work in favour for a night at home. Situations like those will lead only to a knock on the door, with your Director demanding your attention immediately. Or, as the Young Guns tell me one evening, still worse would be that by ignoring after-hour calls, you place your friend and colleague in line to be phoned up next. Despite there being much structure around time organisation, the time distinction between work and social life are blurred.

Ritual

Throughout my time at the Indatet mine, what emerges regularly is a pining for the festivals, ceremonies and rituals of India. Participants frequently tell me of their longing for the Hindu rituals that take place each month – whether they be specific festivals to their home towns/cities, or those on a national level – and a sense of loss and longing is experienced on their part. In the five weeks that I am on the mine, I witness several rituals – some that I am told have no 'real' importance, such as the *puja* I attend to bless the administrative offices at the change of Project Head, and others that are deeply significant, such as Ganesh Chaturthi.

However, the *puja* are all taken very seriously, with the all expat staff members arriving to be present and taking part as much as possible, with Girish telling me that, aside from his family, "of everything, I miss the festivals of India most. There are festivals nearly for each month, Melinda… Such beauty and happiness. We celebrate at home and in the streets. Everyone celebrates".

Language and Communication

Despite the fact that the expats are located in Mozambique within a demographic of villagers who speak either Nyungwe or Portuguese, or workers who have basic English, their preferred language of communication still remains Hindi. Although there are many dialects of Hindi throughout the 29 states of India – evident when the Young Guns begin to teach me Hindi and argue about differing lexicons and pronunciations – the expats speak a common form of Hindi not only in private spaces of their rooms or in the mess, but also in the office spaces, in the workshops, plants and on the mine, often isolating local workers who are waiting for instructions or directions to be communicated. Language acquisition is not only important for successful work relations between the expats and the Mozambican workers (miners and labourers), but also imperative for functioning within this isolated region when dealing with the surrounding communities and villagers.

The expats are required to learn Portuguese to improve work for these reasons, and I am told that their jobs rely on this fact, yet there is little evidence to show that the company is driving this point home nor are the newer arrivals making effort to acquire the language 'indirectly', blaming instead management for failing to provide classes.

Schumann (1976) emphasises that social distance and poor language learning situations are to blame for a failure of target language acquisition in migrant groups for a multitude of reasons, all of which are visible in the case of the expats in Chirodzi. These reasons are explained as follows:

(1) The expat migrants (second language learning group) play a dominant-subordinate role (Ibid) in relation to the local villagers and miners (the target language group) in that they are holders of employment, control access to medicine, have made promises of development and infrastructure,

and contribute financially to the villagers for *machambas*. Although this role at times reverts to the expats being subordinate when locals or miners protest and strike, this passes fairly quickly once negotiations have taken place and the 'status quo' of continued work is re-established;

(2) The expats display and exercise a need for preservation (Ibid) through enclosure and separation by deliberately restricting their interaction and socialising with the locals in the immediate vicinity;

(3) The expats are a large and cohesive group, functioning as a self-forming, instantaneous community. There is little need to leave the Colony as friendships are formed here, work takes place a few metres from the Colony exit, meals are served in the Colony, etc.;

(4) The expats and the locals are not compatible in that they both hold somewhat negative attitudes towards each other. Although they work and co-habit on the land through a mutually-beneficial agreement, there is an overwhelming sense of separation – the expats and locals each view the other group's actions in a negative manner – whether it is each group criticising the other for their poor commitment to their family and futures, or the exasperation and frustration each exhibits to the other when work is disrupted;

(5) Finally, the expats have been set a time limit on their stay in Tete, both directly (through the company's agreement with the Mozambican government to slowly replace foreign workers with locals) and indirectly (seen through interviews with the expats who all speak of their time on the Chirodzi mine as a stepping stone in their careers with the intention of returning to their home towns in India.

Communication, through language acquisition as well as discursive engagement through conversation and technology should be both utilized as a tool "to create a participative workplace" (Cohen, 2015:327) and be encouraged as an ethical means in which to engage with each other (such as the case with Suresh, who takes time to talk to his workers, in Portuguese, each day). This "dualism" (Ibid) of participative management would create a successful expat-worker-villagers interaction model.

