



Voices from the silence

People's narratives of their lives in Angola

Report

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VOICES FROM THE SILENCE
People's Narratives of Their Lives in Angola

A Testimony by Medecins Sans Frontieres to the Human Costs of the War
Luanda, 12 April 2001

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VOICES FROM THE SILENCE

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Draft 23 April 2001

INTRODUCTION

The health and humanitarian situation in Angola has seriously deteriorated since the resumption of the war in December 1998. Both governmental and UNITA forces have been responsible for an increasing disregard for human rights and international humanitarian law. Fighting between the Government forces and UNITA rebels has been accompanied by a dramatic rise in brutality, indiscriminate violence and deliberate targeting of civilians: killing, pillaging, rape, abduction, torture, indiscriminate shelling of cities, forced displacement and widespread laying of anti-personnel land mines have become common in this conflict. Due to the lack of humanitarian access and assistance in governmental areas, beyond very limited security perimeters surrounding major provincial towns, and the absence of access or assistance to Unita zones, these last 30 months have probably marked the most violent and deprivations-filled times in people's lives.

According to estimates, the war has left one million dead since the early 90s and Angola now has more amputees per capita than any other country. Nearly 2.6 million Angolans have become internally displaced since the latest outbreak of violence in Dec/98, bringing the total to almost a third of the population (3.8 million out of a population of 12 million, plus another 450,000 refugees, mainly living in neighbouring DRC and Zambia). Lack of assistance, land mines and insecurity have confined internally displaced persons (IDPs) to poorly serviced barrios of Luanda or to IDP sites near the main provincial capitals (Kuito, Huambo, Malange, Uige, etc.), where they are almost completely dependent on international humanitarian assistance. The humanitarian situation remains a complex emergency with high numbers of Angolans suffering from communicable diseases, malnutrition and violence/abuse. Perhaps the recent pronouncement of UNICEF sums up the situation better than statistics: Angola is the second-worst place on earth to be a child.

In the face of such a desolate picture, Medecins Sans Frontieres released, in November 2000, its report on the humanitarian situation in Angola: *Angola: Behind the Façade of Normalization – Manipulation, Violence, and Abandoned Populations*. The bedrock of the report was MSF's presence on the ground, in particular the hundreds of interviews MSF had conducted with its beneficiaries – parents at feeding centers, patients at health clinics, and members of their communities. In all, MSF has now talked privately with over 550 internally displaced persons (IDPs), in Huila, Huambo, Bie, and Malange provinces, in addition to Angolan refugees in Zambia and DRC. While there were some differences in focus between the interviews conducted in the different regions, the fundamental impetus for all of these interviews was to better understand the nature of and reasons for our interventions: the massive displacement of people over the past decade, especially since 1998. Why have millions of people fled their home areas? How did they arrive in this specific place? What sort of medical problems do they face? What have their lives been like?

The basic method was to talk with and listen to the people directly. As their stories unfolded, as people told us about their lives and their reasons for fleeing to the security zones controlled by the government (the only areas where MSF is able to work since 1998), they revealed to us a world of ongoing, worsening misery and cynical manipulation: brutal violations and abuse,

gender violence, starvation, forced displacement, and, ultimately, despair. In some ways, we were caught off-guard. We wanted to talk about healthcare, displacement and life in the camps or transit centers. They needed to talk about much more.

“MSF has decided to make a limited release of these testimonies to interested parties. We feel compelled to bear witness in this pure form; to give voice to the people themselves, whose suffering in silence beyond the borders of our access is too often assumed but not comprehended.

This document is not intended to present a complete representation of the situation in Angola. We have talked to our beneficiaries, people who almost by definition fled from Unita-controlled areas to zones of government control. We have not been able to talk with many people who chose to remain with Unita, or who fled to Unita for protection from FAA. It must also be remembered that many of the interviewees possessed no concept of a neutral humanitarian organization, but instead arrived from the *mata* to find us working in government zones, meaning that they may not have felt free to talk to us about government abuses. The result is an disparity of stories detailing abuse by Unita, with fewer stories concerning FAA or government abuses.¹

It is important to understand that MSF’s aim was not to investigate incidents or establish the credibility of what individuals were telling us, but rather to listen compassionately, and to view the picture broadly. It is not that we doubt the truth of what we have been told, it is simply that we did not try and are therefore unable to confirm it. Our conclusions and our understanding of the situation, though, do not rely upon the report of one IDP, but from hearing the same accounts over and over again, in different provinces and at different moments in time.

OBSERVATIONS

The point of this document is to give voice to the people; to let them tell their individual stories. In listening to and reviewing these stories, though, patterns begin to emerge that may not be apparent from just a partial sampling. MSF therefore notes some of our most important observations but limits itself to a few comments so as not to distort the voices of the people. [cites will be added to the below to highlight examples]

1. Generally speaking, MSF is shocked by the sustained high level of violence against civilians since roughly 1998, a violence completely unrelated to the pursuit of proper military objectives. Even before the war restarted, and long before Unita began to lose ground, civilians became the overwhelming targets of violence.
 - According to IDPs spanning all the areas in which interviews were conducted, there has been a change in the tactics and behavior of Unita since 1998, characterized by increases in the frequency and gravity of violence against civilians. The use of violence shifted from primarily a means of punishing individual transgressions to more a policy of population control through fear and collective punishment, and then, most recently, to the terrorizing and killing of civilians living on the governmental side through the use of indiscriminate violence. Violence became much more indiscriminate and routine – burning of villages, killing during raids, abductions mutilations – ushering in a reign of anxiety and fear. It also became more targeted, focusing (especially in 1998) on sobas, teachers, administrators and others linked to the government.
 - The tactics of FAA also changed, also becoming more violent towards the people since 1998. In particular, the people told us that FAA troops now regularly rape women, and that the violence associated with FAA *batidas* (a combination of pillaging and forced labour) has increased.

¹ Evidence supports the view that Unita is responsible for a higher degree of violence against civilians than FAA, but the degree of this disparity was distorted by the demographics of our interviewing, making it appear even larger than it is.

2. Displacement to government areas is often not, as routinely explained, because of the war in the sense of people fleeing conflict. A large percentage of the hundreds of thousands of IDPs now dependent on international humanitarian assistance for their nutritional and medical needs were sent by FAA to areas of government control. Others are worse off as they were forced to join areas where humanitarian agencies have no access due to insecurity. These people were displaced as part of FAA's counter-insurgency policy and war strategy in order to *clean* the countryside of support for Unita, eliminating Unita's source of food, labour, conscripts, and sex/wives. In this context, MSF has begun to question the role of humanitarian assistance in facilitating this military strategy (by providing food and substituting for government services such as health), and the consequent humanitarian crisis, as well as the neutrality of its programmes.
3. Beyond this practical war for bodies, there is an undercurrent of collecting people for political reasons: both the government and Unita consider people's geographic location as an demonstration of political loyalty. Once this mentality infected the armies of both sides, the people were caught in a veritable cross-fire of punishment and suspicion, with the act of betrayal being defined as nothing more than staying in one's home area while it was under the control of the other side. As a result, people were no longer viewed as neutral, wiping away the distinction between civilian and combatant and contributing to the complete disrespect for humanitarian law.
4. When we in the humanitarian community talk about displacement and IDPs, we are usually talking about people fleeing rural areas (beyond the security zone) to urban areas where we operate; from *out there* to us. In fact, this should be more accurately viewed as only the latest displacement. People have been using short-term (from a day or two to several weeks) displacement to the *mata* as a survival mechanism for decades, hiding during periods of conflict or during raids by armed parties. Others have been living for years on the move, and have been displaced multiple times. Still others have fled Angola entirely as a coping mechanism, and live (some for years now) as refugees in neighboring countries. (See Section II).

Other patterns could be certainly be discussed. Beyond them, reading through the stories reveals many smaller yet interesting bits of information as well

CONCLUSION

Together, the chorus of these Angolan voices does not make for a cheerful song. And yet, the sheer resilience of the people is amazing. They have lived through shattered promises of peace, and they have rebuilt their homes and their lives countless times. A stunning number have never known and cannot imagine this country without war, and do not believe it will end soon. They have been stripped of their dignity and they live tormented by anxiety and deprivation. They have lost fathers, mothers, children, brothers and sisters. And yet, somehow, they persevere.

MSF would like to again thank the many people who gave us their time and their words. They should be used to understand the tremendous suffering of people who come from areas that are silent to us. They should be used to underscore the imperative need for humanitarian access beyond the small islands of government security, for the government to accept responsibility for the care and protection of its citizens (Unita as well, for the people under its control), and for both parties at war to abide by international humanitarian law and to assure the protection of the civilians, rather than using people as part of their war strategies. Finally, they should be used to place impartial humanitarian concerns on the international table, because, taken together, these voices show the staggering, patently unacceptable and patently unnecessary human cost of the war.

USER'S GUIDE

It would be impossible to arrange all of these interviews according to specific themes. Nonetheless, there are sections devoted to specific topics, such as the manipulation of aid, gender violence, and the immediate nature of forced displacement. Others are grouped in more general categories, such as life under Unita, life in the transit centers, and forced displacement. Most, even those grouped in according to one subject or another, speak to a combination of subjects.

For a better understanding of the methodologies used in these interviews, please see Annex 1. In Annex 2 you can find copies of the guidelines or questionnaires used to frame the interviews. Finally, the following page contains a glossary of unfamiliar terms.

I. MANIPULATION AND VICTIMIZATION OF PEOPLE

I.A. Population Control

As noted in the introduction, both parties to the conflict use violence against civilians and forced displacement (or abduction of communities) as strategies of war. What underlies these tactical choices is the desire and need to control the population, both for now (people as an important supply item) and perhaps for the future, when elections are held. In this way, civilians become a dangerous blend: part means of war, part prize of war.

- The language of both parties to the war is very revealing: IDPs heading to government zones are referred to either as escaping captives or as being captured, depending on who is speaking.
- Suspicion of civilians and their sense of being trapped appears more intense in areas where lines of control are constantly shifting (FAA and Unita alternating control of the same communities), such as in Bie, Huambo, and parts of Malange provinces.

KU - 46

As the government troops were already close to town, UNITA started putting more pressure against the population to actually make them flee. Because they didn't have time to take the population with them, they were doing that so that the government would not find us when coming. UNITA did take part of the population to their areas after Kwanza River. In other circumstances they would have taken the whole of the population with them, but this time they didn't have enough time to do it. When UNITA left Belo Horizonte, for instance, they managed to take a lot of people with them, but not as much from the neighbourhoods. - *Displaced from [Neighbourhood], neighbourhood of Belo Horizonte, Belo Horizonte Commune, Cunhinga District), May/00*

ML 44 ga013.

We left because of the war. The government arrived and ordered everybody from the area to leave. Beforehand, my area was neither government nor Unita, but between. The government said to go to Cangandala because of the suffering and the forced work. The government said that we would get seeds, food, and clothes. Also, it was not calm where we lived, because Unita was stealing clothes and food. I don't have any information from my home area, although some people chose to stay behind. When we left, we fled on foot, on the day set down by the FAA. They gave us an escort and there were no problems.

We didn't have to pay Unita where we came from. However, when Unita did come into the area, the young would flee deep into the mata. Older people would flee, but would remain close and watch the situation.

I have no ration card because I just arrived. For money, I work in the field of others, clearing and making mubangos. For two days of work I am paid 5 kwz.

I prefer to stay [here], where we are living, even after the war ends. - *29 year old IDP mother of 2 from Malange, Oct/00*

ZH - 2

In the end of October, the whole village was taken by FAA forces to the side of Kuito [Bié Province], and accused of being on the side of UNITA. My parents, three sisters, wife and two sons were taken. I escaped cause I was in the bush. I never heard of them again...I heard that FAA soldiers were taking people from the villages in Ninda to Muie. - *Angolan refugee in Zambia, Jan/00*

KU - 73

When the government troops took the town of Belo Horizonte, in January this year, the population from the villages of the Belo Horizonte Commune started going to live in town. ... Actually the government troops started patrolling the area and telling the population to come and live in town. We lived in some sort of camps in areas chosen by the government ... Each village had its own area and I think that the majority of the population followed the government instructions and came to the town. After the population left their villages the government burnt all the houses, so that UNITA could not come and stay.... I know that the villages were burnt because myself and people from other villages were actually going back from time to time to our fields to try to get some food, and we saw our villages ... In some places, the troops were

actually setting fire in the houses while the population was leaving. - *Displaced from [Village] Village, Belo Horizonte Commune, Cunhinga District) , May/00.*

ML 46 ga009.

I am living now in Boa Chagado with my mother and family. I've been here about 4 months. I took a week to get here on foot.

The reason we came is because FAA came and told the Sobas to move out. We would be shot if we did not leave. Also, I was scared of Unita.

I would like to return, but am afraid I would be killed by FAA. - *Young female IDP from Malange, Oct/00*

ML 36 be002. RRR?

I'm born in Lombe, but have only just come back here. In 1992 we were taken by Unita to areas up north. Unita came and told everybody that we must leave immediately with them, without taking anything. After that, Unita destroyed the village. It took 4 days walking to arrive. Some people succeeded in escaping and went to Malange. When we arrived in Massango, the soba there asked people who had extra houses to share with the newcomers.

I stayed there with my family from 1992 – 98. Unita didn't allow any circulation between its areas and Malange. I heard that they would kill anybody who tried to go to Malange. There were some products available, from Congolese traders, such as salt and clothes. Sometimes, though, these basics were missing. There was no health post and no school.

Unita asked for goats from the regidores, who asked the people about 50 shika per soba when Unita asked. It was not set for a fixed amount of time.

I had to flee into the mata to avoid being married to one of the Unita troops. Some of the women who did not escape I have never seen again. One place I used to hide was at the church in Massango. The Sisters from Lombe went with the people when Unita took us. Other times, even the Sisters could not protect me, so I fled to the mata. I would stay near the house, sometimes for three days. The entire family would flee, taking some food.

In 1998 the situation in Lombe was better. We were suffering in Massango. My sister and grandmother died there because of swelling. So we sneaked through the mata, along with many of the other people originally from Lombe. We came without anything, along a very long route. First to Caculama, then Cangandala, then to Malange. It was almost a month in total. When we arrived in Lombe again, it was under the control of the government. - *Young IDP woman from Malange, Oct/00*

ZH - 9

UNITA was forcing people from the villages around the Mulai river and Chume river to move to the other side of the river Cuando. They didn't want the population to be found by FAA forces, fearing that they would tell FAA forces where they were hiding in the bush. Part of my family was taken. People were allowed to take some of their belongings but they were not allowed to cross back home to work on the fields or to get food. My niece, 12 years old, disobeyed, and one morning in the beginning of February she was shot dead. I collected and buried the body and then fled to Zambia. Her forehead was gone; there were brain pieces everywhere. - *Angolan refugee in Zambia, Jan/00*

ML 18 ga022

From 1992 to October 1999 [my barrio] was under Unita. During this time there was a lot of suffering. Unita treated us like slaves. Many people were taken by Unita to the mata. The 10 - 15 year olds were kept, the children and sometimes older people sent back to return to their village and the youth over 15 killed.

In October 1999 FAA passed through on their way to Bailundo, Bie. Unita did not want the people to go to the government side, so they took us to the mata, where we lived with Unita for eight months, until May 2000. There were many villages that were also taken to the mata to live with Unita. The people were divided into groups of 10 - 15 where we stayed and built grass huts about 5 km. from our village. We did not grow any lavras there, but would go back to our fields to collect food. We also hunted and therefore had some meat, and used a type of salt from the river. We all lived together with the Unita soldiers, giving them food [30kg/ family/ month] and working for them in their lavras, carting things and the women would prepare fuba etc. If we refused we would be beaten, 50 strikes with a large piece of wood and sometimes killed.

In May 2000 FAA came and Unita ran away. The people were asked by FAA to come into the town of Mussende, which we did voluntarily – we didn't want to suffer anymore. The town of Mussende was overcrowded and there was a lot of sickness [he estimated 15 dying daily]. There is no health post or hospital. There is a school for the children. The people would return to their lavras to get food, but if we were caught Unita would kill us. In June, FAA recruited about 6,000 boys and men from Mussende town because they know the mata around the area very well. These people joined voluntarily.

I was able to leave Mussende town freely, with the permission from the administrator and the FAA commander. We walked for two days with family along the road during daylight hours. There were many other people walking along the road also coming from Mussende. FAA soldiers were also present along the road, although they were not escorting anyone in particular.

We left Mussende because we had had enough of life there, there was no point. We were suffering because we could not get to our lavras, so I decided to come to Cangandala. We always had access to leave. Sometimes, I would go back and forth to Cangandala and sometimes Malange to sell food.

This is my fourth week in Cangandala. I was resettled in a barrio [called Sango Bernabe], with many other people from Mussende. In the beginning, I was given a grass hut by the soba to live in until mine was constructed. Now, we are waiting to be given land and seeds from soba as was done for other new IDPs before. I have a ration card but am waiting for distribution of food. Others that arrived before me already received food but no one has received seeds from PAM. I plan to stay here in Cangandala with my family. I feel it is safe. I will make and sell charcoal to earn some money. - *IDP father of 4 from Cuanza Sul, Nov/00*

KU - 48

UNITA took part of the population from Cateto in the direction of Gamba. We think they are still there. There is also the population of Kuemba that was taken by UNITA to the other side of Kwanza. - *Displaced from a village in Chipeta, Catabola Commune, Catabola District), May/00.*

KU - 49

I have family in a big village called [Village], which is located x km from Trumba, in the direction of Chipeta. On May 9th, UNITA came, a lot of soldiers, silently, around 4 in the morning. They woke people up and told them to follow them. They took a lot of people to the bush with them, in the direction of Chilonda. Many, including my family were able to escape. UNITA went to that village because they knew that a lot of people from there were running away to Kuito. - *Displaced from [Neighbourhood], neighbourhood of Trumba town, Cunhinga District, May/00.*

KU - 50

In October 99, the populations from areas like Sateta (neighbourhood of [Village]), Calembé, Sandumboa, Sambundu and Sangongolo were taken to Chiculungo, behind Gamba, to a village called Sao Bento. I know that because a few of them managed to escape to Kuito. They are not here in the camp, they are in town but I don't know exactly where. - *Displaced from [Village], village of Trumba town, Cunhinga District), May/00.*

KU - 51

In 1998 UNITA started sending people from Chicala town and the villages to pass Cuquema River. - *Soba from [Town] town, Kuito District), May/00.*

ML 49 ga004.

I came from Caculama about 2 weeks ago [in September 2000]. I came because FAA said to leave or be shot. I preferred to come to the government side. There was no soap, clothes or anything. where I was. The old people stayed because they don't believe there will be food here. The young preferred to come because they have been forced into service over the years by both sides. I used to escape to the mata to avoid this, taking my wife with me because if not, they would question her. - *IDP father of 2 from Malange, Oct/00*

ML 25 ga001.

Here in Cangandala we have constructed a small hut. I sell charcoal and make mats in order to earn some money.

We came here in April, 2000 from Kulu Magia. We came on foot, with an escort from FAA. The reason we came is that Unita took our fields and then burned our houses after we left. FAA came to fight the rebels. FAA told us to leave because it was not safe. This was communicated to the sobas, who were told to move the people because they were suspected of supporting the rebels. This was the same for everybody from Bembo and Kulu Magia. - *IDP from Malange, Oct/00*

I.A.1 Punishment for Betrayal

Punishment for betrayal is not new, but the acts which are interpreted as "evidence" of betrayal – possessing salt or other household items from a government area, moving to an peaceful area with better services, or wanting to remain in one's home area instead of displacing – are increasingly acts of survival, not of political allegiance.

KU- 2

I left [Village] on March 3rd, 2000, because UNITA was doing far too much confusion, a lot robbery and murder. The day before we left, four men from the village were murdered and three people, two men and one woman were mutilated by UNITA soldiers ... This woman is originally from [Village], but she had left for Belo Horizonte with her family a few weeks ago, because the government was there. She, like many others who left for Belo Horizonte, kept returning to Gamba to work on their fields. UNITA remained in the surroundings of the fields and caught the people who came. The soldiers would beat the people, steal their clothing and could even kill or do amputations, like this woman, who lost an ear. In February 2000 they started doing the same thing with the people who had not left. UNITA says that in any case, since the government is in Belo Horizonte, it is just a matter of time before we leave there. - *Displaced from [Village] Village, Nharea Commune, Nharea District), May/00.*

DJ 11

En juillet, le gouvernement est venu nous annoncer que nous viendrions ici. Je suis arrivée à Cassoco le 25 août. Et de tout ce que nous avait promis le gouvernement nous ne voyons que le poste de santé de MSF! Il nous avait dit que le problème de l'alimentation serait résolu, mais à ce jour il ne l'est toujours pas! Je continue donc à aller chercher le bois, qui est beaucoup plus loin. C'est ce que me rapporte le bois qui me permet d'acheter un peu de patate douce pour nourrir mes enfants.

Ici, nous voulions construire comme à Cantao mais ici, l'eau est trop profonde. Alors nous ne pouvons pas construire en dur. Mais avec les maisons en *capim* nous allons être mouillés les 2 ou 3 premières pluies et puis après ça va se coller et l'eau ne passera plus.

Je viens de Cassupi. J'ai dû fuir les attaques et massacres de l'Unita. Les attaques devenaient de plus en plus répétées et de plus en plus violentes surtout à l'égard des hommes. C'était en février 99. Ceux qui n'acceptaient d'aller de leur côté étaient tout de suite massacrés. Et ils pouvaient massacrer même les très jeunes enfants à partir du moment où ils estimaient que ces-derniers pouvaient combattre. En fait l'Unita les élimine pour ne pas qu'ils aillent lutter aux cotés du gouvernement. J'ai le fils de mon frère qui a été tué pour ces raisons! Heureusement je n'ai que 4 filles! Mais c'est aussi dangereux quand tu as des filles car ils veulent les marier! J'ai eu de la chance car ils n'ont pas demandé à "marier" mes filles! Nous avons donc réussi à fuir et sommes venus à Kaala à pied. Nous avons été installés au Lar girassol.

J'ai eu droit à un *cartão* mais ce la ne nous suffit pas. On m'a donné un *cartão* pour une personne alors que nous sommes 6 avec mon épouse. Pour subvenir à nos besoins alimentaires nous faisons comme tout le monde, c'est-à-dire que nous allons tous ensemble chercher du bois, pour notre propre consommation et pour vendre sur le marché.

Mais dans ce camp il n'y avait pas que le problème de la nourriture. Il y avait aussi celui des maladies! Ce n'est pas étonnant pour des personnes qui n'ont jamais vécu dans ces conditions de tomber malade dans ce lieu! Car la plupart d'entre nous vivions très correctement chez nous! C'est cette guerre la fautive!

J'espère un jour pouvoir rentrer chez moi et continuer mon métier de menuisier. D'ici la je ne projette rien. Je ne sais pas si un jour ce pays viendra à sourire... *IDP from Huambo Province, Sept/00*

KU-1

We left [Neighbourhood] on February 19th, (1999) to go to the bush because the suffering was too much. UNITA was systematically coming to take our things and beat people up ... There were too many of us to leave to the bush; the whole neighbourhood in fact. So we left to go live close to our fields, some three or four kilometres from our place, but it was the same thing there. UNITA would come after us saying: "You are here now but will soon go to the government. You'd better go eat with the government. Here, we will kill you." We heard that the government troops were patrolling the area and that UNITA had left. We then decided to go back to our villages ... but actually nothing had really changed and UNITA got even worse. They intensified the food tasting ... my sister was severely beaten because she had salt at home ... we decided to leave again to the bush ... On this second flight to the bush the population left all together again.

A lot of people were suffering with UNITA because during the day they beat people up on the paths and took their clothes, and at night they would come to the neighbourhoods and take our things too. Whoever reacted was beaten up. So once more we decided to leave, but this time to Kuito. - *Displaced from [Neighbourhood], neighbourhood of Belo Horizonte town, Cunhinga District), May/00.*²

KU - 10

Those who decided to go to the villages to wait and see what would happen were stuck there and were not able to flee afterwards. They went to live in villages up to 10 km far from town. The problem there was that they could not farm. If UNITA found people farming they would say that people were farming because they hoped that the government would come back. Then UNITA could even kill people for that. - *Displaced from Camacupa town, Camacupa District), May/00.*

ML 1 vm004. RRR

None of us are originally from Malange province, but [other provinces]. We're waiting here to be taken home, which the government has promised it will do. We do not want to resettle anywhere here in Malange – we just want to go home.

We work in other peoples field and collect and sell firewood to make some money. We also receive a distribution because we are not from Malange.

Initially, we lived in a barrio of Caombo, leading a relatively peaceful life. In 1996, Unita came and recruited our husbands. After that, we lived with Unita in the village for a year. There was a lot of suffering. Unita often took our things and food and abused many people. We were personally abused and many sobas too. During this time there were no schools and the health post was only for the rebels.

After about a year FAA came and pushed out the rebels. We continued to live there with FAA in the village. Life was a lot better. There was a school and a health post. We were not abused during this time. After about a year our husbands were all killed by FAA for being suspected Unita. Right after that, FAA moved out of the area and we followed them to Malange. - *Group of three IDP women living in Malange, Oct/00*

KU - 44

We couldn't cultivate during the day because if UNITA saw you they came after you and kill you. They kill you because they think you will feed the government soldiers. The solution found by the population is to go to our fields during the night. - *Soba from a village close to Chipeta, Catabola Commune, Catabola District), May/00.*

KU - 12

We were close to [Village] (their home), but we could not work our fields because, as the government troops were already patrolling the area, if UNITA finds us in the fields they accuse us of wanting to be with the government. And you have to run away if you don't want to get yourself killed. - *Displaced from [Village], Village of Chicala Commune, Kuito District), May/00.*

KU - 41

In the middle of February (2000), an older man from our neighbourhood was beaten almost to death because he had come to Kuito and gone back to Belo Horizonte. UNITA never accepted that the population went to government towns or villages to get foods like salt, medicine, soap, which they do not have to offer us ... They intensified the food tasting. That is if they find you cooking, they taste your food and if there is any salt in it they accuse you of being in the government side. They could say: "You have been to the government to get salt. You have been to town. You collaborate with both parties, having been to the government now you come back to UNITA and for that we are going to kill you. In fact, my sister was beaten severely because she had salt at home, that she had bought in Kuito. They beat her with wood sticks and also whipped her. That was at the very end of February and we decided to leave. - *Displaced from [Neighbourhood], neighbourhood of Belo Horizonte town, Belo Horizonte Commune, Cunhinga District), May/00.*

ML 13 ga028.

I have family in the mata near Mussende. I left Mussende because of the lack of things. I could go 3 or 4 weeks without using salt. I was selling clothing just to buy salt or spoons. . . My husband died in Mussende. He said he had a pain in

² Food tasting is something to which quite a few displaced referred to as being a technique used by UNITA to find out if the populations under their control have had any contact with people from government areas or had visit these areas themselves. The food tasting consists literally on tasting the food families are preparing to check if there is any salt in it. In case they taste salt in the food, most likely they consider that family as betrayers and a punishment will be applied.

his stomach. He kept complaining of the pain. There were no doctors or medicines. Then he died. Now there is nobody to build a house for me here.

[On her future]

I don't think anything about this war. I just worry about how to support the orphans left by my husband [her 4 children]. I'll never go back to Mussende. There is nothing there. I don't have any family there. No hospitals or vaccines. I will talk to the sisters to see if they can help support me.

[On Unita]

When you have lavras, you need to have a husband. That way, he can climb in the trees to keep watch for Unita. If there are people coming, he yells to stop taking the manioc and then we run.

Before, Unita never cut off people's hands. Now, since FAA reached Mussende [early 2000], Unita accuses us of betraying them. They write messages with charcoal in the street or on trees:

- "You wanted FAA to come here and give you salt and soap, so you called them. You are betraying us."
- "You are going to have to eat *alcatrao* [tar] and you are going to have to eat stone."
- "You ran away from us. You think that [FAA] are human beings and we [Unita] are not. You must live with them forever."

- *Young IDP mother of four, from Cuanza Sul, Jan/01*

KU - 43

Before we would be caught by UNITA if we tried to go to areas that were under government control; now, we can't even go to our fields. Before, we were not allowed to come to towns where the government was. There was a strict control to go out and to come in, but if you were found coming back, the most they'd do to you is take all your belongings, take everything that you bought in town. Now, if they catch you coming back they can do anything to you, including kill you. Since the conflict started again, on the top of that, they also take your food when you're coming back from the fields. They also take your clothes, and, if they don't think you have enough for them, they might take you with them. - *Displaced from [Neighbourhood], neighbourhood of Belo Horizonte town, Belo Horizonte Commune, Cunhinga District), May/00.*

KU - 45

After they lost Andulo they started warning us that if the government took Belo Horizonte no one could leave to town and the ones who would go to stay with the government could not come back to their fields. - *Displaced from [Village], Village of Belo Horizonte town, in Belo Horizonte Commune, Cunhinga District), May/00.*

KU - 47

For a while UNITA was telling people to leave and those who would stay were not allowed to cultivate. They kept saying, « If you are cultivating is because you want to go with the government ». When UNITA realised that the government was getting closer they told the population to leave immediately to further away from town and we could not say no. If you refused they could kill you. Everyone from my village left. I don't know if they burnt the village after we left. So at first I went to Santaren, a village located twelve hours by foot from Nharea town. - *Displaced from [Village], village of Nharea Town, Nharea District), May/00.*

I.A.2 Political Targeting to Control Populations

Since 1998 (during the months leading up to the resumption of the war), traditional authorities and local level government workers were targeted by Unita, and Unita officials were harassed by government forces.

KU - 58

In September 98, UNITA came after the Soba and, this time, they burnt part of the village. They said to us: the others have already left to the government. You'll do the same, for sure. - *Displaced from [Village] Village, Cuquema Commune, Kuito District. [Village] is one of these villages under the control of the government in theory but actually under the control of UNITA. When UNITA burnt part of the village, people from the population had started leaving to Lungundua, village under government control), May/00.*

ML 30 be003.

I have a cartao. All my people have received a card. I also have land that is part of a big field for the people of my home area. We are negotiating for another field. Still, it is not enough because of the theft. Before, the theft was FAA

troops coming at night to the area with women merchants from Malange, and FAA would sell them the manioc of our fields. This past year, it is just more general thieving.

I received a distribution of 5 kg of corn seeds and 1 kg of peanuts. This is not enough. I need 15 kg. To earn some money, I make mats, sell charcoal, and sell tomatoes from my horta in Malange.

I come from Village, in the northern part of Malange . . . In the colonial times, it was a rich area, with coffee plantations. There were several waves of departures from my bairro in the north. I was in the first one, around 1989. I left to go to Malange because of violence, mostly by Unita against the population. Unita was killing sobas. Over the years, they killed many sobas in my area. They killed them with knives, guns, machetes. One part of the bairro was burned, with people in their homes.

Much of this violence was because of the elections. Beforehand, to intimidate people into voting their way, and later blaming the people for MPLA's victory. The administrator fled to Malange. Unita was massacring areas where the MPLA was victorious.

Later, I was in Malange for the first bombardment [1993]. I stayed two years there, in Bairro. People from my home area were scattered with other people all over. I hired a house for my family and sold charcoal or collected wild fruits to get by. I also started some gardens. My wives went to the field to get wood for the family. The situation improved with the arrival of the organizations.

After a few years, the government resettled me from Malange to Lombe. During the last bombardment [1999], I was in Lombe. Unita came and killed people in Cafundanga. They destroyed the bridges during three attacks on Lombe. I fled briefly to the mata during these attacks. When I fled, the FAA soldiers were fleeing in front of me. That is why Unita was able to destroy the bridges.

I would like to return to my home area. It is OK here, but there would be big problems without the distribution, especially for the sick and the weak . . . There aren't many mines in my home area, just around these towns, not in the bairros. - *52 year old acting Soba IDP from Malange, Oct/00*

KU - 23

As soon as UNITA came they started persecuting people. Women from the Organisation of the Angolan Women were taken and killed. The ones from the Youth of MPLA were also taken and killed. The ones who had FAA in the family were arrested and later murdered or beaten. Also the ones who, like me, had family members, who had left to Kuito, were also beaten or murdered. They used to kill people at the airstrip, take people there to kill them. - *Displaced from [Neighbourhood], neighbourhood of Camacupa town, Camacupa District), May/00.*

KU - 24

In June 98 they started coming after the Sobas, the government people and the religion teachers. It was June 10th, 1998. Around midnight we were standing outside my house because we heard the shootings in the direction of Capolo. When I saw the soldiers running towards my house I thought they were policemen coming to protect me, the Soba ... When they were approximately 5 meters from us they started shootings. The eight of us who were outside my house were hit: my wife and my three daughters died, myself and three other people were wounded . . . My brother was the Soba of [Village]; a village located 30 km from Chicala town. On July 15th, 98, UNITA came executed him at home and then they set the house on fire. - *Chief Soba of [Commune] Commune, Kuito District. [Commune] had been under the control of UNITA since 1976. In October 1997, the government sent troops and administrative personnel to [Commune] as part of the Lusaka Agreements. By December 23rd, 1998, they were all gone and [Commune] remained under UNITA control), May/00.*

KU - 25

In June 98 UNITA soldiers came after the Soba because he had gone to a meeting with the government in Cuquema. During those days, if UNITA found out that the Sobas were meeting with the government they would come looking for them to kill them. So, in September 98 UNITA came again looking for our Soba and as he was not there, they burnt part of the village. They also took four men with them. - *Displaced from [Village], Village of Cuquema Commune, Kuito District. [Village] is one of these towns that are under control of the government in theory but is in fact controlled by UNITA. During the implementation of Lusaka, the Soba responded to the government administrator in Cuquema but also had a permanent UNTIA delegate in town), May/00.*

KU - 26

At first UNITA was coming after the Sobas, the civil servants, the catechists and the families who had sons in the army. If they found a Soba, he would be forced to denounce people. If he didn't, they would kill him. - *Displaced from Catabola town, Catabola District), May/00.*

KU - 27

After the situation started to settle down, people started telling on each other. UNITA was mainly after the Sobas but also people who worked for the government or had family members on government held areas. And these people started to disappear at night. It happened to my neighbour, his wife and his son. His son used to sell medicine in the market. UNITA must have presumed that the drugs were bought in government areas and they were all taken, in March 99. We never saw or heard about this family again.... A lot of people died that way; all of the Sobas from Kwanza Commune who were not in favour of UNITA were murdered. The Regedor (chief of the Sobas, administrative position) of Kwanza Commune, Mr. Muhala, went to live with a daughter in Camacupa after UNITA came in. UNITA found out where he was, went after him and shot him dead in a neighbourhood of town. Another man, Liginda, was a Soba from Kwanza and the assistant to the Regedor was also murdered. His son had been in the Defesa Civil forces. The Sobas were found because one of the Sobas, one that was chosen by UNITA, told on all the others. This man, being from there, knew who the Sobas were and where they had gone to. UNITA also finds out a lot of things asking the children. They find a lot of people like that. - *Displaced from [Village] Village, Kwanza Commune, Camacupa District), May/00.*

KU - 28

On June 30th 1999, UNITA came after the Soba. They killed the Soba, his deputy and four other men. - *Displaced from [Village] Village, Kuito Commune, Kuito District. [Village] was in control of UNITA from 92 to 98. In 1998 the government came for the joint administration and stayed until April 99, when UNITA attacked and burnt the village), May/00.*

I.B. Entre Deux Feux

While the warring parties ascribe political motives to the displacement of civilians, accounts from the displaced themselves reveal that their home villages are often in extremely unstable areas, in turn captured, lost and recaptured by the two parties over the past few years. On the one hand, the population suffers from the effects of frequent conflict, looting of food reserves, and theft of their harvest. On the other hand, they suffer reprisals from both warring parties who accuse them of collaborating with the enemy. For these people, escape then becomes the only option for survival – is not a voluntary choice to support one side over the other.

KU - 14

We left Chilonda on January 1st, 1999, after UNITA attacked and took over Trumba, in December 98. They passed by [Village] with tanks, but they did not come in ... UNITA was coming to the villages but the people could not leave because they had closed the passages to Kuito. So we left to go to the bush. We were afraid of being forced to go somewhere, we were afraid of being caught in the middle of the conflict. The war had arrived in [Village] before, so why not this time. We didn't want to remain there and be trapped in it. Everyone from [Village] left. . . . - *Displaced from [Village] Village, proximities of Trumba town, Cunhinga District), May/00.*

ML 20 ga015.

There were no health posts anywhere, not even in Luquembo or Cambundi-Catembo. There were only traditional medicines. There were never vaccinations. . . I had 4 lavras, about 30 mubangos by 30 meters. They produced enough food for my family: peanuts, beans, manioc. For extra money, I would fish in Rio Roando and trade fish for salt, clothes, soap etc. in Caculama. This was only possible in the past, during peace.

Here [Cangandala], I have a ration card, and make charcoal for extra income. I have received land from the regidor, one field of about 30 mubango by 30 m. There is also a joint association lavras for the entire community. I received a hoe some months ago and seeds just recently (from Oikos). I have enough for the family . . . I live in Boa Chegado with my family. I arrived here just before Christmas 1999. It was a four day walk, with FAA as an escort. Everyone from the village came (182 people). We encountered no problems on the road. Unfortunately, I brought absolutely nothing because we were forced to flee immediately. When FAA came, there was no time. The troops appeared to be fearful that Unita would return, so they wanted to leave in a hurry. The troops told the people that they would leave, and when Unita returned the people would be killed. FAA also told us that people choosing to stay were Unita supporters. Nobody stayed.

Unita had been holding the bairro since 1997. When FAA started to have victories and advancing on the area, Unita started killing people, mostly young men. They killed them with knives and with guns. Unita said that they were killing the young men because they would end up joining FAA and fighting against them. Unita was going bairro to bairro, looking for people. Everybody fled into the mata. You had to take your whole family or Unita would torture your wife and children to make them say where you were. I fled to the mata more times than I could count. In the mata, we had small houses, near our fields, where we would stay for days, or even a week or two.

Under Unita there was no trade at all. No soap, salt, or clothes. Unita believed that if people were permitted to go to town for trading, they would tell FAA where to come and find them. Unita made a school, but the children could not learn because they used leaves of the bamboo tree for paper and charcoal for writing. Everybody in the bairro had to pay Unita bomboj [4 sacks/bairro/week], and goats too. Depending on the size of your household, it worked out to [7 - 15 plates/family/2X/week]. If the bairro did not meet its quota, the soba would be beaten with a chikote [tree branch] 150 times.

I cannot go back because of Unita. Even if there is peace, I will stay in Cangandala. I am happy here and charcoal gives me enough money to buy things. - *IDP from Malange, Oct/00*

KU - 5

That was the end of February and we decided to leave again for the bush. But, in the bush we were thinking that UNITA soldiers would find us and accuse us of wanting to flee to government areas or they'd accuse us of accepting government control, since the retos (FAA patrol) had already started, and the government troops would find us in their retos and accuse us of being with UNITA because we hadn't left yet. We were in between them. - *Displaced from [Neighbourhood], neighbourhood of Belo Horizonte town, Belo Horizonte Commune, Cunhinga District), May/00.*

MT - 3 Chi003

I came here with my mother, and younger brother and three sisters. My father was killed by Unita in '97. They came to the house and they were looking for me. I would always flee to the mata when they came. My father was in the house and they asked him, "Why does your son not want to be a soldier with us?" We think that you are on the side of the MPLA, so they took him and killed with a machete.

One day Unita found me in the fields looking after the cows. I was with my two little brothers. They took me and beat me with a stick in the side here. Blood was coming out of my mouth and nose. They said, "we can not take him now he is like this, we will leave him here to die." It was not too far from my house and when they were beating me I cried out and my mother recognised my voice. When they left, my mother came and took me home.

After this we all fled with a group of people. We were very scared because we were walking at night and we didn't know if we would meet FAA or Unita. We were afraid to meet them both, because if Unita caught us leaving they would kill us and if FAA found us they would kill us because we are Unita's people.

FAA never came to the village to ask for food, but they passed through on the way to Chipindo. In June last year [2000] FAA came and took all our cows. Some people left with FAA, but Unita always told us *soon there will be peace*, so we never left because we did not want to leave our lavras and our cows. Most people would flee to the mata when FAA came. [Would people flee to the mata when Unita came?] No, we were Unita's people, it's like if FAA comes here we don't have to run but if Unita comes they will kill us because now we are on the side of the MPLA.

In 1999, FAA came and took a lot of people from our village. They took them far away but then they decided that there were too many, so they killed some of the people. I was not there, but my friend was and he escaped and came back to the village. He saw FAA killing the people.

I am 18 years old and I have never been to school. I am happy to be here on the government side. I will never go back there. - *IDP from Huila, Feb/01*

KU - 3

The ones that remained (after the attack of March 99) found themselves between the Batidas of government troops and UNITA attacks in which they robbed, recruited young men by force and killed civilians. At first, UNITA came after the Sobas, the civil servants, the catechists and the families that had kids in the army. When they'd find the Sobas they would force them to denounce those people or they'd be killed. As for the people UNITA also forced them into labour such as transporting heavy tree trunks to build bridges in Rivers Cunje, Colongue and Sanga. If they couldn't take it they'd be shot at ... As for the government troops, they also looted civilians' homes as well as government structures,

they also demanded that the population denounce those that had UNITA in their families. If the population refused to speak, they'd be beaten. FAA soldiers also raped women. - *Displaced from a village in Catobola District), May/00.*

DJ 17

Je suis arrivé ici en décembre 1998 avec une voiture appartenant à la *tropa*. Ils nous ont trouvé sur la route alors qu'on fuyait les attaques de l'Unita sur Kuima. Ils nous ont dit qu'il valait mieux pour nous de nous faire escorter jusqu'à Kaala car la route n'était pas sûre pour ceux qui se déplaçaient à pied.

Les combats étaient tellement violents que je n'ai pas réfléchi à deux fois avant de monter dans leur voiture. J'avais laissé derrière moi une ville transformée en abattoir ! Je puais le sang et la mort ! Donc lorsque la *tropa* est arrivé nous nous sommes sentis plus en sécurité ! Mais cela n'a pas été facile de monter dans leur voiture ! Mais bon... Vous savez dans ces moments il vaut mieux ne pas trop penser car une balle est vite partie ! Peut-être que si j'avais été tout seul je ne serais pas monté dans cette voiture. Mais là, j'étais avec toute ma famille et mes enfants sont encore petits.

Nous sommes arrivés à Kaala sans rien dans les mains car nous n'avions pas eu le temps de prendre quoi que ce soit ! Uniquement les habits que nous portions sur nous. A Kaala, nous avons été accueillis par les Soeurs qui ont bien voulu nous sustenter durant un temps. Elles nous donnaient trois kilos de maïs et un verre de sel tous les quinze jours. Mais cela n'a duré qu'un temps. Peu à peu, le nombre de déplacés augmentait et la ration distribuée ne suffisait plus à nourrir tout le monde. C'est alors que ma famille et moi nous sommes installés au CFB avec tous les autres déplacés qui avaient fui Kuima. C'était en décembre 98.(silence).