Food

The expats eat all three meals in the mess each day, with breakfast and dinner being made up of only the expats. Lunch is opened to local Mozambican workers – however, it must be noted that this 'invitation' is fairly selective. Only a handful of local employees eat at the mess – these are administrative staff members who have been with the company for some years *and* who are at the very least equal in position to the expat junior officers, such as Ramano who is the Mozambican Logistics Officer and local equivalent to Sarvajeet. It seems this invitation came about when a

Mozambican exports officer began making regular visits to the Indatet mine in line with changing import-export policies and began eating lunch at the mess.

Although there is always a local dish available – usually chicken cooked in a tomato/vegetable sauce served with *chima* (a type of savoury porridge) or rice – the expats tend to not eat from this option, preferring to eat the Indian cuisine cooked up by Parag and his sous-chefs. Each meal is typically vegetarian with two meat days per week: one is fish and the other is either chicken or mutton (i.e. goat given that this is goat country), and the menu is decided by a 'food committee' every few months. One afternoon at lunch Sarvajeet takes some of the Mozambican dishes to try them out as they look particularly appetising. The next morning, Parag asks Sarvajeet to refrain from eating the meals for the Mozambicans at lunch, stating "I cook [just] enough for them to eat. Not for everyone". Sarvajeet looks stunned and Anil points out that the local staff eat from the Indian dishes, to which Parag responds by saying that he has catered for everyone in the Indian dishes to encourage the local staff to partake in the meals so that they may experience Indian culture. Not the other way round.

Further, I am told that all groceries are bought from the Indian merchant in Tete town – who imports his products from Mumbai. This allegiance – down to rice, flour, spices – is symbolic of the connection held to India.

Socialising and intimate relations

The formation of close friendships and male bonding in the form of homosocial relationships, have helped the newer expats (specifically the Young Guns) to adapt to and settle into this unfamiliar life away from India. Tete town and surrounding areas such as Songo and Cahora Bassa have become socialising or 'parting' areas for the expats (although largely from the younger age groups) where they go drinking, dancing and to meet girls for flirtations and, occasionally, sexual gratification. As observed in the previous chapter, through interviews and Whatsapp messages, the expats distinguish between Mozambican girls, almost projecting a system of social ordering and degree of status onto them, with Sarvajeet expressing that village girls cannot be 'touched', whilst girls from further areas are considered to be 'touchable' as they have a higher status and are town girls. Similarly, there is a perception that girls who are not fully Mozambican are "safer" (demonstrated by Sarvajeet's dismissal of wearing a condom during a one night stand with a Brazilian-born woman because she is "not a Mozambican woman, so she cannot be sick [have HIV]") and Vijay's relationship being that of a "deep and true commitment to love" and not some "silly affair that will pass" (as he refers to Akash and Zanele's relationship) because the woman is born to an Italian father. Ethnicity plays into the relationships that these men have constructed in this isolation, creating in effect caste categories.

"India is never far from my mind"

The entrance of the expats into Mozambique seems to be a dual-way movement with the expats holding on to connections and sentimentalities of India as they move into this new space, cultivating a new form of India within the Colony. Using Peirce's semiotic logic (cited in Pederson, 2014) by looking at the complex network of histories, stories and experiences, layered and embedded within one another of various expats we see how the Sirs and Young Guns have cultivated meaning and identity within the Colony space which "combines different people [castes] and experiences, objects and places, in an uneven way" (Pedersen 2011:156). Migration here is transnational and this study aims to establish that transnational migrants are, firstly, betwixt and between – there is a blind spot with regards to migration, as anthropologists have recognised since the 1990s (notably Appadurai, 1996), that, firstly, life takes place in more than one place, and, secondly, the circuit needs to be historicised: although we are studying the present, this present is a moment in the historical process. The collision of history and anthropology cannot be ignored as they are in a state of constant play.

With this in mind, I return to my methodological question: *What type of space has the Colony of Indatet, and as such, the corporation, carved out for itself in this mining province of Tete?* Social scientists are confronted with numerous and problematic readings of space – specifically economic space (Bach, 2011; Cross, 2014, 2015) – in relation to the multitude of spaces that exist (Lefebvre, 1991). Space, according to De Certeau (1984) is filled with meaning, is interconnected and complex, and as such is "practiced space" (Ibid:117). Much as De Certeau was concerned with the space in between the fences,[19] I am interested in the way in which the spaces 'between' work and private, and within and outside of the Colony, manifest themselves into creating a very particular space, a micro-country within a province, an enclave, aligning with Lefebvre's (1991) postulation of space as more than a vacuum or container, that it holds multiple levels of meaning and multiple nodes of intersection, that it is both material and meaningful, and relational.

Bach further defines the zone as a "spatial capital accumulation machine consisting of a designated physical area in which different rules apply to corporations and by extension workers, than in the rest of a given state and are intended primarily for quick increases in exports, employment, or regional development" (2011:100). The Colony with its enclosed and secure space, its "increasing technological sophistication and spatial isolation" (Ferguson, 2005;378) and its move away from involving a large number of local workers, but instead importing the staff quota of the offices (Ibid) emerges, for me, as an *enclave*.

[19] Poem quoted by De Certeau on page 127-128 of *The Practices of Everyday Life*

When looking to the Colony, the high fences and armed entrance present a space that is confined, secure, isolated and closed off from the world on the other side. The design and layout is such that the 'guesthouse' – where important and 'special' visitors stay – is visible from all parts of the Colony: from the road leading through to the mines and workshops or wash plant; from the secure entrance to the Colony; from the security camp located between the administrative office and living part of the Colony; from the Clinic; from the volleyball and cricket areas; from the block that houses the gym and billiards room; and finally, from the rows of barrack-like temporary homes that house the expats. The mess and kitchen are attached to the guesthouse for ease of use (and so that guests need never walk far). Adjacent to the guesthouse is the small block comprising of four 'family homes' that are reserved for upper senior management and a recreational area above on the top floor. The recreational area is made up of a small gym and a billiards room. Interestingly, despite my length of stay in the Colony, I am never invited into these two spaces. The lodgings where the majority of the expats live are a little further towards the back of the Colony, which is entered upon through a third gate (this is guarded on and off at times). The white two-roomed cabins are set up in several rows, all at descending levels (so, for example, the first top row overlooks the second, the second overlooks the third, etc.). One would assume that the first rows would be afforded the most privacy, but by being at the top they are visible from all angles – from the third entrance gate, the walk to subsequent rows, the walk to the guest house, and the open area between the guesthouse and the cabins themselves. Much like the barrack-styled housing common to South African mines, these cabins themselves, "remain [an] important institution of labour control" (Demissie, 1998:445). Between the enclosed Colony living space and the enclosed administrative office space (also surrounded by a six-foot fence and guarded entrance gate), is the security camp – where the armed guards sleep in tents. Not only are they visible to the expats (providing a feeling of security and confidence to the expats) and anyone who may pose as a threat, but the expats are visible to them (so that if anything should happen, they are able to see and react immediately).

The elaborate – and what seems to an outsider to be excessive – security is "conceived to deal with a wide range of social and security concerns" (Demissie, 1998:457; see also Moodie, 1994) with upper management telling me that such measures are for the safety of the expats – especially the younger, more "trusting"[20] expats. And whilst this is largely true – the expats *do* seem to feel safe and move around the compound – what in turn is taking place is the further isolation and confinement of the expats. Although they are not denied having their wives (and children) live with them in the

[20] The word 'trusting' was used often by many upper management expats. Questions digging for a deeper explanation as to what this meant were either ignored or answered with dismissive "You know"/"Just trusting" or alternate answers of "The young men are reckless"/"They don't think"

Colony, there seems to be a passive discouragement through the lack of communal space for women, children, schools, playgrounds, etc. Spaces for women and children are lacking in the Colony. There is no playground for children to play, no communal area for women to meet and socialise, Tete town is too far away for women to visit or, for younger wives, to consider commuting to for work each day. Life for a wife (or fiancée) in the Colony is limiting and spatially inaccessible. My movement through the various spaces (rooms, offices, guesthouse, clinic, etc.) and inclusion in various activities was permissible due to the fact that I was a visiting researcher with special instructions from the Indatet headquarters in Johannesburg to be accommodated. This restriction clearly impacts on the expats, with several telling me that their wives stayed for three to six months each before leaving to go back to India. Speaking to Zanele, Akash's fiancée from neighbouring South Africa, the isolation is made bearable by the fact that she can visit her home country with relative ease, if and when she so choses and she has the added distraction of planning their wedding. However, she admits that she has concerns about living in the Colony post-wedding.