Cela fait presque deux ans que nous sommes ici et cela presque deux ans que ma vie s'est arrêtée ! Je finis par me demander si j'ai fait le bon choix en venant ici. C'est important de se poser cette question, car si un jour je veux retourner à Kuima ou dans une zone Unita, je ne pourrais pas car je serais considéré comme un traître. C'est "dommage" pour moi car toutes mes *lavras* sont sur une zone contrôlée aujourd'hui par l'Unita ! J'aurais dû réfléchir un peu plus avant de venir ici, mais la guerre impose des prises de décisions rapides. Aujourd'hui je ne sais pas vous dire ce qui est le mieux pour ma famille; vivre avec l'angoisse de mourir brûlé ou massacré mais être chez soi et avec son assiette pleine ou, bénéficier de la protection de la *tropa* mais mourir de faim ou de maladie. Car ici nous dépendons tous de l'aide humanitaire. Si les "blancs" ne nous donnent pas à manger nous dormons la faim au ventre. A Kuima, toute ma famille travaillait dans les champs. Nous cultivions du maïs et de la patate douce. Ici, nous n'avons pas de terre à cultiver car il faut avoir de l'argent pour en acheter. Imaginons que je puisse acheter un terrain... Il faudra que je puisse après m'acheter des semences... Sans argent le problème reste le même, c'est-à-dire insoluble ! C'est pour cela que lorsque l'administrateur nous a dit que le gouvernement envisageait notre retour à Kuima j'étais plutôt content. Si toute la communauté y retourne nous serons protégés par le nombre ! Mais j'ai peu de ne plus pouvoir cultiver mes terrains. Parce que normalement, lorsque les troupes occupent une ville, ils posent des mines partout pour que les personnes ne puissent plus y revenir. C'est qui a dû se passer à Kuima. Donc il risque d'y avoir beaucoup de gens mutilés avant que nous puissions nous y réinstaller. Ainsi, plus je pense à l'éventualité de notre retour plus je me dis que ce n'est pas le moment. Et puis l'attaque de la semaine dernière en est la preuve. J'ai l'impression que le gouvernement pense que nous ne sommes pas au courant de ce qui se passe là-bas !(Rires désabusés).

En fait, je pense que la vie devient plus risquée lorsque l'on a, comme moi, vécu dans des zones occupées successivement par l'Unita ou le MPLA. Les représailles sont aussi cruelles d'un côté comme de l'autre. Personnellement je veux et ne veux pas retourner à Kuima ! Je le veux car d'une part j'y ai grandi et d'autre part j'y ai laissé toutes mes affaires. Mais je ne supporterais plus de revoir ce que j'ai vu à Kuima. J'y ai vu la guerre, j'y ai vu la mort sous sa forme la plus barbare ! A la machette ! J'ai un cousin qui a été enlevé et emmené de force dans la *mata* par l'Unita. L'Unita menaçait de le découper s'il n'obéissait pas aux ordres. A ce jour je ne saurais pas vous dire quel sort lui a été réservé. J'ai également mes deux soeurs qui ont été enlevées pour soi disant être "épousées". Je ne les ai plus revues...(Silence)... D'un autre côté, les offensives de la *tropa* sont à craindre elles aussi car les pratiques sont quasi identiques. Et puis qu'elle nous ait emmené ici c'est bien, mais nous sommes et serons toujours traités comme des personnes ayant soutenu, ne serait-ce qu'un temps, l'Unita. - *IDP from Huambo Province, Sept/00*

KU - 4

The ones that started fleeing the area in September 99 were fleeing the government Batidas. They were fleeing UNITA also. People found themselves in between the two. If we stayed, UNITA would kill us, and the government, they abuse us ... We didn't count on leaving but UNITA was in the bush and we were afraid of them. The government troops were in Chipeta already but they were coming to do Batidas all the time. Since we had to escape, either from the government or from UNITA, we decided to leave. And also, we could not farm because we were afraid. We were afraid of getting caught by UNITA or by the government and be accused by them of taking part on the other side because they were both

patrolling at that time. We were eating our reserves already. - *Displaced from a village of Chipeta, Catabola District), May/00.*³

KU - 6

We left because of death and famine. You may work but you'll have nothing. We were farming but everything was always taken either by the government or by UNITA ... If it wasn't the FAA that came for the batida during the day, it was UNITA that came during the night. At some point we had had enough, we had almost nothing left to eat, so we decided to go into the bush, hoping already to be able to come to Kuito. - *(Displaced from [Village], village of Chicala Commune, Kuito District), May/00.*

KU - 19

On December 4th, 98, UNITA attacked the Communes of Sande and Caiueira (both in Catabola District). It was a massive attack, much bigger than any visit they used to pay to us before, they came with tanks and they besieged both towns. The population of these communes went to the bush, but could not actually go all the way because Catabola was attacked also, the following day. When the government took the town of Catabola back, on January 4th (1999), people from the communes came to live in the outskirts of town. In March 99, UNITA attacked Catabola again and a lot of civilians were killed this time. So, the populations from the communes left once again; they either stayed in the bush, or went back home or came to Kuito, protected by the FAA that were retreating. The ones that couldn't get here just kept on moving. That area has a lot of troops movement because it is a government area but with UNITA areas not so far away. Those people really were between UNITA and the government, suffering all the "confusion" of this war. - *Displaced from Catabola town, Catabola District), May/00.*

ZF - 19 Maheb07

La guerre a commencé en 83. Nous avons vécu 3 ans avec l'Unita, puis le MPLA a quitté Cazombo et le MPLA a contrôlé jusqu'en 95, et l'Unita est revenue depuis 95. En 99, la guerre a repris. L'Unita a pris beaucoup de jeunes, tous, pour le service militaire obligatoire et les combats, beaucoup ont fui il y a longtemps déjà en Zambie et sont ici à Maheba, car ils ne voulaient pas être enrôlés et faire la guerre.

En mai, la guerre a commencé le 12 [2000], le MPLA a bombardé les bâtiments et des groupes de soldats ont attaqué les villages autour pour voler, prendre les vélos, les habits, les animaux, et ils ont tué beaucoup de jeunes de 15 à 18 ans. Moi-même, j'en ai vu être tués, car le MPLA disait qu'ils étaient de l'Unita. Ce n'était pas vrai. En juillet, ça a recommencé, les avions ont recommencé à bombarder, les gens ont commencé à fuir vers Cavungo, d'autres vers Lumbala Kaguengue, vers Zambezi. Moi, je suis parti pour Cavungo. Je suis resté là bas en juillet août et septembre, quand la guerre a recommencé à Camafoafa, et est arrivée à Cavungo. Le 24 septembre, la guerre est entrée à Cavungo. Le 26, le chef du village est parti avec toute la population pour aller en Zambie, vers Luau Mission. Arrivés à Lovua, il y avait des soldats de l'Unita qui ne voulaient pas que nous allions en Zambie, ils ont commencé à nous battre, puis les avions ont commencé à bombarder Lovua et les soldats de l'Unita se sont enfuit, et nous avons pu poursuivre notre route vers la Zambie. Il y avait à Lovua un lieutenant colonel de l'Unita qui voulait que les gens restent avec eux, et certains ont été pris par la force pour aller dans la forêt avec eux. D'autres civils ont été pris par les soldats du MPLA et ont été ramenés à Cavungo. Entre Lovua et Luau Mission, nous n'avons pas eu de problème. Nous avons marché la nuit sur la route, on avait peur à la fois de l'Unita et des bombes du MPLA.

Si la guerre terminait pour de bon, oui, je rentre en Angola, sinon je reste ici.
En Angola, on a eu beaucoup de difficultés.

Je vendais du poisson contre du sel, du savon, depuis 1992 en Zambie. Il fallait payer 5000 kwacha et on obtenait une feuille de route de l'Unita pour aller vendre en Zambie.

Les filles entre 12 et 25 ans étaient prises pour faire la nourriture, chanter et danser avec les soldats de l'Unita. Même les femmes mariées. Ma propre fille a été prise à l'âge de 12 ans, ils l'ont gardé jusqu'à 14 ans, puis elle s'est enfuit. Heureusement, elle est restée sous la protection d'un chef de village et ils ne l'ont plus reprise, elle a eu de la chance grâce à Dieu. Moi-même, j'ai été obligé de transporter des munitions sur 80 km, mes enfants aussi, de 83 à 92 et jusqu'à maintenant, plusieurs fois. Mon fils de 20 ans, ils l'ont pris pour le service militaire obligatoire, et ensuite ils l'ont nommé chef de la jeunesse pour le sport, mais il a refusé, il ne voulait pas faire l'instruction obligatoire des autres

³ Batidas is the name given to incursions of FAA troops during which they loot people from the people and force them to carry the food themselves up to a destination chosen by the soldiers. Batidas is a traditional practice from the FAA during times of conflict. There will be more detailed explanations followed by victims accounts in the second section of this report.

jeunes, alors il a été mis en prison, en 98, il a refusé alors ils l'ont fouetté et mis en prison pendant 1 an. - *Refugee from Moxico*

KU - 71

My family and I managed to escape while most of the people who were inside the centre were taken by UNITA. UNITA was actually on their way out, after trying to regain the town again from the government. My family and I wanted to go back to bush. On the way we met three FAA soldiers that told us to go back home. So we told them that that's what we're planning to do and we kept walking. All of a sudden we saw a very large group of soldiers coming in our directions. We figured they were government soldiers and we kept walking. They were about 100 distant from us. To our surprise they fired against us. It was only one raffle that hit me. My cousin and a child that was with us died straight away. After they shot at us they came in our direction and only then they realised, I think, that they had shot the people and not soldiers. They excused themselves and said that they had warned the population not to leave their homes. - *Displaced from [Village] Village, Nharea Commune, Nharea District), May/00.*

DJ 14

Je viens de Eondio qui est une zone contrôlée par l'Unita. En mai 98, nous avons tout d'abord fui les offensives du gouvernement qui étaient très violentes et répétées. Au début, nous étions très bien avec l'Unita et voulions rester auprès d'elle. Donc lorsque la tropa attaquait nous allions nous réfugier dans la *mata (Canhangue)* et nous déplaçons tous les deux ou trois jours pour ne pas nous faire repérer. C'est en fait la stratégie de guerre de l'Unita! Ne jamais rester plus de 3 jours au même endroit. L'Unita nous disait que si l'on allait aux cotés du gouvernement on allait se faire tuer car maintenant nous étions considérés comme des traîtres. Donc, il fallait rester auprès de l'Unita car si la *tropa* t'attrapait elle te tuait car tu étais avec l'ennemi. Après six mois dans la *mata* sans nourriture, ni abris, ni habits nous étions très éprouvés. C'est à ce moment là que nous avons entendu que le gouvernement recueillait des personnes et qu'il ne ferait de mal à personne, même si l'on venait d'une zone contrôlée par l'Unita. Alors nous avons décidé de nous rendre aux cotés du gouvernement. En novembre 98 nous nous sommes donc rendus et la *tropas* nous a conduit à la Salsicharia.

La vie dans cet endroit a été horrible! L'accumulation de personnes et la manque de latrines nous a amené à vivre à coté des excréments. Il y avait un petit ruisseau où nous allions puiser notre eau mais c'est dans ce même ruisseau que les gens jetaient leurs fèces. Donc bien sûr il y avait beaucoup de maladies! Et puis il y avait la faim! Imagine la faim mélangée à la maladie ce que cela pouvait donner!!! Il y a des personnes qui s'endormaient dans une position et mourraient comme cela, de faim! Des fois, nous ne nous rendions même pas compte car notre seul souci était de trouver à manger!

C'est pour cela que je tiens à vous dire qu'il ne faut plus donner la responsabilité aux *secretários* de nous inscrire sur les listes du CICR. Car ce qui se passe c'est qu'au lieu de nous inscrire, ils inscrivent les personnes résidentes et leur vendent le *cartão*.

Comme je n'avais pas de *cartão* je devais aller chercher le bois. Mais si le bois n'était pas sec il fallait attendre jusqu'à ce qu'il sèche et pendant ce temps nous avions faim.

En juin, le gouvernement nous a dit que nous irions à Cassoco. Lorsque nous avons reçu le premier avertissement nous étions déjà en train d'essayer de trouver une solution à notre problème. C'est-à-dire que si le gouvernement n'avait pas fait cette proposition nous aurions trouvé une autre solution! Car il était impossible de continuer à vivre dans ces conditions! Ainsi, nous pensions déjà retourner sur nos terres. Mais le gouvernement nous a dit que nous ne pouvions pas retourner sur nos terres car l'Unita nous y attendait. Il nous a également dit que nous trouverions sur ce nouveau site les conditions que nous n'avions pas à la Salsicharia.

A la fin du mois d'août ma famille et moi sommes arrivés ici. Mais nous n'avons rien trouvé de ce que gouvernement nous avait promis. Ils nous avait dit que nous aurions le *cartão* mais nous ne l'avons toujours pas. De plus nous ne pouvons pas construire les maisons en dur car il n'y a pas suffisamment d'eau. C'est seulement maintenant que les puits ont été creusés et nous nous sommes rendus compte qu'il fallait beaucoup creuser avant d'atteindre l'eau! Mais tout cela c'était des choses que le gouvernement nous avait promis! Et nous ne voyons rien de tout cela! L'eau est un réel problème car la rivière la plus proche est à 45 mn de marche!

Pour l'instant je me débrouille en allant chercher du bois, mais nous sommes tellement à aller chercher du bois qu'il n'y a plus aucun rendement. Tout le monde vend du bois ici, et on a tous le même bois!

Par exemple si vous faites un tour sur le camp maintenant (11heures) vous allez vous rendre compte qu'il y a des gens qui dorment encore. Tout cela parce qu'ils ont faim. Ils ne se lèveront que vers 16/17 heures.

J'ai envie de retourner chez moi mais ce n'est pas sûr du tout là-bas. Mais le gouvernement pourrait nous garantir la sécurité chez nous, non? Pourquoi ici et pas là-bas?

Ce n'est pas la première fois que je suis déplacé. La première c'était en 83-84. Je suis allé de Eondio a Bongo. C'était pour les mêmes raisons que je fuis aujourd'hui, c'est-à-dire les attaques de l'Unita. Je suis resté là-bas durant deux mois et puis je suis revenu.

J'ai 57 ans et je suis fatigué de cette guerre! Je suis aussi fatigué des moments de ni guerre ni paix! La seule chose qui nous reste est sans doute de demander à Dieu que l'Unita s'arrête. Moi j'ai vécu aux cotés de l'Unita et elle n'a pas conditions ni de méthodologie pour gouverner un pays, on ne peut pas lui donner notre confiance. - IDP from Huambo Province, Sept/00

DJ 19

Mon mari et moi avons toujours vécu à Kuima. Cela n'a pas toujours été facile car il fallait être attentif aux attaques de l'Unita ainsi qu'aux offensives de la *tropa*. Si l'Unita attaquait un jour, il fallait s'attendre à ce que la *tropa* débarque tout de suite après. La plupart du temps ce qui se passait, c'est que nous nous réfugiions dans la *mata* pendant que l'Unita pillait nos maisons, et y restions durant toute l'offensive de la *tropa*. Il nous est arrivé de rester plus de quinze jours dans *mata*. Pendant ces périodes nous vivions comme des animaux. Cette vie, nous l'avons menée pendant plusieurs années, mais en 98 cela n'a plus été possible de continuer. Cette année là, l'attaque de l'Unita nous a surpris alors que nous étions dans nos maisons. Mes deux neveux, qui vivaient avec nous, ont essayé de fuir en contournant les troupes de l'Unita mais sont tombés dans une embuscade sur le chemin qu'ils avaient emprunté. Etant donné leur jeune âge, ils ont été obligés, sous peine de mort, d'intégrer les troupes de l'Unita. Pendant ce temps, la *tropa* est entrée dans la ville et donnait l'ordre aux personnes de rentrer dans leurs voitures s'ils ne voulaient pas se faire tuer. C'est ce que nous avons fait ! Nous étions plusieurs familles dans les camions de la *tropa* qui nous conduisaient à Kaala. C'était en mars 98.

Cela fait donc plus de deux ans que nous sommes " stockés " ici parmi tous les déplacés qui on fui Kuima.(Silence). Les personnes meurent comme des mouches en raison des conditions de vie qui nous sont imposées par ce lieu. Nous dormons, cuisinons et mangeons les uns sur les autres. Dans ces conditions, il n'y a rien d'étonnant à ce que les gens meurent!

Cette vie est d'autant plus difficile à vivre et à accepter, que dans mon village j'avais accès à tout ! Mon mari et moi avions un petit lopin de terre qui, lorsqu'il était bien soigné, nous offrait des oignons, patates douces et tomates. Une partie était destinée à la consommation personnelle et l'autre, vendue au marché de Kuima et des fois sur celui de Kaala. Mais tout ça est loin derrière nous aujourd'hui. Il faut enlever de nos esprits l'idée qu'un jour nous puissions revoir ce que nous avons laissé là-bas. Je suis certaine que ceux qui nous ont chassé de nos terres nous attendent chez nous pour finir leur travail. Finir leur travail, cela veut dire nous massacrer.(silence).Car maintenant, les crimes sont minutieux et ils ne sont jamais laissés à moitié! (rires). Je ne sais pas comment se font les guerres ailleurs, parce que chez nous tuer ne suffit plus ! Il faut massacrer ! Comme ça, si tu survivs tu auras toujours sur toi cette empreinte. Pour nous qui avons fui Kuima pour trouver refuge aux cotés du gouvernement, notre retour, s'il se fait aujourd'hui, sera fatal. Je vous raconte tout cela car il y a trois semaines, le gouvernement avait dans l'idée de nous renvoyer chez nous. Mais après l'attaque de la semaine dernière, qui a fait plusieurs morts et des dizaines d'autres déplacés comme nous, j'espère qu'ils ont changé d'avis ! Nous n'avons aucune envie d'y retourner maintenant, malgré le fait que nous ayons toujours vécu là-bas. Dans ce pays, lorsque tu vas de l'autre coté - même pour une raison de survie - il faut t'attendre à des représailles. - IDP from Huambo Province, Sept/00

MT - 28 Nj007 RRR

[[From '77- '83 I was a soldier. I worked with OPD (civil defence). We trained to fight in combat. In '83 they asked me to move to Lubango but I had 5 children so I didn't want to go. I didn't want to go to the town, I wanted to stay where my children could play and be free. So I had no work. But the Cubans arrived and they told me that I should look for a job with the government and I found work in a hospital with the Cubans. I was attending to the sick and dressing wounds. I worked there for 7 years until the Cubans left. Everyone was very sad to see them go.]]

My husband was also a soldier with FAPLA. He was a soldier for 13 years before he was shot and killed by Unita in Jan '91. I was there in Kuvango alone, I had no family there, only my children. The Cubans had left so I had no job either. One day FAA came and wanted to take my clothes, food and other things. I refused to give them to them, so they began shooting at me. [[They shot at me 10 times. They shot at my chest 8 times, but because I had been a soldier I moved like this [she said pretending to dodge bullets], the ninth entered my foot here and the tenth landed right there in front of my other foot.]]

After this happened, my husband's family came to get me and I went to live with them in . . . a small village, two days walk from Kuvango Sede. In this place everyone was afraid of both FAPLA and Unita. Unita didn't trust the people and

FAA didn't trust the people. Unita and FAA lived along way away, but we were in the middle. Some people were Unita supporters and some were MPLA supporters, but we lived together, we even ate together. But I had worked for FAPLA for 7 years, I was an MPLA supporter. Both FAA and Unita would visit us there sometimes, they would come and ask for food, but they didn't kill anyone.

On the 3rd March, I went to a meeting the Unita had with the people. I was MPLA but I just wanted to listen. They said that we must start to kill the MPLA supporters, one by one, because we don't trust them. They had arms but no courage so nothing happened.

On the 7th March 2000, FAA came in the village and took 16 or 17 people. Just women and children and one little boy. They took me and all my family, four of my children, my nieces and nephews and aunts. They took all the clothes, food, goats and chickens and made us carry them. The next morning, they gave us breakfast. A good breakfast, with fungi and chicken which the women prepared. Then we began to walk again but I was behind because I could not walk very fast because of the wound in my foot from when I was shot in the foot in Kuvango and I was carrying my child on my back. I told my son that he must wait and walk with his mother. We were behind the group and I heard shooting so we hid in the long grass of a field we were passing. We stayed there listening to the shooting until it had stopped. We stayed there for a long time and then we continued along the road. We arrived, not so far away from where we were, and it was like someone had just slaughtered goats, blood everywhere and all the people lay dead, right there in the middle of the road. FAA had just turned and open fired on the people, just like that. It was just women and children that lay dead in the middle of the road with blood everywhere.

When the FAA troops arrived back in Kuvango, the chief asked them what had happened there in Village. They told them that they had taken some people but then decided to kill them instead of bringing them to Kuvango. The chief was very angry and ordered the soldiers to go back and bury these people. They went and buried them along the road, but people that have since come that way say that the rain had washed the ground away and they could see the bones of the children.

When I arrived in Kuvango, I was very, very angry. I went to the commander. I recognised some of the soldiers who were there and I knew who the commander was, from when I worked with FAA in the hospital. I asked him, how could you kill my family? How could you not recognise my daughter Victoria? How could you not recognise my children? He said that he was not there and he hadn't sent these troops to kill the people. He said that it was not his fault, but these soldiers would be punished.

After this I heard that they were looking for the troops to put them in prison but until the time I left Kuvango, nothing had happened. Now, I don't know. . . After this attack, some people fled to the government side, here to Matala. Others stayed there with Unita.

[The interviewer asked her how, after everything that FAA had done to her and her family, why she continued to come to the government side]. Our father is the government. I worked for them for many years. I can not stay in the mata alone to die. I would prefer to come here and die in the hands of the government. - *IDP woman from Huila, Feb/01*

DJ 21

En 1995, j'ai conseillé mon mari de fuir la maison. Cette année l'Unita faisait des descentes dans les villages afin de trouver des hommes pour combattre à ses cotés. Comme mon mari correspondait aux critères, nous avons décidé qu'il devait fuir s'il ne voulait pas se faire enrôler. Il est parti avec plusieurs autres hommes du même âge. Il devait revenir dès que la situation ce serait calmée. Depuis cette année là je ne l'ai plus revu. Les autres femmes aussi n'ont plus revu leurs maris.

Lorsqu'il est parti je me suis installée avec mère et mes deux enfants. Nous avons vécu comme cela jusqu'en décembre 98, date à laquelle la *tropa* est venue nous chercher. Ils sont arrivés et nous ont forcés à monter dans leurs camions. Ils nous ont dit que la route n'était pas très sûre et qu'il fallait nous protéger. C'est comme cela que je suis arrivée à Kaala. J'étais avec ma mère. Mes deux enfants sont déjà grands, l'un est à Huambo et l'autre est resté à Kuima. Ce dernier ne voulait pas venir aux cotés du gouvernement ! Cela fait depuis que je suis partie que je n'ai aucune nouvelle de lui. Je n'ai pas pu rester avec lui car la vie à Kuima devenait trop difficile pour ma mère. Les derniers temps nous les passions plutôt dans la *mata* en raison de la violence des combats. Peut-être que si j'avais été toute seule je serais restée, car sans cette guerre la vie est plus facile là-bas qu'ici.(silence). Nous sommes pour la plupart, des agriculteurs, mais à Kaala nous n'avons pas de *lavrás*. Alors ma mère et moi travaillons dans les *lavrás* des personnes résidentes et faisons un peu de ménage dans leurs maisons. Pour une semaine de travail les résidents nous donnent: 2 kilos de *fuba* et un sachet de sel. Nous avons déjà essayé de cultiver un peu de maïs pour notre propre consommation, mais la nuit les bandits

viennent nous les voler (rires). A Kuima les personnes ne volaient pas car tout le monde avait sa petite parcelle de terre pour faire pousser beaucoup de choses. Le plus courant c'est de faire pousser des tomates et de la patate douce.

Ici je n'ai pas le *cartão* du CICR. Je pense que celui qui nous était destiné a été vendu à des personnes résidentes. Peut-être que c'est comme cela qu'ils nous payent (rires) ! La vie n'est pas très facile dans ce *Lar*, mais nous nous en sortons quand même. Je connais Kaala depuis longtemps pour y avoir fait des *negocios*, donc je ne me sens pas perdue. Nous n'avons certes pas assez à manger, mais ce n'est pas la première fois que nous manquons de nourriture. Lorsque nous vivions dans la *mata*, les deux mois qui ont précédé notre départ, nos conditions de vie étaient pires. Nous vivions tels des macaques ! Nous n'avons pas eu un seul repas chaud durant tout ce temps. Notre alimentation se limitait à des fruits et à des tubercules.

J'aimerais bien retourner à Kuima, mais pas maintenant ! La semaine dernière il y a eu une nouvelle attaque qui a fait plusieurs morts. Etant donné ces conditions je suis bien contente que la *tropa* nous ait amené à Kaala. Aujourd'hui je n'y retournerais pas sauf si l'on m'y oblige ! J'ai entendu des choses trop horribles à propos de cette dernière attaque. Une rescapée de cette attaque, arrivée la semaine dernière, nous a relaté la manière avec laquelle sa soeur et le bébé qu'elle portait ont été tués. Les soldats de l'Unita sont rentrés chez elle ont pris sa soeur qui était enceinte de huit mois passés, lui ont ouvert le ventre, ont sorti le bébé qui était vivant et ont décapité le bébé et la mère. Les soldats l'ont obligé à assister à toute cette scène puis l'ont laissée repartir. Comment veux-tu vivre avec ça dans ta tête ?

[Lorsque cette femme a fini de me raconter cette histoire elle s'est mise à rire. C'était un rire amère qui permettait sans doute de dédramatiser l'horreur des actes. Elle poursuit.]

Avant ils ne faisaient pas tout ça. Avant ça leur suffisait de tuer par balle et puis après ils partaient. Maintenant il y a du plaisir à torturer les gens avant de les tuer dans des conditions horribles !

Moi je suis déjà âgée et fatiguée...Je n'attends plus rien de cette vie ni de personne. La seule chose que je peux dire , c'est que je souhaite que cela s'arrête un jour. Mais cela fait plus de trente ans que j'attends cela, donc à la fin on finit par croire que cela ne se terminera jamais, c'est comme ça ! - IDP from Huambo Province, Sept/00

I.C. PHYSICAL AND MENTAL TRAUMA

I.C.1 General

As these narratives show, large numbers of Angolans have been victims of or witnesses to violent events, have lost the family members, have been driven from their homes, and must now cope with a new life as an IDP. For those with access to healthcare and food assistance, the physical consequences of these traumatic events are relieved, but not the mental trauma. It is impossible to quantify without further study, but there is a potential for extensive psycho-social problems resulting from this mass exposure to traumatic events: anxiety disorders, depressive disorders, insomnia, and physical manifestations of this stress.

MT - 16 Mp003

In 1999 FAA came to our village and stayed there for four months to protect us. Then they left and some people went with them, but many stayed to cultivate the land. We did not want to go to Matala because we had heard that many people were hungry there and had no lavras to grow food.

Unita attacked our village on the 16th of November, 2000. All these people living here from Village fled at the same time. I have lived in the village all my life and I have seen a lot of war. I was never taken by Unita or FAA but many of my friends and cousins were captured, both my Unita and by FAA.

When this attack happened I was down by the river washing . On my return I met some people who told me that Unita was there so I went and hid in the mata. Unita surrounded the village. FAA was not there, Unita just attacked the people. My wife was there inside the village. She saw Unita put my father, grandfather, sister-in-law and four children into a house and set fire to it. She saw the house burning with all of them inside. They all died. Unita also killed many other people and burnt other houses. They took everything from the village, all the goats, cows and clothes. They took many young boys and girls to carry all the thing they had taken.

My wife and children fled to the mata and we met there and fled to [a village in Quipungo district]. All the people stayed there for two months, working in the lavras of the residents to get some food. After two months FAA brought us here. We did not have a choice, this is where the government said we must go.

On the 10th of this month [Feb/01] we received food for the first time. We arrived here in Malipi [camp] in January and worked in the fields of the residents and were paid 3kg of massango per day. We have land here but there is a lot of water. All the seeds that we planted have been washed away by the rain. The crops will not grow this year. - *IDP man from Huila, Feb/01*

ZH - 4

One day in November [1999], around 8am, I was going to work in the field with my mother, three of my aunts, another 8 women and my cousin. We were encircled by UNITA soldiers and they grabbed everybody. Everyone was taken by the soldiers but I managed to escape and run back to the village. I have never seen or heard about my mom or my aunts again. Everybody tells me that they will never come back. - *Teenage Angolan refugee in Zambia, Jan/00*

MT - 14 Mp001

We all used to work very hard. We had cows and lavras, so when all that had was gone we came here. Bandits took all my cows, I don't know who but when I came here I recognised some. Unita is around the fields there so I was afraid to leave. In the end there was nothing left, no reason to stay. We left because we were suffering too much.

For the last year we have been going to the mata to sleep. Every night with my wife and children, just on the ground. During the day we would go back to the village but we were all afraid. Everyone was afraid to go to the lavras. So I took my family and we left. We came through the mata for three days, we were slow because of the children and we only travelled at night. We couldn't walk during the day because Unita has spies in the mata, and if you are caught they will kill you and all your family.

There [in home area] we were suffering. Unita would come to our village often and take our food, because of this we were hungry. Sometimes they would come and take the children, they would make them carry all the things they had taken and the children would never come back. We had no clothes, soap, or salt. If Unita found that you had salt in your house they would kill you. There, there was no school for the children to learn. Our children only speak Umbundu, they can't even speak Portuguese and they can't read or write. And no, there were no hospitals, no medicines. We just used traditional medicines, roots and plants.

Sometimes Unita would make meetings with the people, maybe 2 or 3 days in one or two months. You had to go, everyone in the village had to, if you didn't they didn't trust you. They told us, "We must stay together and be unified, that is the message that our chief, Savimbi, tells us. That we must trust that the end of the war is soon coming to an end and soon there will be peace. That is what we are fighting for, we will win this war very soon." In the beginning when they were telling us, I believed what they told us. I trusted what they said, but after some time I stopped believing, I lost faith in what they said. They just lied to us, but you couldn't let them know you thought that.

If there was peace I would go back. Our land is good there, we can grow a lot of food. Here we were given land but it is underwater and the seeds will not grow now. We have a card to receive food, but now we have to wait again until next month. They give us food every month, but it is difficult to still have some at the end of the month. The food they give us is for 30 days. 10kg milho per person, but for a long time.

Here there is a school but it hasn't started yet. There is no health post here, we have to go the hospital in Quipungo. It takes about half a day to go there by foot, but when someone is sick it takes longer. - *IDP man from Huila, Feb/01*

ML 22 ga018.

I had 3 lavras here before, and planted some fruit trees (mango, orange, banana) around the home. I used to make flour from the manioc and sell it for extra income. Over there [pointing to the West], Unita made a training area where my fields were in 1989.

I don't yet have a lavras here, but I have seeds. For extra income, I cut grass and sell it. I only just received my ration card [interview was conducted in October]. I returned to Cangandala from Malange in late March, 2000, and just missed the registration. Some other people had the same problem. We raised our complaints, and were finally registered in August. I then received my card about 3 weeks ago.

In 1992 there was fighting in Cangandala. Everything in this bairro was burned. After that, Unita controlled the area. I had to give a bagnera of bomboj per week for my household, and my wife was forced to make flour for them. When FAA arrived in 1998, they said the road to Malange was open and to go. We couldn't take anything with us. We fled into the mata and then to Camisombo, from there to Malange . . . It was on foot, without an escort . . . It only took one day.

In Malange, I had to hire a room in a house in Katepa for 2.5 kwz/month. There was no food, and no distribution from December 1998 to June 1999. There was a lot of hunger. My brother died, as well as an aunt and an uncle. There was also regular shelling after the 29th of March 1999. All the rich went to Luanda, while the poor stayed. Some people were forced by the hunger to come back to Cangandala and look for food. If they were caught by Unita they were killed. When the distributions started again in June, it was not enough. The really difficult time lasted until about January 2000. To survive, I did gardening work for my landlord, who paid me.

When I returned in March I found that the IDPs from other areas were already here. - *40 year old resident of Cangandala, who had been displaced from Cangandala at the end of 1998 to Malange, and then returned in March 2000, Oct/00*

MT - 15 Mp002

My husband went to Matala to find some salt and other things. When he returned Unita knew that he had gone to the government side and they captured him and put him in prison. After one day there, he escaped so Unita came looking for me. I was in the village where we lived. They knew who I was, so they came and found me, tied my hands and took me to their base in the mata. At the time I was carrying my child on my back, but they took him away from me when they put me in prison. This was a hole in the ground, covered with wood and then covered in soil. They untied my hands and pushed me into the hole. It was dark and there were many other people also there. In the beginning I didn't know how many but I think there were about 20. I stayed there for about two weeks. Some people had been there for a long time, more than a month. They gave us food and water but just enough to survive and they didn't care if you died or not. We weren't allowed to talk. We just sat there in the darkness and waiting to see what would happen. Some people were taken out and taken down to the river and killed.

After two weeks, they took me, another woman and two men, and sent us to another prison in Chicomba Sede. They tied the hands of the two men but not mine or the other woman. When we arrived, before they put us in the prison, I escaped. I don't know what happened to the others, I escaped alone.

I fled into the mata. I stayed in the mata and continued through the mata until I reached a place near our village. There, I found my husband and other people hiding in the mata. We fled in a group to Matala. Not long afterwards my grandmother came with other people from our village, and brought our children. After three weeks Unita sent my child they had taken from me at the base, to my grandmother. They knew my family well, we had always lived there in the village.

I lived in this village all my life with Unita. I went to Matala in the years of peace but returned because we thought that there would be peace forever. This was the first time I had had problems with Unita. I always obeyed them. When I was a young girl, they took me and another girl to their base. I stayed there for some time, until I escaped and went back to our village and married. During this time we had to dance and sing for them. They took us when they wanted to for sex. You couldn't refuse otherwise they would kill you. But they took us with force, we had no choice.

My husband . . . was not taken to be a soldier. There was a school but there were no materials. We had lavras with lots of food but we were always hungry because Unita would always come and take it. Unita would have meetings with the people. You had to go, it was not voluntary. They told us that we must never think about going to MLPA. They told us many lies.

I am happy here. All my family is here and we have salt and other things we never had living there. We have some land and we were given seeds but now the land is covered in water and the seeds have been washed away. - *Woman IDP from Huila, Feb/01*

MT - 2 Chi002

I was born and grew up in Matala. I moved to this village in Chipindo in '96 because my uncle was living there. My husband in Matala was beating me because he said I was going with other men. He was insane, so I left him and went to live with my uncle.

I left there because we were suffering. We slept in the mata every night. Just on the ground without a blanket and it was raining a lot. We slept in different places and we had to take off our shoes because if Unita saw the footprints they would say that you had a son on the side of the MLPA. We had to hide our shoes because they would kill you if they saw that you had shoes.

The life was difficult for me there because I didn't want to marry with a man from Unita, so they said that I had a husband in FAA and he was coming here to make love with me and this is why FAA came here to attack them. They didn't trust me, so they took me to prison and I stayed there for 2 months. The prison was in a house, it was a hole in the ground covered with wood and then with soil on top. It was very small we were crouched like this [she sat down bent over]. It was dark. There were 3 girls in there also. They were there because their husbands were Unita soldiers but they had fled. Unita was punishing the wives because they thought they knew something about their husbands escaping. They were there when I arrived but I don't know how long they were there because we didn't talk. If Unita caught us talking they would say that we were making a plan to escape. Our families would bring us food and water but they had to give it to a girl of Unita and then she would bring it to us. During this time, my youngest child was with me but my other children stayed with my uncle in the village.

[One day], they let me free and I fled to another village but it was still controlled by Unita. The Unita from the other village found out where I was and sent a letter to the soba to tell him to keep me there. One day an old man came and had sex with me and he became my husband. I stayed there for 8 months. We planned to escape and go to the government side, but Unita found out and took my husband and put him in prison. I fled without him, with my children and a group of people. We fled through the mata at night and it took 3 days.

My husband was a farmer there. He had always lived with Unita. [Why did he want to go to the government side after so many years living with Unita?] Because it was different before, Unita was different with their people. Now Unita doesn't forgive the people that were born there, they threaten them and kill them, just like the people who come from the side of the MPLA.

When I arrived, I went to Cajangite to stay with my father but I had problems there with the men, so I left and went to MINARS. They sent us to Njavei and then after a few days they sent us here. MINARS said that there were too many people there and that we must make our own village here. Here they gave me a tent to live with my children. I have a card to receive food. I have received food once in January. - *IDP woman from Huila, Feb/01*

DJ 16

J'ai quitté Kuima car je ne supportait plus cette souffrance. Je ne supportais plus l'angoisse dans laquelle ma famille était plongée. L'angoisse de nous faire massacrer d'un instant à l'autre. Cette tension perpétuelle, ma famille et moi l'avons vécu à la fin de l'année 98, lorsque l'Unita attaquait et massacrait tout ce qui avait le malheur de se trouver sur son passage. Dans un premier temps, nous quittions le village à la nuit tombée pour nous réfugier dans la *mata*⁴. Nous avons fait cela pendant près de trois mois, jusqu'à ce que la dernière attaque, en décembre 98, nous ait amené à fuir vers Kaala. Mes deux cousins et mon beau-frère ont été tués dans cette même attaque alors qu'ils étaient dans leurs maisons respectives. Les soldats de l'Unita sont rentrés pour voir s'il y avait des gens et lorsqu'ils ont vu mes cousins ils sont ressortis ont encerclé la maison et mis le feu !(silence). Mon beau-frère a été tué de la même manière. Contrairement aux autres incursions de l'Unita, celle-ci ne s'est pas terminée par un retrait des troupes mais par une occupation du territoire. Nous avons donc été forcés de partir. Et cela a été très douloureux.(silence). Ma famille a toujours vécu à Kuima...et c'est difficile de partir, après toute une vie, sans rien dans les mains... Tout est resté là-bas, tout ! (silence). Je suis partie à pied avec mon mari et mes deux enfants et je suis arrivée ici en décembre 98. Nous nous sommes dirigés vers Kaala car c'était la ville la plus proche et qui nous garantirait un minimum de sécurité!

Mais nous payons de notre " vie " pour cette sécurité ! Car ici la vie est complètement différente (sourire désabusé)...Je n'ai jamais été déplacée donc ces conditions de vie sont complètement nouvelles pour moi et ma famille. Nous sommes totalement dépendants de l'aide, et si celle-ci n'est pas délivrée par le CICR nous nous retrouvons sans rien du tout! Rien ! Si l'on avait au moins un lopin de terre à cultiver nous pourrions nous en sortir, mais ici nous n'avons rien. Et pour nous qui sommes essentiellement des agriculteurs, ne pas avoir de *lavras* signifie ne rien avoir à manger. Là-bas au moins, nous avons notre lopin de terre que nous cultivions et les *negocios* qui nous rapportaient un peu d'argent. Il nous arrivait en effet de venir acheter du savon, de l'huile, du sel et des vêtements à Kaala puis de les revendre à Kuima. Cela, associé aux *lavras*, nous rapportait suffisamment d'argent pour vivre correctement. Ici nous n'avons ni *lavras* ni travail ! Donc lorsqu'il n'y a rien il n'y a rien, ni travail, ni argent permettant de s'acheter quelque chose à manger ! Nous avons pensé, mon mari et moi, retourner de temps en temps à Kuima pour cultiver les *lavras* qui sont restées là-bas. Mais c'est trop dangereux de retourner à Kuima si l'on vient d'une zone gouvernementale.

⁴ forêt

Car nous vivions correctement là-bas.(silence). Cela n'a rien avoir avec les conditions dans lesquelles nous sommes "stockés" ici.(silence). Car en somme, tu n'es rien lorsque tu es une personne déplacée, rien ! Tu n'as aucun pouvoir de décision sur ta vie, aucun ! Aujourd'hui je ne peux rien projeter car je ne sais même pas si je serais ici demain ! Si j'avais été chez moi, j'aurais pu envisager d'acheter du bétail pour nous aider dans les travaux agricoles, j'aurais pu planter de la patate douce, car la patate douce pousse très rapidement...en trois mois elle peut être récoltée. Mais ici, même si l'on nous donnait des semences nous ne saurions pas où les planter. J'ai hâte de pouvoir rentrer chez moi, mais il faut que je patiente encore un peu, mais je ne sais pas jusqu'à quand. Il a été question, il y a deux semaines de ça, que nous retournions à Kuima. Notre *soba* est en effet venu nous avertir que le gouvernement envisageait notre "rapatriement" sur Kuima. Notre première réaction a été la joie ! Car si le gouvernement prenait cette décision c'était certainement après avoir pris connaissance de la situation à Kuima. Cela voulait donc dire que, soit la situation était suffisamment sûre pour que l'on puisse y retourner, soit les *tropas* allaient assurer la sécurité sur nos propres terres. Mais la semaine qui a suivi cette information, Kuima a été de nouveau attaquée par l'Unita ! J'espère que le gouvernement a changé ces projets, car je ne veux pas y retourner dans ces conditions. Et je pense que personne ne le voudra. Mais c'est le gouvernement qui aura le dernier mot. *Vamos ver...*(silence)...A ce jour il ne nous ont pas encore donné l'ordre de partir. Mais si tout le monde y retourne ma famille sera bien obligée d'y retourner aussi.

Ce que je pense de ma vie ? (sourire). C'est simple, j'ai 22 ans et je n'ai connu que la guerre ou des périodes de ni guerre ni paix . Et aujourd'hui, je ne saurais pas dire si ce conflit s'arrêtera un jour. Je ne sais pas...Ma mère me parlait déjà de la guerre lorsque j'avais cinq ans en me disant que j'aurais peut-être la chance ne pas la connaître...Mais aujourd'hui j'ai toujours la guerre devant mes yeux...Il aurait mieux valu que je ne naisse pas ! Car non seulement la guerre continue, comme elle devient plus cruelle ! Avant, si je me souviens bien, lorsque l'UNITA attaquait, elle attaquait uniquement pour voler ou tuer peut-être une ou deux personnes préalablement ciblées. Depuis 98 les attaques de l'Unita sont plus violentes. Ils volent et tuent tout ce qui leur passe devant les yeux ! Au moins, si je n'étais pas née, je n'aurais pas cette souffrance dans mon cœur. Tout ce qui me reste c'est de demander à Dieu que les armes ne soient plus vendues à l'Unita. Que la communauté internationale sanctionne les pays qui vendent des armes à l'Unita...C'est je pense, la seule solution pour que cette guerre s'arrête enfin. - *IDP from Huambo Province, Sept/00*

MT 47 Vis007

We fled Chipindo in '88 because of the war. There was a big attack, like the one in Dongo, and we fled and never returned. We went to Dongo and stayed there. We didn't return to Chipindo during the years of peace because we were waiting for the elections to pass. After the elections, Unita retook Chipindo and are still there until this time. Our troops [FAA] have tried three times to retake it but have failed and now there are many, many Unita there.

We lived in Dongo for a couple of years but when Unita took control of Dongo after the elections, we fled to Matala, but returned the following year once the government regained control.

We fled from Dongo again in 1999. I grabbed one child and my wife carried one on her back and another in her arms. The others ran with us. My oldest son fled in a different direction and ended up in Jamba. We only received news that he was there and still alive once we were here [Vissaca camp]. Now he is here with us. When we went to the mata, we waited there for three days with FAA, to see if they would go back [to take Dongo]. Finally, FAA called a meeting with all the people in the mata to say they weren't going back and that we must all go to Matala. Afterwards, we heard that there were 1800 Unita and only 400 FAA.

We arrived in Matala and the government sent us here. Here we receive food but we don't have lavras because the only land which is free, very far away, has no water. We don't have any blankets either because we left everything we had there [in Dongo].

We want to go back but it is not safe. My brother went back but he said Unita is still around making problems for the people who are still there. We don't want to go to Njavei because it is not safe either. When Unita is around Dongo, they use this area to travel. I have heard that there are 5-6 Unita around there [Njavei] stealing the cows. I don't want to move there. I would rather wait here until Dongo is safe and then go back there. I have fled many times in my life and lost everything and had to build another house somewhere else. Now I have a house here and I will wait here until it is safe to return. There is no point to move to Njavei. But I am afraid to go back there, because we don't know when this war will end, and even if it is safe to return for a while we don't know what will happen next. We don't know when Unita will come again. I don't think this will ever stop.

[Were there schools there in Chipindo and Dongo?] Yes, my children went to school. My oldest son is 17 years old. He is studying 4th class. The problem is that if he becomes a soldier with FAA now, he will have no education when he

returns. He could be a teacher or a nurse but the only job for him here in Angola is to be a soldier. It is the only work they can do.

I was a FAA soldier from 77-84. I moved around all over Angola. But the war is not like it was then. It has changed. Then, when I was with FNPLA, we respected the people, now there is no respect. Unita used to leave the people alone, now they will just kill everyone, and take the things from the people. Even FAA steals the cows from the people. Now the war is a business.

[Were there hospitals or health posts there?] In Chipindo we had a hospital before Unita came, but when they arrived they just destroyed all the buildings, including the hospital. In Dongo there was a hospital, but it had no medicines. What is a hospital with no medicines? Nothing but a building.

[Whose responsibility is it to give medicines for the hospital?] The government, but you can only find these medicines in the market, where the people have to buy them.

It is only the people in the cities that know these people are thieves. The people in the villages don't know because they don't know the way that the life should be. And the soba can't talk about things like this to the government. They are afraid and they don't have the freedom to talk about this. People think that the people in the villages are stupid, they think that we don't know, but we do. We know that the government and FAA, too, steals, but we can't say anything. Mais, nao somos burros. Nos sabemos. - *IDP man from Huila, Feb/01*

I.C.2 Violence and Abuse of the Population

From the people's perspective, Unita appears to be engaged in a reign of terror. The difference since 1998 lies in the way violence is no longer a punishment that can be avoided by compliance (e.g., for disobeying Unita, for not paying the tax or not performing forced labor), but is perpetrated for no predictable reason at all. Violence is now random or indiscriminate, and at the same time targeted against civilians. To some degree, it is difficult to assess the extent of the actual violence, as opposed to fear of it. As for the government, they have been implicated in many acts of violence, but are not feared in the same way by the great majority of the populations we are working with.

- There is genuine and nearly universal fear of Unita violence among the IDPs we interviewed, and certainly enough of them who actually witnessed these acts of terror to raise the possibility of killing on a massive scale.
- The violence continues: In the first 12 weeks of 2001, the Kuito hospital performed 68 surgical operations on mine or gunshot victims. In year 2000, there were 290.
- This terror factors into people's own perception of risk (i.e., of resettlement). For instance, in Matala, many IDPs chose not to move to a new camp even though they would have access to land because they feared a Unita attack. Others felt it was safe. When we asked IDPs to explain this difference, we were told that the people who felt it was safe had never experienced a Unita attack – they were the sobas from the outlying bairros which were not attacked.
- In Cangandala, one soba explained that he wanted to stay in the town, right next to the FAA and PNA bases, and did not want to move his people to a bairro a few kilometres up the road.

KU - 29

I think that we were close to Ungundu. This friend of my family stepped on a mine. As soon as it happened, 5 UNITA came out of the bushes shooting in our direction ... they said: "you are the ones, the government troops ... As soon as he said that he shot this friend of my family's in the head. He was badly hurt and could not run. One of his feet and half a leg seemed to be in pieces. My uncle was able to run to the other side of the road and escape ... I tried to run too, but they shot me in the foot. Another one of them approached me and tried to fire at me but it didn't work. - *13 year old boy from the neighbourhood of Chitembo town, Chitembo District), May/00.*

ZH - 3

I went to see my son the very day of the accident. His wound had been cleaned but he told me that he had not received any medication at all, not even pain killers. He told me the FAA were accusing him of having taken the FAA soldier to the mined path on purpose, and for that reason they wouldn't treat him. The following day I returned to the hospital but was refused access to my son, with no explanation. The next day I again returned to the hospital and the officers got angry at me, telling me to go away and not to bother coming to see my son anymore. I later heard from "many other people" that he had been shot dead. I didn't see the body, but if they hadn't killed my son, they would have given the body back to the family as they did with other people that died in the hospital. - *Angolan refugee in Zambia, Jan/00. [Mother of a civilian man who accompanied a soldier killed in the mine explosion and who lost half of a leg.]*

KU - 70

On the 29th of March, this year, I left home alone to go to the fields. Around 11 in the morning I was weeding the grass around my field when I saw a policeman, wearing the full blue uniform, coming in my direction. When he was about 10 meters from me he shot at me. The bullet crossed my right knee. The man did not say a word to me.

I had never seen that man before and I have no idea why he shot at me. Trumba had always been with the government and it was with the government then. At that time, the police was coming very frequently to patrol our quimbo (neighbourhood), more than they ever did before. They were there every day, actually, coming in, and going out and around. The only thing I can think of is that my field was ready to be harvested and every one knows that I don't have a lot of family around. In fact, after I was shot I came to Kuito with all my family and I have no idea of what happened to my field ... I cannot think of any other possible reason; I'm not a member of UNITA, no one from my family is. Yes, maybe the guy was in fact UNITA pretending to be a policeman but, as I said, there has been a lot of movement of police officers and troops in the area so it's hard to believe that UNITA would have come so close, just a few kilometres.

After what happened to me I heard about similar cases. I heard that the police also shot at a young man from Trumba in March. He had both legs wounded by one bullet. I think that some chiefs in the police do consent and even give orders to fire against civilians, and others don't really care". - *Displaced from Trumba Town, Trumba Commune, Cunhinga District), May/00.*

MT - 35 Tchipo04

In Dongo there was no hospital, we used traditional treatments. People also sold medicines in the market.

I fled from Dongo the night that Unita attacked. My husband was a FAA soldier. Unita came and they shot him in the head. I saw it happen. They put a gun to this head and shot him [with tears in her eyes]. I grabbed my two children, a baby, 4 months old, and my one year old. My four year son was running behind me because I couldn't carry him and they shot him. I didn't see it, but they shot him. He was no longer with me, and I had to keep running to save my other children [now with tears running down her face].

[At this stage, the interviewer stopped the interview and tried to console her a little. She was waiting at the health post with her sick child. The other child had died of an illness. She had no family in Tchipopia. It was just her and her sick child.] - *IDP woman from Huila, Feb/01*

MT - 5 Chi005 RRR

Five of my children died there in Chipindo because there were no hospitals or medicines. They were all very small. They were sick because their mother had the sickness inside her and there were no medicines to cure her. I have two children here with me and my wife is pregnant again.

We left our village in a group of 30 people. By the time we reached Kuvango there was 36 people. We arrived there on the 8th Jan 2001. Some people continued to Matala but I and 16 people stayed to wait for documentation. While we were there we were given food and then we were brought by car to Matala.

When we arrived in Matala we were given tents, food, tools and 4 cows. We have a communal field but it is small. We had a meeting with the sobas and government today to ask for more land. We also need seeds. Here we have a health post in this tent, and there, in that tent we will make a school. But we don't want to stay here, we want to move closer to Matala. We told them this in the meeting today. We have just come out of the mata, and now they have put us in the mata again. Here there is no police, no FAA, just us with no arms and our colour is the same. [?]. We don't have any arms here, nothing to defend ourselves. If Unita comes here, that is the end of us, we will all die. And Unita knows where we have gone. They always know, if they want they can find us here.

I was with FAPLA for 10 years, from '78- '88. [[He show me a number tattooed on this forearm, and I asked him if Unita ever saw it.] Yes, they saw it, but I told them it was from when I was fighting for Unita in the old days. [He

laughed and laughed saying and they believed him!!] I am from Bie]] but since that time I left with the FALPA I have never returned. After that I moved to Jamba from '89 to '96. In '97 there was a sort of peace and I moved to Chipindo. I went to live in Village but there I found that there was no peace. Unita was not allowing the people to leave the village, they threatened to kill us if we did. So since that time I have been trapped there.

We suffered there, like the cows suffer when they are ploughing the fields [he said laughing]. Unita would take the food from the people and make them suffer a lot. It wasn't like that when I was with FAA, we were given food or bought our own. Things have changed now, even the way FAA has changed.

One day FAA came to a village. They went to the house of some people and took the women and children. They took them to Jamba, but they took all the men of this house, 4 men and even the 9 year old boy and shot them all. And these men were just farmers there, living on the side of Unita because they had no choice, these men didn't know anything about Unita, but FAA killed them all the same. Some people here wanted to go with FAA but when they arrive they just ran to the mata because they are afraid that they would be killed too.

Unita comes to the village and has a meeting with the people. They tell the people that everyone on the MPLA side is hungry and that they have no lavras. The people believe this and stay there. They told us, "The president of the United States, Bill Clinton, is going to send us arms, so that we can finish this war." [I asked him whether the people believe this.] You have to believe what they tell you, otherwise they kill you. - *IDP man from Huila, Feb/01*

ZH - 6

She was running ahead of me and all I could see was that she had been shot in the head. I kept running for my life. Luckily they did not come after me and I could escape. On my way to the river I saw the dead bodies of around nine children of the village. - *Angolan refugee in Zambia, Jan/00*

ML 28

In their last attack in March 1999, we were taken by Unita. They also took our mother, another women, and our two year old brother. We were taken past Cangandala to a place where we lived with Unita. After some time our mother became sick and died. Right after that, Unita took the two year old to the river and drowned the baby because he was always crying after for our mother. We lived with the other women until one night when we escaped with a group of other people. During the time we lived with Unita we were afraid. We were afraid of being killed as we had seen it happen to many other people. - *Brother and sister IDPs from Malange, aged 6 and 7, Nov/00*

ML 27

Unita? Unita is like grasshoppers . . . they kill everything.

My mother was killed by FAA. She went to the market to sell some tomatoes. Some FAA soldiers started hassling her, asking for some of the tomatoes. Then the military police came, and all of a sudden there was a *confusao*, the FAA and the MPs shooting at each other. My mother was shot. My father took her to the hospital but she died . . . It made me very angry towards FAA - *11 year old IDP boy from Angola, Jan/01*

ML 23 ga020.

FAA arrived in [my bairro] some time in middle 2000. I know that because I was there for Easter. FAA told the people to come with them to Luquembo. Most people went, though some stayed behind. My family left because Unita was coming and was going to take the people of the bairro into the mata with them. It was right then that FAA arrived. Unita did take some people, and followed all of us when we left with FAA.

That same day we started towards Luquembo, FAA indicated an area and told us to sleep. FAA took a position in front of us. Then Unita attacked from the rear and we all fled. FAA fled too. Unita took me and 19 other young men, along with five women. They bound our arms behind our backs and took us away. When we got to a bridge over a rushing river, they shot us, and pushed us in the water, our arms still tied. Though not the girls, who they took with them. I was shot in the backside. . . somehow I managed to get out of the river. I was the only survivor. Unita wasn't waiting for me because they thought we were all dead. I broke my binds and walked alone to Luquembo. [On both arms the boy had scars from where he was bound just above the elbow].

Although I was shot, I walked to Luquembo on my own. There, at the [government] hospital, they could not cure me. They gave me tintura [iodium], but they didn't even have any bandages. They didn't have any supplies. After some time, a military helicopter brought me to the Malange Provincial Hospital. They also brought my mother and brothers and sisters, but my father could not come because his name was not on the list. I haven't seen him since.

From Malange, the family moved to Cangandala because we didn't know anybody in Malange. Here, my aunt had already arrived, from earlier.

My problem is that I don't have any clothing, and that there is not enough food. - *16 year old IDP from Malange, Oct/00*

KU - 30

On December 5th, 1999, I was in my village. Around 2 in the afternoon, approximately 50 UNITA soldiers came and took another 4 men and myself. They made us walk into the bush with them. After a half an hour walk they put us in line, side by side, ahead of them. We had our backs turned to them. They remained about 20m behind us. They started shooting at us. I realised that they were actually killing one man after another. I was the fourth one. When I saw the second one falling on the ground I started running. They shot at me anyway and I was hit in the leg and in the hand. One bullet crossed my left thigh and went into my right groin. The other bullet hit my hand and I lost two fingers. . . . Two of the men died for sure. One of them was the Soba. - *Displaced from [Village], Village of Chipeta town, Catabola Commune), May/00.*

KU - 16

In September 98, UNITA came after the Soba again, but this time they burnt part of the village ... The same day they took four men from the village ... The part of the population who had lost their homes left for Lungundua. The ones who kept their houses stayed. In 1999, the Batidas started in [Village]. In June 99, all the population of [Village] decided to leave for Lungundua to join the others ... After four months in Lundundua we decided to go back to [Village] ... We were rebuilding our houses and our lives when, in March 2000, UNITA set the village on fire again. They had come after the Soba because they wanted him to choose some boys to join them. There were no boys there and they accused the Soba of letting them leave to town. The Soba went to Cuquema to inform the government about the recruitment. UNITA heard about it and some soldiers came after the Soba who managed to escape. So they started taking people from the population and they took 75 people with them to the bush. That same day, at 2 in the morning, they set the village on fire. - *Displaced from [Village] Village, Cuquema Commune, Kuito District), May/00.*

KU - 35

A few days later, when we were still in the bush, close to the entrance to the road to Chipeta, we were surrounded by a group of seven UNITA who took myself, three other men and three women carrying babies ... At first they took us to Catabola town, where the men were put in prison and the women were taken to be their wives. When we got there they said that since we wanted to go to a government area, we were going to be imprisoned. The prison was just a small room, very small, and there were already around 30 other men when we got there. The women were allowed to bring us food once a day. Later, the women told us that the soldiers had raped them when we were in prison.

A few days later, the seven of us were taken to Caiuela, in the direction of Gamba, by three soldiers ... Caiuela is a village in Catabola Commune that had been under the control of the government before and in those days was with UNITA. In Caiuela there was nothing to eat. UNITA made work in the nacas (small cultivation in wet land). The soldiers didn't work at all. They were eating the food that we were producing. The only way to get back to Catabola was to cross the Conjo River, but we knew that UNITA was patrolling the area and if we tried to escape they would kill us. I waited for a few months and in April this year I finally managed to escape at night with my wife. I escaped through the bush on night, up to Camacupa and from there I took the main road passing through Bianque and Catabola until I reached Chipeta. - *Displaced from [Village] Village, Chipeta Commune, Catabola District), May/00.*

KU - 36

I left Trumba in May 99 ... We left Trumba because UNITA was causing too much trouble and were also killing people. They started to come to the neighbourhoods of Trumba, at night, to take people and even kill them. They would take anybody and if the person tried to escape would be shot. They were taking men, women and even children. By the time we left, UNITA had taken people from my neighbourhood and from Chifuluta, another neighbourhood of Trumba. - *Displaced from [Neighbourhood], neighbourhood of Trumba Town, Cunhinga District), May/00.*

KU - 69

On the morning of March 25th, I left Trumba camp with my 13 year old son to go look for wood to fix my house. We were close to Kuito River, in Kuito town, when two FAA wearing uniforms and a third man wearing nice civilian clothes approached us . . . One of the soldiers had an AK and the civilian was holding a catana (very long and wide knife)...

As soon as they came close they started talking to me in Portuguese. As I did not answer they changed to Nbandu. They asked me for my money and I said I had no money on me. They grabbed me and started going through my pockets and

my clothes. They found 18 Kwanzas (equivalent to 3 US) and got very upset. They started screaming at me: "So, we asked you for money and you said you had none. Isn't this money? After all you are a bandit". They started hitting me with the AK, kicking me everywhere when I was on the floor and also hitting me with the side of the catana, which gave me the injuries. As I was trying to protect myself with my hands up, above my head, the sharp blade of the catana hit my hands. I had one finger fractured and a few cuts on both hands. I had to have stitches and surgery. - *Displaced from Trumba Town, Trumba Commune, Cunhinga District), May/00.*

KU - 37

On the morning of April 30th, I left the village to go to my family's field to get a bag of beans and a bag of clothes that I had left there. I was walking back to the village on the main road and at some point I heard some voices in the bushes. I came closer and stuck my head in between the high grass and I was immediately grabbed. I was alone; they were fifteen men. They grabbed my arms and tied them up with a vine rope behind my back. They told me that I was going into the bushes with them and I said I would not go. I reacted physically, trying to get rid of the ropes. So one of them stuck the AK barrel in my back and fired. Then they grabbed my bag of beans and left. - *Displaced from [Vilalge] Village, Cangote Commune, Chinguar District), May/00.*

KU - 38

On March 15th, this year, around 5 in the morning, 8 men from UNITA broke into my house. My family and I were asleep still ... The first thing they did was to take everything out of my house. Then they grabbed me and tied my hands and my arms on my back. They didn't do anything to my wife and kids. They pushed me outside the house and showed me that I should follow them. They stopped in another three houses in my village, and took one man out of each ... After we got this other men we started walking in the bush. At some point, not so long after we had started walking ... they took all my clothes, hit me 60 times with a whip on the buttocks. Then I was hit in my head with the barrel of a weapon and with a knife. I was hit with a knife twice in my face. The others from my village were also beaten, but later on. The other people that they took on the way were not beaten because they came from UNITA areas.

We were taken to Capela, a village on the municipality of Camacupa, x km from [Village], my village. On the way, we stooped in Dungula, Satchingongo, Canjongonvela and Sanduva, villages situated in UNITA areas, to take more civilians. When we got to Capela, we must have been around 45 prisoners, including women and children. They had been taken from the fields. I stayed in Capela for two days and on the third day I managed to run away. During these two days they didn't give me anything to eat. They were constantly threatening me, saying they were going to kill me and the others from my village. They said they were going to tie us stronger, hit us with knives and throw us in the river. We already had our arms and legs tied up. All the men were tied up; only the women and children were free. Fortunately I managed to untie the ropes and escape one night. - *Displaced from [Village], a village of Catabola town, Catabola District), May/00.*

ML 26 ga003

Unita took my lavras. Unita took my clothes. Many years ago, Unita took one of my daughters. I haven't seen her since. - *50 year old male IDP from Malange, Oct/00*

MT - 36 Tchipo05

I came here last week with my sister. We came from Jamba. We are from Kuvango sede. It was just my mother and sister and I. My father died of a sickness. One night Unita came and attacked the town. They took many things from the people and I was taken [by Unita] to carry the things they had taken from the people to their base in Chinoca.

I stayed there for 2 months before I escaped. Nothing happened when I was there. They threatened us if we tried to escape they would kill us. I met a friend there, so we just spent the days walking around together. I was not afraid. After 2 months I escaped. My friend stayed there, because he was born there [son of a Unita soldier]. I escaped by myself. I spent four days and nights in the mata alone, before I reached Kuvango. I found my sister and mother and we left and went to Jamba. We stayed there and my mother died of a sickness. My sister and I left there to Matala and the government sent us here. We have no family here but there is a school and I will do sixth grade this year. - *Young IDP from Huila, Feb/01*

KU - 32

On March 1st, this year, I was sleeping at home with my family when around 4 in the morning, 12 UNITA men broke into my house and took me with them ... We walked for half an hour. I didn't say anything and I didn't resist either ... They told me to sit on my knees and put my arm over a tree trunk on the ground. I obeyed with no resistance and they didn't grab anything or me. Three men remained around me whereas another one hit my forearm twice with a machete. After the second time my forearm and my hand fell on the ground. They told me to stand up and then they did the same thing to my brother. The soldiers said: Because the government troops reached Belo Horizonte you will join them. So,

we will cut off your arms and you won't be able to join them". After they mutilated my brother they said to us: "Go on, go there where you counted on going. Go join the MPLA. - *Displaced from [Village] Village, Gamba Commune, Nharea District), May/00.*

KU - 33

They arrived at my house around 4:30 in the morning and they took me to the bush. On the way they said: "Because you want to go join the government, you will see what UNITA does these days ... They mutilated my brother first and then it was my turn. Because I resisted and was moving so much, instead of just my hand, I ended up losing the forearm also. The man who was holding the machete hit me three times and that's when my forearm fell on the ground. I don't know why they did it to us but they were saying things like: "You stayed with us for so long and we treated you so well. Now you want to leave us. - *Displaced from [Village] Village, Gamba Commune, Nharea District), May/00.*

KU - 9

When the government troops took the town of Belo Horizonte, in January this year, the population from the villages of the Belo Horizonte Commune started going to live in town. That's when my family and I decided to leave for the town ... UNITA had already left the villages and was hiding in the bush. On February 19th, myself and a large group of people left Belo Horizonte early in the morning to go collect food in our fields ... Around mid-day, I was filling bags of beans when I saw five soldiers coming closer. I thought they were government troops on patrol and that's why I didn't run away. But in fact they were UNITA troops. They came closer to me and started beating me up with wooden sticks. Then they tied me up ... He said that they had warned us that if the government came we should not leave for Belo Horizonte. His words were: "We told you that if the government came you could not go to Belo Horizonte. So we are going to cut off your ears because you are deaf. If you could hear well you wouldn't have gone to Belo Horizonte knowing that it is with the government." . . . After they lost Andulo they started warning us that if the government took Belo Horizonte no one could leave to town and the ones who would go to stay with the government could not come back to their fields. But until this happened to me no one really thought that they would go so far ... They tied me up around my feet, my knees and around my wrists too. They put me on my knees and put my hands on a tree branch that was lying on the floor. They separated my hands and one soldier hit me 5 times with a catana (long knife used to cut the bush) in my right forearm and it fell on the floor ... They told me to stand up, and the same guy cut my right ear off and threw it on the ground ... Then they told me to leave, to go away and show it to the others in Belo Horizonte. - *Displaced from [Village] Village, Belo Horizonte Commune, Cunhinga District), May/00.*

KU - 34

We kept on walking and they (UNITA) took me to a small base in Cachinguelele ... At the base they tied my feet, my knees and my hands to a tree trunk. They started beating me up with wood sticks and whips. They were saying: "You are one of those from [Village]. You are the ones who have been trying to attack us". They were hitting me so hard that I fainted ... I opened my eyes and realised that they had moved me to somewhere else ... When I woke up, as I felt no pain, and had not yet seen the blood in my legs. I did not realise that they had cut my scrotum open and my testicles were coming out.

Two of their men escorted me to another ... Upon arrival they took me to the commander ... who asked me if I were from [Village]. I answered that I was from [Village] but was no longer a soldier, that I had quit the army in 1986. After this short interview he said that the others had to take me to other commanders, to a base in Chicala. During the night, blood was coming out but I had no medical care. They just gave me some pieces of old fabric to put around it...

At the base, they took me to see a general named Calutotaen ... He started asking me how many weapons they have in [Village]. I said again that I was no longer with the FAA and he said that I was lying cause I had the perfect age to be in the army ... He said that if I did not tell him the truth I was going to die. He sent two nurses to look at my wounds but they did not clean it nor gave me any medicine. Meanwhile the general was standing there and telling me that if I decided to say the truth the nurses would give me medicine and I would get better. I said again that I knew nothing about weapons...

They put in jail in the base and my wound started to hurt badly. The flies were biting my wound. On the third day ... two soldiers came and told me that I was going to be transferred to Capolo because they had no medicine in Chicala. Around 7 at night, two men came to escort me ... A hundred meters later, we met two other UNITA. A while later two of them said they were going to go look for some food but in fact they started digging the ground ... Just a few minutes later, a man was coming out of a maize grinder and started to shoot at us. We all ran to different directions and that's how I managed to escape". - *Displaced from [Village] Village, Cuquema Commune, Kuito District), May/00.*

KU - 42

At that time, the beginning of September (99), Camacupa was under the control of UNITA. I had saved a bit of sea salt from the times of the government. UNITA did not allow anyone to sell sea salt in the market because that was a sign that the person had had a contact with people who live in the government areas or had gone there. I was not aware of that at all. So, one day I was selling salt in the market and two UNITA came to ask me my name ... That same night, after dinner, two UNITA soldiers came to my home ... They took me to their base, in town. There, they put me in jail with no justification. In jail, there were another two women. The next morning, two commanders came to interrogate me ... Then they gave a paper of approximately 20 cm folded all the way and told me to keep it in my hand but not read it. I was taken back to the room. The two other women had also received a sheet of paper each.

Later on, another two soldiers came to get the papers from us and took us three to a dark room. Each one of us was whipped 50 times. Later that day, another two soldiers came and took us to an area, an open field, where a fire was lit. The soldiers were then asking themselves if they should shoot us dead or not and one replied that it would be a waste of ammunition, that they should just burn us alive. They immediately grabbed the women and threw them in the fire. They burnt their heads, hair and one side of the face, as far as I could see it. Then they did the same thing to me. They grabbed me from behind and threw me in the fire, saying that I could not scream". - *Displaced from [Neighbourhood], neighbourhood of Camacupa town, Camacupa District. This person lost the limbs of two fingers, the mobility of all fingers in one hand and the mobility of one arm. Her chest and face were also badly burnt), May/00.*

KU - 72

After the attack of December 5th 98, part of the Camacupa population remained in Camacupa, specially those who were not civil servants. The town was not totally destroyed but the FAA was taking things from the houses to sell in Kuito like the zinc roofs, the chairs, the sinks. When UNITA was there, there were still chicken, fruits. When the government arrived in December 99 they took everything. - *Displaced from Camacupa Town, Camacupa Commune, Camacupa District), May/00.*

KU - 74

FAA troops also looted houses of civilians as well as government structures. - *Displaced from Catabola town, Catabola Commune, Catabola District), May/00.*

KU - 56

They were coming mainly in the evening to attack the village and steal our things. Sometimes they came during the day also, when people were in the fields, to take our food. Before March 99 UNITA did not steal or rob us ... And then, when part of the population left to the bushes they came to set our houses on fire. They only burnt the houses of those who went to the bushes. - *Displaced from [Village], village of Chicala town, Chicala Commune, Kuito District. [Village] was under joint administration from 94 to 98; UNITA left to Chitembo due to demobilisation. Government was in control until March 1999), May/00.*

ZH - 7

Approaching the village I could see UNITA soldiers preparing food and even pounding maize. I stayed there for a while and saw when later the soldiers took belongings out of the houses and set the houses on fire. - *Angolan refugee in Zambia, Jan/00*

ZH - 8

First UNITA came and accused us of being MPLA supporters. A few days later, around December 10th, they attacked the village. We all ran to the bush desperately. From there we could see them looting and burning the houses. I saw them setting my house on fire. They took the food from the storage [a silo] and burned the storage. My cattle were taken. Only two people were shot in the attack; one of them was my father. - *Angolan refugee in Zambia, Jan/00*

I.C.3 Gender Violence

As seen in these statements, rape appears to be much more prevalent in this recent stage of the war. Arrival in GOA zones of security does not guarantee safety for women.

KU - 60

Before, the FAA did not use to rape women. They have started with this war. Single or married women, it doesn't matter. They brake into the houses, tell the man to leave, threatening him at gunpoint and then they rape the woman. I

don't know any cases of one woman raped by many troops, but cases of women raped by one soldier I know many. - *Displaced from [Village] Village, Kuito Commune, Kuito District), May/00.*

ML 16 ga021.

About one year ago I fled from Village to Kulu Magia because of the conflict. There, I spent 4 to 5 months living in the mata nearby with my husband. We didn't have any kids yet. I worked in other people's fields for pay. I left Kulu Magia when FAA arrived and went to Dumba Quicala. I was there for Easter [2000] and then came here. I had been wanting to come here when FAA arrived.

In Dumba Quicala, Unita would come and demand whatever they wanted. Manioc, goats, fish. You could not refuse. They would round up women and take them to a house and make them be a girlfriend [spoken in an emotional whisper]. If you refused, they would kill you . . . it didn't matter if you were already married, or even old. The did that to me one time. Yes, raped me. - *IDP mother of 2, from Malange, Nov/00*

KU - 61

In the past, the FAA troops did not rape women. It started in 1999. It didn't happen in the towns or in the neighbourhoods or in the villages. It happened mainly when women went to the fields. I know the case of this girl, the daughter of a friend of mine, a twenty-year-old girl, who was raped by 3 FAA troops in 1999 around Catabola. Since then, she has never been healthy again. - *Displaced from Catabola town, Catabola Commune, Catabola District), May/00.*

KU - 62

And the FAA did not behave too much. We know that there is sexual violence against women in the fields of Kuito, around 3 km from here. We know that they do bad things against people. - *Displaced from Chinguar town, Chinguar Commune, Chinguar District), May/00.*

KU - 63

In the Batidas, FAA troops rape the women, even in front of other people. They don't rape the women in front of their husbands. They do it mainly when women go to the fields to work. In 1994 they were threatening the husbands to be able to take the women. FAA rapes mainly during wartime and it is mainly the soldiers that come from far away, like Luanda . - *Displaced from a village of Chipeta Town, Catabola Commune, Catabola District), May/00.*

ZH - 1

They accused me of being part of UNITA and when I started defending myself they shot a weapon close to my feet. They took me back to town with them, as well as a lot of my belongings, that I had to carry myself. I was interrogated (without violence) by a Major, who agreed to free me the next morning and return my belongings. The next day, I was indeed freed, to find out that my house had been completely looted, including all the food and the animals, by 12 FAA soldiers, as well as all the other houses in the quimbo. During the soldier's looting visit to my house, my wife and my sister in law were forced to undress so the soldiers could make sure they didn't have any money hidden in their intimate parts. They actually looked inside their vaginas. My money (2000 dollars and 900.000 Kwasha!!) had already been taken by other FAA soldiers. My family was expelled from the houses in the compound and we went to live with neighbors. My house became a military base where the soldiers would stop from time to time to get animals from the local population and rape women. The soldiers caused a lot of damage to my house: broke all the windows and constantly shot against the walls. - *Angolan refugee in Zambia, Jan/00*

KU - 64

Recently, on April 15th, around eight in the evening, three women were raped by three FAA troops. - *Displaced, one of the Sobas from Cunhinga), May/00.*

KU - 52

Before the population left, UNITA was in the bush. They set up small compounds close to the villages and then they would come to the villages. They would come to take things from people and rape the women. They raped a lot during this period, after they lost Chipeta. From 12-year-old girls up to married women, mothers of a lot of children. There is even this case of two 12-year-old girls that died after being raped by UNITA soldiers. In the past it didn't happen at all, UNITA did not use to rape women. It's after they lost Andulo that they started raping women. - *Displaced from Chipeta town, Catabola Commune, Catabola District), May/00.*

KU - 59

FAA started raping at the same time they started the Batidas. Sometimes they do not rape the women but they make them take their clothes so they can check if the women are carrying money on them. - *Displaced from [Village] Village, Chicala Commune, Kuito District), May/00.*

I.C.4 Indiscriminate Shelling

KU - 53

It was around 5 in the morning when we started hearing the explosions and the awful noise of the shells and mortars falling in town. I think that they were using mortars, mortars, the same things they used when they attacked Kuito in December 98, except that in Chinguar I didn't hear any planes. The UNITA troops came in also and there was a lot of shootings for a few hours.

The fifteen of us left the big room where we were sleeping on the floor, to go hide in the waste pit in the backyard. It was a big whole on the ground and we all went inside. A mortar hit a wooden structure that was close to the whole where we were and a lot of fragments hit us. I had my upper right arm fractured and cut open from side to side. Other 4 people were badly wounded too but no one died in the whole we were. When things were calmer and they stopped bombing, we send someone to the military hospital to get help. - *Originally from Camacupa, this person lives in Kuito and was in Chinguar to buy things to sell in Kuito), May/00.*

KU - 54

In December 5th, 1998, the town was attacked by UNITA, starting at 8:30 in the morning. There were the infantry troops, tanks and a lot of shells were falling in town. The population was not aware or prepared. UNITA was coming from the Northwest. They first attacked the communes of Catabola, passing by Caiuera. That happened three days before they reached Camacupa. I was on vacation, at my house, when I heard the shooting at the airport and we soon realised it was an attack. A few minutes later there was already someone hurt in front of my house. The shells were already reaching the town. We ran out of the house and left everything behind. We had only the clothes we were wearing and I took my little radio also. It was raining hard and the population of Camacupa was running everywhere, but I didn't see any soldiers. We left to the east, to hide in the villages and wait and see if the war would soon be over, but it didn't happen. On our way, we could still hear the noise of the bombs falling in town. - *Displaced from Camacupa Town, Camacupa District), May/00.*

KU - 20

Around 2 in the afternoon on September 5th or 6th, don't remember precisely, UNITA started attacking Catabola. They kept throwing shells in town until 5 in the morning of the day after. As soon as they stopped shelling, I got my wife and my children and we ran away. Everyone was running away from their homes ... I remember that we reached the proximity of Cunje River the same day we left. When we got closer we realised that there was an ambush waiting for us. There were throwing mortars and shells and bullets on us. I didn't see the soldiers. I think they were hiding in the bushes.

The following day, some FAA troops were sent to the area where we had been ambushed for reconnaissance. They found six bodies of civilians that had been shot at or hit by mortars fragments or even killed by knife. When we reached Calumbambe, UNITA was already in Catabola and from there they were throwing mortars against the population that was on the run to Kuito. - *Displaced from [Village], village of Catabola town, Catabola District), May/00.*

KU - 21

At 6 in the morning, on January 12th, this year, I started hearing the bombings. When I came out of the house there was a shoot out going and the mortars were still falling. A lot of people died in town. UNITA was shooting against helpless people. I ran away ... A few hours later, the FAA troops took the town back and we all went back. That's when I saw 8 dead people, 5 adult men and 3 adult women. I think they had been shot at. The next day, we realised that there were a lot of people missing in the population. The troops went looking for them. First they went to Chissamba, in the south of town. There, they found a lot of corpses. In Siri, in the eastern part, they also found dead bodies, and also close to Chimbango River. In total, they found 167 bodies of troops and population. These people had been shot or axed to death. - *Displaced from Chinguar town, Chinguar District), May/00.*

I.D. Forced Labor and Batidas

- In addition to requiring people to provide food, Unita troops frequently require communities to contribute laborers for various tasks, but especially work as porters. People were never paid for this labor, which could last from a day or two to several months.
- Batidas is the name given to incursions of FAA troops during which they loot communities and force the people carry the stolen goods themselves, to a destination chosen by the soldiers. Batidas appear to be a widespread FAA practice, especially since 1998.

ML 45 ga014.

I have been here, in Cassuco bairro, for about four months, living in a house I made. I feel safe. I have access to water from a pump and received blankets and buckets. I have a ration card and I make charcoal. I have access to land for a field but have not yet prepared it because I am busy tending to my sick wife and child.

The decision to come was mine, along with some of my neighbors. I came because I wanted to leave the territory because of the suffering and because I had the chance. [My village] was [under the control of the] government, then Unita, then the government arrived again.

When Unita was there, it was necessary to pay them with bomboj, chickens, goats, and fish. We still had enough to eat. We never had to flee into the woods. In general, I had no real problems with Unita except that they ordered me to work. Sometimes they forced me, other times myself and my wife, which meant that we had to leave the children alone. The soba sometimes negotiated with Unita, so that only one from a set of parents would have to go. Forced work meant carrying things, such as bomboj, fish or arms. It sometimes lasted three days or a week. Sometimes my wife had to pound manioc into flour.

I would like to stay here, even if there is peace. The reason is that it is near the city; there are more things available. - *49 year old IDP father of 3 from Malange, Oct/00*

KU - 65

We heard the shootings and the people from my village ran to the bushes. Usually, when they come for a batida, they shoot to the air in a certain way that after a while we came to identify it, and when people hear it they run away to avoid getting caught. It was not the first time that FAA troops were coming to our village to take us for a batida...

I don't remember how many they were, they were very numerous, certainly more than 50 but less than 100. I ran into the bushes but I had my baby on my back and he started crying. That's how they found me. I was taken, along with a group of another 20 people, to go collect food from the fields that belonged to the population of our village. We were taken at gunpoint. I was later given a 45-kg bag of maize to take up to the FAA base of Caluapanda, in Kuito. To get there I walked for 2 days, with the bag over my head and my baby on my back. There were other civilians and troops in my group, but others also headed other directions.

In my group there was an older man, older than 60 years old, that was given a very heavy bag to carry. Because of the weight he was always behind the group and all the time he had a soldier beating him for that. At some point he couldn't carry the bag anymore and was beaten to death. I saw a soldier hitting him hard with his feet and the barrel of the AK. After that the old man couldn't walk anymore. The civilians were told to keep walking and stop looking, which we did. On the way back I saw the body of the dead man lying on the way, in the bushes.

During the batidas they also took belongings from the people in the village like blankets or cooking utensils. If the population happens to spend the night with the soldiers during the batidas, they separate the men from the women. The women sleep in the same area as the soldiers and at night they rape the women. - *Displaced from [Village] Village, Cuquema Commune, Kuito District, May/00.*

ML 52

I was beaten three times by Unita for refusing to carry things. I could not, the things were too heavy, but they beat me for that, they beat me because I did not do what they ordered. - *Newly arrived IDP from Malange, Oct/00*

KU - 66

Around 9 o'clock, in the morning of January 1st, this year, I was in a river close to [Village], my village ... when approximately 30 FAA troupes approached us. There were also around 10 civilians with them and the civilians were carrying stuff in their heads. As I was the only adult, one soldier told me to get out of the water. I left the water, put a shirt on and this one soldier told me to get a basin of bombo (manioc flour) to carry. He was actually ordering me; the

whole time when he was talking to me he had his AK in his hand and he used it to point out the basin and in just about all his gestures, but he did not have me at gunpoint.

He said I'd carry it up to Chipinho, which is located 4 km before Camacupa and from there on other soldiers would get the things.

As we were walking I found out that they were coming from the villages of Muquinda and Missene and were actually heading to Camacupa. The civilians in the group were from these villages and they had also been required to take the things for the soldiers. Basically they were taking things that belonged to the populations of these villages like chickens, beans and manioc flour. The soldiers were not carrying anything at all.

...They did not shoot at first when we were walking but less than one kilometre later they started again; they were shooting to the ground, just to scare us, to make us feel afraid and to make us go faster. When we came close to a river, just after having walked a little over one kilometre, the ground was slippery and I fell. One soldier came closer to me and said: You don't want to take the things, you have thoughts of running away. And he shot at me, straight in my foot ... and he said that it was because I didn't want to carry the things. They continued walking and left me there, hurt. The soldier who shot at me was drunk... - *Displaced from [Village], Village of Camacupa Town, Camacupa Commune, Camacupa District), May/00.*

ML 17 ga023.

In 1983, I left Mussende because of the suffering from Unita and went to Kimbamba [30km from Malange]. In 1991, the government told the people there was peace and to return to their original areas. When I arrived back in Village, there was no peace but I could not return to the Malange area. We were not allowed to leave by Unita.

From 1992 . . . we lived under Unita. During this time there was lot of suffering. We were forced to give Unita food, 50kg milho per month if single and 100kg per month if married. I was also forced to work in the lavras, prepare fuba and carry Unita's arms and food for up to 1 -2 weeks at a time.

It didn't matter if you were sick, they didn't care, you just had to continue until you collapsed, and then they would beat you, sometimes they even killed people. You would have to carry your own food, plate, water container, and children if they were still on your back. Even if you were carrying food for Unita and you had no more, you did not touch it, otherwise they would kill you.

I did not have to be a 'wife' to the soldiers, I was too old. It was only the young girls of about 15 years old.

In September 1999 Unita took the whole village in to the mata to live and there the suffering was even worse. We didn't have anything. No clothes, no blankets, no salt, no medicines. We would pound the bark of the trees to make blankets. Four of my children died of a sickness, swollen feet, face and stomach, during this time in the mata, because we had no salt. There was nothing I could do.

When FAA arrived in May [2000] I moved to Mussende with all the people from the villages. In August I left with my family to Cangandala . . . with my mother, brother, sister and brother in law, and children. My husband left in '90. We came by foot along the road and stopped in Quilometer 25 for three weeks to earn milho because we heard that there was no food in Cangandala.

I arrived in Cangandala in beginning of October. I registered with PAM and received one distribution of food and seeds for planting milho. I was given communal land by the soba of the barrio. Right now, I'm living in a small grass hut with my children and other family members. - *44 year old IDP mother of 4 from Mussende, Nov/00*

KU - 67

The Batidas from the government started after the government took Chicala. FAA troops came either from Kuito or from Covongo ... When they arrived in the villages, at that time the population was still around, they would grab some of them, distribute them some empty bags, and forced the people to take them to their fields. Once in the fields, the people had to harvest, fill the bags and carry them ... If you refuse they beat you up ... The « porters" had to take the food up the homes of the FAA. Apart from the food, they would also take plates, cooking pots, clothes, salt, etc ...At a certain point they became more and more violent... If they found the owner of a field in the village, they would beat the person up before forcing him to carry his own food in heavy bags up to Cambueio. If someone could not take the heavy bags they would beat up the person. If still the person couldn't take it they would start kicking the person or hitting her with the AK barrel. - *Displaced from [Village] Village, Kuito Commune, Kuito District), May/00.*

ZF - 14

Toute sa famille est ici et son frère aussi.

Je viens d'un quartier à 7 km de Cazombo, sur la route de Cavungo, où je suis né.

C'est depuis 1983 que les Angolais partent de ce coin, mais moi je suis resté. En 91, l'Unita a repris la région, et les problèmes ont commencé. Nous, les travailleurs, nous étions obligés de travailler gratuitement pour eux. En 87, j'ai commencé à travailler comme professeur de 3^{ème} série, et jusqu' 'en 91, j'étais payé. Depuis, nous, les profs, les infirmiers, tous les travailleurs, on doit travailler sans salaire. Ils obligeaient aussi les gens de Cazombo à transporter leurs chargements de nourriture, de médicaments, d'habits et aussi des armes de guerre, de temps en temps, en 93 et depuis 98. Ils arrivaient dans les quartiers, et ils demandaient tant de personnes par quartier. Mais ils revenaient tous, après 5 ou 10 jours, rarement plus.