Through design, and limitations on space and accessibility, the Colony emerges as a space of separation, control, fragmentation, and segregation to ensure a stable and steady supply of labour. Yet, it simultaneously arises as a space of organisation and discipline, subjected to rules and regulations regarding mobility and behaviour, especially pertaining to that of outside the enclave space.

The corporation and its expats are kept under strict 'lock and key', their movements are controlled with permission needing to be sought (and rarely given) to leave the greater mine compound for a night out or trip into town and much like an army, workshop, or school, the expats of the Colony are "subjected to a whole micropenalty of time (lateness, absences, interruptions of tasks), of activity (in attention, negligence, lack of zeal), of behaviour (impoliteness, disobedience), of speech (idle chatter, insolence), of the body ('incorrect' attitude, irregular gesture, lack of cleanness), of sexuality (impurity, indecency)" (Foucault, 1977:78). As per Foucault's notion that the body (the expat) through its docility "may be subjected, used, transformed and improved" (Ibid:136), the expats are manipulated into 'corporate soldiers' through the technologies of power, control, sense of duty and exclusions. Adherence is done through what Foucault (Ibid) refers to as the disciplining of the body by the various technologies of power, namely: the art of distributions, the control of activity, the organisation of geneses, and the composition of forces, all of which are deeply inscribed within the Colony with the aim of bring into being the 'ideal employee'.

The art of distributions

This refers to enclosure, partitioning, the creation of functional sites, and the ranking of interchangeable elements (Foucault, 1977). Firstly, through a secure and tight *enclosure*, seen in the enclave that is the Colony, a homogeneous individual and work space is created to "derive maximum advantages and to neutralize the inconveniences…as the forces of production become more concentrated; to protect materials and tools; and to master the labour force" (Ibid:142). Secondly, through *partitioning* each expat is allocated and assigned their place either in their living quarters or office space, or by the process of division by job category (mining, logistics, HR, CSR, etc.) intended for marking presence, controlling disappearance, and avoiding group manifestations of disobedience or resistance. Thirdly, by mapping out the Colony and office spaces in grid-like fashion, such as the grid-like division of desk space in the offices where department are assigned rows of three desks per row or in the grid-like fashion of the lodging cabins, each space is 'assigned' a use and turned into a *functional site* (Foucault, 1977), and the expats themselves are turned into *interchangeable elements* (Ibid) by the fact that the younger officers are transposed within the work space. There are several officers of the same ranking in each of the divisions (mining/logistic/wash plant/workshop) who manage the local workers on different shifts. Officers are not assigned to teams of local workers with whom they will work with each time, but rather they are alternated from shift to shift and expats are organised "by a location that does not give them a fixed position, but distributes them and circulates them in a network of relations" (Ibid:146). This also speaks to the way in which the workers are partitioned themselves, perhaps with the aim to prevent them from co-ordinating secret trips out of the Colony).

The control of activity and organisation of geneses

Through *scheduled* meals, *scheduled* 'clocking in/out', *scheduled* outings, *scheduled* socialising, *scheduled* holidays (like clock-work, these need to be taken every six months), we see the way in which the corporation and senior management attempt to regulate all activity through the control of time (Foucault, 1977:149). Further, by the seriation of activities through time, in which each day follows the same linear movements as the previous, the expats are organised and encouraged to adhere to the prescribed, calculated or invisible modes of power in the hope of producing, through labour, "efficient, well-behaved and productive" (Demissie, 1998:454; Foucault, 1977) employees by ensuring that work time is never interrupted or adversely affected by misbehaviour.

The composition of forces

The expats come together individually to form a collective whole and perform, much like cogs in the wheel, in tandem and unison as a productive whole (Foucault, 1977) through a process of cooperation (Marx, 1990) and in turn create a system that is self-disciplined and self-regulating.