Moi, j'enseignais le matin, la 3^{ème} classe, j'avais 28 élèves, mais seulement jusqu'en 98, après, j'ai abandonné. J'achetais du poisson, et j'allais le vendre en Zambie, 4-5 fois par an. Il fallait donner une contribution de 1 plat à l'Unita. Je revenais avec du savon, du sel, des habits. Au retour, il n'y avait pas de taxe. J'allais en bicyclette, ça prenait 2 jours et demi. En plus de ça, je cultivais pour ma famille, mais on devait payer une taxe de 5kg de nourriture par personne, environ tous les 3 mois. L'école a terminé dans les quartiers en 98, mais pas en ville, ça a duré jusqu'en juillet de cette année. Jusqu'en août, l'hôpital fonctionnait encore un peu, mais sans médecin. Il y avait des médicaments.

Je suis parti le 12 mai [2000] de mon quartier, j'ai été à côté de Cavungo-Lovua avec toute ma famille. Je suis parti car la nuit, les soldats du MPLA venaient et volaient toutes nos affaires. Moi, ils m'ont tout volé, sauf ma bicyclette qui était dehors. Ils sont venus une fois le 11 avril, et revenus le 12 mai. Là, ils m'ont tout volé et m'ont dit de partir.

Alors, pendant 2-3 mois, la vie a été terrible, car on ne faisait qu'échanger pour manger, on avait beaucoup de mal à trouver à manger.

Ensuite, le 19 septembre [2000], le MPLA est arrivé à Cavungo, alors je suis parti. Car comme ils m'avaient tout volé et qu' 'à cause d'eux mes enfants souffraient, alors je n'ai pas voulu rester du côté MPLA. Je n'ai pas été forcé, certains sont restés. Nous sommes allés jusqu'à Lovua, là, les troupes de l'Unita voulaient emmener la population entière dans la forêt avec eux, mais ils ne voulaient pas, alors tout le monde a été obligé de partir en Zambie.

Nous avons fait 7 jours de marche, le 8^{ème} jour nous sommes arrivés en Zambie à Luau Mission. Durant ces 7 jours, c'est les gens avec qui nous étions qui nous ont donnés à manger.

A Luau Mission, on nous a donné à manger et transporté jusqu'à Mwinilunga. Je suis ici depuis le 2 septembre.

Mes plans ? construire ma maison, et quand l'administration du camp demandera des professeurs, je pourrais travailler. Je ne veux pas rentrer maintenant, seulement quand il y aura une réconciliation, un cessez le feu. Sinon, je ne veux pas rentrer. - *Refugee from Moxico, Oct/00*

KU - 68

During the peacetime they stopped the Batidas but they started all again last year. In 1999 there was an uncountable number of Batidas, one after another. People had to take everything to the homes of the troops. It is mainly the low rank soldiers who do it. People cannot refuse because they threaten you do death if you do. A few died on the way because it was too hard for them. They take people of all ages, even the elder. They take everything they find, even clothing and house objects. - *Displaced from a village of Chipeta Town, Chipeta Commune, Catabola District), May/00.*

ML 24 Cax001

We come from Village. Last week, a group of armed men came to our bairro. They were wearing FAA uniforms. They forced us to take the zinc roofing off our homes. Then they forced us to carry it, along with beds and other household things, to Malange. If you did not carry it, they beat you. It took us four days to bring it here to Malange. Then they told us to leave it, over near the market. Then, on our way back [to home], we were stopped by a FAA checkpoint . . . and told that we couldn't go to our homes. They said we had to go back to Malange. Now, we are waiting to be moved to . . . a resettlement area. Our families are still [back home]. - *small group of IDPs, newly arrived in Malange, Jan/01*

KU - 7

In mid-November, last year, my family and a few other families from my village decided to leave for Kuito. We couldn't stand the government Batidas anymore. We were starting to run out of food. - *Displaced from [Village] Village, Chipeta Commune, Catabola District), May/00.*

I.E. Forced Recruitment

FAA forces depend on conscription. Many sources report the use of violence during forced conscription and the use of underage soldiers. Occasionally, MSF

bears witness to these acts. For instance, a recent *rusga* in Mussende resulted in two victims of gunshot wounds being treated at the health post in Cangandala.

KU - 39

Since May 1999, the forced recruitment by UNITA has become more frequent and for the first time they asked the Soba to get the young guys of the village to join UNITA. Of course the Soba obeyed. He had no choice. - *Displaced from [Village], Village of Belo Horizonte town, Belo Horizonte Commune, Cunhinga District), May/00.*

KU - 40

Since January, this year, UNITA started doing the Quata-Quata (forced recruitment) systematically. During times of quata-quata the men would go sleep in the bushes. In any case there were almost no men aged from 30 to 40 left. The men from [Village] had been almost all taken, either by UNITA or by FAA, depending on who controlled the area. - *Displaced from [Village], Village of Gamba town, Gamba Commune, Nharea District), May/00.*

I.F. Trauma to the Family

- The pattern of immediate displacement (literally, of running for your life) leads to separations, as does systematic abduction of young persons.
- There are no accurate figures on how many families have lost members due to the conflict, but it is hard to imagine any of the families in the areas where MSF works not having suffered some loss, be it from death (disease or violence) or separation.
- There are only minor and uncoordinated efforts to reunite families. This situation is exacerbated by the nearly total absence of national identity cards among IDPs (people often burned their ID cards to avoid raising accusations of being pro-government).

MT - 10 Km9002

We lived in a village two hours from Chicomba Sede. In '92, there was confusion in the sede and FAA fled to Matala. Many people fled with them but in our village there were no problems, so we stayed there. Unita came to our village and we lived there together with Unita until '97. During this time we could not leave. Four of our children died because there was no hospital or no medicines. There was only medicines for them [Unita].

In '97, things changed, there was a sort of peace. People were allowed to travel freely. People could come and go to Matala or go to Lubango. I left with my family and we went to Village. When we were there all our children became sick and my son died, so we left and went to Calaquembe.

In Calaquembe, I was learning to be a priest and was teaching the Bible. In December '98, I went to the horta to harvest potatoes. My wife and two children were with me. My oldest daughter was in the house. When we were in the fields, Unita came and captured us and took us to Chicomba. My daughter was left there. There we lived with Unita for two years. Again there was no school or hospitals. We had no salt, clothes, soap or medicines. They didn't kill people there but sent them to a place far away like a prison. This is where the big chief is and people are taken there to be judged. Some people are killed and others are sent to work like slaves, looking after the cows until they die.

[Were any of your children taken by Unita?] None of my children were taken, only left behind when we were taken. But many of the children of our village in Chicomba were taken by Unita. FAA also has taken many of our children to be soldiers.

In Oct 2000, FAA came to our village and took 40 people. When they came, our daughter [actually not daughter but lived with them because she had been separated from her parents in the past], fled when FAA came. My wife, two sons and I were all taken by FAA to Matala. When we arrived they put us here at Km9. They told us that we were not allowed to leave and stay with family because we are still in the hand of the government and that our families may not treat us well. Some people were happy to come here. We are happy to be here on the side of the government but sad because our daughter was left behind. Many other people have children left there. Some people fled when FAA came because they wanted to stay there with Unita and some people do not want to be here. No one had a choice, FAA just came and took us and brought us here. - *IDP man from Huila, Feb/01*

MT - 9 Km9001

[This was conducted in Umbundu and the interviewer, translator, and both interviewees were confused about where and when, hence times, dates and names of places are omitted.]

We left our village in search of food. We were not going to our lavras, we were looking for mandioca about 16km away. We would go to this place and back in the same day. We were a group of seven women and two men. When we were there, FAA found us and asked us what we were doing, they told us that we could not stay there. They captured us and took us to Matala. It took us two days, one night we slept in a village on the way. We have been here two weeks.

We are alone here, only with the children that we were carrying on our backs. Our husbands and all our other children are still there in the village. We have had no contact with them. We are worried because our children are small and now we can't go back. We can't go back because if we do Unita will kill us because we came here with FAA. They [the families of the interviewees] can't leave because Unita is there. They can only come here if the FAA goes there to get them. Now we don't know what to do. We are happy we are here, because here we have salt and they gave us food and other things, but we have no family here. If I had money I would go to Caluquembe because I have family there. [The second said] I would go to Benguela because my family is there.

[First one] I don't know if I will see my children again, if god believes, one day I will see my children again. -
Two IDP women from Huila, Feb/01

ML 41 am002

We had to share half of our lavras with Unita. If we refused, Unita will kill us. Also, Unita puts mines between where we live and our lavras.

I have been staying in Village for one month, living in a house with my brother. There are many newly arrived people there from Mussende, living in grass huts. I don't have a cartao and there is no food distribution [there]. Most of the road is mined and vehicles cannot get to the village. There is food in the lavras but not enough because of all the new people. There are maybe 100 –200 new people who have arrived from Mussende [November 2000].

I came by foot through the mata to Village with my brother and child. Before leaving Mussende one of my children died. One other child, I could not find him when I had to flee, so my husband remained in Mussende. I do not know if they will come to Village. I don't know not know if I will ever see my husband or little boy again.

It took six days through the mata to reach Village. We met some Unita soldiers along the way, and they took everything I was carrying: food, pots, clothes etc. Most people seem to heading through the mata, north - east to Kibinda, because the area is mined in the north leading to Rio Cuanza.

Many people from Mussende are still dying there, weak after traveling from Cuanza Sul. The situation in mata near Mussende was becoming a lot worse over the last month or two. Recently, a lot more Unita have arrived, forcing the people to give them food, leaving the people with nothing. Unita will kill you if you complain about no food or the lack of salt.

Unita lives around the outside of the barrios. They do not let anyone leave. People are killed if they are caught leaving. There is a lot of killing, particularly with machetes. I know four people who were killed by Unita with machetes just before I left. I was also threatened myself that they would kill me if I didn't give them food.

In Mussende [town], a lot of people are also dying as there is not enough to eat. Lots of people with swollen feet. Everyone wants to leave but they can't and they are afraid. - *Young IDP mother of 2 from Cuanza Sul, Nov/00*

MA - 2

My husband is in Malange with one of our children, my brother and nephews. I am in Luanda with the rest of our nine children, this is not our home. My children are all over the place in Luanda, one here one there, and I move living with people for a few days - my family is separated - this is not good. My life is my family and my church and both are far from me and I am far from them. *Woman from Malange, June/99.*

MT 12

[Interviewer began this interview when another women entered. They were sitting in a jango which was used for communal cooking. They continued talking and then the other woman joined in volunteering her story also.]

Women IDP from Huila, Feb/01

I was taken by FAA when they came to our village. They just came into the village and took many people. They didn't say anything to us, just that we had to go with them. My husband was in the lavras so he was left behind. This child [referring to a small children drinking from her breast] was with me. My other two children, about 5, 10, are in Lubango. They went there to live with my brother in Lubango, when they were left behind in Caluquembe, when my husband and I were taken by Unita to Chicomba in '99. We have been here for 3 months but I want to go back to my family in Caluquembe, but I have no money to get there. I have no family here.

Women IDP from Huila, Feb/01

I, too, was taken when FAA entered the village like her [referring to the other women.] My husband and three children were all taken together. I have 3 other children that are in Caluquembe. I am from a village two days walk from Caluquembe. One day FAA went to the village and there was a lot of fighting between FAA and Unita. We all fled and my three oldest children and I were separated. We fled to the mata and tried to find them. My husband, my three small children that were with us, were caught by Unita and taken to Chicomba. Since I arrived here, someone has told me that my three other children are still alive and are living in Caluquembe Sede. Before this I had had no news from them, I thought they were dead. Now that I know that they are there, I am missing them so much. I am desperate to go there and find them but I have no money either.

ML 5 RRR

I lived and grew up in Village. Both my parents died of a sickness when I was young. After that, I lived with my cousins, uncle and grandfather. I had a brother, but he was taken by Unita when he was about 12. I heard that he escaped and is in Luanda but I haven't had contact with him.

Some time in '98, Unita came and attacked our village. My uncle was shot dead by Unita in the house. I was taken outside and ran and hid in the long grass near the house with my cousins and grandfather. At first we fled to the mata on the side of the road, but we saw lots of Unita soldiers and went further into the mata. Then bombing started in the town and we moved again. We thought the bombing was Unita. When we realized it was FAA bombing not Unita, we returned to the town in a small group. In total we spent about a month in the mata. I was very afraid during that time. When we returned to the city, we made bomboj and were able to take a lift to Malange.

When we reached Malange, I lived in a house with my cousins and grandfather. One of the cousins was working, so he provided the food. [[I spent maybe a year there until my grandfather died and I went to live with the Sisters in Malange. After a month or two, they moved me to the Sisters in Lombe. I've been here for less than 10 months.]] - *12 year old IDP orphan from Malange, Nov/00*

II. FORCED DISPLACEMENT

II.A. General

Forced displacement affects almost a third of the Angolan population, far more than anywhere else. According to a recent UN report, 3.8M Angolans have been displaced, and 2.6M since January 1998. Of those, over 500,000 are believed to be displaced in areas inaccessible to international agencies, and almost 400,000 still live in IDP camps and transit centers. (Deng Report, Jan/01). See also Observation Point 2 of the introduction.

- Numbers of displaced are continuously increasing. For example, OCHA reports state that there were over 29,000 new displaced in Bie province in February and March 2001.
- Many displaced are living among the resident population, causing crowding and hardship. In Kuito, MSF home health visitors estimate as many as 40,000 IDPs living among the resident population, in addition to approximately 100,000 in the IDP sites.

MT - 46 Vis006

We were living in a barrio 2km from the [Chipindo] Sede and FAA came and advised us to leave and go to the mata. If they hadn't, I surely would have died. I am old and I can't go quickly. I left with my daughter, her husband and three

children. FAA was also with us. We didn't stay long there. We could hear the gunshots and the bombs; we could see the houses burning and my daughter's husband said that we must leave.

When we arrived in Matala we had nothing. We didn't bring anything with us. We stayed in a center there for a week and registered with the government. We didn't receive any food -- it was only the people who had some who shared it with us. All the people there from our barrio came here [Vissaca camp], so we did to.

I lived in Chipindo until '88 when we fled from the war. We were always suffering there, we couldn't stay any longer. We went and lived in Namibia. There, my husband was working as a teacher. After he died life was very difficult because it was very expensive to live there. My daughter's husband was a fisherman but he didn't earn enough for all of us, so we left and went to Dongo. In Dongo we had a lavra and cows. Life was almost normal.

I have no sons. They all died when they were very young. I had 9. All sons but they all died of a sickness. There was a hospital in Chipindo, it belonged to the church. I can't remember very well but it had lots of medicines and material, there was just no possibility to help my children. I just didn't have luck.

The colonial times were very, very good. We stayed well and had a lot to eat. I would like it very, very much if they came back. I don't know if this war will end. I don't know these sorts of things. But we are thankful for the foreigners who have come here and who have brought us food. - *Elderly IDP woman from Huila, Feb/01*

KU - 15

The suffering was too great ... We couldn't stand being robbed and threatened all the time (by UNITA). That's when we decided to leave, in January 99. On the top of that ... they (UNITA) started killing people. One morning we heard shootings close to my house. My brother ran to his place to protect his belongings ... They followed him and fired twice. He was killed immediately ... One week later they killed my nephew ... Part of the population left to Cuquema and Chilamba ... My family and I went to Cuquema. There, we managed to eat but we were cultivating someone else's land and it needed fertilizer. In Capaio our piece of land was very fertile. So we decided to go back to [Village] ... In September we went back but [Village] was burnt. We went to the bush, to Chitumbaca, a few kilometres from [Village] ... On January 1st, 2000, we were gone the whole morning and when we came back all the houses, about 15 of them, were burnt. So we decided to go somewhere else, close to a small stream called Chitambeleca. We were there for only one month because once again the ten houses we had together were all burnt, in the beginning of February. We walked for two days in the bush until Kuito. - *Displaced from [Village] Village, Chicala Commune, Kuito District), May/00.*

ZF - 1 Mwin01

Je suis ici avec toute ma famille, je travaillais dans les champs.

Je suis originaire de Lovua, au Nord de Cazombo, d'où je viens.

A lovua, nous vivions bien. Mais la guerre fait souffrir les gens. Je cultivais sur mes terres du maïs, des haricots noirs, du manioc et des patates douces. Tout ce que je produisais était pour moi, pas pour vendre. Il n'y avait pas de taxe à payer.

Mes enfants n'ont pas été à l'école, car il n'y avait pas d'école. IL n'y avait pas non plus d'hôpital, nous nous sommes soignés avec des remèdes traditionnels, des plantes.

Je suis parti de Lovua le 17 septembre [2000], nous avons été directement à la mission de Luau. Nous avons marché pendant 2 jours et ensuite un camion nous a emmenés ici à Mwinilunga. Nous avons fuit car les soldats du MPLA sont arrivés, enfin, ils arrivaient alors nous sommes partis. Ils venaient de Cazombo, et des gens arrivaient de Cazombo en fuyant. Nous sommes partis comme ça, très vite, sans rien prendre, ni couverture, ni matériel de cuisine, rien.

Beaucoup de gens sont partis avec nous, les seuls qui sont restés sont ceux qui ont été attrapés par le MPLA, mais moi je ne les ai pas vu.

Moi, je suis parti avec toute ma famille, mais la nièce de mon beau-frère est restée là, je ne sais pas ce qu'elle est devenue.

Oui, quand nous sommes partis, nous voulions aller à Maheba, nous savions qu'il y avait un camp pour les réfugiés là-bas.

En arrivant à Luau Mission, nous avons reçu de la nourriture et un camion nous a emmenés ici. Avant, non, nous nous débrouillions tout seul.

Oui, nous avons été un peu malades, des diarrhées et des fièvres, mais rien de grave.

En ce qui concerne Lovua, je sais que l'ennemi a pris la ville, mais je n'ai pas d'autres nouvelles.

Oui, je voudrais rentrer à Lovua, le plus rapidement possible, je ne souhaite pas rester en Zambie. - *Refugee from Moxico, Oct/00*

MT - 44 Vis004

Life is difficult here [Vissaca camp] because we are hungry and the food we receive isn't enough to feed the family and we have no land to make lavras.

We don't want to go there on the other side of the river to Njavei. The people that moved there are the ones from the barrios. They are not afraid because they didn't experience the attack [in Dongo]. Unita came into town and passed the barrios on the outside of town. These people fled to the mata and then after 4 days the fighting was over and the enemy had retreated, they returned to their barrios because they still had everything. But, we, the people from the center of town, had nothing. They took everything and burnt all our houses. We didn't even go back to have a look, it was not worth it. We came directly to Matala.

There are many, many people still there [Dongo area], many more than here. Now they are starting to rebuild in the centre of town. Since the attack there has been no more confusion, but it still not the time to go back. People are still afraid. - *IDP man from Huila, Feb/01*

KU - 55

People decided to leave the village because of UNITA's constant confusion. Since January 1999, they started to rob and steal our food, our clothing and our utensils systematically. They took everything we had. - *Soba/Displaced from [Village] Village, Chicala Commune, Kuito District. [Village] was under UNITA control from 92 to 98. The government came and left in 1998. UNITA took over, May/00.*

MT - 32 Tchipo01

The MPLA and Unita were both in Kuvango before the elections. Afterwards, there was fighting, and FAA tried to take the town but couldn't. Finally, FAA took it in August 1993. Then Unita took it in 1999.

Unita attacked Kuvango and its bairros in the middle of the night. They outnumbered the FAA, so FAA couldn't protect us.

I woke up to shooting. There was no time to do anything except run. I grabbed my child and one *pano* to strap her on my back but left everything else – clothing, food, etc. We ran in the direction of Jamba. Other people ran in the direction of Menongue.

I was very afraid . . .

When we ran, we ran fast. Then we walked, slow, so that we could see if there was anybody coming to take us. We decided to leave Kuvango because Unita stayed after the attack, with all our things.

We went to Jamba. It took about two days. Some went with FAA. Others just went on their own. I was in a group with 16 people and there were 6 FAA tropa with us. We didn't have any problems on the road but the children were hungry and nobody had any food to give them. It was very hot, and it was hard to find water. We had to drink from lakes.

When we arrived in Jamba there were a lot of IDPs already there. We stayed for two weeks. We stayed in the town during the days, trying to find food. At night, like a lot of people, we went to the mata to sleep, because we were scared Unita was going to attack. We made beds from branches and leaves and slept on the ground, under trees. MINARS had a big building, but it was completely full with IDPs who had arrived earlier. They gave out some food, and we got some sometimes.

Then there was an attack on a nearby bairro of Jamba. Unita killed some people and then left. That's why we went to Matala. After three days in Matala, we went to Vissaca, but there was not enough water there. The deslocados there split up, and the ones from Kuvango came here to Tchipoia. - *Young IDP mother from Huila, Feb/01*

ML 6 ml004.

FAA arrived in the village and found no Unita. Unita was camped further on, in a place called Campo Suinjuge in Kiwaba N'zogi. FAA asked me to provide them with someone to lead them. I complied with the request and gave them my two sons. The boys lead them to Unita and there was an attack for three days, after which FAA retreated back to the village. FAA told me that it was unsafe to remain in the village and that we all should leave. FAA then took all the goats

and chickens from the village including 25 chickens from me personally. We were then given a small escort of FAA soldiers to Malange, but were also made to carry a wounded soldier. I am not very happy with FAA. - *Story of a soba in Malange, Nov/00*

ZF - 7 Mwin07

Toute ma famille est ici. Je suis technicien de physiothérapie, je me suis formé à l'hôpital de Cazombo. Je viens de Cazombo où j'habite depuis 3 ans, mais je suis originaire de Catabola, dans la province de Huambo. J'ai travaillé à l'hôpital de Cazombo, mais on n'était plus payé, alors je travaillais dans les champs. Je cultivais des oignons, des tomates, du Mais, des haricots noirs, de la patate douce, de la canne, j'avais aussi une chèvre et des poulets, dans un site à 5 km de Cazombo. Le mais, c'était pour ma consommation personnelle, le reste je le troquais ou le vendais.

Les enfants allaient à l'école de temps en temps, on payait nous-mêmes les professeurs.

J'ai quitté Cazombo le 17 septembre, j'ai abandonné ma maison comme ça. Nous avons été informés que nous devions partir, car la guerre arrivait de Luena. Nous sommes partis avant les bombardements, 2 jours après, en chemin, nous avons entendu les bombes sur Cazombo.

Je suis parti avec ma famille et d'autres personnes. En fait, tout le monde est parti. Nous avons marché 12 jours jusqu'à Luau Mission. La majeure partie des gens avec qui j'ai fui sont ici. Pour manger, nous avons fait du troc sur la route contre de la nourriture.

Une partie des gens qui sont partis de Cazombo ont été rattrapés par l'ennemi et ramenés à Cazombo, je ne sais pas ce qu'ils sont devenus. Nous allions en Zambie, oui, mais sans savoir ce qui allait nous arriver.

Nous avons reçu des aliments à Luau Mission (du maïs, du sel, des haricots, du fuba) et on nous a emmenés en camion. Nous sommes arrivés ici le 1^{er} octobre. Depuis, nous avons reçu une autre fois de la nourriture. J'ai souffert beaucoup d'insultes, parce que les gens pensent que je suis soldat de l'Unita. Beaucoup de gens ne sont pas venus ici à cause de ça, des insultes. Maintenant, c'est pas possible de rentrer en Angola. Je suis fatigué par la guerre et cette situation. Certains sont restés à la frontière à cause de ces insultes.

J'ai perdu ma jambe en 86 dans la province de Moxico en cultivant. J'ai été soigné à l'hôpital de Cazombo.

Il est parti de Huambo en 74, jusqu'à Bié, puis jusqu'à Moxico. - *Refugee from Moxio, Oct/00*

II.B. Immediate Flight - Leaving All Possessions

One of the features of forced displacement is that people literally run for their lives, with no time to plan or prepare. A major consequence of this is that when IDPs arrive in a safe area, they lack everything: food, shelter and land on the one hand, but also cooking materials, clothing, and items for exchange on the other. Humanitarian assistance often does not cover these non-food items.

MT - 43 Vis003

We came here with all the others in August '99. We fled from the war. The enemy came in the night when we were sleeping and made a lot of confusion. They came right into the town and killed many people. I grabbed one of my children and fled to the mata, there was no time to bring anything else, you just had to guard your life. This is the only thing you think about. We slept in the mata for two days but we didn't go back to the town, they were fighting there for 4 days. There was no point to go back. Our house was burnt and we had nothing left. We walked for two days until Cajangite, where the government trucks came and picked us up. And now we are here in Visacca but there is a lot of suffering. The problem is that the food that PAM gives us is not enough. It's not enough for the whole family to last 30 days. Life here is not good, we are living here with hunger.

We don't want to go there to Njavei. It's not safe. Being there in Njavei is like being in Dongo. The enemy can go there. Here, it is alright because they can't cross the river.

This was not the first time they attacked but this time they came into the town and burnt all the houses. Other times, before, they would come and take everything from the house, everything you had, clothes, pots, food, everything.

In '93 when Unita was there, there was a lot of suffering. We didn't have any salt, oil, clothes or soap. During this time they would kill people by tying rope from the trees and put it around their neck and leave the people hanging there in the trees. - *IDP man from Huila, Feb/01*

MT - 26 Njav005

[The interviewee is a soba]

I had 175 people in my charge in Dongo, before the Unita attack. Here in Njavei, there are only a few. Some fled to Matala and others returned to Dongo. Now we are split up. Some stayed in Matala, others are in Vissaca. Some came here.

I came here with my family in September 2000, from Vissaca. I had been there about one year. I went from Dongo to Matala, where we stayed only a few days before going to Vissaca. We didn't have lavras in Vissaca. Nobody did. The land was already occupied. For survival, the government gave us food every month. Some people also worked in the fields of the residents. Some cut wood.

I left Vissaca because the government said that there wasn't enough food, and they were going to have to reduce the amounts given out. We weren't divided by the government, though. They said that if we came here, there would be land for us to farm. Some people still stayed because they were afraid to move. The rest came here.

[In response to question] I said that it was the government who gave us food ... it was PAM. It is about the same thing because PAM has close relations with the government.

We left Dongo because of the Unita attack on the town. Most of the people ran away; only some stayed. The attack was sudden, at 3 o'clock in the morning. They surrounded our bairro and were shooting. They were burning the houses. I left right away, with only the clothes I was wearing. My wives and my children went in all different directions. Everybody just ran. A little later, when we were in the clear, I could see our houses burning. I was frightened because my family was all separated. I started asking people if they had seen my children and wives and that's how we got together again. I don't know why they attacked us.

There were lots of people in Dongo. Lots. Some returned, but the rest came. There were many of us who arrived in Matala. It was 14,750 from this attack. The people from in the town [of Dongo] couldn't take anything. Those from the bairros outside were able to go back and take clothing, cattle, and stuff.

Some of the 14,000 people went to Vissaca, and the rest went to Tchipopia. We received a distribution of corn, beans and oil about a day after arriving in Vissaca. But we didn't get any plates, pots, or soap until November. In between, we had to borrow them from people who managed to bring them.

The main problems here are the lack of plows and cattle. I don't know the price of a plow now, but it used to be about 3 sacks of corn. Another problem is the health post. It works, and the medicines and consultations are free, but it is not open at night, and nobody stays here in the camp. In case there are emergency cases, there is nobody to see, and there is no transport to Matala. - *IDP man from Huila, Feb/01*

MT - 39 Tchipo008

[Interview of two brothers, aged 15 and 17. The 15 year old spoke first]

We left Kuvango and went to Jamba with our mother and father and older brother. We heard that Unita was coming, so we left and came to Matala, and then we came here to Tchipopia.

In Kuvango life was almost normal. We both went to school and were studying in 4th class. Our father had 5 cows and a lavra with lots of food. We were never hungry. One month before the attack, Unita was around Kuvango. They were near our lavra and we weren't able to go there, so we were suffering so much from hunger.

The attack was a surprise for everyone. It was a Saturday night and many people were out dancing. We knew that there was some Unita about, but it was thought that there was just 5-6 people attacking people when they went to the lavras, so no one was worried about them entering in the town. Life went on as normal.

They attacked in the night. There was lots and lots of shooting and bombs too. Only FAA had tanks but after about 4 hours when, FAA retreated, Unita took them and continued to bomb the people. There were lots of Unita soldiers there, we saw many. There were 2000 and General Bok [added the other boy]. When we fled, two of our little brothers, about 5 and 7, who were running behind us were killed and another three, two young girls and one young boy, were taken by Unita. We haven't heard anything about them since. But they took many young boys and girls, like us, and they are still there.

[17yr old] We all fled in different directions. I fled across the river to the other side and hid in the mata. The water was up to here [pointing to his neck]. I stayed in the mata alone from [4:00 in the morning until 4:00 in the afternoon], when I found my family in the mata. They thought that I, too, had been killed.

[15yr old] I just ran. People were running everywhere. I couldn't see where my older brothers had gone, but I turned around when I was running and saw that my two younger brothers had been shot. They were both lying on the ground, I didn't stop. I knew they were dead. I just ran, I didn't know where I was running but after this I didn't stop or look around. When I reached the mata I was alone for a while, but then some people found me and showed me where my mother and father were. We stayed there waiting for the others to arrive. But only the two of us came. - *IDP brothers from Huila, Feb/01*

II.C. Displacement to the Mata: a Routine for Survival

- See point 4 of the introduction.

MT - 45 Vis005

No way, I'm not moving again. I spent my whole life running away to the mata and returning to find nothing. I can't remember how many times. No, I don't want to go back to do this again. Here I can sleep without worrying if the enemy will come. Here life is calm, tranquilo. - *Elderly IDP from Huila, Feb/01*

ML 43 ga012.

My village was surrounded by Unita and people were not allowed to leave. If Unita caught you running away, they would kill you. I know this happened to some people in nearby bairros.

When I was young, I would flee into the woods to avoid recruitment. All the youth would flee, but not the adults. Unita would beat the fathers to find out where their sons and daughters were. I had to flee like this about four times.

Under Unita, you had to give 1 shikishiki of bomboj every 2 weeks. Sometimes, some goats. Unita gave nothing in return. Unita troops were poor, and they didn't have anything themselves. Unita made a school, but my daughters could not go. One daughter was too small and the other had to flee into the woods because of her availability. How many times? Many. [note: the daughter appeared to be about 13 at the time of the interview]. Unita ran a health post with traditional medicines in Bembo.

I have a ration card and intend to make a field as soon as I get tools and seeds. I didn't get any land yet though. To get money, I sometimes go to Senji (bairro), where I get paid to transport a sack of bomboj back to Cangandala. The pay is four plates of bomboj and it takes about 6 hours.

I came to Cangandala in December 1999 with my Uncle and children. We live in the house he built. We came because of Unita. Unita was taking people and forcing them to transport bomboj to their bases. Then FAA arrived and asked us to come. We were given a departure day. FAA said that it was going to leave, and if we did not come Unita would return and kill us. We came on foot, with the whole village and a FAA escort. We couldn't bring more than a few light things. We came to Cangandala because other people from our area stayed here. Also, FAA said to come here. I prefer these bairros over going to the city, because it is hard to get food in the city.

After there is peace, I would like to return. - *35 year old IDP mother of 3, from Bembo, Oct/00*

ML 34 bd003.

I came to Malange [in December 1999]. FAA came to our area and told us to get our belongings from the mata. For people with places far away, it wasn't possible to get anything. I didn't succeed in bringing anything. After that, I went to Combondo on foot, with FAA as an escort and everybody else from the village. It took about four days. Then there was a car to transport us to here. In the end, there were no problems on the way.

I had to go to the transit center because there was no money for renting and I don't have any family in Malange. I've been in this center ever since.

In the transit center, nobody has distribution cards. I was never registered at any time. PAM said that they would supply seeds and hoes but this was only a promise, and they didn't say when. To earn money, I carry water from the river to the city. I make 3 kwanzas per trip, but my maximum is only 10 kwanzas per day. It is not enough, but it helps. My kids all go to PICs, although the number of days of attendance depends. Most of the kids in the transit center eat at the PICs. It is the only assistance we get.

Our area came under the control of Unita when my daughter was born. She's about 10 now. There was much suffering. I fled many times into the mata. We were constantly fleeing into the bush. Unita was looking for women, even those with children. Sometimes I would stay in the mata for one night, sometimes just for a while during the day and then we would sneak back into our house at night. The children of the bairro would see Unita coming and warn everybody. There was no time to do anything except run immediately into the mata. While we were hiding, Unita would steal nice things, like clothes, blankets, and plates. At least, they didn't burn our homes.

Under Unita, during some periods we were allowed to go into Caculama, during other periods, circulation was forbidden. In 1999, mostly we were not allowed. There were many points of control. Some people got salt from the traditional salt areas. Unita just asked for food and I gave it. There was no specific amount, but it came out to about a plate of fuba per week . . .

[Did Unita provide anything to you?] [Laughter] Unita had salt, but not the people. Otherwise, Unita, they are like children, they don't have anything to give at all.

Long ago, I heard Unita speaking about the future they would bring to Angola, but I never paid attention. - 39 year old IDP woman from Malange, Oct/00

ML 4 ml003.

In Kiwaba N'zogi there was no health post. Lots of people were sick. There were children dying who had swelling and changing colour of their hair.

FAA came 3 months ago and attacked but Unita pushed them away. Unita blamed the people for showing FAA where they were, so they were capturing and killing lots and lots of people. Since then the people have been living in the mata. We built grass huts and returned to the lavras for food. We were just waiting for FAA to come back. FAA returned and there was fighting for three days. I don't think any civilian people were killed because we were all living in mata. Then FAA came and told the people it was safe to come out of the mata . . . My family came here with an escort from FAA. It was a three day walk. We couldn't leave before because without the escort, we would be killed along the way.

I originally came from Village . . . In 1992, after the elections, I fled Village and came to Malange with my five children. My husband was already dead. I stayed in Malange, living in my uncle's house until 1997, when the government asked people to resettle in Lombe. In the beginning, I went to Lombe with only the baby in order to build a house. The other children stayed in Malange with my uncle. One day, Unita came and took 7 people, including me. They were heading for Campo Suinjige but I was sick so they left me in Kiwaba N'zogi with the soba. They told him to bury me if I died. I've never had contact with my children again.

I lived in Kiwaba N'zogi for three years, being a slave to Unita, cooking, washing, carrying things. I suffered a lot; I had nothing.

I would like to try and find my children in Malange. If it was safe I would like to return [home]. - 38 year old IDP mother of 5, newly arrived in Malange, Nov/00

II.D. Lives of Displacement

For many IDPs, arriving in a zone where MSF works is the final step of a long journey that involved multiple forced displacements or lives lived on the move.

ML 15 ga029.

Unita started maiming people on the paths to the fields [in Mussende], making it impossible to leave. They even cut people's chests open and took out their heart . . . Before going out to the fields I had to pray for my safety.

In the mata, there was no place to stay. Only moving. Sometimes we would stay one day. Other times two days. Sometimes we just kept going all day . . . In the mata, my son who was 2 months old had trouble breathing for several days and then he died. - 38 year old IDP from Cuanza Sul, Jan/01

DJ 4

Le 28 août 84 nous avons été emmenés par l'Unita de Catata jusqu'àprès la rivière Cunéné. Nous sommes restés à Chiange. Une dizaine de *bairros* de Catata ont été emmenés là-bas. L'Unita nous emmenait là-bas pour renforcer toute sa logistique. En fait ils nous emmenait là-bas pour renforcer leur logistique de guerre.

Le 11 octobre 84, fatigués de cette vie de nomade, car nous nous déplaçons constamment, nous avons décidé de nous rendre auprès du gouvernement. Nous avons donc fui jusqu'à Nauàba dans la province de Lubango. Là-bas, nous avons été sous la surveillance du commando de sécurité de l'armée. Le 11 novembre 84 les troupes gouvernementales nous ont ramenés à Catata.

En septembre 1986 nous avons fui les attaques de l'Unita et les offensives des troupes gouvernementales. Catata devenait en effet un vrai champ de bataille la nuit tombée! Nous nous sommes alors réfugiés à Caconda dans un quartier appelé Dengue. J'y ai construit une maison que j'ai vendue en 88. Nous avons dû repartir car il n'y avait pas de conditions pour faire manger les enfants.

Après cela nous sommes allés à Noioma dans la région de Kuima. C'était en 1988. Le CICR était présent sur cette région et j'ai bénéficié de leur distribution. J'avais le statut de personne déplacée. Après six mois le gouvernement nous a dit qu'il fallait que l'on rentre chez nous. Je suis donc rentré avec toute ma famille à Catata. Dans ma vie j'ai construit 18 maisons. C'est ce que l'on peut considérer une vie de nomade. La plupart des maisons ont été construites lorsque j'étais sur les zones contrôlées par l'Unita. Si tu dors ici aujourd'hui, demain tu dormiras dans un autre endroit. Avec l'Unita on construisait des maisons tous les deux trois jours.

Le 13 juillet 99 mes neveux ont été tués par l'Unita en tentant de fuir. Après cela, n'étant en sécurité ni avec l'Unita ni avec la *tropa*, nous fuyions les deux côtés. Car les *tropas* comme l'Unita menaçaient puis tuaient les personnes qui ne se décidaient pas à venir de leur côté. Ils venaient nous chercher dans la *mata*! Car en fait, lorsque la *tropa* faisait des offensives sur Catata nous nous réfugiions dans la *mata*.

Cette vie de fuite perpétuelle nous l'avons menée pendant 5 mois, jusqu'au moment où nous avons décidé de nous rendre. C'était le 15 novembre 1999. Lorsque je suis arrivé à Kaala il n'y avait plus de place pour ma famille à l'Engenharia. Nous avons donc loué une chambre chez les personnes résidentes, à Mangumbala. C'était très difficile car il fallait payer un loyer et nous n'avions pas d'argent. Mais lorsque l'on m'a dit qu'à l'Engenharia il y avait beaucoup de gens qui mourraient de maladie, car les conditions de vie étaient très rudes, je me suis dit que c'était mieux pour moi et ma famille que nous restions à Mangumbala. Mais c'était à un prix ! Tous mes enfants ont dû travailler. Nous allions chercher du bois pour le revendre au marché de Kaala.

J'ai quitté la maison de Mangumbala le 11 août 1999, date à laquelle nous nous sommes installées à Cantão. Je n'ai pas entendu la description du lieu fait par l'administrateur car je n'habitais pas à l'Engenharia. Ce qui est sûr c'est que je suis mieux ici car je ne suis plus obligé de payer un loyer. Toute la famille continue néanmoins à travailler mais l'argent que nous rapportons nous sert uniquement à acheter de la nourriture. Nous allons chercher le *capim*⁵ pour le vendre aux autres déplacés car ils en ont besoin pour construire les toits de leurs maisons.

J'aimerais bien pouvoir rentrer bientôt chez moi. Là-bas j'avais une plantation d'oranges, de plus de 250 pieds, et cela me rapportait suffisamment d'argent pour vivre et faire de projets. Mais en mars de cette année j'ai remarqué que la *tropa* revendait sur le marché de Kaala des oranges venant de Catata. Ce sont certainement mes oranges! Donc il faut que je tienne encore un peu ici car j'ai l'impression que la *tropa* a détruit toute ma plantation! - *IDP from Huambo, Sept/00*

ZF - 20 Maheb09

À partir de 83. En arrivant là, l'Unita a repris la ville, on a été obligé de fuir dans la forêt. En 84, je me suis réfugiée au Zaïre, avec mon oncle, le frère de ma mère. En 94, nous sommes revenus en Angola, à Jimbe. J'étais au Zaïre avec ma mère, mon père était resté à Jimbe et il est mort quand nous étions au Zaïre. Alors nous sommes retournés à Cazombo dans la famille de ma mère en 94.

En 95-96, je suis restée à Cazombo. Mon frère avait une boutique, je travaillais avec lui. Ensuite, nous avons été persécutés car un de mes frères est de l'Unita.

En 96, je suis repartie à Jimbe, jusqu'en 99, et depuis je suis ici en zambie.

Ma première fille est née en 88 au Zaïre, d'un père avec qui je ne suis pas bien entendue, j'ai eu 3 enfants avec lui. Les autres, elles sont d'un autre père, celui qui habite rue 17.

La santé, ça va,, il manque juste de la nourriture. Un seul de mes enfants a souffert en 95 de la toux, il a attrapé la rougeole, il a reçu des remèdes traditionnels mais la toux ne passe pas depuis 95. Seulement 2 des enfants ont été à l'école.

⁵ Foin qui sert à construire les toits de maisons.

En 98, le gouvernement a perdu Cazombo et les magasins ont été saccagés, les gens se sont cachés dans la forêt ou ont fuit en Zambie. Nous avons été beaucoup persécutés.

J'ai passé presque un an à Jimbe, on cultivait, on est entré en Zambie en novembre 99, nous sommes arrivés ici à Maheba.

On a d'abord été logé dans la rue 44, puis ici dans la 52. On a reçu des tentes, des plats, une couverture, un seau, des cuillères, des assiettes et des verres. On m'a donné cet endroit pour faire une maison avec ma mère et mes enfants. C'est mon frère qui a construit la maison.

La vie ici est bonne, mais on n'a pas d'eau, on souffre pour se nourrir, on reçoit des quantités trop petites, du maïs, des haricots, de l'huile et du sel, tous les 15 jours.

Cette année, j'ai travaillé pour les autres qui sont là depuis longtemps et ils nous donnent des patates, du manioc ou de l'argent en échange du travail dans leurs champs. On marche très loin, au moins 30 minutes, et on trouve du travail pour pouvoir avoir à manger. Quand on ne trouve pas de travail, alors on a faim. Mes enfants restent avec la plus vieille de 12 ans. Un seul va à l'école, celle de 10 ans.

La vie de réfugié, c'est comme ça, perdre tout. La guerre, c'est courir sous les arbres, avec les enfants. Ici, on est tranquille, parfois, il manque de la nourriture, mais ça va.

Mon futur : maintenant, je prie Dieu pour que notre pays devienne libre. Maintenant, je n'ai rien à manger, rien pour m'habiller. Je ne pense pas rentrer en Angola pour ne pas souffrir à nouveau.

Ma vie est une misère, parce quand je suis née, mon père vivait bien, depuis 1983, c'est la misère, jusqu'à aujourd'hui. Vous avez de l'espoir ? je ne sais pas. - *Refugee from Angola, Oct/00*

KU - 17

We left Chilonda on January 1st, 1999, after UNITA attacked and took over Trumba, in December 98 ... Every one from Chilonda left in the directions of Sande, Gamba, Capango and Cassunba, which are all around 100 km from Trumba town. My family and I went to Cassumba because there were food and animals there; we knew we could work in exchange of food. Cassumba was very calm. We stayed there until January 2000, when we heard that we could go to Kuito because the government had taken Catabola back and the roads were open. We came back home on January 6th, and set off for Kuito on January 19th. We arrived in Kuito the following day. After we went back to Chilonda, we could not stay in Chilonda because there was nothing to eat there, not a single seed. We couldn't feed our families and, the children were dying. We didn't dare go back to cultivate our fields because we were afraid ... UNITA had taken everything that we left behind, all the belongings of the population ... Besides having nothing left, the houses had been pulled down. - *Displaced from Chilonda, village of Trumba town, Cunhinga District, May/00.*

ZF - 16 Maheb04

En fait, j'avais déjà été fait prisonnier une fois en mai 76, j'avais été faire des courses et j'ai été arrêté par le MPLA, sans raison, juste parce que je venais d'une zone Unita et qu'ils disaient que j'étais de l'Unita. Mais j'ai été libéré après un jour par des témoignages de gens qui me connaissaient. En octobre 76, j'ai été emprisonné pour la deuxième fois.

L'Unita était dans la brousse, c'est la MPLA qui contrôlait la région. J'ai été prisonnier à la prison de Bié. Ils ne m'ont pas maltraité, juste la nourriture était infecte, on a souffert, on était 4 prisonniers. Puis je suis rentré chez moi, j'avais déjà tous mes enfants à l'époque. Ils étaient avec moi, ils allaient à l'école. Je suis resté encore 6 mois, et un ami m'a prévenu qu'ils allaient encore me mettre en prison, alors je suis parti, le 11 février 1977. Je me suis caché dans la forêt avec toute ma famille. On a juste emmené des habits, quelques ustensiles et l'argent. Je me suis caché dans la forêt, on s'est regroupé avec d'autres, dans des petits villages.

J'ai commencé à enseigner à mes enfants dans la forêt, nous avions une grande zone cultivée, je produisais 60 sacs de maïs, 10 de riz, j'avais des poules, des porcs. On a été jusqu'à Mavinga. De 77 à 79, j'ai marché pendant 2 ans, j'achetais de la nourriture ou j'échangeais contre mes habits. En 79 donc, on s'est posé à Mavinga où nous sommes restés jusqu'en 92. C'était une zone contrôlée par l'Unita, il y avait une école là.

En 1992, après les accords de paix, je suis rentré à Huambo. Un de mes fils est militaire, il est de l'Unita, maintenant il est à Luanda, dans les forces armées.

A Huambo en 92, j'ai recommencé à être pasteur, je suis resté jusqu'en 94 et j'ai été transféré dans une autre zone à Mungo. C'est là que je me suis séparé de mes autres fils, il n'y en a que 2 qui sont ici avec moi. En 94, la guerre a repris à Huambo même, ça bombardait nuit et jour, ma maison a été détruite par les bombes. En 93, il y avait seulement un peu la guerre, de l'artillerie mais pas de bombardements.

Alors en 94, j'ai fui pour Mungo. Mes fils étaient soldats de l'Unita, 2 sont partis à Luanda au moment des accords de paix, et les autres sont restés soldats en zone Unita. Je n'ai pas de nouvelle d'eux depuis cette époque, aucune nouvelle. A Mungo, j'allais à l'église et dans mon site de culture, et ça jusqu'en 1999. Il n'y avait pas vraiment la guerre, je me suis bien posé, les avions ne venaient pas jusque là.

Le 21/9/99, une bombe est tombée sur ma maison, j'ai dû abandonner la maison et courir pour un village dans la forêt. Pas très loin. Et là, le périple a commencé, et la souffrance. Je suis resté quelques semaines à côté de Mungo, et après 3 semaines, la guerre est arrivée là aussi, alors on est reparti jusqu'à Andulo. Je suis arrivé un matin à Andulo, et l'après

midi ils commençaient à bombarder. Après, les troupes sont arrivées, et nous avons commencé la longue marche le 18/10/99.

Nous sommes allés dans un village, on s'est dit, on va rester un mois pour se reposer, mais au bout d'une semaine, la nuit, à nouveau les bombes. Alors on est reparti, on s'est arrêté quelque part dans un autre village pendant une semaine malgré les bombes. Puis nous sommes repartis, au hasard, en fuyant les bombes qui étaient toujours derrière nous.

Nous avons marché, marché, à droite, à gauche, toujours dans la forêt. On traversait des villages vides de gens, parfois on croisait des gens qui nous disaient « n'allez pas par là, allez par ici ».

Sur le chemin, 5 enfants et 2 personnes âgées sont mortes de fatigue et de maladie. On a transporté 3 vieux sur nos épaules. Le groupe était grand. Nous n'avons pas rencontré de soldats de l'Unita.

A force de fuir, nous nous sommes rendu compte que nous étions près de la Zambie, alors nous avons décidé de continuer dans cette direction pour trouver la paix et la tranquillité. Pendant tout ce temps, nous dormions tout habillés avec la peur de devoir fuir à toute vitesse sans pouvoir rien emporter. Je gardais même ma cravate !

Nous sommes arrivés à Zambezi en août [2000], où nous sommes restés une semaine. Ensuite, nous avons été transportés à Maheba par les UN, dans la rue 44. Là, nous avons eu des problèmes, les autres réfugiés ne nous ont pas acceptés, et nous avons été transférés ici au centre de transit de la rue 22.

Pendant la fuite, nous échangeons nos biens pour se nourrir, les habits, les ustensiles. On trouvait aussi des plantations qui avaient été abandonnées par d'autres qui avaient fui devant nous.

Nous ne sommes pas partis dans l'autre sens car nous avons fui les tirs sans arrêt, il n'y avait pas moyen de contourner les attaques. Ils voulaient nous exterminer. - *Refugee from Huambo ?*, Oct/00

ZF - 17 Maheb05

Je suis née et étudiée et me suis mariée à X.

J'y ai eu mes enfants, la guerre a commencé et j'ai perdu mon mari qui était infirmier, il était parti travailler et il a été tué par le MPLA dans la région de Calai.

J'ai quitté Lobito en 76 à l'époque des cubains, j'ai passé ma vie à fuir, j'ai vécu d'échanges avec le peuple, de troc. De Lobito, on est parti dans la région de Calai, c'est là que mon mari a été tué, et ensuite j'ai fui jusqu'à Camundo. Mais on était toujours bombardé. En 90, à Licua, j'ai été touché par des éclats d'une bombe, j'ai été soigné à l'hôpital de Cacuxi (région de Mocosso) à la frontière avec la Namibie. Je suis restée 90 jours à l'hôpital, il y avait des médecins, des médicaments. Là, j'ai laissé mes filles qui se sont mariées, et je suis partie pour Jamea.

J'ai commencé à enseigner en 97 à Andulo, où je suis restée de 95 à 99. Là, on était tout le temps bombardés. La guerre laisse les gens pauvres, on devait vivre au jour le jour. Depuis 76 jusqu'à aujourd'hui, je n'ai fait que marcher, fuir. Je voulais rester en Angola, c'est pour ça que je ne suis pas partie avant. Mais maintenant c'est trop, les bombes tombaient même sur les bunkers, beaucoup sont morts. Alors j'ai voulu respirer un peu, sortir de la guerre, trop de temps avec la guerre. Mes enfants, je les ai perdus de vue en juillet, on a été attaqué par des bombes et on est tous partis dans des directions différentes, sans réfléchir. Depuis, je ne les ai pas revus.

Pour les maladies, moi j'ai la malaria et de la tension. Il n'y avait pas de médicaments, ceux qui connaissent les racines apprennent aux autres. Une fille avait la Sarne. J'ai éduqué mes enfants à la maison, et parfois ils allaient à l'école. L'un est ingénieur agronome, l'autre informaticien, ils se sont formés avec les plus vieux, comme ça.

En 99, j'ai fui Andulo, à la fin de l'année, parce qu'il y avait trop de bombes et de combats. J'ai fui avec d'autres, ce groupe qui est ici, tout droit, dans la forêt, sans rien emporter. On était au milieu des balles, je ne sais pas comment je suis vivante. Et ça a duré comme ça pendant 11 mois, jusqu'à ce que nous arrivions à Zambezi. On n'a jamais pu se poser plus d'une semaine, à chaque fois c'était des tirs, des bombardements. Ils bombardaient tous les endroits où ils voyaient de la fumée, où alors là où il y avait des plantations. On a croisé des gens, et des soldats de l'Unita qui nous disaient d'aller par là, où par là, pas par là. On a traversé des villages vides, les gens avaient fui, ou alors ils fuyaient avec nous quand nous arrivions. Nous avons beaucoup souffert.

2 femmes ont accouché en chemin, l'une a eu des jumeaux en mai, ils vont bien, ils sont ici. L'autre a eu son bébé une nuit ou on avait couru toute la journée, et le matin les hommes l'ont porté sur une espèce de civière pendant 2 jours pour qu'elle puisse se reposer. Une autre a eu un enfant mort-né. Voilà mon histoire, une vie de guerre et de fuite depuis 1975. Maintenant, je veux continuer dans l'éducation, et si un jour il y a la paix à nouveau dans mon pays, si ça va bien, alors je retournerais. Ici, je peux aider nos enfants.

S'il y a une vraie paix, oui, je rentre en Angola. J'y ai beaucoup d'amis et de connaissances, c'est notre terre. J'irais n'importe où, à Bailundo, Andulo, Huambo.

Depuis 1976, ça a été seulement marcher et fuir. - *Refugee from Bie ?*, Oct/00

II.E. Refugee Issues

There are over 425,000 Angolans who have taken refuge outside of the country, mostly in DRC (187,000) and Zambia (200,000) (source: UNHCR). In reading through the stories from refugees, one of the worrisome features is the number of men who were denied entry into DRC (fleeing through Luau in western Moxico province) on the suspicion that they were Unita rebels. It appears that many men thus had to abandon their families and make their way to Zambia.

ZF - 10 Mwin10

Depuis ma naissance, à Luau, c'est déjà la 3^{ème} fois que je dois me réfugier à l'étranger. 2 fois au Congo et aujourd'hui en Zambie. Je suis juste à coté de la frontière, alors nous avons de la famille au Congo. D'ailleurs, ma mère et certains de mes frères sont là-bas depuis 1975, la première fois ou nous sommes partis à cause de la guerre. Ensuite, je suis revenu avec mon père et un de mes frères et nous sommes revenus à Luau en 1985. Mais nous sommes repartis en 1986 à cause de la guerre, nous sommes repartis au Congo. Nous sommes restés là-bas jusqu'en 92, lorsqu'il y a eu la paix et qu'on nous a dit que l'on pouvait rentrer chez nous en Angola.. Alors j'ai décidé de rentrer en Angola à Luau, enfin à coté, nous nous sommes installés à Massibi (entre Luau et Caianda). Là, j'ai été professeur, j'enseignais le primaire à l'école de Massibi. Jusqu'en 98, après, il n'y a plus eu d'école à cause de la guerre.

Jusqu'à la fin de 1999, ça allait plutôt pas mal. Notre région était administrée par l'Unita et bon, ça allait, juste de temps en temps ils nous demandaient de la nourriture pour des soldats qui passaient par-là, mais pas trop, juste un peu chacun, c'était comme ça. Il n'y avait pas de violence contre nous. Depuis la fin 99, quand Luau a été repris par la MPLA, alors les choses ont empiré. Ils venaient des fois et prenaient presque tout, ils nous pillaient. Avant, les soldats de l'Unita avaient leurs propres terrains qu'ils cultivaient eux-même et ça allait.

Depuis que la guerre a repris, l'école est finie, donc je m'occupe de mes terres, mais même avant, on n'était pas payé, on recevait parfois de l'aide d'un père de Cazombo dont j'ai oublié le nom. Moi, je cultivais un peu de tout, manioc, patate, oignons, tomate, haricots etc, et je chassais et péchais aussi. Et puis j'allais vendre des choses en Zambie, à la frontière près de Jimbe, du poisson, de la viande et des « Chicandas » (sorte de fruit qui pousse comme les patates), ils aiment ça ici. Et je ramenaient du sel et du savon, il n'y en avait pas en Angola. Et c'est ce qui c'est passé cette fois-ci.

Je suis parti de Massabi le 4 septembre [2000], avec mon frère, pour vendre des choses à Jimbe et au retour,, nous sommes arrivés le 1- septembre juste avant Camafoafa, qui était une base de l'Unita juste avant Massabi, après Caianda. Et là, les combats ont commencé entre l'Unita et les FAPLAS (Forças armadas pela libertação da Angola), le MPLA. Et il n'y avait pas moyen de passer, car il y avait beaucoup de combats et on m'a dit que Massabi était tombé aux mains du MPLA.

Moi, je suis Ubundu, et le MPLA tue tous les Ubundus car ils pensent que nous sommes tous soldats de l'Unita, même si nous sommes civils. C'est pareil au Congo, ils ne laissent pas passer les Ubundus, alors je n'avais pas le choix. J'ai fait demi-tour, nous sommes repartis avec un groupe de 41 personnes de Camafoafa, on ne nous a pas obligés à partir, mais l'Unita a dit que ceux qui voulaient partir le pouvaient, et que ceux qui voulaient rester pour se battre pouvaient rester aussi. Mais moi, j'ai eu peur. Alors on a pris la route inverse, et nous avons coupé par la forêt avant Cinda car il y avait des combats et on ne pouvait pas passer..

Maintenant, je ne sais pas ce que sont devenus ma femme et mes enfants et mon père. Je pense qu'ils ont fui au Congo dans notre famille, c'est seulement à 4 heures de marche la frontière, mais je ne sais pas. Ils laissent passer les femmes, les enfants et les vieux, mais les hommes comme moi ils disent que nous sommes de l'Unita et ils nous tuent.

Maintenant, je ne sais pas ce que je vais faire, je n'ai pas d'argent, rien, le mieux serait d'aller au Congo mais on va m'emmener à Maheba, je ne sais pas comment ça va aller.

Je retournerais en Angola quand il y aura une vraie paix, quand la guerre sera vraiment finie. - *Refugee from Moxico, Oct/00*

ZF - 6 Mwin06

Je suis ici avec ma femme et mes enfants, et mon frère qui a été emmené par la police car ils croient que c'est un soldat de l'Unita. Mon Père, ma mère et mes autres frères sont au Congo, à Lubumbashi. Je suis originaire de Luau.

J'ai quitté une première fois l'Angola en 1984 pour le Congo, à cause de la guerre de 83 à Luau, quand l'Unita a attaqué en 83. J'ai quitté en 84, quand le MPLA contrôlait la ville. Nous sommes partis avec toute ma famille, mon père, ma mère et mes 12 frères et sœurs, et beaucoup d'autres gens aussi. Nous sommes allés à pied de Luau à Dilolo, au Congo, où nous sommes restés 3 mois, puis le HCR nous a enregistré et transporté au site de Diwuma. A Diwuma, nous sommes restés jusqu'en 87, j'ai fait les études primaires, puis le HCR nous a donné une bourse pour étudier l'agronomie.

Jusqu'en 98, j'ai étudié et vécu à Lubumbashi, mais je ne pouvais pas travailler là-bas. Alors, j'ai quitté Lubumbashi en juillet 98 avec mon frère et je suis arrivé en Angola à Luau en novembre 98. Et la guerre a repris en décembre 98 !

Le MPLA a fui vers le Congo, et c'est l'Unita qui a gardé le contrôle de Luau. J'ai voulu partir tout de suite au Congo, mais les frontières avec le Congo, qui soutient le MPLA, étaient fermées et ceux qui passaient en fraude étaient tués. Il y a eu beaucoup d'angolais tués au Congo à cette époque. Alors, nous sommes restés avec mon frère et nous avons finalement quitté Luau en octobre 99, jusque là les combats étaient encore à Luena, pas à Luau. Et là, je suis parti, mais il y avait des contrôles de l'Unita partout et on était obligé de se cacher dans la forêt, mais ils m'ont quand même arrêtés, mais comme j'étais éduqué, ils m'ont gardés pour faire l'éducation des enfants dans des camps de l'Unita à la frontière. Je suis resté 3 fois 3 mois dans des camps différents. Je suis arrivé à Lovua en juillet dernier, et là j'ai travaillé pour des gens sur leurs terres. Et puis le 22, nous avons fui tous ensemble et nous sommes arrivés à Luau Mission le 27.

Maintenant, je souhaite continuer mes études, je vais aller à Maheba, je préfère ne pas rentrer en Angola.

A la question sur les taxes de nourriture : Oui, j'ai vu ça moi-même, c'était très fréquent, on allait voir le chef du village que l'on traversait, on lui expliquait notre mission, et on demandait de la nourriture, et le chef du village récupérait de la nourriture pour les soldats.

A la question sur les enrôlements d'hommes dans les villages : Oui, c'est vrai, durant toute la guerre, les jeunes hommes étaient pris pour transporter les armes, ils étaient réquisitionnés. C'était comme pour la nourriture, on allait voir le chef du village, et on lui demandait des hommes pour transporter le matériel. Ils allaient jusqu'au prochain village, et on en prenait d'autres.

A la question sur les enlèvements de femmes : à ma connaissance, il n'y avait pas d'enlèvement de femmes, par contre, quand quelqu'un homme ou femme arrivait « par hasard » dans la forêt dans une base Unita, alors on les gardait pour des questions de sécurité. - *Refugee from Moxico, Oct/00*

ZF - 12 Mwin12

Je suis né à Cazombo en 1966. De 66 à 75, j'habitais à Cazombo même en Angola. Ça allait, c'était la paix mais j'étais petit ! Après 75, la guerre a commencé et nous avons beaucoup souffert. Nous devions nous cacher dans la brousse sans arrêt, c'était trop de souffrance. Alors, en 1986, mon père nous a emmenés en Zambie, nous sommes allés au camp de Maheba. Là, ça allait, on avait notre terrain et on était tranquille. Et on allait à l'école. C'est là où j'ai appris l'anglais. Non, je ne parle pas portugais, seulement Luwalé et anglais, car en Angola je n'ai jamais été à l'école et entre nous on parle Luwalé, pas portugais. Il n'y a que ceux qui ont été à l'école quand il y en avait qui parlent portugais. A Maheba, on avait une vie tranquille, de la nourriture, un bout de terre pour cultiver. On aurait du rester. Mais en 92, il y a eu les accords de paix et on y a cru. Presque la moitié des réfugiés angolais de Maheba sont rentrés en Angola en 92, les autres ont préféré rester, ils ont eu raison.

Donc en 92 je suis rentré à Cazombo, et c'est vrai, de 92 à 98 la vie était OK, on travaillait et on s'amusait, tout allait plutôt bien. Moi, mon activité, encore récemment, c'était d'acheter du poisson, de la viande et d'autres choses et de les revendre en Zambie.

En fait, depuis 98, je vis à moitié caché dans la forêt, car les troupes de l'Unita recherchent tous les jeunes comme moi et ils les emmènent dans la forêt pour les former et puis ils partent à la guerre. Moi, je ne voulais pas être soldat, alors j'ai été obligé de me cacher plein de fois dans la forêt, à chaque fois que les recruteurs venaient, j'allais me cacher, ma femme restait à Cazombo, il n'y avait pas de problème avec les femmes.

En fait, je suis parti le 1^{er} septembre de Cazombo à Lovua, pour faire [? pas compris]. Au retour, la route était coupée à Cavungo, la ville avait été prise par le MPLA et je n'ai pas pu rentrer à Cazombo. Car si je vais du côté MPLA, ils vont croire que je suis soldat de l'Unita. Alors j'ai fui avec les autres qui fuyaient, et nous sommes arrivés à Luau Mission après une semaine. Et de là, nous avons été transportés en camion jusqu'ici à Mwinilunga.

Ma femme ? Je pense qu'elle est restée à Cazombo, il paraît que 3000 personnes sont restées ou ont été rattrapées, mais je ne sais pas. Moi, je vais aller à Maheba, et si Dieu le veut, je retrouverais ma femme; sinon, je me remarierais. - *Refugee from Moxico, Oct/00*

ZH - 5

After the attack in Lumbala, UNITA set up road blocks along the way up to a few dozens of meters to the border. Of course this was quickly known, but UNITA soldiers managed to search for people in the bushes and along Muxuma river. A lot of people fleeing were butchered on the way, including my own brother who was fleeing with me and was shot dead close to Luche river, not so far from the border, on December 4th. - *Angolan refugee in Zambia, Jan/00*

ZF - 21 Maheb10

D'abord, nous sommes allés à la rue 44, nous sommes restés 2 semaines, puis on nous a mis ici à la rue 54. Il avait seulement une grande forêt, on a coupé les arbres, tout nettoyé, et on a construit nos maisons. Nous n'avons reçu des tentes qu'en mars, de novembre à mars, nous sommes restés sous la pluie. On a reçu aussi une casserole, une couverture et une assiette, tout en mars.

Nous sommes un groupe de 900 personnes à être venu ici rue 54. Le groupe avec qui j'étais venu de Cazombo est dans la rue 52, mais quand ils ont été déplacés je n'étais pas là. Au début, ils nous ont donné seulement un bout de plastique de 1 mètre sur 2, juste pour protéger la nourriture et les habits de la pluie. J'ai mis 2 semaines pour construire ma maison, mais il pleuvait dedans.

Jusqu'en septembre de cette année [2000], on n'a pas eu de terre à nous. On allait travailler sur les terrains des autres, mais les vieux, les vieilles et les femmes célibataires, ils n'ont pas de force pour aller chercher du travail, alors ils ont faim. Les terres que nous avons reçues sont à 2 heures de marche d'ici. Jusqu'à présent, on travaillait les terres des autres, par exemple pour préparer un champ de 50 mètres carrés, il faut 2 semaines si on travaille vite et on gagne 20000 kwashar. Il faut travailler tous les jours, parce que l'on ne reçoit pas assez à manger et en plus, les distributions n'ont jamais lieu le jour prévu, c'est toujours en retard. Normalement, c'est tous les 15 jours, mais c'est toujours en retard de quelques jours. Par exemple aujourd'hui, on est le 9, et on n'a rien reçu en octobre. Ça devait être distribué le 6. En plus, ceux qui font la distribution, ils ne donnent pas tout et gardent le reste pour le revendre. C'est des Angolais qui sont là depuis longtemps. Les vieux vendent ce qu'ils ont reçu, les plats, les couvertures, pour s'acheter à manger. Il y a de la prostitution aussi. Où il y a des hommes, il y a des prostituées.

L'école, c'est les japonais qui s'en occupent, ils enseignent en portugais, il y a aussi une école des jésuites qui enseigne en anglais. Tous les enfants étudient.

La santé, ça va maintenant, mais depuis que nous sommes arrivés, il y a eu au moins 10 morts, des enfants et des vieux. Avant, on allait à l'hôpital de la zone D, mais il fallait se battre beaucoup pour avoir des médicaments.

Je viens de Cazombo, quartier de Sao Bento, à 5 km de la ville. J'y suis né, je suis toujours resté là, j'y ai étudié, j'avais mon permis de conduire et je travaillais dans un garage. J'ai commencé à travailler en 86, jusqu'en 92.

En 83, Cazombo avait été repris par l'UNITA. Ils m'ont fait travailler comme mécanicien pour eux, sans salaire bien sûr. Après le travail pour eux, ils me laissaient du temps pour travailler un terrain, pour cultiver pour subvenir à mes besoins.

En 90, j'ai eu un accident, après j'avais du mal à travailler, j'ai arrêté en 92.

De 92 à 99, j'ai seulement cultivé ma terre, je péchais aussi et je chassais, et je faisais du trafic avec la Zambie. Il fallait acheter un laissez-passer pour aller en zambie. Si on rencontrait d'autres troupes en chemin, il fallait payer encore. Au retour, si on en croisait, il fallait donner du savon ou du sel.

En 99, la guerre a recommencé, les FAPLAS venaient sans arrêt nous piller. A la fin 99, ils ont exagéré, alors on a fuit tout un groupe, la nuit car l'Unita ne voulait pas nous laisser partir. Certains ont été en zone MPLA, les autres on est venu ici. Certains sont partis directement vers Mwinilunga, d'autres dont moi vers Zambezi. On est parti avec tout ce que l'on a pu emporter, on a marché pendant 12 jours, la nuit.

Ma femme est restée à Chavuma, elle a de la famille là-bas, mais maintenant elle veut venir me rejoindre ici.

Les autres sont restés car certains pensaient que l'Unita allait gagner, et que ça irait, d'autres parce que l'Unita nous empêchait de partir. Mais si on voulait vraiment, on pouvait passer.

Le futur ? Ici, ça va être très dur. Je veux rentrer en Angola, mais seulement quand il y aura la paix. Maintenant, on ne pense pas au futur. Même pas à faire une grande maison, ça ne sert à rien, c'est perdre son temps. - *Refugee from Moxico, Oct/00*

III. LIFE AFTER DISPLACEMENT (IN GOVERNMENT AREAS)

As detailed in MSF's November report, the government healthcare system is in virtual collapse, and outside of a few select provinces is completely dependent on international assistance for even the most basic medical supplies. While the situation has improved over the last 18 months in areas served by the international humanitarian community, there are still tremendous health and nutritional needs among displaced populations, who remain highly vulnerable.

- In the Matala area, MSF-supported health posts in six IDP camps averaged a total of roughly 10,000 total consultations per month (Oct/00 - Mar/01).
- In three health posts in IDP camps in Kaala, MSF performed over 19,000 total consultations per month in February and in March 2001.
- In the Menongue health post, MSF performed almost 2,000 consultations per month, from Oct/00 to Mar/01.
- In the Cangandala health post and mobile clinic, MSF performed over 2,000 consultation per month, from Jan/01 to Mar/01.

- The TFC in Kaala averaged over 180 new admissions per month from Oct/00 to Feb/01.
- Admissions to Cangandala TFC doubled up to 70 in Mar/01 compared to Jan/01 and Feb/01.
- In Kuito, an MSF retrospective mortality survey covering the period from 01/Jan/01 to 28/Feb/01 found a rate of 2.1 deaths/day/10,000 for under 5, a rate still above the threshold for an emergency situation (2/day/10,000).

III.A. Health and Persons with Handicaps

- 2001 UNICEF figures place Angola among the worst in almost all health categories: second worst in under-5 mortality rate (295 deaths/1000 alive births); under 50% vaccination coverage for measles and 30% for polio (1997-99); and a life expectancy of 49 years. All indicators are far below average figures for sub-saharan african countries.
- On the Unita side, interviewees told us that Unita usually did not provide medical care, and furnished only traditional treatments.
- Angola is the per capita world leader in victims of landmines, and an estimated 80-100,000 people have been handicapped due to mine accidents.

ZF - 2 Mwin02

Je suis ici avec toute ma famille, je suis agriculteur.

Je viens de Cazombo où je suis né, à côté de Cazombo.

Je cultivais le Mais, le manioc, la patate douce, les choux et d'autres choses encore. Cette nourriture était seulement pour ma famille, pas pour vendre.

Avant, les enfants allaient à l'école, il y avait 6 écoles à Cazombo, les professeurs étaient payés par les Nations unies.

L'hôpital a été fermé en 1998, avant, il y avait des médecins, des infirmiers, mais depuis 1998 personne ne travaille plus à l'hôpital et il n'y a pas de médicaments. Avant, il y avait des médicaments que nous recevions gratuitement pour les urgences. Depuis 1998, tout le monde vient ici en Zambie se faire soigner, ici à Mwinilunga.

En 1991, je suis parti de Luau pour Cazombo où j'avais de la famille. Puis je suis sorti de Cazombo le 16 septembre [2000] quand sont arrivés les soldats du MPLA. Ils venaient de la province de Moxico. C'était la première fois que le MPLA arrivait ici, alors tout le monde est parti. Moi-même, je suis parti avec ma famille et d'autres personnes de Cazombo, sans rien emporter. Nous sommes partis sans savoir où nous allions, nous avons marché 18 jours. C'était seulement de la souffrance, nous marchions sans arrêt, sans aliments. Nous avons mangé des feuilles que nous connaissions.

Jusqu'à ce jour, je n'ai reçu aucune aide, aucun aliment.

Maintenant, je vais rester en Zambie, je ne veux pas retourner en Angola à cause de la guerre et des souffrances. -
Refugee from Moxico, Oct/00

MT - 4 Chi004

We fled from our village to Kuvango. From Kuvango we were taken by car to Matala. The police brought us here to Matala because we were people from the other side, they brought us here to protect us. When we arrived we stayed with the police in Matala for one night and then they sent us to MINARS. From there we went to Njavei but only stayed there one night and we were moved here to Chilepe.

We fled from our village in December. On Christmas day FAA attacked our village. They took all our things, our clothes, our pots and our cows. They didn't kill anyone, they just came to take our things. Only the FAA from Dongo like to kill the people.

I lived in a village which Unita controlled, but both FAA and Unita would go there to steal our cows. Unita would come and ask for food and the women would have to carry it to their base. I did this many times. Sometimes the men would have to carry arms to where Savimbi lived, it took 2 months for them to go and come back.

[[My husband never did this because he had an operation and after this he has had problems to walk.]] Unita operated on him because he had worms in his stomach. We paid them a cow to do the operation, they gave him some medicines during this time but never since.

[Have you ever been taken by Unita or FAA?] Only once. FAA came and took me and some other women who were grinding milho. They just took women and children. I only stayed with them for the day and that night I escaped, I don't know what happened to the rest of them.

I fled from our village with my husband, children and many other people. While we were walking at night, we met Unita. I was in the front and we all fled but some of the people coming behind didn't know they were there. There was a couple behind us and the man fled but they took the wife. She was my cousin. I don't know what happened to her, if she died or is still there but she never arrived here. - *IDP woman from Huila, Feb/01*

MT - 20 MH004

I left Caluquembe in 1988. I went to look for my family in Matala. My brother was a soba there, and Unita was looking for him, so he had to leave to Matala. The problem was that if Unita found me, they would cut off my head because my brother had fled. So I had to leave too.

When I arrived in Matala the government moved us to Tchipopia, I lived there for 5 years. The government then moved us again here to Muholo because we had no land there.

[At this stage of the interview his brother in-law arrived and the interviewer continued with his story]

In 1988 I fled Caluquembe with many people and with FAA. We all fled together when FAA retreated. Unita came and attacked the village. They burnt all the house and killed many people. Then Unita rounded up all the people and took us with them. We were behind them and when FAA came, they took us with them to Matala.

I also went to Tchipopia. We lived there for some years before the government came and took us in a truck to here. Here there is suffering because of hunger. If the government gives us food now, and we have a little in the field that will be ready in a few months, we will survive. But if the government doesn't give us food now we will die of hunger.

Before, we had a health post here, but one day FAA came and took everything. They took all the medicines and materials. I don't know what they did with them, if it was to sell or to use for them, this I don't know. Before we had a nurse who worked there, but because of the lack of medicines, now he goes to the fields to work in the lavras. It's not worth it for him to stay there if there are no medicines. - *IDP man from Huila, Feb/01*

ML 47 ga010.

In Bembo, we used only traditional medicines. There was a health post in Bembo, but only Unita soldiers were able to use it. No civilians at all.

In Bembo, I had 4 lavras of good land. Batata, manioc. Before, 15 years or so, there was transport between Bembo to Malange, so I would sell produce there. The war stopped this, and it has not restarted, even in peace time.

I did not give food to Unita on a regular basis, but they would pass and ask for funge, which would be made. The soba had to give 5 sacks of bomboj.

I left because FAA said that we had to come. They didn't tell me, but they told our sobas. We could not come ourselves because of the insecurity, so we came with troops guarding us. It took two days on foot because of the children. FAA told us Unita would kill us if we remained. I agree that Unita would suspect us. This was in December 1999. Previous to that, there had been no sign of the FAA dating back to 1992.

I could not take any belongings. This is part of the reason we are not able to go back. Now, the things we have we got from the government, and Unita will know this if we go back.

I would like to return, but nobody will return because of Unita. - *38 year old IDP male from Malange, Oct/00*

MT - 38 Tchipo07

My two children died in Kuvango, they were both babies. They died of a sickness. I took them both to the [government] hospital, but they didn't have the medicines to cure them, so they both died.

We fled from Kuvango the night of the attack in July 1999. We fled directly to the mata when we heard the gun shots. We didn't see the enemy, because we fled, but many people died.

We walked to Jamba with FAA and then we took a car ride to Matala. When we arrived, the government sent us here to Tchipopia, we didn't have a choice where we could go, we had to come here.

We receive food from PAM and we have a lavra, but it is very small. You can't call it a lavra. The government gave us seed -- 2kg of milho and 2 kg of sorghum. You can buy land here from the residents, but you have to have oil [cooking oil, to pay for the land].

The problem here is that the plastic on the roofs is now all destroyed and the water is coming into the houses. We sleep on the wet ground and now our child is sick. We can't get grass here [to make new roofs] because it is all on the residents' land and they make you pay for it. It's the same with the land.

We want to go back but it is still not safe. Some people have gone back to Kuvango to trade but there are still problems there. Unita is still in the mata and kill people when they go to the lavras. The government has had a meeting with the sobas and they want us to go back but the people refused. We don't want to go back and have to leave again. We want to wait until it is safe. - IDP woman from Huila, Feb/01

ZF - 3 Mwin03

Toute ma famille est ici. Je suis infirmier non diplômé.

Je viens de **Cazombo** où je suis né, j'habitais dans la ville même.

Ces dernières années, nous vivions plutôt bien. Il y avait environ 5000 personnes à Cazombo, peut-être plus. J'avais une maison à moi, au début je travaillais à l'hôpital jusqu' 'en 1998. Les salaires étaient payés par les Nations-Unies jusqu'en 98.

Après, j'ai commencé à cultiver, du manioc, du riz, des haricots, des patates douces, du maïs. Je vendais un peu de riz et de patates douces, mais le reste était pour ma consommation personnelle. Il n'y avait pas de taxe à payer.

A la fin 98, l'école s'est arrêtée, parce que les professeurs n'étaient plus payés.

Les principales maladies à l'hôpital étaient la rougeole, la malaria, la tuberculose, la fièvre jaune, des diarrhées sanglantes. Il y avait des médicaments jusque fin 98. La dernière campagne de vaccination a eu lieu en 98.

J'ai quitté Cazombo le 19 septembre, quand le MPLA est arrivé et a pris Cazombo. Je suis parti avec toute ma famille, en tout, 12 personnes. On est parti avec 3 casseroles, 4 plats, 1 drap mais sans nourriture. Je ne savais pas exactement où nous allions, seulement direction la Zambie. Nous avons mis 2 semaines pour arriver à la frontière, puis un camion nous a pris à Luau Mission. Je suis arrivé ici à Mwinilunga lundi dernier, le 2 septembre. Jusqu'à aujourd'hui, je n'ai reçu aucune aide.

Je compte rester ici en Zambie pour toujours maintenant. Cultiver, construire ma maison, permettre à mes enfants d'étudier.

Non, je n'ai pas été brutalisé. - Refugee from Moxico, Oct/00

MT - 34 Tchipop03 RRR

One Sunday, I was walking home from the church and suddenly Unita came and attacked us. They began shoot at us. I was shot in my chest, the bullet went in here and out here [pointing to the scar just below her breast and another on her side]. I just continued to run until I reached the river where I could hide in the bushes. I was alone. I took off my shirt and wrapped it tightly around my chest to stop the bleeding. I just lay there, I was so afraid that they would find me. I could feel my chest, it was so hard to breath. I was thinking that it was the end, I am going to die here. I stayed there the night and the next day my uncle and my cousin came and found me.

They took me to the hospital in Quilengues, 7 km from my barrio. They just put some bandages around me. I stayed there for 3 days. My mother took me to a private hospital in Lubango. My uncle paid for me and I stayed there for one month.

After that, I went to Matala with my mother and then we moved to here, and the rest of my family came from Quilengues. I never went back. Here, I married and had three children but two of them died. Before this health post was here, there was one in that building over there. I took my children there, but they didn't have the medicines to make them well. They both died [quite matter-of-factly]. We live 3km from here. We don't receive food distribution there, but we have lavras. We rent the land from one of the residents. We have to pay 60kg of milho. - IDP woman from Huila, Feb/01

MA - 1

I live in Jamba and I was carrying food on my head to my home. I was on the road and a group of soldiers with guns came up to me and asked for my food. I was scared so I dropped my load and ran into the field....I felt a lot of pain....now I do not have this leg...I knew about mines, but I was not thinking about that when I was running away from the soldiers. *14 year old IDP in Kuito, June/99.*

MT - 31 Nj010 RRR

[[In Dongo I was working in the hospital. We had some materials and medicines sometimes, but it was a problem because of the road. Here in Njavei . . . [the health post has] some medicines and materials, but only a little.

I was a nurse in the army. I worked in the military hospital in Kuito. There we had everything. First I worked in logistics, in communication, and then in the hospital. I was in a military vehicle in '87 and we hit a mine.]] That is how I lost my leg. I was taken to the hospital in Lubango, where I stayed for 3 months and was then transferred to another hospital here in Matala.

[I asked if he received any compensation from the government after the mine accident. The translator didn't know the word, so we looked it up in the dictionary. Still, not understanding what the word meant I explained the meaning to them. They both laughed and he said, "This doesn't happen here in Angola." The translator added, "This word doesn't exist in Angola."]

It was a good life in the military. We had beds, we ate well and even had milk. In the mornings we would attend politics classes. The chief would tell us to respect the people and other things I don't remember. After that we would just walk about.

After the mine accident life was difficult. I was completely dependant on my wife and we had no family there. My family was all in Dongo so we moved there. The military gave me a document so I could work in civilian hospitals. We stayed in Dongo until the attack happened in August '99. We heard the fighting and we fled to the mata together before Unita reached our barrio. I had been on crutches since '87, so I was used to them and I could go quickly. When your life is at risk you can find a way.

After that we came to Matala and went to Visacca with the soba and people from my barrio. We stayed there for 3 years and then the government came and told us to come here. Life is better here. We have a lavra, which my wife works in . . . I don't think it is dangerous, we have the civil defence to protect us. - *IDP man from Huila, Feb/01*

MT - 21 MH005

[This interview was cut short.]

In 1979 I left [my home province] to join the military [Unita]. It was voluntary. I was young and I believed in a revolution, I wanted to fight for the people, I wanted to fight to end the war. I was sent to Moxico. I was there with the troops for five years and then I stepped on a mine and this happened [pointing to his leg] . This was when I was sent to Italy. I stayed there for a year in the hospital. We weren't allowed to leave. If you went out you were sent home, back to Angola.

I came back and lived in Luanda for nearly three years. I didn't work, I received food from the government. After this I was sent to Lubango to work . . . I didn't like it, so I left and came to Matala. - *IDP from Huambo, Feb/01*

MT - 42 Vis002

I was asleep when Unita attacked Dongo. It was 3 o'clock in the morning. Shooting is what woke me up. I grabbed my children and ran. There was no time to take any things. You had to run away – it was impossible to go back for anything.

My husband got to the door and he was shot. He was killed. There was no time to even stop. I just kept running. After that, we walked for two days to Matala. After three days there, the government moved us here.

My mother and father stayed in Dongo. Every now and then I get news from them. They are doing well. There aren't any real problems with security. They are even farming.

The life here in Vissaca is normal. I get the food distribution and it is enough. I stay here because there is some family, and they help me with tasks like carrying water, which I can't do on my own because I am handicapped. I will go back to Dongo when the government says it is OK to go.

My handicap? I was in Chipindu going to school back in 1986 when the mine accident happened. One day, after school, I went home to get my hoe and go to the lavras. I was walking with some friends. One person walked in front of me and nothing. When I walked, I stepped on a mine. Nobody else was injured – they carried me back to the town . . . It made me feel sad, because I was born well and then I was handicapped.

I don't think much of the future because I am handicapped. Just to be helped by my family. I hope for peace. The war has already taken my leg and my husband "nao tem com fazer." - IDP woman from Huila, Feb/01

III.B. Life in the Camps and Transit Centers

Since the beginning of 2000, there has been a great deal of change, mostly improvement, in the condition of IDPs living in the main urban GOA-controlled centers. Still, there are roughly 400,000 recent IDPs living in camps and transit centers where they are dependent on international assistance to survive (Deng Report, Jan/01).

- The transit centers, as described by the IDPs, were/are veritable warehouses for disease, hunger, and misery. Significantly, most of the worst transit centers have been closed since these interviews were taken, but there are still pockets of people living in overcrowded urban buildings with no access to clean water or land.
- Conditions vary greatly among IDPs we interviewed, with access to food distribution and access to land being perhaps the two most important factors. WFP's present strategy calls for a sharp reduction in the general food distribution, to encourage people towards self-sufficiency. Access to viable land in secure areas is very limited around IDP centers such as Kuito, Matala, Uige, and Huambo, creating a contradiction between the food security strategy and reality.

DJ 12

Je suis partie de Mama avec toute ma famille en janvier 1999. Comme tous ceux qui ont réussi à fuir je fuyais les massacres et les vols dont nous étions victimes. C'était l'Unita qui faisait tout cela. Je suis venue à pied et j'ai atterri avec toute ma famille à la Salsicharia. C'était horrible de vivre dans ce lieu. Il y avait beaucoup de maladies. Comme je n'ai pas eu le cartão je devais aller chercher le bois pour le vendre sur le marché.

En venant ici, le gouvernement ne nous a pas promis grand chose mais vu les conditions dans lesquelles nous vivions de toutes façons nous serions venus!

Au début du mois d'août nous sommes venus ici. Mais nous avions très peur que les personnes de Cassoco ne veuillent pas de nous sur leurs terres. Mais apparemment le gouvernement s'était déjà occupé de cette question car nous n'avons pas eu de problème sur ce plan. Le grand problème c'est la faim et l'eau qui est trop loin.

C'est dur de vivre dans ces conditions mais je suis mieux ici qu'à la Salsicharia.
C'est la première fois que je suis déplacée. -IDP form Huambo Province, Sept/00

DJ 13

Je viens de Cassupi. Nous avons été enlevés par la *tropa*. Ils nous ont dit que nous serions mieux protégés de leur côté. Ils nous ont emmené jusqu'à Lupili où nous sommes restés 3 jours puis nous ont conduit jusqu'à Kaala. C'était le 5 septembre 1999. Le 8 nous arrivions à Kaala.

Je suis venue uniquement avec 3 enfants car lorsque le gouvernement a fait son offensive les 4 autres enfants ont fui dans une autre direction aux cotés de l'Unita! Ils n'avaient pas envie de venir aux cotés du gouvernement, mais moi comme je suis âgée j'ai préféré venir aux cotés du gouvernement! Nous avons été installés au Lar Girassol.

J'ai un *cartão* mais ça ne suffit pas pour faire manger tout le monde. Nous devons alors aller chercher du bois pour le revendre afin de s'acheter un peu nourriture.

Au mois de juin le gouvernement est venu nous dire que nous allions être redéplacés. Ils ne nous ont rien promis, ils nous ont juste dit que nous serions mieux ici. Ils ont ajouté que si nous venions ici ils pourraient mieux faire la distinction entre les personnes résidentes et celles déplacées. De cette manière nous nous ferions moins voler! Nous avons alors accepté!