The Colony as a collective (mass) social space expands into the private realm of the expats – their movements and actions are almost constantly under scrutiny and question, they must ask for permission to leave, to attend to personal matters, to shop. This private life as Arendt (1958) argues, is deprived to the individual by the over-encompassing social – the expats never experience 'true privacy' whilst *on* the Colony. They are never truly private or alone. Thus, then, is why the Young Guns resist this enclave through actions that are within their control: escape from the Colony is done through individual acts of resistance – absenteeism and lateness, nights out drinking, prostitution, illicit romances and eventual seeking of alternate employment. By engaging in various 'external' activities, one might question whether the Young Guns are in fact not attempting to severe their ties with their home county. However, as Watson states, "a man can participate in two different spheres of social relations and keep them distinct and separate (cited in Mayer, 1963:8). Drawing on Mayer (1963), I find that the expats have no permanency or freedom in sociality, movement and choice. They are thrust upon one another in living spaces – forced roommates and neighbours, hours are regulated, food choices are set according to a handful of senior managers, exit is limited, visits are scheduled, holidays are regimented, and so forth. Little is of free choice – neither in the work nor domestic sphere – with the social always being impacted on by limitations. Although crossover occasionally takes place (in the case of transactional relationships and prostitution driven often by a need for intimacy or sexual gratification), the distinction between 'self' (the expats) and 'other' (locals) is almost never blurred. Instead, these cross-over interactions are a consequence of the lack of the most emphasised relations not being present – that of family, spouses and children – and simultaneously are what prevents an expat from settling in Tete permanently. Expats do not readily admit or volunteer information that they are sleeping with women from Tete. This information leaks out in private conversations when they offer the information up readily through admissions over Whatsapp, through gossip, or on the rare occasion when I feel bold enough to ask. Thus, secrecy is of primary concern in the hopes of avoiding moral judgement (Ibid) from other expats. These expat Indian migrants instead will remain migrants, never forming social ties to the external community, but rather eventually packing up and leaving Tete to return to their hometowns in India and marry Indian women according to their caste and family wishes, reverting instead back to previous patterns and values (Ibid). Few expats (indeed none, even Akash who has married a South African lady) look at Tete as 'home', and even if there are feelings of sentimentality towards Tete and the desire to keep a relationship with a Mozambican (such

as that of Sunil), cultural insecurity (Ibid) and a fear of being isolated by family and friends back in India prevents expats from settling even when they desire to do so. In a reversal of what Mayer finds in his study of Xhosa migrants, the expats are moving from towns/cities in India to rural land for much the same reason: the pursuit of wealth through waged labour. Yet all the while the pull of family, Hinduism and India pull the expats back in longing, retaining these links in absentia. One observes that expats try to do two things: keep up an unbroken nexus with the Indian home and to abstain from unnecessary contact with locals, resisting assimilation (Ibid). This incapsulation is "conservatism in action" (Mayer, 1963:90) and the expat acknowledges the *economic* need to stay in Tete without the *social* need to ever integrate.

Cross argues that special economic zones (SEZs) that have been constructed *within* and across India are "not closed or bounded systems. On the contrary the precariousness of work, the porosity of its boundary and the politics of citizenship inside the zone re-creates the character of working life outside" (2010:370). Instead, I propose that the opposite holds true in the Colony in Tete – that by constructing an economic zone *outside* of India, the corporation (through its expat workers) has constructed a bounded enclave – a 'micro-India' within Mozambique (much like Ong's (2006) country within a country) – which offers its employees stable work, is secured from life outside, and consists of citizens who identify collectively and benefit from formal rights and entitlements within this space.

However, interestingly, I observe that the points Cross makes for SEZ not being closed, in fact may apply to the communities outside of the Colony – to the Mozambican workers and villagers. It is through the establishment of the Indatet zone that their livelihood has become *more* precarious, despite promises of future employment, as their previous subsistence livelihoods have been immobilised through displacement and they are now dependant on yet another governing group. Previous borders of agricultural land and political divides are now increasingly fluid, with them being dispossessed of land and relocated into new communities and forced groupings. Lastly, the locals outside are in a sense struggling to maintain their citizenship through the negation of their own choices and rights, in terms of displacement, and the constant negotiation of entitlement and compensation on the land by both the national Mozambican state, who have relinquished responsibility over these 'lost people' of Chirodzi, and the corporation, who are reluctant yet coerced into the roles of governance and provision.