Je suis arrivé ici au mois d'août et je me sens mieux ici qu'au Lar Girassol. Le seul problème est que nous avons très faim!

Je ne veux plus retourner à Cassupi, mais si les autres y retournent je retournerais aussi mais je préférerais rester ici que revoir les horreurs de là-bas.

Et pourtant, cette vie est horrible! Car je n'ai jamais dépendu de personne, j'ai toujours appris à me débrouiller surtout depuis que mon mari est décédé. C'est moi qui décidais ce je voulais dans mon assiette. Ici nous dépendons de tout et nous ne sommes plus des être humains.

Je suis âgée et je n'ai plus de projet. De toutes façons je doute que cette situation s'arrange un jour. -IDP from Huambo Province, Sept/00

DJ 22

Ma femme et mes enfants sont partis de Kuima en janvier 99. Je ne les ai rejoint qu'un mois après. Je ne pensais pas que cette attaque allait être aussi violente alors j'avais décidé de garder la maison jusqu'au retour de ma famille. Finalement c'est moi qui les ai rejoint. Lorsque j'ai vu qu'ils continuaient à tuer des personnes, les enfants comme les personnes âgées j'ai décidé de partir à mon tour. Mais avant cela j'ai fait plusieurs allers-retours entre la *mata* et la ville. Il m'est arrivé de rester deux à trois jours consécutifs dans la *mata* avant d'essayer de rentrer chez moi.

Ma femme et mes enfants sont partis au même temps que vingt autres familles. Ils sont arrivés à Kaala dans la voiture des *tropas*. Moi je suis parti tout seul car ce n'est pas bon pour un homme de se faire prendre par la *tropa*. Ils se méfient toujours de l'homme qui a vécu en zone Unita pendant plusieurs années. Pour eux je suis un traître !

Venir à Kaala n'a pas été un choix délibéré. Mais maintenant que j'y suis je me dis que c'est le meilleur endroit pour suivre ce qui se passe à Kuima. Car je n'ai qu'une envie c'est de rentrer chez moi ! Comme il y a encore des déplacés qui arrivent ils nous racontent un peu de la situation. Comme cela nous saurons très vite quand est-ce que nous pourrions y retourner.

Dans ce camp nous dépendons complètement de l'aide humanitaire. Nous ne pouvons même pas faire des *negocios* car nous n'avons rien à vendre. Donc lorsque le CICR ne fait pas les distributions cela devient un vrai problème car la nourriture vient à manquer. Comme tous les autres déplacés j'essaye de m'en sortir en allant chercher du bois. Mais comme nous avons tous cette même activité, même le bois vient à manquer. Dès lors il faut aller de plus en plus loin pour en trouver en grande quantité.

Un autre problème dans ce camp ce sont les maladies ! Nous sommes nombreux, les maladies se propagent très rapidement. C'est dû aux conditions d'hygiène qui ne sont pas bonnes du tout. De toutes les manières je n'attendais pas beaucoup de la vie de personne déplacée. En plus déplacée d'une zone contrôlée par l'Unita. Mais cela reste tout de même très difficile à vivre surtout lorsque l'on sait que chez nous avons tout! Mais j'ai une famille et dois penser à leur vie. Si cela ne dépendait que de moi j'essayerais d'y aller de temps en temps. Il y a quelques semaines, le gouvernement entendait nous ramener chez nous. Je me dis que s'il prend cette décision c'est que la situation est revenue à la normale. Donc si tout le monde rentre je rentrerais aussi. Mais je n'ai pas le droit de mettre la vie de ma femme et celle de mes enfants en péril en y allant avant que la communauté ait reçu l'ordre de partir. Donc j'essaye de me convaincre que même si ici je n'ai aucun projet de vie ni aucune perspective, je préfère rester à Kaala et vivre encore un peu.

[Lorsque je lui demande de parler de la vie qu'il a mené jusqu'à aujourd'hui, il se frotte les mains sur le visage et me dit qu'il ne veut pas répondre à cette question et qu'il ne veut plus parler.] - IDP from Huambo Province, Sept/00

ML 2 vm001.

I have been in this transit centre for three years. At first, I was in the MINARS compound. About two weeks later the government moved us here. Some of my brothers and sisters left [this transit center] to return to Caculama because they felt life was better there than suffering and starving here. I've had no contact with them since. I would like to go home but I'm waiting for the government to say it is safe to go. I prefer my life – I've never heard from the people who left but I think they are dead.

There is not enough food to feed a family. I don't have a ration card or receive any assistance. My kids eat in the PIC. I carry things for others and collect firewood to sell. There were no fields allocated to me or anyone [living here]. I think it is the responsibility of MINARS, but no one is capable of representing us to request for land.

Before, I never had to flee from my home. Unita would come and go from the village and we would have to give them food but it would make them happy and they would go away. They were good troops. The people were not abused.

That time, I left home rapidly when Unita attacked the village and killed many people. I could only carry only some light possessions. It took four days of walking to reach here. - *IDP female head of household with 5 children, living in a transit center in Malange, Oct/00*

DJ 20 Déplacés installés au Lar Girassol

[Le Lar Girassol était un ancien orphelinat. Contrairement aux deux autres emplacements, celui-ci est composé d'un long couloir qui dessert plusieurs petites pièces. Aussi, les personnes déplacées sur ce centre bénéficient-elles d'une relative intimité. C'est dans une de ces petites pièces, assez sombres, que X.X.et X, déplacés sur ce centre, m'ont livré un partie de leur vie.]

K.O.

J'ai quitté Kuima pour la seconde fois en 1999. La première, c'était en 1979 lorsque les incursions de l'Unita sur la ville devenaient de plus en plus violentes. Nous avons trouvé refuge dans la ville de Lungo et y sommes restés douze années. Ce n'est qu'en 1991, après les accords de Bicesse, qu'il nous a été possible de remettre les pieds sur notre ville natale. Nous avons quitté la vie que nous avions refait à Lungo pour retrouver celle de Kuima. A notre retour notre maison n'était plus qu'un tas de cendres! Il a fallu tout reconstruire, tout re-cultiver pour finalement repartir huit ans après sans rien dans les mains encore une fois.(silence). Cette fois-ci, seule ma femme est venue avec moi car tous mes enfants ont déjà fondé leur famille et ont leur propre maison. Ils ont dû fuir comme nous, mais aujourd'hui ils sont installés à Cantão. Ma femme et moi sommes ici depuis le 7 septembre 1999. Nous avons fait la route à pied et cela nous a pris une journée et demie. A mon arrivée je souffrais d'anémie mais maintenant je vais mieux.

La vie est très éprouvante dans ce camp, surtout à notre âge. Etant donné que nous n'avons pas le *cartão* nous sommes obligés de trouver des solutions pour pouvoir manger. Alors nous nous levons très tôt tous les matins pour aller chercher du bois et le vendre au marché. Cela nous rapporte un petit peu d'argent qui nous permet d'acheter de la *fuba*. Nous en faisons un repas par jour, ce qui ne nous suffit pas, alors nous dormons avec des brûlures à l'estomac. Nous aimerions faire comme les autres déplacés qui, pour la plupart, travaillent pour les personnes résidentes. Mais étant donné notre âge, aucun résident ne veut acheter nos services. J'aimerais pouvoir faire des petits travaux de cordonnerie mais je ne dispose pas du matériel. Si j'avais le matériel j'aurais pu le faire car malgré mon âge j'ai toujours le métier en tête.

Mais cela n'a pas toujours été comme cela ici. Durant les trois mois qui ont suivi notre arrivée, nous faisons des allers-retours sur les *lavras* que nous avons laissé à Lungo lors de notre premier déplacement. Nous faisons une semaine à Lungo, une semaine à Kaala. Mais l'Unita s'est très vite aperçue de ces déplacements et à pris d'assaut la ville au petit matin. Je me souviens, c'était vers quatre heures et la plupart des personnes dormaient. Ce qui nous a sauvés ma femme et moi, c'était que ce jour là nous nous étions levés très tôt pour repartir sur Kaala. Lorsque nous avons entendu les tirs nous nous sommes enfuis tout de suite alors que les autres ont été surpris dans leur sommeil. Ils ont tué 49 personnes lors de cette attaque ! A partir de ce jour, je crois que c'était au mois de décembre, nous avons décidé de rester à Kaala.

Nous attendons que nos enfants finissent de construire notre maison à Cantão pour pouvoir les rejoindre. Nous devons vivre à leurs cotés car ce sont eux qui subviennent à nos besoins. Comme ils sont encore jeunes, ils peuvent encore offrir leur service aux personnes résidentes, ce qui rapporte un peu d'argent. Sans eux ma femme et moi serions déjà morts ! C'est pour ça que lorsque l'administrateur nous a dit que tous les déplacés de Kuima allaient rentrer chez eux, j'ai eu très peur car si mes enfants rentrent je devrais rentrer aussi. Et rentrer, pour nous, cela veut dire revivre dans l'angoisse de nous faire attaquer d'un moment à l'autre. Et je n'ai plus envie de revivre cela. Je suis fatigué de cette guerre et de la vie qu'elle nous oblige à mener. J'aurais aimé que les enfants ne vivent pas ce que j'ai vécu et qu'ils aient une vie tranquille d'agriculteur. J'aimerais pouvoir leur donner mes terrains afin qu'ils puissent en prendre soin. Cela leur permettrait d'avoir des projets à leur tour, pour leurs enfants et petits enfants. Mais tel que c'est parti ce n'est pas aujourd'hui que cela s'arrêtera! -*IDP from Huambo Province, Sept/00*

ML 38 bd002.

Where we used to live was a good area. I had more than 3 *lavras*. We grew manioc, patates douce, corn, yams. It was good soil and I could grow enough for the entire family during the two plantings. I sold produce in Caculama, and also sold some charcoal. At times of fighting the markets were destroyed but once they started up again I was able to trade again.

I came to Malange [in December 1999]. FAA arrived and told the village that Unita would return and kill us all. Unita had already been killing people in other bairros. Everybody from [our bairro] came, along with other bairros. It was about 627 people. We went first to Combondo, on foot with a FAA escort. It took about three days. After that, we spent four days in Combondo, and went to Malange in cars provided by the government. They took us directly to the Bandag [Transit] Center. From there, many people moved in with other families or friends.

Once here, three of my children went to live with separate family members. I stayed here in Bandag with my wife and one child. I think most people only stayed about two weeks, before leaving to live with family or getting relocated. I'm not sure why we don't get registered for food here. They tell us that we cannot get assistance here because we are going to be resettled somewhere else. We have a chief who can negotiate for us. We also have no land. The Administrador from Caculama is still responsible for us, and is in charge of finding us land. They also told us that we cannot go to Kulamuxito or Cangandala because those areas are for people from other zones. We also heard that there was no more space in Kulamuxito.

We feel abandoned here. I want to farm the land but cannot. To earn some money, I cut firewood and my wife carries water. Now, we hear that there are people who once again wish to put a mill machine into this center [an abandoned factory] and that we will have to leave.

Unita didn't like to see anybody living well. They forced people to work by telling the soba how many workers to send and the soba had to do it. Work was usually carrying things like food or arms and could take as long as a month. I had to carry things from Caculama to Shande. It took one day. Unita killed a lot of people in the zone of Caculama but not in Dala Kissua. There was a Unita school but there were no books or anything.

I used to flee into the mata for brief periods when Unita was coming to town. The young people who would be taken by Unita had to stay in the bush for months.

Unita said that when they came to power that they would make a good life for the people. Some people believed this for a while, but then one day Unita stole cars from the military at Zande. They did not use those cars for transporting heavy things. Instead, they continued to force the people to carry cargo on their heads. That's when I realized that their promises were false.

I wish the war would end, so that the roads would open and we could return home because here the suffering is worse. The people in the [transit] center can't sleep because of the noise of this place. - IDP father of 4 from Malange, Oct/00

ML 3 vm003.

We were forced by FAA troops to leave the region when there was a lot of *confusao* and attacks. We walked to Malange for two days, no problems on the way. We were taken directly to MINARS and then shortly after brought to [this transit center]. Initially there were many more families with us, but some rented houses in the barrio, some went and stayed with family. No one was given land in Kulamuxito [an IDP camp near Malange], because we had nobody to represent us there. [Other IDPs disagreed with this].

I've been in [here] two years. There is a hand pump nearby and a PIC. My children eat there once a day. We share a room with other families. I don't have a ration card and we don't get any food. When we first arrived, we received a distribution of a bar of soap, a container, and a blanket. We also got some food, but not since then. Both my husband and I collect and sell firewood.

[Before coming to Malange] we had to flee to mata an uncountable number of times when we heard that Unita was coming. Often, we spent about two days in the mata. Unita would steal chickens, goats, pots and valuable things and beat anyone found in the barrios.

The Unita chiefs lived close to us and the soldier bases were around the barrios. I lived in fear. I had to wash their uniforms, cut grass, wash floors, while my husband was forced to carry arms and cut fire wood.

I feel safe here, protected by the government. I am hungry and there is a lot of suffering but I can walk around freely. I do not want to be relocated. I want to stay together with the other people and to collect fire wood. I would like land but want to stay in [this transit center]. - 46 year old IDP mother of 4 living in Malange, Oct/00

DJ 15

Qu'est-ce que je pense de cette situation ? Il y a bien longtemps que je n'en pense rien. J'ai 65 ans et ma vie est aujourd'hui derrière moi. Ce que je vis ici, j'ai envie de l'oublier très vite pour ne garder que les meilleurs moments. A présent ce qui m'importe c'est de savoir ce que vont devenir mes enfants et mes petits enfants. Car, contrairement à la leur, la vie que j'ai mené renferme des moments de *felicidade*⁶. (Silence). J'ai connu la guerre certes, mais de 1958 -

⁶ Félicité. Ce mot est, en portugais, chargé d'autre chose que le simple " bonheur ".

année de mon mariage - à 1981 ma femme et moi avons très bien vécu. Nous cultivions beaucoup et avions toujours à manger dans nos assiettes. Ces moments ont je pense été les seuls moments de paix que mes enfants aient connu ! A partir de 1981 la situation s'est considérablement tendue. Les incursions ponctuelles de l'Unita avaient, petit à petit, installé un climat d'appréhension. Cette même année, tout mon bétail a été décimé ! J'ai essayé de constituer un nouveau troupeau en faisant un peu de *negocio* et je me suis fait renverser par une voiture ! C'est cette guerre qui m'a mutilé ! Cette période a été, malgré tout, supportable. Mais depuis 1992 la situation est tout simplement devenue invivable!

C'est pourquoi je suis ici aujourd'hui. Pour fuir les attaques indiscriminées perpétrées par l'Unita. Car aujourd'hui, n'importe quelle personne est une cible potentielle pour l'Unita. C'est ce qui me fait peur et fait la différence avec les attaques antérieures. Si auparavant l'Unita s'intéressait uniquement aux jeunes personnes pouvant lutter à ses côtés, aujourd'hui, elle exécute toute personne qui ne lutte pas à ses côtés. Donc, les enfants comme les vieux - comme moi - sont eux aussi obligés de fuir. Il a fallu partir très vite et sans regrets! Cela a été relativement simple car de toutes les manières tous mes biens avaient déjà été pillés.(Silence).

Je suis arrivé ici le 28 mai 1999 avec ma femme et mes cinq enfants. Notre voyage s'est fait en deux temps. Nous sommes partis tout d'abord dans la *mata* de Camanla, où nous sommes restés quelques jours en attendant que la route soit sûre, puis de Camanla jusqu'à Kaala par cette même route. Je remercie Dieu pour nous avoir protégé durant tout ce chemin.

Aujourd'hui je suis inquiet car l'on est venu nous informer que nous allions bientôt retourner sur nos terres. Je ne sais pas trop quoi penser de cette initiative. Certes ici nous vivons dans de très mauvaises conditions, mais est-ce que nous serions mieux en retournant là-bas ? Pour moi cela m'est égal car je suis vieux, mais c'est différent pour mes enfants et leurs enfants. Ils sont jeunes et seront des cibles parfaites pour l'Unita, surtout après avoir été en zone gouvernementale. On ne nous a pas encore informés de la date fixée pour notre départ, mais aujourd'hui tout le monde sait que la situation à Kuima est ce qu'elle était lorsque nous l'avons quitté. En effet, la semaine dernière encore il y a eu une attaque particulièrement meurtrière, à 2 km de Kuima, dans un petit village qui s'appelle Candondelo. Selon les dires, un informateur aurait tenu l'Unita au courant des déplacements de la *tropa* et celle-ci aurait profité d'un retrait des *tropas* pour pénétrer dans le village et massacrer 13 personnes. Donc, je doute que la situation soit suffisamment sûre pour que nous puissions revenir ! Je préfère rester ici - malgré moi - que me faire massacrer là-bas ! J'ai connu la guerre, mes enfants ont connu la guerre et mes petits enfants sont en train de la connaître. J'aurais aimé qu'ils puissent connaître autre chose.(silence).

J'aurais aimé aussi qu'ils n'aient pas connu cette vie de personne déplacée. C'est une vie de misère ! Non seulement nous n'avons rien, comme le peu qui nous est destiné est volé puis revendu aux personnes résidentes. Je parle du *cartão* du CICR ! Moi par exemple, je n'ai pas eu le droit au *cartão* alors que je m'étais inscrit au même titre que les autres sur la liste des déplacés. Je pense ne pas être le seul dans cette situation. En fait, ce que font les *secretários* la plupart du temps, c'est qu'ils gardent les *cartões* puis les revendent à la population résidente. Donc ceux qui en ont vraiment besoin n'en ont pas ! Mais dans mon cas c'est un vrai problème, car je suis âgé et je n'ai plus la force d'offrir mes services aux personnes résidentes pour gagner un peu d'argent. Et puis même si je le pouvais, ils préféreraient embaucher une personne plus jeune. Donc ma vie ici se résume à peu de choses... Je me lève le matin et je n'ai rien à faire et rien à manger! A Kuima, je me levais le matin et j'allais cultiver mon terrain afin d'alimenter toute ma famille. Ici, ce sont mes enfants qui me sustentent, car ils travaillent dans les *lavras* des personnes résidentes. Mais lorsque les réserves de nourriture s'épuisent la situation devient alors vraiment critique.(Silence). Mais je ne dois pas me plaindre car aujourd'hui au moins ma famille et moi sommes en vie et dormons plus tranquillement. Il y a deux semaines, mon neveu a essayé d'aller cultiver les *lavras* laissées à Kuima et s'est fait attraper par l'Unita. Il voulait juste un peu de patate douce car ration distribuée par le CICR ne nous suffisait pas ! (Silence). Aujourd'hui je ne sais ce qu'il est devenu. *IDP from Huambo Province, Sept/00.*

MT - 33 Tchipo02

Life here is good. Life is nearly normal. Here we go freely. The only thing is the lack of land. The residents have all the land outside this area they gave to us. We even have to keep our animals inside here. We only have these little pieces of land outside our houses. It's just to play. We can only go there to work in their fields. Last year they paid us 5kg milho per day, this year, because of the rains, it's only three. If the government gave us a tractor we could cultivate that area down by the river. But no, I don't want to go back yet, we need time to rest a bit. Here we are safe, we can live here without fear of the enemy.

On the other side there, Njavei, it's not safe. It's on the other side of the river and the enemy has a road that leads directly there. I don't know if we can go back to Dongo, the government will tell us when we can. We can't go back to Chipindo, the enemy is there and there is a lot of suffering. The enemy comes directly from Huambo, and they are strong there. Our troops have tried to take [Chipindu] back three times, with tanks. The last time they fought for a couple of days and then retreated and the tanks are still there.

I left Chipindo in 1988, because of the war. Unita was making confusion. All the barrio left, together with our soba. We went on the road to Kuvango, 160 km. It took us 5 days with the children. We didn't stay long in Kuvango but we moved to Jamba Sede. We lived there together for about six years and then we moved again to Dongo.

In Chipindo, Unita would find you in the lavras and ask you for salt. They would say that we were living with the government so we were eating salt. If you said no, they would take your hand and slice it down the middle to see the blood and say, "Look, we can see you are eating salt." The problem was that the people were used to eating salt, and then when Unita came there was none and the people would get sick, especially the children. People would have swollen feet, and people died because we didn't have any salt.

.....no we don't have any mandioca here, but in Dongo we do. The lavras there are full of food. We didn't ever have to worry about food, not like here where we go hungry. There we ate three times a day, if people tell you here that they eat three times a day we are making fun of you. The food isn't enough.

[Interviewer told him that in her country they don't have mandioca.]. Why? Because of the war? Is there war in your land too? [The interviewer replied, "No, there has never been war in my country."] Oh, your making fun of me! What? Never? I can't imagine what that would be like. Here we have suffered for so many years. Lots and lots of suffering because of the war. - *IDP man from Huila, Feb/01*

ML 29 Camb001

There has been no distribution for a long time. The children are hungry. In order to feed them, you have to go to the lavras very far away. 50 kilometers. That's because here, there is no manioc in the fields nearby, only corn and beans. I just now got back from going to our fields near Caculama to get some manioc. My head is sore! My arms and feet are sore! It is 50 kilometers!

You have to make the journey at night, through the mata, or the *tropa* from Muquixi will get you. Here, these *tropa* [indicating], the Commandos, they are well-behaved. No problems. But the *tropa* in Muquixi will stop you and take your food. They beat you. They don't kill you, but they beat you, even with a catana, and make you carry things for them. That's why when I left the fields, when I came to the river I slept. Later, when the moon was up, I came back here. - *IDP man from Malange, Jan/01*

DJ 5 S.G. fd

Lorsque l'Unita a commencé à mettre des mines sur nos *lavras* nous avons dû partir. Mon oncle mon cousin et ma soeur ont été tués par des mines alors qu'ils travaillaient dans les champs.

Nous sommes partis le 27 juillet 98. Nous sommes allés tout d'abord à Kuima puis après nous nous sommes dirigés vers Kaala. Nous sommes venus au même temps que 25 autres familles. Nous sommes arrivés à Kaala le 28 au soir. Nous avons tout d'abord marché de Ngove à Kuima puis nous avons pris une *boleia*⁷ jusqu'à Kaala.

J'ai choisi de venir à Kaala car je savais qu'à Kaala nous pourrions vendre du bois au marché. Nous avons été placés à *Garagem* avec une grande partie des déplacés venant de Ngove. Mais avant d'habiter à *Garagem* j'ai tout d'abord habité dans un *bairro* appelé Calunginge. Nous y sommes restés 3 mois. Puis nous avons emménagé à Compão et y sommes restés 4 mois. Nous avons quitté Compão pour Mangumbala où nous sommes restés 5 mois. Et enfin, nous avons emménagé à Calilongué, où nous sommes restés jusqu'au moment où ma famille et moi avons été placés à *Garagem*. C'était en mars 2000. Dans chacun de mes déplacements ou déménagements j'ai toujours été avec mon mari et mes 4 enfants. J'ai dû changer plusieurs fois de maison car quand je n'avais pas d'argent pour payer le loyer ils me mettaient dehors. Pour payer le loyer nous allions tous les jours chercher du bois. Ce que je ramassais servait à la consommation personnelle et ce que ramassait mon mari servait à payer le loyer. Je travaillais de temps en temps pour les personnes résidentes sur leurs *lavras* ou les aidant à construire des briques de boue. Durant toute la période où nous vivions chez les personnes résidente nous nous sommes toujours débrouillées tous seuls. C'était difficile car nous partions très tôt le matin et ne revenions que très tard le soir donc les enfants, pendant ce temps, avaient très faim. J'ai eu de la chance lorsque je suis arrivée à *Garagem* car je suis arrivé au moment où ils faisaient les inscriptions pour le *cartao*. Mais un *cartão* ne suffit pas à nourrir toute une famille.

Nous sommes arrivés à Cantão le 5 août 2000. L'administrateur est venu nous dire que les conditions de vie seraient meilleures dans ce nouveau site qu'à *Garagem*. A *Garagem* les enfants mourraient beaucoup. Ainsi, lorsque l'on nous a dit que ce nouveau lieu serait plus adéquat, nous avons tous accepté de nous faire déplacer. Nous sommes beaucoup

⁷ Pris en stop, mais payant.

mieux ici. Et en plus mon mari a trouvé un contrat de professeur pour l'école de Cantão. Donc nous n'avons pas envie de retourner à Ngove. J'ai vu trop d'horreurs là-bas. Même si là-bas j'avais une maison et des *lavras*, je préfère rester ici, et ne plus voir des horreurs devant mes yeux. Maintenant ce que fait l'ennemi c'est qu'il brûle les maisons avec les gens à l'intérieur. Alors, lorsque tu restes chez toi ils viennent et mettent le feu, et lorsque tu sors tu sautes sur les mines... Donc, tu n'es en sécurité nulle part. *IDP from Huambo, Sept/00*

III.C. IDP Areas Beyond International Assistance

According to estimates, over 500,000 IDPs have been displaced to areas inaccessible to international humanitarian assistance (Deng Report, Jan/01). It is difficult to assess the condition of IDPs in these areas, but our interviews of IDPs who fled such zones to arrive in areas within the security perimeter universally describe a complete absence of assistance (e.g., Mussende, Massango, Dumba Cambango, Kuvango, Camacupa). Often, such zones are under only fragile control of FAA, while Unita controls the surrounding fields and mata, effectively prohibiting people from accessing their *lavras*. The situation appears to be growing more acute, as reserves are exhausted and prolonged deprivation results in increasingly severe levels of malnutrition.

- Recent nutritional surveys or screenings in areas lying outside of the current coverage of humanitarian agencies, yet under GOA control and responsibility, showed alarmingly high levels of malnutrition. The GOA is providing insufficient or no nutritional assistance or healthcare.
 - * Camacupa (near Kuito): in Mar/01, 11% severe acute malnutrition and 28% global acute malnutrition, among 535 children under 5 screened (MUAC); crude mortality rate of 3.0/day/10,000 for the period of 01/Jan/01 to 31/Mar/01, and under 5 mortality rate of 5.4/day/10,000 (source MSF). From 15/Mar/01 to 15/Apr/01, 150 children from Camacupa area were admitted to the MSF TFC in Kuito.
 - * Mussende (near Cangandala): in Mar/01, 24,1% of severe acute malnutrition and 32.9% of global acute malnutrition (using MUAC & Odemas) among 428 children under 5 screened; over Jan/01 to Mar/01 period, crude mortality rate of 2.9/day/10,000 (source MOH). From 28/Feb/01 to 15/Apr/01, 58 children from Mussende were admitted to MSF TFC in Cangandala.
 - * Cuima (near Kaala): in Mar/01, 19.6% moderate acute malnutrition among 842 children under 5 (source MSF).
- The Geneva Conventions provide that when displacement of civilians for their security is necessary (as claimed by the GOA), all possible measures shall be taken to assure the conditions of the population (shelter, hygiene, health, safety, and nutrition).

ML 42 am001 –

About a year ago, we fled with our families from Village, because of Unita attacks. We fled into the mata, where we lived for a year. After that, we finally reached Mussende. During our time in the mata, one of our little brothers was lost. He was taken by the witches.

We lived in Mussende for about three weeks. When Unita attacked, we hid in small adobe shelters, until FAA chased Unita away. Lots of people were killed by shooting and some people were taken alive to the Unita bases in the bushes. Some young women and children were taken to . . . a bairro of Mussende.

Some of the old women in the village are the mothers of the Unita soldiers and they tell their sons which people in the village should be killed.

A lot of people were dying of a sickness in the village, sometimes 10 daily. There are people with swollen feet and swollen stomachs, and diarrhoea. Most of those people were not able to leave because they were too sick. Our brother [who was being treated for edema in an MSF TFC] also had this sickness.

There is no health post in Mussende. There is no school. There was a lot of food in the *lavras*, but if the people went there they would be taken or killed by Unita.

People are not allowed to leave Mussende, there are Unita check points everywhere. It depends on luck [if people escape], God has to help them.

Our father sent a letter to relatives in Malange, who told us to come, as life was better in Malange. We escaped with him and with our sick brother, going through the mata to Rio Kwanza. It took us two days. From there we came by car to Malange. The rest of the family will also try to come to Malange. - *Two IDP cousins, aged 12 and 13, from Cuanza Sul, Nov/00*

KU - 18

We first went to Voga (old name for Cunhinga town) ... In Voga we saw the government soldiers and we were given little huts but they couldn't offer us much more than that and we had nothing at all ... We needed food, cooking utensils, clothes, medicine. So we decided to really come to Kuito, as we'd already counted on doing. - *Displaced from Bande, neighbourhood of Belo Horizonte, Cunhinga District, May/00.*

ML 14 ga026.

I'm originally from Luquembo. We lived under Unita in '92 to '95 and then again in '98. I was forced to work for Unita during this time: building houses, transporting food and carrying arms. Sometimes the work lasted for up to 4 months. During this work, I had to carry my own food, and I would sell my clothes and anything I had for food. It was also mandatory to give Unita food when they requested, if they asked for a goat and you did not have one, you would have to find one or they would kill you.

In February 1999, FAA attacked the village and there was a combat with Unita for one day. Unita retreated but FAA also left to return to Dumba Cambango. FAA told us we should not stay and to come to Dumba. The population also wanted to go with FAA. All the people left and were escorted by FAA to Dumba. In Dumba we built grass huts and lived in a very crowded barrio. We had no lavras but worked for others for food, and ate only one meal a day of funge, leaves and sometimes mushrooms. Many people died there with [symptoms resemble edema] and other sicknesses. In April, there was an attack by Unita. Seven people who I knew were killed. Unita burnt many houses with people inside. When the second attack happened in May I fled to the mata with my family. We stayed there a week before returning to Dumba. At that time, FAA was moving back from Dumba to Cambundi-Catembo and told the people to return to their villages. I am angry with FAA for leaving us behind. Dumba was the worst place I had lived. We suffered there more than elsewhere.

I arrived in Cangandala on the 5th of November after fleeing through the mata with my family. We came from Zonga, and had to leave there because Unita had come twice in the past four or five months to recruit the young boys. During these raids the young fled to the mata and the older people and children stayed in village. In the last visit Unita came into the village and beat and killed people saying, "You followed them [FAA], but now you are here alone and now you will suffer for what you have done."

We left Dumba after the second attack and traveled through the mata for a week to Zonga [52km from Dumba]. There, we made life for 4 to 5 months before we had to leave again.

Cangandala is better than anywhere else I have lived but I still feel afraid and want to go to Malange, although I have no family there. - *40 year old IDP father from Malange, Nov/00*

ML 39 am003

Before I went to Mussende town, I lived in [a barrio]. Unita would come and go. The people would have to give them food, depending on the size of their lavras. Besides carrying food for them we were not forced to do work. Basically, if you did what you are told, Unita was not violent with the you . . . We had a lavras in [our bairro], with enough food, but Unita would come to the lavras to see how much food would have to be given.

We moved into Mussende town this past May [2000]. . . Mussende is very overcrowded. People are building huts to live in or staying with family. There is a lot of sickness - diarrhoea and pain all over. In Mussende, we had to use traditional medicines. There is no health post because there is no government administration . . . We stayed with my grandfather. I would go back to the lavras escorted by FAA to get food. We ate one meal a day of funge and cassava leaves. We never ate fish or meat, but if you had a husband, he could set a trap and catch mice.

We left Mussende town in beginning of October and walked for a week with three small children. I arrived in Kabinda before my husband because he is still coming, carrying his mother. Now, I am staying in Malange with family. - *IDP mother of 3 from Cuanza Sul, Nov/00*

ML 40 am004.

We came by road from Mussende, in Cuanza Sul province. It took five days, with my husband and five children. We came through Cangandala and then to Malange. We came here to Malange because my husband has family here.

We couldn't come before now because Unita would not let anybody leave the area. They had a check point at Quilometer 25 and another at Quilometer 40 to stop people from leaving.

People in the Mussende were happy that FAA was there because it means that Unita will not come [Unita attacked Mussende in February 2001]. Before, Unita would come and force us to give them food and they would take our belongings.

I believe that life in Mussende will be better under government, but there is still too much suffering there. I don't want to go back. One reason is that my sister was killed a little while ago by a mine when she went to fetch food from the lavras. - 38 year old IDP mother of 5 from Cuanza Sul, Nov/00

MT - 25 Nj004

We had nothing there, no clothes, no salt . . .

We fled from Vicongo sometime in '99 as we had nothing there. We went to Kuvango Sede but we only stayed there one month because we had no food and nothing to trade. There town is very full, there is a lot of people there with swollen feet . . .

Kuvango presently has government administration. The town is very full and there is little food and no medicines, that is why many people are leaving there and coming here.

The 'big people' [administration] don't want the people to leave. People are leaving by caganerros [?] they have to pay 8 kwz. No one is able to leave on foot. Unita is in the mata surrounding the town. The people can not go to the lavras far away, otherwise they are killed by Unita.

Not everyone has a cartao in Njavei. There is a group of 52 people here that still haven't received one. Some people are sent back because they came from a Unita commune and they said they were suspected of being spies. - *Small group of men from Huila, including a soba from Kuvango, Feb/01*

ML 8 ga030.

While living in Mussende I went into the lavras once with my cousin to get some corn. We picked some corn and we started to put it in the sack. Then we saw a group of Unita coming. We left the corn and ran. We kept running. Unita started shooting at us but we escaped through the mata. After a while, there were no more shots, so we headed back to Mussende, going through the mata. . . . I really felt fear. I've never gone back to our field. A couple of days later, one of the men from the bairro went to the lavras and Unita found him. He was stabbed with a bayonet in the top of the head. His chest was cut open and his heart and insides were taken. . . . I know this because FAA went with some people from the bairro and found him . . . For the future, I want to work and grow my own food. - *16 year old IDP from Cuanza Sul, Jan/01*

ML 12 ga025.

In 1999 my wife died giving birth. The child also died. My four other children died of sickness sometime in the years before.

I moved to Mussende town in April 2000 with all the people in the villages around. Unita had taken everything I owned. I had problems because I could not work in Mussende. I was sick and had no family. I could not go to the lavras because Unita had laid new mines to stop the people returning to the fields to collect food. My niece had her leg blown off from a mine and I know another person who had died due to a mine accident while trying to collect food from the lavras.

In Mussende lots of people dying of sickness, vomiting, diarrhea and swelling. There was a hospital but only some medicines and they were very expensive.

I got permission from the administrator, a paper signed by FAA commander, to leave Mussende. It took four days by foot by the main road. I was encouraged by FAA to go to Cangandala but left voluntarily because I was not able to work in Mussende town because I was sick. - *IDP father of four, all of whom are dead, from Cuanza Sul, Nov/00*

MT - 29 Nj008

There was a health post and school in Vicongo but many, many years ago, back in the colonial times. Since Unita was there, there were none. Our children don't speak Portuguese, they have never been to school. We used only traditional medicines when someone was sick. Here we have this health post but it isn't always open because the nurses come from the town and they are not here everyday.

We only arrived here in October '00, so we haven't had time to start clearing the land we were given. We had to cut and remove the trees first and we had to build a house when we arrived, and now is too late to plant. Soon we will start preparing the land for next year. There in Vicongo we had lavras, but for the last year we were living in the mata.

We went back to Vicongo in the time of peace, but then the war started again and Unita took control and we couldn't leave. After many years of living there, we fled to the mata. Unita would often come to our village and take our goats and food and our cows too. They would make the young girls and boys carry them to their base and then they would never return. We have never seen the children from our village again, none of them have come back. Maybe once they arrive they kill them, we don't know, or maybe they can't escape.

We lived in the mata for about a year. Sometimes Unita passed near where we were but they never found us because we were living in the dense mata and we made small houses just made of grass. In August 2000, we found the opportunity to leave because FAA came to the area. The children passed the news through the mata. It took us 3-4 days on foot to Kuvango.

We arrived there in August, just after the big attack. We stayed there for a month but were suffering a lot from hunger. Many people there are suffering from hunger. The problem is that when Unita came they burnt all the fields and now there is not enough food for the people. There are also many people living in the town from the surrounding areas. The government is distributing food there but it isn't enough. There is a lot of sickness there too. Many people have swollen bodies. We left there because we were suffering of hunger and we came to Matala and the government sent us here.

I don't know if there will be peace. We don't know these things, we are just people living in the country, it depends on the chiefs. The future, I don't know about that either, I only think about getting food the next day. I know that the government will stop giving us food here in the future and we must work very hard so we can feed our children. - *IDP man from Huila, Feb/01*

ML 39 am003.

Before I went came to Mussende town, I lived in [a bairro]. Unita would come and go. The people would have to give them food, depending on the size of their lavras. Besides carrying food for them we were not forced to do work. Basically, if you did what you are told, Unita was not violent with the you . . . We had a lavras in [our bairro], with enough food, but Unita would come to the lavras to see how much food would have to be given.

We moved into Mussende town this past May [2000]. . . Mussende is very overcrowded. People are building huts to live in or staying with family. There is a lot of sickness - diarrhoea and pain all over. In Mussende, we had to use traditional medicines. There is no health post because there is no government administration . . . We stayed with my grandfather. I would go back to the lavras escorted by FAA to get food. We ate one meal a day of funge and cassava leaves. We never ate fish or meat, but if you had a husband, he could set a trap and catch mice.

We left Mussende town in beginning of October and walked for a week with three small children. I arrived in Kabinda before my husband because he is still coming, carrying his mother. Now, I am staying in Malange with family. - *IDP mother of 3 from Cuanza Sul, Nov/00*

ML 19 ga024.

Since 1992, [my bairro] was under Unita. There, I had to build houses for Unita, transport goods and work in the lavras. The women also had to work in the lavras and prepare fuba for the soldiers. There was no school or health post, only a church. There was a lot of sickness that we would treat by boiling roots and drinking the water.

In September 1999, FAA arrived and told us to go to Dumba Cambango, where we would be protected by FAA. After many people had left, Unita put up check points to stop the people going to the government side. The only people that remained in the villages were those forced by Unita.

In Dumba, there were 48 sobas, representing different villages, possibly up to 6 to 7,000 people. There, the people built grass huts and worked for the residents and got paid in milho. We also exchanged clothes and items for food. The living conditions were very poor and overcrowded. The water from the wells was not good for drinking. There was no health post but one time government workers came from Cambundi-Catembo and vaccinated the children for tetanus and measles.

FAA left the area before Christmas 1999 and went back to Cambundi-Catembo. The people were left exposed to Unita. When FAA was there, they would ask for food. Giving food was neither voluntary or obligatory. Once FAA left, Unita would come and take food, possessions and children. We were suffering a lot there from Unita. Life was worse there than it had been in our home area.

In April 2000 there was a big attack by Unita, there was a lot of fighting. FAA came and chased Unita away. In May, there was another attack on the people in Dumba Cambango and some people were killed. FAA was not present. After that second attack, FAA told all the people to return to their home areas.

Initially the people had been very happy that FAA had told them to move to Dumba Cambango as they would be protected and they had had enough of suffering because of Unita. After FAA abandoned them in December and then told the people to return to their home area in May the people were not happy with FAA.

It took me 2-3 days to return to return home through the mata with my family. My house was still there, but all our belongings the house were gone, except for those we hid in the mata before we left. Unita followed the people back in the villages and were very cross with the people because we had gone and lived on the government side. Unita was worse than ever, so the people had to leave once again and came to Cangandala. Only the old people in these villages stayed behind.

I arrived in Cangandala just two days ago [in November 2000] and am living in a 'transit house' while waiting to be registered and moved to a barrio. Our group living in the transit centre received some food from the administrator of Cangandala for a couple of days.

I came with 9 people from my village, who walked freely to Zonga. It took about one day. In Zonga, we were joined by about another 100 people from this barrio. We fled during the night and it took five days to reach Cangandala. No one brought anything with them because we had nothing to bring. We brought some milho but it was taken by the FAA troops when we arrived at Sungui. - *Young man IDP from Malange, Nov/00*

ML 21 ga019.

About a year ago [about December 1999] FAA arrived in my village, [in Malange]. They took me to Bairro, of the same commune. It was a two day walk. We spent several months there, until after Easter 2000. There was no distribution [there]. I worked in people's fields. Six plates of bomboj for making 10 mubangos by 20 m. We had to flee due to renewed fighting. I preferred to come with the FAA because of the suffering under Unita. Everybody had to give them food and was forced to carry things for them. - *34 year old IDP female from Malange, Oct/00*

IV. MANIPULATION OF AID AND INAPPROPRIATE RESETTLEMENT

IV.A. Problems With Aid

The international aid program to Angola is enormous. Approximately 1.1M IDPs receive some form of humanitarian assistance (Deng, Jan/01) in one of the most expensive aid operations in the world. Looked at broadly, the flow of international aid since the middle of 1999 has successfully averted a much larger crisis. Looked at up close, some IDPs who should be receiving assistance fall into the cracks, as aid strategies suffer from bureaucratic inefficiency (delays to be registered), and a lack of capacity. What is most troubling, though, is the way in which aid has been manipulated by the authorities. In particular, the promise of food has been used to implement resettlement programs.

ML 35 be001.

Life under Unita was OK at some point in the past. The sobas gave Unita food regularly. Then, the situation got worse. Unita was unhappy that people were trading with Malange, and that soap, fish and other things were coming to the village. As things got worse, we people fled to the mata when we heard that Unita was in the area. In the mata, we would live in small huts, for three days to a week, while Unita would take the manioc from our fields.

The FAA called in the sobas and told everybody to leave the area because they were going to start bombing. When Unita learned that the people were going to go to the government side, they began killing us. So we walked to Village, and then got a taxi to Malange.

I have only been here about a week, but my mother came about six months ago. After we fled from Village, we were both living in Malange. Not in a camp or transit center, just with family. The reason we came to Lombe was that we were hungry in Malange. Thieves made work in Malange not worth it. In Malange, nobody from our group got a ration card; only the old people received food through Caritas.

I don't have a ration card because I came after the registration.. Nobody in my family has a card. We work in fields for others. The payment is a plate of bomboj per person to clear and build rows of a 15 mubango by 100 m. field. It takes a day, sometimes two. I am about to have a field. Land is not a problem, but I will have to work for pay in order to buy seeds.

My brother was killed four months ago by Unita. They found him when he went back to his field.

In the future, I want to go to Luanda. - *Young IDP woman from Malange, Oct/00*

MT - 19 MH003

I left Caconda in the late 80s and went to Lubango to look for work. I worked as a merchant. After four years, I went to Matala to look for work again. We lived in a barrio of Matala with family who were living there. But I did not find a lot of work, just here and there. We suffered from hunger, so we left and came here to Muholo. After one year they stopped giving us food and now we suffer from hunger again. I have lavras here but the problem is I don't have any cattle.

Thanks to god I have never encountered the enemy in my life. I have been lucky for this, but I have suffered a lot because of this war. Even still now, we suffer from hunger.

Here in this barrio we have a health post but it is private, you have to pay and most of the time it doesn't have medicine. - *IDP man from Huila, Feb/01*

ML 51 ga006.

I have no PAM card, so I get some food from friends. I was in the hospital in Malange when there was registration. I spoke with a person from PAM about straightening this out and am still waiting for their decision. I came in the dry season. As for now, the soba will give us land, so maybe I will do a field. I used to make charcoal, but now I am too weak.

The government said to come. They had pushed the rebels away, so it was safe to walk. There was much suffering there [in home area]. I came to Cangandala for a better life -- peace. I wanted to come because of all the problems. - *Old man IDP from Malange, Oct/00*

MT - 8 Km15003

I fled my village in '97. There was a Unita attack and they took everything I had. Some people fled to Lubango, some to Huambo, others to Matala. I fled to Caconda Sede. I stayed there for two months but I was suffering. I lived in terrible conditions and I had no food, so I left and went to Matala, where all my family was. They fled in '93, when Unita came. I was a rich man, I had many cows and chickens, so I did not want to leave. After this attack in '97, I had nothing, so I decided to follow my family here.

When I arrived I registered three times to receive food but they never gave me a card and I never received food. Now they don't give any more food to the people, only the new ones that have arrived in Km9. I rent a field here. It is 50x30 steps. This year I paid a blanket to rent it. I grow milho but it is not enough. Sometimes I go to Matala to buy petrol, salt or fish to sell here.

[Would you ever go back?]

Never. Even my wife could be there and I would never go back. Here we can sleep well. Here we can live without being afraid. Nunca mais, nunca, nunca, nunca. - IDP man from Huila, Feb/01

IV.B. False Promises and the Manipulation of Aid to Move People

Sometimes, as in Huambo, GOA authorities made promises of assistance by an NGO when they knew none was forthcoming in order to get people to move to settlement sites. In other locations, the problems have been less direct. IDPs are often given the choice between living in an urban area *without* food assistance, or taking part in GOA relocation plans in order to receive assistance. This calls into question the voluntary nature of the movement. For instance, in early 2001, IDPs in Malange town were eligible for the WFP general food distribution, which created a strong incentive to move to Cambondo, an area of uncertain security.

DJ 1 mata

Avant de venir à Kaala j'ai vécu durant 2 mois dans *mata*. Ma famille et moi étions obligés de nous y réfugier car l'Unita attaquait notre village très régulièrement. Et puis lorsque l'Unita attaque les *tropas* font tout de suite après une offensive. Pour ne pas être au milieu des affrontements il valait mieux se réfugier quelque part. Nous étions plusieurs à trouver refuge dans la *mata*. La vie dans la *mata* est une vie de nomade. Il faut sans cesse changer de lieu car l'Unita les *tropas* font des incursions dans la *mata* pour ramener du monde avec eux. Nous ne pouvions pas rester plus de deux jours au même endroit. En fait lorsqu'ils ne trouvent personne dans les maisons ils se dirigent vers la *mata* car ils savent que c'est le seul endroit où nous pouvons nous protéger un petit peu.

Nous avons vécu 2 mois dans ces conditions jusqu'à ce nous n'en puissions plus. C'est alors que nous avons décidé de nous rendre du côté du gouvernement. Nous sommes partis de Catata en novembre 1999. Nous étions approximativement 40 familles à nous rendre. Nous sommes tout d'abord allés à pied jusqu'à Lungo puis la *tropa* est venue nous chercher, car ils nous ont dit que c'était plus sûr de faire le trajet jusqu'à Kaala dans leurs véhicules.

Ma famille et moi avons été installés à Obra Hospital avec toutes les personnes venant de Catata. Nous avons eu droit *cartão* du CICR ce qui nous permettait d'avoir un peu de nourriture pour survivre. Alors, je n'avais pas besoin d'aller chercher du bois ni de travailler pour les personnes résidentes. Le problème dans cet endroit, c'était que nous vivions tous entassés les uns sur les autres, sans aucune condition d'hygiène. Beaucoup d'enfants mourraient car ils étaient très vulnérables. Ils étaient déjà fragilisés par les conditions de vie qu'ils avaient subi dans la *mata* et ne supportaient plus les conditions imposées par ce camp. Ils mourraient presque tous de maladies que nous ne connaissions pas et n'avions pas de *traitements*⁸. Comme nous n'avions jamais vu cela nous les amenions toujours trop tard à l'hôpital.

A la fin du mois de juillet 99, l'administrateur est venu nous annoncer que allions être transférés à *Cantão*. Il nous a dit que nous serions beaucoup mieux là-bas, que le gouvernement allait nous donner des terres à cultiver et surtout, que le CICR allait faire le tour de toutes les maisons afin de donner 1 *cartão* par famille. L'administrateur a également ajouté que le CICR irait faire ses distributions sur place. Il y aurait en plus des postes de santé à proximité. Ma famille et moi avons été transférés le 11 août 2000. Les véhicules de la *tropa* nous ont conduit jusqu'ici au même temps que plusieurs autres familles.

Aujourd'hui, cela fait près d'un mois que je suis à *Cantão*, et nous avons en effet construit chacun notre petite maison. Mais en ce qui concerne l'alimentation c'est pire que lorsque j'étais à *Obra Hospital*. Avant notre départ de *Obra Hospital* le CICR nous a retiré nos *cartões* prétextant qu'il y avait beaucoup trop de *cartões* falsifiés. Ils nous ont dit qu'un deuxième *cartão* allait nous être distribué lorsque nous serions installés à *Cantão*. Aujourd'hui je n'ai toujours rien. Soit ils n'ont toujours pas été distribués, soit je n'étais pas ici lorsqu'ils ont fait leur distribution! Mais il y a plusieurs familles qui sont dans la même situation que la mienne. Donc aujourd'hui, je suis obligée d'aller chercher du bois pour vendre au marché. Mais maintenant le marché est beaucoup plus loin. Comme le bois que nous allons chercher ne suffit plus donc, mon mari et moi sommes obligés de travailler pour les personnes résidentes afin d'avoir un peu d'argent pour acheter à manger. Aujourd'hui je ne saurais pas vous dire si je suis mieux ici où à *Obra Hospital*! Là-bas nos enfants mourraient beaucoup mais au moins nous avions suffisamment à manger! Cela nous donnait suffisamment d'énergie pour travailler. Ici, certes nos enfants ne meurent plus mais avec le ventre vide nous ne pouvons rien faire!

C'est la deuxième fois que ma famille et moi sommes déplacés. Je suis vraiment fatiguée, car lorsque ce ne sont pas des grands déplacements - comme celui-ci - ce sont des petits déplacements, entre la *mata* et notre maison. Et ces

⁸ Médecine traditionnelle. La plupart du temps ils utilisaient de l'huile de serpent pour soigner tout sorte de maladies.

déplacements sont tout aussi éprouvants que les grands, car les conditions de vie sont les mêmes! Nous ne sommes pas chez nous!

En 1984 mon mari et mes deux premiers enfants avons déjà été déplacés. Nous avons été emmenés par la *tropa* jusqu'à la ville de Lungo. C'était à l'époque où l'Unita cherchait à renforcer ses troupes et emmenait avec elle tout ce qui était capable de tenir une arme! Nous ne sommes revenus qu'en 1991.(*accords de Bicesse*) - IDP from Huambo Province, Sept/00

MT - 18 MH002

I arrived in Matala in 98 and stayed in a barrio of Matala with family who were living there. After one year, in April 99, we moved to Muholo so that we could have fields and receive food from the government. It was voluntary, we chose to come here. I received food two times and then they stopped the distribution for everyone. The problem was I had just arrived and was only preparing the ground to plant. It was like this for all of us who arrived during this period. We had to depend on others to help us and give us food.

The lavras I have is small. I need oil or money to obtain more land. We received a seed distribution last month, 2 kg of massango. Last year people here received tools.

We fled from Chicomba in 98. The whole barrio fled together when Unita attacked in June. There was fighting for two days. I did not see the enemy I could just hear the shooting and the tanks. I didn't return, we all left together with FAA when they retreated. We travelled for three days with FAA until we reached Matala.

Before this attack, there were no problems where we were. This was the first time that Unita had attacked our town. - IDP man from Huila, Feb/01

DJ 3

Je viens de Doce (Elanda). C'est une ville qui était sous le contrôle de l'Unita et nous faisons tout ce que l'Unita nous ordonnait de faire. A chaque offensive du gouvernement, l'Unita se déplaçait et emmenait toute la population avec elle. C'est la tactique de l'Unita! A chaque déplacement nous allions là elle nous disait d'aller. En effet, il ne fallait laisser personne sur place car toute personne perdue était une personne de plus pour le gouvernement!

Mais ces conditions de vie devenaient de plus en plus difficiles et nous ne voyions rien de ce que l'Unita nous promettait! Un jour, nous avons eu peur de nous faire tuer par la *tropa* du fait que nous étions en zone Unita, alors nous avons décidé de nous rendre. Mais j'ai pris du temps à me rendre du côté du gouvernement car j'ai toujours fui les offensives de la *tropa*. J'allais toujours dans la mata avec les troupes de l'Unita. Ils nous disaient en effet, que si nous allions auprès du gouvernement nous allions nous faire tuer car nous venions d'une zone Unita. Ce qui est vrai car lors de leurs offensives, les *tropas* dépouillaient ou tuaient toute personne qui ne se décidait pas à venir avec eux!

Mais ma famille n'en pouvait plus de vivre dans la mata, et devoir se déplacer tous les deux jours! Nous avons donc profité d'une offensive de la *tropa* pour nous rendre.

C'est comme cela que je suis arrivé ici au mois de mai de cette année. Nous avons été placés à la Salsicharia. Durant tout mon "séjour" là bas je n'ai pas eu droit au *cartão* du CICR. C'était très difficile de subvenir aux besoins alimentaires de toute ma famille. Tous les matins j'allais chercher du bois pour vendre sur le marché, et c'est ce qui nous permettait de manger un petit peu. Je pense que le *cartão* qui m'était destiné à été vendu à des personnes résidentes. Ce qui était assez fréquent. Les *secretários* chargés de nous les distribuer les gardaient et les revendaient aux personnes résidentes qui en avaient moins besoin que nous. A part cela, les maladies se proliféraient très rapidement étant donné nos conditions de vie dans ce lieu. Nous dormions les uns sur les autres, et les latrines ne fonctionnaient pas du tout! Vous pouvez imaginer les conditions insalubres dans lesquelles nous vivions, sans latrines.

Lorsqu'au mois de juillet l'administrateur est venu nous annoncer que nous allions être déplacés sur un nouveau site, à ciel ouvert, nous étions plutôt contents. Il a ajouté que sur ce nouveau site, le CICR viendrait réenregistrer toutes les personnes afin que tout le monde puisse avoir à manger.

Maintenant que je suis ici depuis près d'un mois, je peux dire que la partie sanitaire est bien meilleure ici qu'à la Salsicharia, mais au niveau de l'alimentation c'est pire! A ce jour, ceux qui n'avaient pas de *cartão* à la Salsicharia n'en ont toujours pas. J'ai tellement faim que je n'arrive même pas à terminer de construire ma maison. Je ne comprends pas pourquoi est-ce que le gouvernement ne fait pas pression sur le CICR pour que l'on puisse avoir des *cartões*. Comme je vous disais, à ce jour les maisons ne sont toujours pas prêtes et le ciel est bien couvert! S'il se met à pleuvoir nous sommes très mal. Mais avec la faim au ventre je ne connais pas d'être humain qui soit capable de travailler.

Je ne sais pas à quoi cela a servi que ma famille et moi nous soyons rendus du côté gouvernement. Car ce que je suis en train de vivre ici est exactement la même chose que ce que je vivais lorsque je vivais aux côtés de l'Unita. On se fait voler, on subit des représailles pour avoir vécu en zone Unita et on a faim! Mais la *tropa* n'a également rien à manger donc ils nous volent!

Les pratiques sont finalement les mêmes. Il faut se méfier aussi bien de la *tropa* que de l'Unita. Des deux côtés! Les uns comme les autres vous volent. Vous contestez? Ils tirent sur votre maison. Et encore si vous avez de la chance. Alors maintenant, peu importe qui demande, on donne. -IDP from Huambo Province, Sept/00

DJ 8

Je viens de Lupili avec ma femme et mes enfants. Ma famille et moi avons dû quitter notre village car les attaques de l'Unita suivies des offensives gouvernementales devenaient de plus en plus violentes et répétées. D'un côté l'Unita menaçait de massacrer des personnes, et de l'autre les tropas nous menaçaient de mort si nous ne les suivions pas! Comme cette situation était devenue invivable pour toute ma famille nous avons décidé de nous rendre du côté du gouvernement. C'était en janvier 1999! Ma famille et moi avons quitté le village au même temps que 180 autres familles. Nous sommes tous venus à pied jusqu'à Kaala. A notre arrivée à Kaala, nous sommes tout d'abord restés 1 mois dans l'immeuble de la Minarse et seulement après avons été placés à la Salsicharia par ordre de l'administrateur.

La vie que nous avons menée à la Salsicharia était une vie horrible. Même les animaux ne vivent pas dans les conditions dans lesquelles nous avons vécu dans ce lieu. Nous étions entassés les uns sur les autres ce qui provoquait beaucoup de maladies et dormions dans de grands réfrigérateurs, dans le noir!

A mon arrivée j'ai eu droit au *cartão* du CICR. Mais ce *cartão* nous a été retiré au mois de novembre car apparemment il y avait beaucoup de fraudes et énormément de faux *cartões* qui circulaient. Le nouveau nous a été distribué qu'en février 2000. Pendant ces 4 mois nous n'avons pas eu droit aux distributions du CICR. Et puis, le premier *cartão* correspondait au nombre de personnes de ma famille mais le second non!

Au mois de juillet l'administrateur est venu nous annoncer que nous allions être réinstallés à Cassoco. Il nous a décrit ce lieu comme un endroit où nous serions mieux qu'à la Salsicharia et surtout que le problème de l'alimentation serait résolu. Il nous a dit que nous pourrions construire des maisons que nous aurions de puits et des latrines, un centre de santé et que le CICR viendrait faire ses distributions jusqu'à ce qu'on ait nos *lavrás*. Etant donné que nous vivions dans des conditions tellement horribles à la Salsicharia, ce nouveau lieu nous semblait très bien.

Les hommes ont été emmenés ici au début du mois d'août. Nous devons commencer à préparer les maisons pour accueillir les femmes et les enfants.

Depuis, toute ma famille est ici et c'est vrai que sur le plan de la santé cela va mieux. Mais il reste toujours un grand problème au niveau de l'alimentation. Etant donné que nous n'avons toujours pas reçu nos *lavrás* la situation est entrain de devenir vraiment critique! Heureusement que j'ai le *cartão* du CICR! Mais la difficulté c'est que mes voisins ne l'ont pas et donc je suis obligé de partager avec eux. Ce qui ne suffisait pas pour ma famille je suis maintenant obligé de le partager avec mes voisins! Mon *cartão* est prévu pour 3 personnes et en tout nous sommes 7!

A la Salsicharia j'avais la possibilité de travailler pour les personnes résidentes. Je réparais les radios et les personnes résidentes commençaient à me connaître et à m'apporter leur radio à réparer⁹. Avant notre départ, j'arrivais à m'en sortir et à faire manger toute ma famille. Pendant ce temps, ma femme allait chercher du bois pour le vendre au marché.

Mais ici, comme nous sommes loin de la ville, et les personnes déplacées n'ont pas de radio à faire réparer, il ne nous reste pas beaucoup de solutions pour palier au manque de nourriture. Ce qui veut dire qu'il arrive que nous passions des journées sans manger car la nourriture distribuée par le CICR ne suffit pas pour tenir 15 jours. Nous avons un autre problème ici c'est l'accès à l'eau. La source la plus proche est à 40 mn de marche d'ici. Et pour creuser les trous il faut avoir un peu de force et sans manger nous n'avons pas de force! Et l'eau est très profonde.

C'est la première fois que je suis déplacé et c'est une condition horrible. J'aimerais retourner sur mes terres mais la situation là-bas est encore très dangereuse. -IDP from Huambo Province, Sept/00

ML 37 bd001.

I fled Mufuma because of the war situation. There was open fighting: bombs, mortars, and stuff. As FAA approached our area, Unita began chasing the people out by shooting at them. I fled to the mata with my family and the rest of the village.

I came to Malange in October 1998, and went to live in [one of the bairros]. After about a month, I was conscripted into FAA. It was the second time for me. A short time later, I was shot in the back. Now, I'm partially disabled, and can't

⁹ Il faut savoir que tout "Kaalois" a une radio qu'il écoute à longueur de journée! (statistique à vue d'œil)

do physical work. Then, my brother who was taking care of me died. About a week later I ended up in this center, and I've been here ever since. That was early 1999.

I don't have a cartao and I'm not really sure of why, but it seems that the people living here [in Bandag transit center] are supposed to be in transit to another area, like Kulamuxito [an IDP camp]. There we will get food. The problem is that some people like me have not been able to move on. I don't know why. MINARS is in charge, and gave some rice about five months ago, but there hasn't been any distribution since. No other organizations, not even the churches, pass with any assistance. There are 209 people and 35 male heads of family here . . . Here in the center there is no water nearby, and the people have to make use of friendships in the area with people in homes. Maybe also churches. Otherwise, you have to buy water.

We weren't given fields or seeds and tools. All this time we are waiting for a place to be designated where we can be resettled. Some people do small jobs to get by. My wife carries water to earn some money. - *IDP father from Malange, Oct/00*

[Bandag Centre was closed in November 2000, opening again as an industrial mill. The IDPs were moved to a camp of tents about 10 km from Malange].

MT - 24 Nj003

There was a big attack by Unita in Kuvango Sede, on the 30th of June 1999 [???]. Some people fled east to Cuando Cubango but then they returned to Kuvango. FAA retreated to Jamba Sede and lots of people including me and my family came with them. We stayed in Jamba for one week, but we heard Dongo was also attacked so we fled through the mata in group of about 20-30. It took us three days to reach Matala. For this part of the journey FAA was not with us.

When we arrived, we went to live in Tchipopia. We stayed there without ever receiving food. The day of the registration we went to work in the lavras of the residents. When we returned they would not give us a cartao. They said we had to wait until another group arrived, when they would do another registration.

We were told if we went to Njavei we would receive a cartao. It is difficult to answer if we would have come here if there was no food distribution as I can't imagine going to a place without receiving food. It would be very difficult.

If there was peace there I would go back, that is my home. I don't know if there will be peace, only God knows this, but I hope one day I will be able to tell the story of what happened in Angola to my children. - *IDP man from Huila, Feb/01*

DJ 10 F.O.

Je viens de Mama qui était une zone contrôlée par l'Unita. L'Unita nous avait promis beaucoup de choses lorsque nous vivions sous son contrôle. Elle nous a promis des choses que nous n'avons jamais vu. Ils nous disaient que lorsqu'ils seraient au pouvoir nous aurions chacun notre maison avec plusieurs lavras à cultiver! Mais pour cela, il fallait que le plus grand nombre de personnes soient à ses cotés. Lorsque nous nous sommes rendus compte que rien de tout cela ne se réalisait nous avons décidé de fuir du coté du gouvernement. Je suis donc partie de là-bas avec toute ma famille en janvier 99. Nous avons profité de l'offensive du gouvernement en janvier pour nous rendre. Nous étions approximativement 50 familles à nous rendre. Les vehicules de la tropa nous ont accompagné jusqu'à Kaala.

A notre arrivée, nous étions les premiers à nous installer à la Salsicharia. Après, au fur et à mesure que les nouveau déplacés arrivaient nous étions de plus en plus entassés! Ces conditions étaient propices aux maladies. D'ailleurs, les maladies ont tué beaucoup d'enfants à la Salsicharia. Il y avait beaucoup de moustiques et d'autres bêtes qui transmettaient des maladies! Etant donné que nous vivions dans de la saleté, les moustiques et autres bêtes, attirés par la saleté, restaient avec nous et nous transmettaient des maladies. C'était un bâtiment qui avait seulement une sortie! Donc tout s'accumulait à l'intérieur et la lumière ne rentrait pas! Mon mari est mort là-bas, il était très malade!

J'ai droit au *cartão* du CICR mais les quantités qu'ils nous distribuaient ne suffisaient à nourrir toute ma famille. Nous devons alors aller chercher du bois pour le revendre au marché de Kaala. Comme mon mari était mort, je devais travailler beaucoup plus. Donc je travaillais dans les lavras des personnes résidentes. Cela aidait à nous payer un peu de nourriture.

Au mois de juin, le gouvernement est venu nous annoncer que nous allions être redéplacés sur un autre site. Ils nous ont dit que nous aurions plus d'espace, des latrines et un poste de secours. Il nous a dit également que le CICR viendrait faire ses distributions à coté de ce site. Ce qui était mieux car à la Salsicharia nous devions marcher un peu jusqu'au lieu où se faisaient les distributions. Sur le chemin, les personnes résidentes nous volaient beaucoup de choses. Alors nous avons accepté!

Au début du mois d'août le gouvernement a commencé par emmener les hommes. Mais comme je n'avais plus de mari je suis venu dans ce premier convoi afin de débiter la construction de ma maisons. Je suis arrivé ici à ce moment là avec toute ma famille... Nous avons alors commencé à construire nos maisons et mes enfants m'y ont aidé. Nous n'avons pas construit des maisons comme à Cantão car ici nous n'accédons pas à l'eau aussi facilement qu'eux.

De tout ce que nous a promis le gouvernement , seulement peu de choses se réalisent! Les puits sont très peu utilisables car il faut beaucoup creuser avant d'atteindre l'eau. On nous avait dit que l'on aurait des couvertures et ma famille n'en a pas encore eu! Le CICR n'est pas venu faire ses distributions! On va attendre encore un peu pour voir ce qui va se passer. En effet, pour ce qui est de l'alimentation, l'administrateur nous a dit que le CICR attendait que tout le monde ait construit ses maisons pour pouvoir enregistrer correctement les nouvelles personnes et commencer enfin les distributions sur le site! *Vamos ver...*

Cette vie de personne déplacée c'est une vie de faim. Et lorsque tu te dis que t'avais tout chez toi c'est encore plus difficile à accepter! Malgré tout, je ne sais pas si j'ai envie de retourner chez moi. Mais si le gouvernement m'y oblige il faudra bien que j'y retourne. Mais je préférerais que la situation devienne plus sûre là-bas! -IDP from Huambo Province, Sept/00

DJ 6 S.H.

Je suis parti de Ngove le 17 mars 2000 après une attaque de l'Unita sur notre ville. Ils sont arrivés, ont encerclé les maisons quartier par quartier et on dit aux hommes de sortir. Normalement ils font cela pour avoir de nouveaux hommes à leurs côtés. Tous ceux qui étaient en âge de combattre ont été forcés d'aller avec eux et les autres, pour la plupart, ont été massacrés. Ils font cela pour ne pas que ceux qui restent puissent aller renforcer les troupes gouvernementales. Mon frère à fait partie de ceux qui ont été massacrés. Comme il était *soba*, l'Unita l'a tout d'abord tué à coups de feux puis l'a découpé en morceaux. C'est comme cela que l'Unita massacre aujourd'hui. (silence) C'est cruel! Ma femme et mes enfants avons profité de l'affolement et des cris pour nous enfuir.

La *tropa* nous a trouvés sur la route et nous a embarqué au même temps que 200 autres familles. L'administrateur de Ngove a décidé que nous allions rester soit à Escola soit à Garagem. Ma famille et moi sommes restés à Garagem. Comme nous n'avions pas de *cartão* il nous fallait aller chercher du bois pour le revendre sur le marché. Mon épouse ainsi que mon fils le plus âgé avaient aussi cette corvée. Je rendais régulièrement des services aux personnes résidentes. J'aidais à la fabrication des briques en boue. Le 5 août nous avons été emmenés ici. Nous sommes venus au même temps que plusieurs autres familles. L'administrateur est venu nous dire qu'il fallait quitter Garagem car beaucoup d'enfants étaient en train de mourir. Ils nous ont dit également que nous serions mieux à Cantao car nous serions à l'air libre et que pour cette raison il y aurait moins de maladies. Ils ont dit aussi que sur ce nouveau site nous aurions des puits, des latrines, un poste santé et que le CICR viendrait y faire ses distributions!

Cela fait presque un mois que je suis ici et c'est vrai que pour une question de maladie la situation est meilleure ici, mais on nous avait promis que nous serions inscrits sur la liste du CICR et cela n'a toujours pas été fait. Alors nous n'avons rien à manger. Le problème reste le même c'est à dire que nous devons aller chercher du bois et du *capim* et pour les vendre au marché. Mais le marché est beaucoup plus loin.

C'est la première fois que je suis déplacée autrement que des allers/retours entre la *mata* et ma maison. J'aimerais pouvoir rentrer chez moi prochainement mais il semblerait que ce soit encore impossible. J'ai entendu que la semaine dernière, un *bairro* près de Ngove a été pris d'assaut. Je n'ai pas envie de prendre des risques! - IDP from Huambo Province, Sept/00

IV.C. Resettlement Risks

- The GOA has passed laws to guard against bad resettlement, called the Norms for Resettlement. Several recent incidents since the beginning of 2001 indicate that these norms are not always respected (or understood) by governmental authorities, but also that they provide strong leverage for lobbying the GOA against a particular resettlement action.
- Resettlement efforts are perceived by Unita as a political act; as a declaration by the GOA of control over an area. In this politicized context, resettlement sites become targets for attack, to send a counter-signal.
- In the context where civilians are readily accused of betrayal, resettlement programmes must be extremely careful about the security of an area. Having left Unita territory for the government side – hence, betrayed Unita – IDPs

currently risk punishment (even death) if they are encountered by Unita once again.

- One of the key elements of the Norms is that resettlement must be voluntary, yet this concept is jeopardized by food security policies. If people must resettle in order to receive food distribution, is their choice voluntary?

DJ 9.

J'ai quitté Lupili en janvier 99 en raison des massacres et vols incessants perpétrés par l'Unita. Nous ne supportons plus de vivre comme des rats alors nous avons décidé de nous rendre aux cotés du gouvernement. Lorsque nous avons quitté Lupili nous sommes directement dirigés vers Kaala. C'est ainsi qu'en janvier 99 avons été installés à la Salsicharia. Je suis venu avec mon épouse et 2 de mes 5 enfants. 2 luttent aujourd'hui aux cotés de l'Unita car ils ont été enrôlés de force et l'autre j'ai appris qu'il avait été massacré en mars 2000. Je pense qu'ils ont dû le massacrer car ils ont su que j'étais un *soba*. Ce sont les déplacés arrivés après moi qui me l'ont dit. Ils ont vu mon fils se faire massacrer et l'ennemi leur a dit de venir me le dire car ils savaient que j'avais fui vers Kaala.

La vie que nous menions à Lupili était une vie de luxe comparée à celle que nous vivons ici. Mais c'était avant que l'Unita commence à voler tout ce qui nous appartenait pour renforcer sa logistique. Nous avions de bœufs et cultivions beaucoup de choses! Comme l'Unita ne nourrissait pas ses soldats, ils entraient dans nos maisons, sur nos terres et pillaient tout ce qui était sur leur passage! Et si tu refuses de leur donner ce qu'ils veulent ils te tuent à la machette! Donc il valait mieux tout donner!

A la Salsicharia nous n'avions pas l'Unita mais les conditions de vie qui nous ont été imposées par ce lieu étaient presque aussi horribles! Nous dormions tous les uns sur les autres et ne savions jamais qui est-ce que nous avions à nos cotés. Car même en plein jour nous vivions dans l'obscurité! C'était les conditions idéales pour que les maladies surgissent. Et c'est ce qui s'est passé. Beaucoup d'enfant sont morts en raison des conditions d'insalubrité dans lesquelles nous vivions.

Au mois de juin je suis allé à une réunion du parti dans laquelle ils nous annonçaient que nous allions être redéplacés sur un nouveau site. On nous a dit que dans ce nouveau site nous aurions l'appui de différentes ONGs pour ce qui est de la santé, de l'alimentation et de l'assainissement de l'eau. Lorsque j'ai annoncé cela aux déplacés de Lupili qui étaient à la Salsicharia ils étaient plutôt contents, car de toutes les manières il fallait trouver une solution pour faire que nos enfants ne meurent plus! On nous a amené ici au début du mois d'août. C'est vrai que question santé c'est mieux! Mais le problème de la nourriture, qui était censé être résolu s'est en fait empiré! Et comme nous sommes loin de tout, nous prenons beaucoup plus de temps à aller chercher le bois pour le revendre sur le marché de Kaala! J'ai heureusement réussi à terminer ma maison mais c'est bien la seule chose qui est prête et que le gouvernement nous avait promis. Je ne sais pas si le gouvernement nous a fait croire à des choses qu'il savait déjà ne pas être possibles ou si ces choses vont réellement venir, au quel cas ce n'est qu'une question de temps! Je ne sais pas.(silence). Et puis on nous a dit aussi que nous aurions des *lavras* et nous n'en voyons toujours pas. *Vamos ver...*¹⁰

Par ailleurs, nous n'avons pas pu construire les maisons en dur, comme à Cantão, car l'eau est beaucoup trop loin. Et puis fabriquer des briques demande beaucoup d'effort, et c'est difficile d'en fournir lorsqu'on a faim!

Je suis fatigué de cette guerre qui nous fait vivre comme des animaux! (silence). Je peux considérer que j'ai déjà perdu 3 de mes enfants même si en réalité il y en a un qui est mort. Mais je n'ai pas beaucoup d'espoir pour les deux autres. Peut-être, si Dieu les protège! J'ai également perdu mon frère et ma sœur en 1980 à Calima. Ils ont été tués alors qu'ils essayait de fuir une attaque de l'Unita. J'aimerais bien que cette guerre prenne fin! Moi je suis déjà âgé mais les 2 enfants qui me restent ont encore une vie devant eux! Si la situation militaire s'arrange j'aimerais bien retourner chez moi et continuer à cultiver mes terrains pour que mes enfants puissent continuer leurs études de mécanicien et de conducteur. - *IDP from Huambo Province, Sept/00*

MT - 41 Vis001

[This was not a private interview, but one with a few people around. The subject was the relocation from Dongo IDPs in Vissaca camp to Njavei camp.]

I didn't want to go to Njavei camp. It is because of fear. It is better to stay here, until one day when there is a little peace, and go directly back to Dongo. We stayed here [in Vissaca] because we were scared to go to Njavei. Here you can sleep. It is a problem to be hungry, but you can sleep . . . you can sleep without being killed.

¹⁰ Petite phrase qui revient souvent dans leurs discours et qui veut dire "On va voir".

The sobas who moved to Njavei, they are the sobas who ran from Dongo when Unita attacked. They didn't see what Unita does. They ran and they didn't see how Unita kills people. In Njavei, it is not safe. Their fields are a long way, behind Bamba, and there is a lot of mata. The government says that Unita is not there, but it is a lie. Here, it is secure. There, Unita can attack you on your way to your fields . . . When they attack, the slit your throat. They just leave you there, or they tie you in a tree like this [arms stiff to side, body rigid]. So I will wait here until things are going better and then move back to Dongo. - *IDP man from Huila, Feb/01*

KU - 22

In March (2000), the government started telling us, the civil servants, that we had to go back to rebuild the town ... So we left in the morning of April 4th. Around 5 in the afternoon, when we were close to Canjamba, only 10 km from Chinguar, we were ambushed. They were too many ... They were hiding in the bush and I couldn't see much. When our truck drove by them they started firing at us, conventional AK bullets but also these little explosives that they attach to the AK ... My assistant panicked and threw himself out of the truck. In doing so he pushed me out and I fell on the road, just to find a few UNITA soldiers coming towards me immediately. I started running as fast as I could and they came after me. One of them was saying: "Catch him alive ... it is not worth it to waste ammunition on him". When they realised that despite my age I run very fast, they started shooting at me. One of the bullets hit my upper right arm and I had to have surgery. - *Displaced from Chinguar town, Chinguar District, May/00.*

MT - 30 Nj009

[This interview was held in his house in private. He asked to speak to us. It was not conducted as an interview, more a discussion about things he wanted to talk about.]

We came to Matala after the attack in Kuvango and [then] went to live in Tchipopia. After a couple of years the government came and asked us to move here to Njavei, where we would be given land so that we could have lavras. But we were given mata, that needs a lot of work. Many people were not able to plant this year, they will have to wait until next year. We need a lot of time to cut the trees and clear the land to prepare it for making fields. I came here with my people but now we are not happy here.

The problem is that we came from the town of Kuvango and we are used to living in the town. We are dirty because we don't have any clothes, but inside we are not people of the mata, we are not used to this life. Here we are in the bush, very far away from Matala. If we go in the town we don't receive food, even though we are in the same situation. They just want us to stay out here far away from the town. My mother lives in the town, but I have to take her food otherwise she will die. And the food they give us is just enough to survive. Look [he said pointing to his bare feet], my family and I are still without shoes because if we exchange our food for shoes we won't have enough to reach the end of the month.

Here [Njavei camp] it is dangerous. We don't feel safe. Some bandits have been near here to steal our cows. Our fields are a long way from here and people are scared to go to the lavras. And even if it is alright here now, if confusion starts again, the enemy will come here first because they don't have to cross the river. And there are spies. Unita will come here to look and one day they will come back.

Here at night we can't talk or light candles. If we do, the civil defence will come and take you to the river and put you in and hold you there. Then they leave you in the mata. This has happened a number of times to my people here because they were talking at night. In Tchipopia it was different, you could have music and walk about at night. We are not used to this life, it is difficult to live like this.

We need to be protected here. By the police or FAA. But really we don't need them, we just need weapons, because we are all soldiers inside. We have civilian clothing but we have all been soldiers and we all know how to fight. We know how to read the signs [he took a knife and made a marking in the tree], this means that the enemy is that way, [then he crossed two sticks on the ground] and this means that there is a mine. We were all born and grew up in the war, so this is what we know. This is the only thing that many people know how to do.

Water is another problem we have here. Many people are sick with diarrhoea. [As we were discussing this, we looked down, only to find his child sitting in a pool of diarrhoea, as if to prove the point]. We have asked the government to make some wells for us, but until this time nothing has been done. - *IDP man from Huila, Feb/01*

MT - 22 Nj001

We arrived [in Matala] in August 1999 and stayed in Vissaca. In August 2000 we moved again to Njavei so that we could have some lavras. Here we feel a little afraid.

We fled from Dongo because Unita came and attacked the town. We fled to the mata but FAA came and we followed them to Matala.

Before this attack Unita would come and enter the barrios about every 3 months. They would come and take everything and often burn the houses.

I would like to return to Dongo if there is peace, I still have family there. Some people are returning to get food from the lavras. It takes a man only one day to walk there. - *IDP woman from Huila, Feb/01*

V. LIFE UNDER UNITA

Most of the IDPs we see as beneficiaries spent the last few years of their lives, if not all of the past decade or more, living in territory controlled by Unita.¹¹ In general, people encountered Unita in two ways, either as a familiar group living close to them – a part of the village – or as an outside force that moved through their areas from time to time. Prior to 1998, life under Unita for some IDPs seems not much different than life in villages elsewhere in Angola, though subject to strict administration or control. Since 1998, however, Unita appears to have taken a more severe and more violent attitude towards the people, creating in some areas a reign of terror. Coupled with the lack of humanitarian access or international assistance in Unita zones, these last 30 months or so have probably marked the most violent and deprivations-filled times in people's lives.

Looking across the ensemble of IDP narratives, there were probably three major features to life under Unita. First, the denial of circulation, resulting in acute shortages of basic household goods such as shoes, clothing, soap, salt, and even oil. Also, there were no school text books or modern medicines. Second, there was the requirement of supporting Unita: taxes and forced labour. Third, the ever-present fear of violence.

MT - 1 Chi001

[[[This man works in the health post in Chilepe.]

Here we started a health in the tent just last week. We have some materials, but just a few and the medicines have already finished. We see about 40 people per day. The person in charge of the health post went to ask the government for some more medicines today.]]

Here the government gave us some land for all of the people but it is not very big. They gave us four cows also, but we are missing the equipment to plough the fields.

When we arrived in Matala the government sent us to [this IDP camp], but we only stayed there a few days, after they moved us to here. They told us it was because they did not have enough food for us there and we should start a new barrio here.

I am from Matala. I went with my family to Chipindo in the year of peace to find some land so that we could have lavras. After a short time there, the peace finished and Unita came there. We lived there from this time until we left in January this year [2001] with Unita.

You see it's like this, when you live there with Unita you must obey them. You must do what they say otherwise they will kill you. They control the people. Even if you have the idea to go to the government side, they threaten you that if you leave they will kill you, so the people just stay there and obey them. The people can't laugh and be free to do things. If they see you laughing, they say, "Why are you laughing? Have you heard that there is peace? Have you been talking with people from the MPLA side?" Unita like to see the people suffering, they make the people work like slaves and take the food from the people so that they are hungry.

¹¹ While the IDPs have told us of much suffering in Unita zones, it should be remembered that there is also much suffering and violence in government areas.

They take the children away from their parents and take them to their base so they can work for them, transporting things and making them do anything they say. They are just like their slaves. This is why they don't want the people to go to the government side, because then they would not have anyone to work for them . . . Once the children are about 14, Unita starts training the boys to fight and the girls are made to dance and sing. It is called JURA. These girls must also serve the soldier when they want. Later on these girls become their wives. These girls appear happy in the face but in their heart they are not.

My sister became the wife of a Unita soldier. She, too, was taken away when she was a young girl. She was allowed to come back to the village to get food, but she did not talk about life there, no one does because they are afraid. Even to their own family, they can't talk badly about their life there because you can't trust anyone. You don't know who will tell Unita.

[I asked him how they make the children change to do the things to others that they suffered themselves.]

It is easy, Unita just wants to win the people. When the boys are first there, when the other soldiers come back with things they have stolen from the people, they give them to the young boys and they are happy. Then when the boys go and take things they are allowed to keep some of it. For example if they take 20kg of salt they can only keep 1kg. But then for example when they are travelling with a higher ranking person, they are the ones that have to go and take the things but they don't receive any, they have to give everything to the commander.

I was never taken because I was a teacher of the bible. Unita let us have a church but we weren't allowed to sing only talk. Unita doesn't have churches because they don't want to bring the law of church to their bases. The church says I will not kill. One day Unita came into our church and took all the young girls. They began firing bullet at the people because they were angry that they had been hiding and were not giving them the young girls for JURA.

In our village we didn't have any school. Our children don't know how to read or write. They only speak Umbundu because if you speak Portuguese, they say you have been with MPLA. You must only speak with them in Umbundu. We didn't have a hospital or medicines there either. We just used traditional treatment.

No I will never go back, I would rather exchange my house for a kilo of milho than to go back there. - *IDP man from Huila, Feb/01*

MT - 23 Nj002

We fled from Dongo because of the war. Unita came and made a lot of confusion. This was in August '99. We fled directly to Matala. Some people fled to the mata and then came to Matala later. We didn't bring anything with us.

In the years before we fled, Unita would come about every three months in the night to attack our barrio. During this time we would flee to the mata. They would take everything from the houses and burn them. If they found people in the barrio, even children, they would kill them, either with a knife or shoot them. If they found young girls and boys they took them to their bases and they would never return.

When we arrived we went to Vissaca. We stayed there for a year and then came here so that we could make lavras. We had a choice to stay or come here, no one forced us. Our lavras are about 4 km away. - *IDP man from Huila, Feb/01*

MT - 13 Km9005

[This interviewee appeared nervous to say too much.]

We fled from the Unita base there in October 2000. We were living there for two years in the base. One night when all the chiefs were sleeping, I took my family and we escaped. It is very difficult to leave there.

We were living in this village with FAA, some years ago, when they left and went to Matala. Unita came to the village and began to take the people one by one. They took me two years ago in '98. My family lived with me there in the base.

In 87-88 I was with FAA. Our chief died and we lost morale, so ran away and went back to my village. [I asked him if Unita knew that he had fought with FAA] He laughed and said, "If they did I won't be here alive to tell you this story."

[Was it very different being a soldier for FAA and Unita?]

It was very different. Firstly with FAA, we were given boots and a uniform, food and many other things. We were also given money. We received about 100-150 kwz a month. We didn't receive it every month but sometimes we received three months together. With Unita you are not given anything. You must steal everything from the people.

[Is the politics of Unita and FAA very different?]

Unita tells us that we must continue to fight this war until Savimbi is our president, until this time comes we must continue to fight this war. Unita tells you that you must kill people when they do something wrong. This was very difficult for me, I didn't agree with this. FAA tells the soldiers to respect the people, they have good laws.

The chiefs in Unita just sit and do nothing. They just send the boy to get clothes and food for them. And they have 5-6 girls from JURA to cook and get water for them. These girls have to dance and sing and the chief just orders them to stay there in that house on this night. In Unita, the young boys can't show how strong they are or show their ambition, or they are killed by the chiefs because they are scared that they will take their place. There are no schools in the base for the children. Medicines are only available when they rob a hospital.

[Did you ever see these prisons, with a hole in the ground?] He laughed, they are everywhere. There are lot of them. Sometimes they have 10 or 25 people in them. They take the people out one by one and take them down to the river and kill them.

[What does Unita think of humanitarian aid? Do they respect them as being independent?]

Unita has no respect for anyone. If they had something that Unita wanted, they would just attack them and take it. Unita has no laws. - *IDP man from Huila, Feb/01*

ZF - 9 Mwin09

Tous sont ici.

La vie était faite de souffrances.... Alors on avait tous un petit terrain que l'on cultivait : du manioc, des patates douces, des légumes, des haricots noirs, du maïs, tout quoi. Mais la récolte était contrôlée par l'Unita. Ils nous laissaient une partie pour nous, et prenaient le reste pour eux. C'était l'Unita qui contrôlait tout le monde. Ils prenaient aussi les hommes quand il fallait transporter les munitions ou autre chose, parfois loin, pendant plus de 3 mois.

Nous, on se débrouillait beaucoup avec la Zambie. On pêchait et on chassait et on allait vendre le poisson et la viande en Zambie, et on revenait avec du savon, du sel, des habits. Mais même ça, quand on allait vendre en Zambie, il fallait payer une taxe à l'Unita. On n'avait pas le droit de partir en zone gouvernementale non plus, ceux qui essayaient de partir étaient tués. Non, je ne l'ai pas entendu dire, je l'ai vu, avec l'Unita, on n'entendait pas dire, on voyait les choses et les morts. Nous avons beaucoup souffert, beaucoup.