Through the enclave, the exclusion of the locals in this bounded space alienates them from their own land and homes, with the understanding that Indatet (and the Colony as such) is under "no social obligation to [them] and this latter is owed nothing by the [the Corporation] but that which [it], in its infinite goodness, has deigned to grant and reserves the right to revoke at any moment" (Mbembe,

2015:35). For the Mozambican locals, this economic space has begun to change their citizenship (Ong, 2006) – with them being left in a liminal space of being reliant on a national state that has forgotten them and foreign corporation that at any moment could isolate or abandon them further. In contrast, the enclave of the Colony instead solidifies the citizenship, albeit not in relation to the current *place*, of the expats – it is this forced isolation outside of India that binds them together as common 'citizens', despite caste, education, or age. The Colony does not integrate or assimilate the expats into the broader geography of Tete, but rather temporarily stabilizes them through "processes that produce exclusion, marginalization and abjection [whilst] also producing new forms of non-national economic spaces and transnational networks" (Ferguson, 2006:14) of global production and employment (Bach, 2011:102). Enclaves, thus, are pockets of production and the experiences of "culture within transnational settings, therefore, refers not to one society's taken-for-granted customs, nor to a single organization's learned discourses and behaviours. Instead, it describes the norms, practices, and social institutions shaping, and shaped by, relations between actors in the commodity network. It is culture that revolves around commerce" (Friedberg, 2004:10).

Chapter eight

Conclusion

"We have become used to a picture of Africa as a continent abandoned by global capitalism. But this is not quite right. In fact, there has been a significant expansion of capital in Africa in recent years."
(Ferguson, 2005:378)

Chari draws on the fact that the "export of capital from India has largely been driven by corporate houses" (2015:90) aimed at tapping into and investing in Africa for access to the continent's natural resources and minerals, as a market for goods and services, and for energy security. Further, he argues that, despite what may be portrayed in the media, Indian *private* capital plays a more dominant role in Africa than that of the Chinese. Indian public sector companies are just as active in infrastructure development within their 'host' African countries and that Indian investors are more interested in 'mutually-beneficial' relationships with Africa. Using Chari's argument, we must consider the relations between Asian capital (such as from Indatet in this study), the state (Mozambican government) and its society (both the created enclave society of the expats and the local communities) in our assessment of corporate culture and capital in south-south relations.

According to Ferguson (2005), capital does not flow from place to place, but rather jumps from one location to another and in doing so connects these locations, and has largely "been concentrated within spatially segregated, socially 'thin' mineral-extraction enclaves" (Ibid:38). These dimensions of flows as interconnected '-scapes': *ethnoscapes* (movement of people, e.g. migrants); *technoscapes* (cross-border sharing of info and technology); and *finanscapes* (currency markets, speculation and financial innovation) (Appadurai, 1996) are vital in understanding the creation of enclaves – spaces in which isolation and bounded societies of labour production are created through fluid transnational circuits and interactions of global corporations, local communities and third party contractors across compound locations. Further, Castells (cited in Newman and Thornley, 2005) speaks of the way in which movement of individuals, technologies and money has meant that space must no longer be looked at in relation to place, but rather as spaces of flow.

The enclave of the Indatet Colony has created a system of order and regularity, conducive to the timely production of labour (Scott, 1998). Yet, I put forward that in the case of the Colony in Mozambique, we must question Bach's formulation that enclaves lack history and therefore create an "anonymous modernity that allows people to reinvent themselves and make money" (Bach, 2011:108-

9). Instead, what the Colony presents in Tete is that enclaves *overlook* previous histories in the pursuit of extractive minerals and economic gains, and they are instead constructed and embedded in the legacies of the place they occupy (Cross, 2014). This is not a new space, but rather an "imposed, used, remade, imagined, moved, fought for and lost" (Chari, 2004:33) space where the life and culture of what has been created inside is in sharp contrast to that on the other side of the Colony walls. Enclaves may well bring together cultures, with fewer people living in isolation of one another, and thereby collapsing the global into the local (Stasch, 2011), but what is forgotten is that it overrides recent histories – that a space such as Chirodzi in Tete province has already been affected by the slave trade, Portuguese colonialism and the civil war between the Frelimo and Renamo. This space is constantly, for the local communities at the very least, a space of contestation, negotiation and re-identification. If "agents of change are seen to be transnational corporations that locate wherever global market advantage dictates and hold not allegiance to specific nation states" (Ferguson, 2006:14), what then, when industry fails, happens to those who remain behind? Much like the collapse of the broader social projects of the Copperbelt mining industry after its decline, Indatet and the Colony's fate is still much undecided in the time of uncertainty with the decreasing coal price and drop in industry – alongside so many other BRIC corporations that have entered Mozambique under the premise of poverty alleviation and economic empowerment (Bond and Garcia, 2015). However, it is not the expats that will feel the heavy effect, but rather the people of Tete who will once again have been displaced and left with the promise of modernity and the reality of nothing. This global reality then is not one of incorporation, but rather of "disconnection, segmentation and segregation – not a seamless world without borders, but a patchwork of discontinuous and hierarchically ranked spaces" (Ferguson, 2006:49).

Postscript

Four months later, February 2016

I am sitting at my desk in Johannesburg on a mid-January afternoon, surrounded by readings for this paper, when my phone buzzes. It is Sarvajeet trying to call. Unable to pick up the call, as the line keeps dropping, I give up answering. I assume that he wants to chat about the holiday period and simply say hello. A few minutes later, my phone beeps with a simple message from him: "Answer. Urgent, need to talk to you"[21]*. Remembering his slight inclination to the dramatic, I ignore the subsequent calls and instead message him saying that the call keeps failing, but could he please just message me what the problem is. Clearly agitated (I can tell by his short, sharp replies back), the following conversation ensues:*

Sarvajeet: *"Mine is nt wrkn. Plant is wrkn [Mine is not working. Plant is working]"*

Melinda: *"Closing? So what's happening to the people who work on the mine? The locals and those from India? Why is [the] plant working?"*

Sarvajeet: *"All mine people r cmin nd givn attndnce sittn n goin. Sm drivrs v use in plant. Plants is runnin to give coal fr local sales tht is th only optn to survive. [All mine people are coming and giving attendance, sitting and going. Some drivers we use in [the] plant. Plant is running to give coal for local sales that is the only option to survive.]"*

Melinda: *"So they just sit there? Do they get paid for sitting there?"*

Sarvajeet: *"Ys, bt concret decsn is nt takn place [Yes, but [a] concrete decision has not taken place.]"*

Melinda: *"When will a decision be made?"*

Sarvajeet: *"Maybe [in] two weeks"*

Two weeks later I receive a message from Vijay telling me that they've had to let a few people go due to difficulties at the mine and the company is "unsure of operations" due to the continual drop in coal prices. Whilst most workers to be let go were local, I am surprised to find two were expats who have since returned to India. And, a week or so later, I am told by another Young Gun that the mine is on continual shutdown, but that no one really knows what will happen – once again, a sign of management's negligent attitude to communicating with its junior staff members and local workers.

What materialises is a sense that life in Tete – for the expats – has suddenly become all that more precarious and unsure, whilst appearing – and I use this term for it is deceiving – to be stable and secure. Stewart defines precarity to be a "register of the singularity of emergent phenomena –

[21] Whatsapp conversation, 19 January 2016

their plurality, movement, imperfection, immanence, incommensurateness, the way that they accrete, accrue and wear out" (2012:518). Through *regionality*, Stewart shows how space gives us place. Points of recognition, transient moments, shared accents and experiences (all seen through the shared rituals, experiences and language of the expats) as Stewart puts it, does not represent place, but rather emerges from it, and it is these features that the expats bring into the space of the Colony. *Frailty* takes us through a rapid run on life: the effects of death (such as when Mr Kumar's father unexpectedly passes away and he is left to deal with his grief alone, isolated from his family), quotidian life (the moments in Pranav's room, drinking beers, watching Bollywood films and gossiping); and tragic moments or accidents (such as when Mr Janjit has an unfortunate accident whilst checking his mobile phone and driving, resulting in a serious accident with three passengers, two of whom are air-lifted to a hospital in Maputo) touch the emotion of the person – the intrapersonal and interpersonal dynamics that ethnography sometimes overlooks: the sadness, the regret, the loneliness, the fear. Her description of *road registers* is not only the physical road that connects place to place, but is symbolic also of stories that are encompassed within movement and migration. The metaphor of the road is its "tone of voice" (Ibid:523) and the meanings and associations it leaves – something ethnography often fails to touch on – asks us to examine the following questions: what is left behind and what is felt, especially in this moment of uncertainty, when is it unsure whether the mine will remain in operation or not? Stewart's nostalgic piece highlights that precarity, a characteristic of transnational capitalism, is a thread that either can hold cross-cultural relations together or tear them apart.

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APPENDIX 1: AERIAL VIEW OF INDATET MINE COMPOUND IN TETE, MOZAMBIQUE



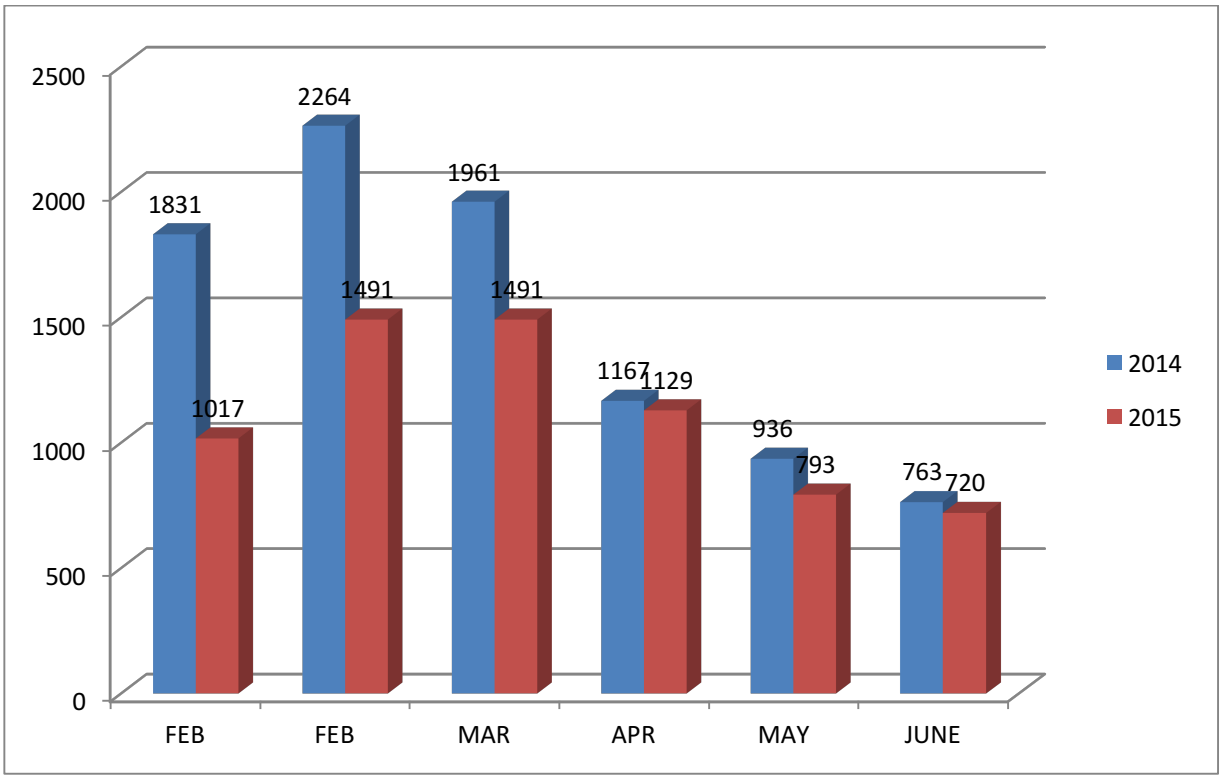
APPENDIX 2: JANUARY-JUNE 2015 STATS FOR INDATET CLINIC, CHIRODZI

1. PATIENTS ACCORDING TO THEIR RESIDENCE - 2015

COMMUNITY	JAN	FEB	MAR	APR	MAY	JUNE
Chirodzi	340	591	479	430	265	249
Nhantsanga	263	351	348	235	200	179
Cassoca	126	212	219	130	96	68
Nhamadzanidzane	58	71	80	47	33	54
OFFICE/COLONY*	91	86	127	137	109	78
Catacha	28	34	46	20	9	5
Nhandunduma	28	35	34	38	11	33
Chacocoma	16	24	18	19	11	5
Canvulatsie	17	36	51	19	12	13
Estima	30	31	50	37	32	18
Others	20	20	39	17	15	18
TOTAL	**1017**	**1491**	**1491**	**1129**	**793**	**720**

This number is inclusive of local day workers who have injured themselves or have fallen ill

NUMBER OF THE PATIENTS - COMPARATIVE ANALYSIS BETWEEN 2014/2015



2. COMPANY/COMMUNITY - 2015

	JAN	FEB	MAR	APR	MAY	JUNE
Indatet	191	251	293	274	169	133
Contractors	167	158	238	249	191	171
Community	659	1082	960	606	433	416
TOTAL	**1017**	**1491**	**1491**	**1129**	**793**	**720**