Je suis parti de X la semaine dernière. Ça a commencé le 15 septembre [2000], l'Unita nous a dit que la guerre arrivait, qu'il y avait des combats à Cavungo et qu'ils allaient se battre. Et le dimanche, nous avons entendu les bombardements de 7 heures à 15 heures. Il y a eu beaucoup de combats à Cavungo, et puis l'Unita nous a dit de partir, ils nous ont dit qu'ils ne voulaient pas que nous restions ici pour écouter la propagande du MPLA, nous qui avons toujours vécu avec eux. Ils préféraient que nous partions ou nous tuer plutôt que de passer sous contrôle du gouvernement. Ils ont battu ceux qui ont protesté, alors nous sommes tous partis en emmenant ce que nous pouvions. Normalement, il faut 4 jours de marche pour Jimbe, mais avec les enfants nous avons mis 7 jours. On marchait le jour et on dormait la nuit. Certains sont partis au Congo, mais les soldats congolais disaient que nous étions des soldats de l'Unita et ne nous laissaient pas passer. Mais certains sont passés quand même. Ils ont dit qu'ils étaient des civils, mais je ne sais pas ce qui leur est arrivé. Nous, nous sommes venus un groupe d'une cinquantaine, et nous avons été rejoint par un autre groupe, je ne sais pas d'où ils venaient. Et nous sommes arrivés à Jimbe hier (le 5/10) et nous avons été transportés ici en camion. Certains sont restés, mais seulement ceux qui étaient très liés à l'Unita, par conviction. On ne nous a pas forcés à rester.

Maintenant, ils sont dans la forêt. Non, ils n'enlevaient pas les femmes, ils ont leurs propres femmes et des filles. - *Refugee from Moxico, Oct/00*

MT - 7 Km15002

In the end of '92, Unita came to our village and we lived there with Unita until we fled in '96. They had a base not so far away, but some of them stayed in the village with us, guarding us so that we could not run away. There was one 'guard' for every five houses. There, we were their slaves. I had to work in the lavras and build houses. The women had to prepare the fuba and carry water. They took the young boys and girls to their base. There, the boys were trained to fight and the girls had to cook and look after the soldiers. When girls were old enough they would take them and rape them.

We had no salt, clothes or soap. There were no schools or hospitals. The first day of every month, they would walk around the village and collect 10kg of milho from each house. If you did something wrong Unita would say to the people that they were taking you to the big chief, but they would just take the people down by the river and kill them.

They would have meeting with us and tell us, “You belong here, you can never think about leaving. Now you are with us and you will stay with us always.” They would also talk about Savimbi and promise us that the war would end. First they would say one date and then when that came, another date. They just continued to change it.

In '96, FAA came our village. They were very strong and Unita fled. We were able to leave so we went to N'gola. We stayed there for 3 months waiting for our milho in the lavras to be ready. After three months FAA called us and we went to our lavras to take the milho. For me, I just returned to take food for my journey to Matala and some to sell.

I came here because I have family here. I don't have a lavra but I have a horta and I sell the vegetables to buy other things. But it is not enough, we are hunger.

I wouldn't go back. Now I will stay here. - *IDP father of five, from Huila, Feb/01*

ML 48 ga011.

In colonial times, there was a health post in Bembo. Under Unita, there was a place with a nurse that gave out traditional medicines.

My home area was good for fishing and farming. I did both. I had a lavras with rice, potatoes, peanuts, manioc, and corn. Since colonial times, I haven't been selling my produce because there was no money economy. Just trade.

Here, I have a house in Bairro. I have a ration card but no tools or seeds because there has been no distribution, and no place to buy seeds. Sometimes I buy fish in Rio Cuanza and sell them in Cangandala to make a little money

I arrived [in December 1999]. FAA arrived in Village and Unita fled further south, towards Luquembo, and east to Cambundi-Catembo. FAA told us we should leave because if Unita came back then Unita will kill us. I believed this to be true. About 2 months ago, some fishermen from my area went back to Bembo to catch fish and were found by Unita. Two were killed by Unita and the rest escaped back here.

We came on foot with FAA as an escort. It was an organized movement. We could only bring light things. I heard that Unita has since burned our homes.

Under Unita, we didn't have anything. No salt. No soap. Sometimes we were forced to work. It was impossible to leave earlier, because we were surrounded. Since about 1992, Unita had total control. Under Unita, the bairro had to pay 2 sacks of bomboj every 2 weeks. This works out to about 4 plates (1 shikushiku) per household every 2 weeks. Punishment for failure to comply was being beaten. The bairro also gave fish and goats, but not in a fixed rate.

Unita ran schools, but didn't even have paper. The students used the earth as paper and sticks as pencils.

Unita stole clothes from the people. In 1992, I went to Luanda. When I returned, and they saw from my clothes that I had left their area, they put me in jail and beat me with my arms tied behind my back. Then they kept my clothes.

I would like to return to Bembo, because there is no fishing here in Cangandala. - *45 year old IDP father of 2 from Bembo, Oct/00*

ML 9 ml001.

We come from Village, but there is no one living in the town anymore. We've been living in the mata for the past year, in small groups of 5-6 people, all within a couple of hours walk from the town. We would sneak into town to fetch food from the lavras but if you got caught Unita would kill you. Living like that, we ate two meals a day of cassava, funge and sometimes fish. We got a kind of 'salt' from the river bed.

We did not leave to Malange before because Unita controlled all the paths. When FAA came in September '99, some people left, but others were too afraid. There are still some people remaining there living in the mata.

When we were living in Village, before we fled to the mata, Unita would come often and ask the soba for goats, chickens and other food. If the soba could not give it to them he was beaten. He would have to lie down on the ground like this, and two people would beat him together with pieces of wood, 100 times each.

Unita would come and take the young boys and girls. The first time they took 15, then 10 and then 3. One time they took a group of children and FAA went after them and the children escaped. The girls are taken to carry the babies of Unita,

fetch water and cook for them. The boys are taken to collect fire wood, carry Unita's food and weapons and are trained to become Unita soldiers.

Unita would come and make the older people cart things for them, sometimes 30 days, 15 or 7, it just depended . . . Unita would come to the village every week and select the women to prepare the fuba and bring it to their base. Sometimes they would take the clothes of the women too.

We were not allowed to use shoes, they told us, "Shoes are only for Unita, not for you." - *Small group of newly arrived IDPs in Malange, Nov/00*

ML 10

After the election in 1992, there was some *confusao*. Then there were relative years of peace, under the MPLA and later the joint government. In 1998, when the war broke out again, we fled. Some made it through to Malange. However, Unita cut off the route to the south and took people back with them. Then we lived under strict control of Unita until recently.

If they found you on the road, and you didn't have a reason to be going in that direction, then they would say that you were heading to Malange [the government area] and cut off your head.

Unita actually had their own fields, but only corn. For everything else, Unita would make the people give food. The people also had to transport it. Unita would tell the soba how much to deliver. Two *tambouras* (??) of bomboj every week. Unita took all of the goats when they wanted them. They also recruited young men and women.

FAA got close after its campaign of late 1999, but never were able to reach our zones. Recently, though, FAA pushed through and drove Unita further north towards Marimba and Lunda. FAA arrived one day and told the people to come. We left immediately, without being able to take anything with us. We left with no clothes, and we have only these cheap sandals for shoes from Unita. We came on foot, taking 2-3 days. The children were crying because it was a long walk.

There are still many people up there, living in bairros [one man named about 8] that have not yet been reached by FAA. The people are in the mata, between FAA and Unita. Near their fields. - *Group of newly arrived IDPs in Malange, Nov/00*

KU - 57

UNITA took everything out of the houses before setting them on fire. Then they left.
- *Displaced from [Village] Village, Kuito Commune, Kuito District. When UNITA attacked [Village], on April 15th, 1999 found mainly FAA troops in town. Most of the population of [Village] had already left to Savimboto, Cambueio and Ecovongo. A few days later, UNITA attacked Ecovongo and Cambueio but did not take them from the government troops), May/00.*

ML 11 ml002.

For the last three years under Unita there was no health post or school. Before, under the government, there was a school but the teacher was beaten to death when Unita arrived because he worked for government.

Now, most of the food in the lavras is finished because Unita is asking for food everyday. If you refused, you would be tied up, beaten and killed. Only the recently planted lavras remain. People were dying because didn't have enough to eat.

We were part of a group of 232 IDPs who arrived from Caombo and Kiwaba N'Zogi [in November 2000]. We were escorted by FAA until the outskirts of Malange. The trip took four days from Caombo. People did not bring anything with them as Unita had already taken everything. We couldn't leave since '98 because Unita closed off all access and we were not able to leave. When FAA arrived, there was fighting for one day with Unita. Unita fled as FAA was strong, with lots of tanks and artillery. Most of the people had fled to the mata 2 - 3 weeks before. People stayed in mata until FAA came and told people it was safe.

Unita took the people's clothes and shoes. [Many of the men interviewed only had one pair of trousers and nothing else] . . . Unita [also] took many young boys for recruitment. If they refused, they were killed. If the father refused to give them his son he would also be killed . . . Unita randomly killed people saying, "Your sons that have left are the police and FAA, so now you must pay, you must obey us."

We were often beaten if we did not have food to give or if we refused to work for Unita. One man was in the church speaking with the people telling them good things, Unita came and asked him to carry something, he refused and was beaten 200 times. Sometimes people were taken to the Unita bases and beaten and then brought back to the village dead or alive to show us that this is what happens when we do not obey. The more suffering the victim showed the more Unita liked it. -*Small group of IDPs from Caombo, recently arrived in Malange, Nov/00*

KU - 11

UNITA was everywhere in the bush. The ones (from the population) who had left had gone to the bush also. They could not even come close to their homes to get some food or to work in their fields because if UNITA found them they would be killed. - *Displaced from Cunhinga town, Cunhinga District), May/00.*

KU - 8

We left [Village] on February 18th, 2000, because UNITA started attacking us when we went to our fields, since the beginning of February. The fields of [Village] were a bit far from the village and it started happening that people left to their fields and never came back. There are a lot of people, especially young men and young women, who disappeared like that. If we wanted to cultivate, we had to do it in the evening or at night in order not to get caught by UNITA. We decided to leave because we had almost nothing left to eat. We were very afraid to go to our fields ... Until February we had no problem ... To the ones they allowed to go back to the village UNITA would say: "tell people in your village to not come to the fields, ever again. - *Displaced from [Village], village of Nharea town, Nharea Commune, Cunhinga District), May/00.*

ML 31 be004.

I was a school teacher in [a Municipal sede]. In [a Provincial capital], I did a training course to improve teaching skills. During that time, I was paid 19kwanzas a month, but not every month. In March, once I finished the course and was qualified, I received 100kw/ month. My wife still had to make and sell charcoal for extra money.

I was told by the Ministry of Education to come to this barrio of Village and that I would receive food from PAM for working as a school teacher. The first month I received food, but PAM came and changed the registration during a time I was in [a Provincial capital] and my name was removed from the list. Since then I have not received any food. I went to the MOE and they told me that the people of the barrio should give me food because they want a teacher there. In the end, I have not been paid a salary for 5 months.

In October '98 there was a big Unita attack in [a Municipal sede]. It was a combat attack with FAA who was in the town, but many of the civilian population in the surrounding barrios were also killed; children, women, everyone Unita saw because they were there living with the government. Realizing I could not stay in my house I tried to flee to the mata with my family, but we were caught by Unita. We were taken to a house and forced inside to be burnt together. Some people were afraid to go inside once they realized the intentions of Unita, and were beaten and shot. There were many people inside the house, but we managed to loosen and remove one of the adobe bricks, from where we escaped one by one.

I fled directly to the mata with my family and headed to [a Provincial capital]. It took four days to reach [a Provincial capital], one of which was spent wading through a river waist high, with the children on our backs and carrying others. In [a Provincial capital], I rented a house in a barrio with many other family members.

From 1975 to about 1981 or '82, [a Municipal sede] was controlled by the government. In '82 – '83, Unita would attack and retreat back into the mata. In 1992, after the elections, Unita came and FAA ran away. This was a particularly bad time for the people as Unita was blaming them for losing the elections and the population was made suffer [in reprisal.]. Unita would come and find the sobas of the barrios and kill them because it was their fault the population had voted for the government. They had supported the government and now the government had fled so the population would have to pay.

The people were not allowed to listen to the radio or speak badly of Unita, for those that did would be found and killed. The population was told that they had to change their minds and belong to Unita. The young men were taken to fight for Unita and the younger girls and boys taken for JURA. JURA was a group made to sing and dance for the soldiers. The girls were also there for the soldiers to use for sex. The soldiers could pick and chose as they liked. Even when they left their base to other locations, the group was taken with them and made to carry the ammunition.

In '95 - '96 a government administration was put in place but Unita still remained living with the people. In '97 the UN was sent to ask Unita for a cease fire. It was also announced on the radio that FAA was coming and requesting Unita not to fight. The population was told that they must not support FAA but many of the soldiers had family there and so the

people were very happy when they arrived. FAA came and Unita left to the mata without fighting. Shortly afterwards Unita reorganized themselves in the mata and began to attack. With the first big attack, all the population fled to the mata. During the second attack, FAA left and Unita took control of [a Municipal sede]for 24 hours.

I was recruited by FAA in '79 but in '81 I was shot in two places in my arm and was sent to the hospital in Luanda. For the next five years I couldn't work. In '87 I began teaching again, as I did before I was recruited. When Unita came in '92 I continued to work as a teacher (forced not paid) as I was injured and could not fight for them. - *IDP and teacher from Angola, Nov/00*

ML 33 be005.

I left Village in 1992, after the elections, and went to Malange. I didn't take my family as it was too dangerous. I stayed in Malange for five years. I lived in a group centre and received food from the government. In 1997, we were asked by the government to resettle in Lombe. I lived there for two years before returning to Village to fetch my family. When I returned to Village, I found my brother and two nephews had been beaten to death by Unita soldiers for refusing recruitment. My wife and family suffered a lot under Unita. She worked for them like a slave, they had no respect for her.

Since living in Lombe, I had to flee to the mata three separate times in 1998, but only for the day.

[When asked whether Unita came and took things]: *that's their duty.*

[When asked if Unita took people for recruitment]: *that's their duty*

[When asked if they were killing people and why, he laughed]: *that's their duty, they don't need a reason.*

- *Elderly IDP from Malange, Nov/00*

ZF - 13 Maheb01

Toute sa famille est ici.

Soba (chef) à Lovua pour 45 familles.

Est né et habitait à Lovua.

Nous n'avions rien à manger, nous avons beaucoup souffert. Nous devons donner toute notre production agricole à l'Unita, et ils nous en laissaient seulement un peu pour que nous puissions continuer à travailler pour eux. C'est comme ça depuis 1985, ils prenaient la nourriture et on était même obligé de l'emmener sur le front pour les soldats, ils prenaient des jeunes et leur faisait porter la nourriture. Ils les emmenaient parfois un mois entier. Les femmes étaient mariées de force, quel que soit leur âge. Il n'y avait pas d'école non plus, ni d'hôpital, ni de médecin, alors on se soignait avec des remèdes traditionnels. Il n'y avait même pas un infirmier. Non, il n'y avait jamais de fête, même pour les mariages.

Il y a eu des combats et des bombardements. Ça a commencé en juillet de cette année, jusqu'en septembre quand nous avons fui. Nous avons quitté Lovua le 28 juillet [2000], nous nous sommes cachés dans la forêt. Le 12 septembre, ça n'a plus arrêté, la guerre, les incursions du MPLA, alors on est parti. On a été obligé de partir à cause des bombardements, sans rien emporter. Tout le monde est parti. Non, on n'a rien emporté avec nous, on a mangé des fruits dans la forêt, on campait dans la forêt. On a dormi 4 nuits dans la forêt sur le chemin, et on est arrivé à Luau Mission le 16 septembre. Le camion est venu nous chercher une semaine après, et nous emmené directement à Maheba, nous ne sommes pas passé à Mwinilunga. Nous sommes les 3ème à être arrivés à Luau Mission.

On n'est pas parti avant car l'Unita nous en empêchait. C'était interdit. Ceux qui essayaient de partir en Zambie étaient tués. On était comme des esclaves, encerclé, pas le droit d'aller à Luena ni en Zambie, bloqués, prisonniers.

Moi, je n'ai pas été battu, mais les jeunes qui étaient obligés de porter des choses pour l'Unita ont beaucoup souffert. Oui, c'est vrai, les soldats prenaient les filles qu'ils voulaient et les emmenaient, oui, ils les violaient.

Non, je ne pense pas retourner en Angola. Seulement quand il y aura une vraie paix. Sinon, je reste ici pour toujours.

C'est la deuxième fois que je suis ici. Déjà, en 86, j'ai fui en Zambie et j'étais à Maheba de 86 à 92. En 92, quand il y a eu la paix, on nous a ramené en avion d'ici à Cazombo. On n'aurait pas du rentrer, on aurait du rester ici. Maintenant, il faut tout recommencer. - *Refugee from Moxico, Oct/00*

VI. GENERAL STORIES OF IDP LIFE

ZF - 15 Maheb03

Son mari n'est pas avec elle, ses enfants et sa mère si. Elle est infirmière.

Je viens de Cavungo. En 1982, j'ai suivi un cours de promoteur de santé à Cazombo, puis j'ai commencé à travailler à l'hôpital. Mais l'hôpital est fermé depuis 1 an, et depuis 3 ans il n'y a plus de médecin. Jusqu'en 97, on recevait un salaire payé par l'aide humanitaire (UN). Depuis 97, je ne travaille plus et j'ai rejoint mon mari à Cavungo. Lui, il est professeur et pareil, il ne travaille plus depuis 97. Nous avons un terrain, on plantait de tout et on fabriquait du caxi (alcool de maïs et de patate douce).

En plus de notre terrain, il y avait le terrain de culture de l'Unita où on était obligé de travailler aussi pour eux.

Nous avons souffert de la faim, avec la pluie en plus, on ne pouvait pas dormir à la maison à cause de la guerre. Quand les soldats du MPLA venaient, on fuyait dans la forêt. En 99, des groupes de soldats du MPLA venaient de temps en temps, ils prenaient la nourriture et s'en allaient. C'est seulement en septembre [2000] qu'il y a eu la guerre vraiment, et nous avons beaucoup souffert. A partir de juillet de cette année, nous nous sommes cachés dans la forêt. C'était la première fois.

Mon dernier enfant est né chez moi, j'ai beaucoup souffert. Les autres étaient nés à l'hôpital. Heureusement, ils n'ont jamais eu de maladie contagieuse, seulement la toux et la fièvre. La dernière vaccination a eu lieu en 98. Il y avait des écoles jusqu'en 99. Il y avait des fêtes parfois, pour les circoncisions et les mariages, mais pas chez moi, on n'avait pas les moyens.

Il n'y avait pas de travail obligatoire, à part cultiver le terrain de l'Unita. Mais ils prenaient les jeunes pour emmener la nourriture au front, pour les entraîner à la guerre aussi et ceux qui ne voulaient pas ont fui en Zambie il y a déjà longtemps.

J'ai quitté Cavungo en août pour me cacher dans la forêt. Les FAPLAS sont arrivés en août, des petits groupes, ils venaient voler nos biens, frappaient les gens et s'en allaient. Ils m'ont volé tous mes habits, mes chèvres, mes poulets et ils ont battu mon père parce qu'il n'avait rien à leur donner, alors ils lui ont dit « tu as caché tes biens » et ils l'ont frappé.

En septembre, les FAPLAS ont pris Cazombo et après sont arrivés chez nous, l'Unita a fui, il n'y a pas eu de combat. Quand les FAPLAS sont arrivés, mon mari était parti dans la forêt pour chasser, et j'ai dû fuir seule avec mes enfants et ma mère parce qu'il n'était pas là. Je suis partie avec un gros groupe de Cavungo, on a été dans la forêt, on est passé à Lovua, où il y avait encore des gens, puis on a marché jusqu'à Luau Mission, pendant une semaine. Je n'ai rien mangé pendant une semaine.

Oui, on connaissait le camp de Maheba, mais quand on a fui, on n'a pas réfléchi, c'était seulement fuir en Zambie, fuir la guerre.

En arrivant à Luau Mission, on a reçu du fuba, des haricots, de l'huile et du sel. Je suis restée une semaine à Mwinilunga où j'ai encore reçu de la nourriture. Je suis arrivée ici avant hier, jeudi.

Maintenant, je veux vraiment rester ici. Seulement peut-être quand je saurais que mon père est en vie, j'irais le chercher et je reviendrais ici ; mon père est resté car il ne peut pas marcher.

C'était seulement de la souffrance, je n'ai rien d'autre à dire. Seulement de la souffrance. - *Refugee from Moxico, Oct/00*

MT - 40 Tom001

All my children, except this one, are with my husband. I have been here [Tomba IDP camp] since January [2001]. I was taken my FAA, with five other women, when we were in the fields in our village. Someone told me that my husband was at MINARS with my children, and I went to visit them two days ago. My children are sick, they have swollen bodies, I need to go and be with them and take them food. They receive food there but it is not good, it is not good for them to eat it. The problem is that I can't go there because my identification papers say that I must stay in this camp.

When FAA found us, we were taking mandioca from the lavras. They said to us, "What are you doing here? Let's go. If we leave you here you will eat all the mandioca." And they laughed. At night we were tied up to a tree by our feet and hands. During the day when we were walking they untied us but always walked along beside us with their guns. Even if we wanted to go to wee they would come with us to make sure that we wouldn't run away.

Every time FAA came to the village, I would run away. This was the first time I was caught by them. One time my husband was caught by them. He stay with them just for the day and escaped that night. He still had his hands tied but he met someone along the way home and they untied his hands.

FAA would come to the village and look for cows. When they knew where they were they would return and take the cows. Sometimes they would kill people it just depended on luck, sometimes they killed the whole families and other times they would just catch someone and ask for information about where the cows were and then let them go. One day 5-6 FAA came to take the cows. I was in the church and they came in and started shooting. They did not kill anyone, it was just luck.

In the village there was one school. There was no hospital. Only Unita had medicines, but not for the people. There was no market. Unita did not allow it. We had no salt, clothes or soap.

When I arrived in Matala, I was sent here by MINARS because this is where all the people for Chicomba are sent. I have a cartao but I have no panelas. - *IDP woman from Tomba, Feb/01*

[Interviewer went to MINARS to give a message to interviewee's husband and MINARS explained that he and the children had been sent to Chilepe, a new IDP settlement area. MINARS could not offer an justification for this but just said that they would help this case. The problem is that Tomba is MINARS Chicomba, and Chilepe is MINARS Matala. To transfer these people and reunite the family they need new identification cards to change their place of residence. The interviewer felt that these people, very much from the mata, would never be able to push through the necessary bureaucratic procedure to reunite.]

MT - 37 Tchip006 RRR

[This man arrived at the health post, well dressed. He was on crutches and he asked to speak to one of the MSF expat staff. They went into the consultation room and he asked her if she would be interested in buying diamonds. She denied the offer and he came out and asked me if I spoke English . . .]

[[I was born here in Tchipopia. My father is still here, I have come to visit him. I learnt English from visiting Namibia. I have been living the last three years in Santa Cruz (on the border). Now I will go back there and get my family and take them to Cuando Cubango. Life is OK there, almost normal. Unita is 40- 50 km away. I will return to Santa Cruz.

In 1976, when I was 16, I was taken by FAPLA to Kuito to fight. This is where this happened [pulling up the leg of his pant and showing me the scars from a bullet in the knee -- he was on crutches]. I was sent to the hospital in Cuando Cabango. Recently, I went to Namibia to the doctor but they asked me for 15,000 rand. Where can I get money like that?]]

[Do you think there will be peace in Angola?]

No, I have stop believing in this. You see, the war here in Angola, is like a job. The people don't want this war to end. People want to fight because this is what they know, this is what they are used to. If you take this war away from these young boys, they will cry.

This war in Angola is a business. Everyone has an interest in this war. Even the people who sell arms, they sell them to both sides because they benefit when they are destroyed, and then they have to build up again. And America doesn't want this war to end, they have too much interest here.

Even MPLA and Unita want the war to continue. When FAA took Jamba, where Savimbi was hiding, the government stopped them. They could have destroyed it and crushed Unita but the government stopped them to give Unita a chance to build up again so they could continue to fight.

The problem is that the young people don't know the colonial times. They have never seen how this country can be. All they know is war. The colonial times were so good. I think it would be good if they came back to show the youth how life here can be.

There are very few people with a good education. The children don't want to become doctors and teachers, they would rather sell something to earn a couple of kwanza a day. If you tell a child that they must go to school, they will say, "OK, today I will go to school but what will I eat tonight."

The government does nothing for the people of Angola. They just take the money for the school and hospital and put it in their pockets. It doesn't matter to them, because if their child is sick they just send them to Namibia or South Africa and they just send their children to school to be educated outside Angola. This is the way it is here in Angola. They just use the people to fight the war.

Most of the time, people don't expect these things from the government because they don't know life any other way. And even if people do, the first group that even begins to speak about these things will be punished or killed. So the people just continue to suffer because there is nothing they can do.

Here, the war will only stop when all the Angolan people are dead. This is the only thing that will stop the war, when there are no more people left to fight or die. - *IDP man from Huila, Feb/01*

MT - 27 Njav006

[The man was carving a wood handle for making a hoe. It was a woman's style hoe, with a double handle. Later, he explained, he would burn markings into it for decoration. That would make the women work harder with it.]

A big problem here is the rain. In November, December, January – no rain. It only began in February, but there isn't enough time left in this season. Once April comes, the season is over. And plows are another problem. We don't have plows, so we can only make little fields, like from here to that house [indicating a casa about 25 m away].

We received a distribution of seeds and a hoe. Only a small container of corn seeds, and 2 kg of beans. Later, we were given 4 kg of corn seeds. But that isn't enough for making lavras! It will not even last one day of planting. If you go out in the morning, by now [pointing at early afternoon sun] it is already finished. Back in Dongo, we would use one sack for planting, which is about 50 kg.

The government gave us fields, about 12 km away. Land -- we have. Rain -- we don't have. It was late. Seeds -- we don't have.

I fled from Dongo because of the "bandits of the mata" -- Unita. They came and were killing people. Even as they were entering my bairro . . . they were setting houses on fire. They took everything: clothing, things, and then the cows and goats.

It was 3 o'clock in the morning. I was sleeping. I woke up by the sounds of shooting – *fway, fway, fway* – and bombs. *Bwow*. I just ran. You didn't even have time to look back into your house and see your family. Everybody just ran. Some this way; some went that way; others went that way. [indicating different directions]. I ran for about 3 km, then stopped to see if they were behind me. I could rest a little, and catch my breath. Then I started to look for my family. Everybody from the bairro was on the road . . . it was the road to Matala. I asked around people to find my family. - *Elderly IDP man from Huila, Feb/01*

DJ 7 G.H.

Lorsque je suis partie de Ngove, l'Unita attaquait très souvent et ne se souciait pas de tuer des enfants comme des personnes âgées. Comme nous ne pouvions plus supporter de vivre dans cette tension nous avons décidé de fuir. Les attaques qui avaient précédé celle de notre départ avaient été très violentes et cruelles. Beaucoup d'hommes ont été massacrés s'ils n'obéissaient pas aux ordres. Mon plus jeune frère a été tué à la dernière attaque! Comme il ne voulait pas se joindre aux cotés de l'Unita ils lui ont tiré dessus! Nous n'habitons pas dans le même *bairro* et c'est je pense pour cela que ma famille a été préservée. Car si l'Unita avait su que mon frère avait de la famille proche, elle nous aurait tué également. C'est ce qu'ils font normalement. Lorsqu'un membre d'une famille est considéré comme un traître, toute la famille est alors éliminée.

De peur que notre *bairro* soit attaqué ou soit le prochain sur la liste, nous avons décidé de nous rendre aux cotés du gouvernement. C'est les *tropa* qui nous ont emmené jusqu'à Kaala. Nous sommes venus au même temps que 5 autres familles.

Je suis arrivé à Kaala en mai de cette année. Toute ma famille a habité durant un mois dans une maison d'une personne résidente. C'est seulement après que j'ai eu une place à *Garagem*. Lorsque ma famille est arrivée à *Garagem*, tous les autres déplacés avaient déjà le *cartão*. Etant donné que nous ne bénéficions pas des distributions du CICR, nous allions chercher du bois pour le vendre sur le marché. Cela nous permettait de manger un petit peu!

A la fin du mois de juillet notre *soba* est venu nous informer que allions être redéplacés sur un nouveau site. D'après l'administrateur, nous serions beaucoup mieux sur ce nouveau site et nos enfants mourraient moins. Car à *Garagem* les conditions de vie étaient tellement horribles que nos enfants mourraient beaucoup. On nous a aussi dit que nous aurions un poste santé de votre organisation (MSF) et surtout que le CICR viendrait faire le recensement de toutes les personnes maison/maison dans le but de donner un *cartão* à chaque famille déplacée.

Cela fait depuis le 5 août que ma famille et moi sommes ici, et ceux qui n'avaient pas de *cartão* à Garagem n'en ont toujours pas ici. Nous avons tellement faim que nous n'avons même pas la force que finir de construire notre maison! Finalement nous ne sommes pas mieux ici car nous ne pouvons même plus aller chercher du bois, car nous sommes loin de tout! Il faut marcher plus longtemps pour aller chercher du bois et marcher encore pour aller le revendre en ville. Lorsque l'on a le ventre vide c'est très difficile à faire! Et ici, le bois est sur un terrain miné donc nous n'osons pas aller en chercher!

A Ngove, dans la période plus ou moins calme, nous pouvions cultiver du maïs, des haricots et de l'arachide. Nous avions vraiment tout là-bas. J'en veux à cette guerre qui nous oblige à vivre dans ces conditions alors que nous avions tout! Mais lorsque la souffrance a commencé cela est devenu impossible. J'aimerais un jour pouvoir retourner chez moi mais ce n'est pas pour maintenant. Je suis jeune et j'ai de jeunes enfants à élever, je ne peux pas me permettre de mettre leur vie en danger. Et puis je ne sais pas s'ils nous attendent là-bas! Etant donné qu'ils ont tué mon frère peut-être qu'ils savent que sa famille a réussi à s'enfuir. Pour eux nous sommes des traîtres! Des projets? Il faut la paix pour pouvoir projeter. J'aimerais bien que mes enfants ne souffrent pas comme j'ai souffert et qu'ils aient la possibilité d'étudier. - *IDP from Huambo, Sept/00*

MT - 17 MH001

Here in Muholo we have a health post, but only since MSF arrived here. Before we had to go to Tchipopia, it took one day to walk there. In Chicomba there also was a health post.

We had lavras there [in home area], with lots of food. It was enough for the whole family. Here we have a lavras, but the problem is that it's down by the river and now there is lots of water there. The rain came late this year and the milho is still very small. We are suffering here from hunger. PAM stopped their distribution here in 1999. The problem here is food. There is not enough. There is a little market, but with only a few things. Here we don't have fruit or vegetables. If you have food to exchange you can get dried fish that comes from Matala. Here people can't fish in the river because it is too dangerous, there are crocodiles. The other problem is that when we arrived we received panelas, but since then we have traded them and now we don't have enough. We also don't have blankets.

I arrived in Matala in 1994 and stay there for three years with my family. But the problem was also hunger. We came here to Muholo to receive a distribution of food and other things. Now it has stopped and we are suffering of hunger.

We fled from Chicomba in 1994 because of the confusion. I fled with my family and lots of other people. We all came together. At 3:00 in the morning Unita entered the city and there was a lot of confusion. We all fled directly to the mata and we never went back. It took 3 or 4 days through the mata. We couldn't go on the road because of the mines. Many people died, or only lost their leg if they were lucky. As we walked we could hear the mines exploding. The people that lost a leg were carried on the back of someone else. We came without FAA, we went only with luck and god to look after us.

Before we fled, Unita would come every month and we had to run to the mata, usually only for a day. If Unita found anyone in the barrio, they would kill them, just like that, with a knife or bullets. Unita would go into the houses and take everything they could find, clothes and pots. They set the houses alight and then go and take all the cows and leave. We would hide clothes and sometimes other things in containers and put them in a hole in the mata. To find them we would walk stamping our feet and you could hear where the hole was. - *IDP woman from Huila, Feb/01*

The residents have lots of land here [Muholo area], we were only given a little. The soba is the one who divides it. To get more land you have to give them [not clear who, possibly residents] a can of oil. PAM stopped the distribution and we don't have enough food, everyone is hungry. I sell wood and work in the fields of the residents to earn money. But they only pay 2kg of massango, I need 4 kg to feed my family each day. - *IDP man from Huila, Feb/01*

ZF - 18 Maheb06

Il était infirmier.

Originaire d'un village à proximité X.

Je suis né à X où j'ai fait la première classe, après j'ai été à Huambo pour la 2^{ème}, puis à Luanda où j'ai fait les cours d'infirmier, ensuite j'ai vécu à Benguela où j'ai travaillé à l'hôpital jusqu'en 1975. Alors, la confusion a commencé, et je suis rentré à Andulo, je m'occupais de ma maison et je cultivais nos terres. Une de mes filles est morte en accouchant, l'autre de maladie, du cancer.

A Andulo, j'ai travaillé sur un terrain où je plantais de tout ce dont j'avais besoin. J'aurais du travailler d'infirmier, mais il n'y avait pas de médicaments. A Andulo, depuis 75, nous n'avons pas eu une vie calme, nous allions sans arrêt dans la forêt, dans les villages autour, ils bombardaient là où il y avait de la fumée, où il y avait des plantations, ils

bombardaient toujours. De 75 à 92, de temps en temps, je revenais à Andulo, mais on devait toujours se cacher dans la forêt pour fuir les bombardements et les attaques. En 92 et 93, ça a été à peu près calme, mais en 93 tout le monde a du fuir Bié.

Depuis 94, personne ne pouvait rester en ville, tout le monde fuyait tout le temps dans les villages.

Le 24 octobre [1999 ?], j'ai du abandonner mon village, j'ai tout laissé, j'avais un très beau terrain très bien irrigué, des chèvres, des porcs, des poulets, j'ai tout laissé comme ça, sans rien emporter. L'infanterie, les tanks avançaient sur nous, les MIG au-dessus, les tanks en dessous, j'ai du fuir au milieu des tirs, des balles qui sifflaient partout. Ceux qui sont morts sont morts.

J'ai fui avec ma femme et un petit-fils, j'ai récupéré les autres en chemin là où ils étaient et je les ai emmenés avec moi. On est parti sans rien, rien du tout. Après, on a récupéré des choses dans les villages des autres qu'ils avaient abandonné, des ustensiles de cuisine, des aliments, des habits. Et ensuite, on échangeait contre de la nourriture. J'avais 2 paires de chaussures, j'en ai troqué une bien plus belle que celle-ci contre une assiette de manioc, il ne me reste que celle-ci. Cette chemise, c'est une des 2 qu'il me reste, j'ai voulu la troquer un jour mais le type n'en a pas voulu parce qu'elle est blanche et qu'il n'avait pas de savon, il voulait une chemise sombre, je lui ai dit tu trouveras du savon, j'avais tellement faim et je voulais échanger cette chemise, mais il n'en a pas voulu. On avançait de 10 km, ils arrivaient derrière nous, et on devait repartir. On mangeait aussi des fruits sauvages. Certains sont morts, heureusement, on a trouvé à manger dans les villages abandonnés.

Et ça a duré comme ça jusqu'à l'arrivée à zambezi. On avançait en zigzag, sans savoir où on allait, les gens nous indiquaient pas par là, par là. Et on s'est retrouvé pas loin de la Zambie, alors on a continué jusque là pour trouver la paix.

Certains sont morts de bronchite, de faim, de diarrhée, de malaria. 2 enfants ont été mordus par des serpents et sont morts aussi.

Maintenant, on va attendre jusqu'à ce que notre pays soit bien. Si il y a la paix, on rentre, aujourd'hui même, j'aime notre pays. Avec votre aide, il peut y avoir la paix. Des bébés sont nés dans la forêt, encore hier, il y en a un qui est né à l'hôpital d'ici, c'est au moins le 3ème depuis que nous sommes arrivés ici. - *Refugee from Bie, Sept/00*

ZF - 11 Mwin11

C'est la deuxième fois que je suis réfugié, je suis originaire de Caianda même, et nous avons fui une première fois au Congo en 1986. Là, nous étions au camp de réfugiés de Musenje. Nous avons fui à cause de la guerre, il y avait trop de souffrances. Je suis resté au Congo jusqu'en 94, date à laquelle je suis rentré à Caianda. Et aujourd'hui, nous devons fuir à nouveau, cette fois en Zambie, car au Congo maintenant on ne peut pas y aller. Les gens de ma tribu qui parlent Ubundu ne peuvent pas aller au Congo, car ils pensent que nous sommes de l'Unita, alors que nous sommes des civils. Alors nous sommes venus ici où nous avons l'habitude de venir acheter du savon et du sel. On venait de Caianda avec du poisson et de la viande, et on revenait avec du savon et du sel. Il fallait donner une partie du poisson à l'Unita, ou de l'argent, 1000 ou 2000, mais au retour il n'y avait pas de problème.

Pour vivre, nous avons un terrain, tout le monde a un terrain, où nous cultivions de tout, oignons, tomates, maïs, haricots... personne n'achetait, mais on donnait une partie à l'Unita. Mais ça allait plus ou moins, c'est depuis le début de cette année que les choses sont devenues pires et que les soldats pillent vraiment, pas avant. Il n'y avait pas vraiment d'école, c'était de temps en temps, sous les arbres, mais les professeurs devaient aussi cultiver leurs terres.

Vers le 15 septembre [2000], on a appris par l'Unita qu'il y avait beaucoup de combats de Camafoafa et à Cafungo, et que peut-être nous allions devoir partir. Ils ont dit « vous, vous avez vécu avec nous, nous ne voulons pas que vous restiez ici pour être repris par le gouvernement et que vous travailliez pour eux ». Alors on a eu le choix entre partir à l'étranger ou se cacher dans la forêt avec eux pour préparer une contre-attaque. On a eu le choix, c'était comme on voulait, mais on a juste pas pu rester à Caianda, ça non, ils ne voulaient pas.

Je suis parti avec ma famille en entier le 16 ou le 17, et nous avons marché 7 jours pour arriver à Jimbe. J'étais là-bas depuis 7 jours quand le camion est venu nous chercher hier (5/10).

Nous avons pu prendre toutes les affaires que nous pouvions porter, mais j'ai laissé beaucoup de choses à Caianda, maintenant, c'est aux mains du MPLA ou alors l'Unita a pillé peut-être avant de partir.

Je pense rester ici en Zambie maintenant, ça fait déjà 2 fois que je suis réfugié, maintenant je rentre seulement s'il y a la paix définitive. - *Refugee from Moxico, Oct/00*

ZF - 8 Mwin08

Je suis maçon. Je viens de Cazombo (originaire de Huambo, mais parti il y a longtemps très jeune).

A Cazombo, je vivais là, enfin, je faisais le maçon et le catéchisme, mais avec la guerre, tout c'est arrêté. Je travaillais seulement un peu, mais ça suffisait pour acheter à manger et élever les enfants. J'avais aussi un terrain où je plantais des oignons, des tomates, du maïs, des haricots noirs, de la patate douce Certaines choses, je pouvais les vendre, ça faisait un peu d'argent.

Jusqu'en 98, l'école fonctionnait avec le père de la Mission de Luau, mais il est parti en 99, après ça c'est arrêté à cause de la guerre.

Je suis malade, j'ai des douleurs. Et les médicaments, c'était cher, seulement avec de l'argent. L'hôpital arrêté de fonctionner en 98.

A Cazombo, il y avait beaucoup de gens de l'Unita, maintenant ils sont tous partis. Il y a eu beaucoup de bombardements, mais seulement au mois de septembre, et après les soldats du MPLA sont arrivés.

A cause de la guerre, nous avons du fuir, nous sommes partis 3 jours avant que le MPLA arrive. Je suis parti avec toute ma famille et des amis. Nous étions tous partis depuis 2 jours quand le MPLA a commencé à bombarder.

3 de mes enfants sont restés dans la forêt, ils ont été obligés, l'Unita choisissait qui pouvait partir ou non..

Quand nous avons fui, nous savions seulement que nous allions à l'étranger, mais pas où précisément. Nous avons marché 3 semaines de Cazombo à Luau Mission, il y avait vraiment beaucoup de gens. Tous de Cazombo. Quand on est passé à Calunda, tout le monde était déjà parti. Nous marchions le jour et dormions la nuit.

Je n'ai pas vu les soldats du MPLA, mais la nuit on entendait leurs armes, ils étaient tout près et nous poussaient à avancer.

En arrivant, nous avons reçu 2 boîtes de fuba et une de haricots noirs pour toute ma famille, depuis plus rien. Je suis arrivé ici le 1^{er} octobre, lundi.

Non, je n'ai pas subi de violence, ni mes enfants.

Je veux rester ici, je ne veux plus la guerre, les enfants n'étudient pas.

Je veux bien retourner en Angola seulement si la guerre finie pour de bon et pour toujours. - *Refugee from Moxico, Oct/00*

ZF - 4 Mwin04

Je suis ici avec ma femme et mes enfants, mais ma mère et mon frère sont à CAIUCA au Congo. Je suis cultivateur.

Je viens de Capote (à coté de JIMBE), mais je suis originaire de Canda.

Pour vivre, j'avais des bananes, des ananas, du manioc etc, de la viande, du poisson, tout quoi. Ce que je produisais, c'était pour moi et pour vendre. Non, il n'y avait pas de taxe de l'Unita.

Mes enfants n'ont jamais été à l'école. Pour les soins, nous allions à l'hôpital de Jimbe en Zambie.

Je ne me souviens plus quand je suis parti de Caiuca, je suis parti de Capote pour Jimbe, puis en camion jusqu'à Mwinilunga.

[Il s'interrompt, ne veut plus me parler, un jeune me dit qu'il a peur de parler....] - *Refugee from Moxico, Oct/00*

ZF - 5 Mwin05

Toute ma famille est ici, avec moi, mon père, mes frères. En tout, nous sommes 7 familles.

Jusqu'en 91, je travaillais à l'administration, mais en 98 j'ai suivi une formation de professeur par les pères jésuites qui sont à Maheba.

Je suis né à Cazombo, mais je viens de **Canda** (village d'environ 300 personnes à 32 km de Cazombo, entre Calunda et Cazombo).

Pour vivre, je cultivais et surtout j'allais chercher du miel, de la canne et je pêchais. Je vendais le poisson et le miel en Zambie, j'y achetais du sel et du savon que je revendais.

Jusqu'en 98, les enfants allaient à l'école de Cazombo, mais après il n'y avait plus d'école. Pour se soigner, nous utilisions des remèdes traditionnels, car il n'y avait plus de médicaments à l'hôpital de Cazombo. Les cas graves allaient à l'hôpital de Ikalenge en Zambie.

Moi-même, j'ai le paludisme et des douleurs dans la colonne. Mon père est mort de toux. Il n'y avait pas de médecin à Canda, seulement une infirmière sans diplôme.

Je suis parti de Canda le 15 septembre [2000], parce qu'on nous a dit que les troupes du MPLA arrivaient. J'ai marché pendant 7 jours jusqu'à Luau Mission, puis en camion jusqu'ici. On a emmené ce qu'on pouvait, des ustensiles de cuisine, des habits, de la nourriture. Toute ma famille est partie avec moi, nous avons décidé d'aller en Zambie, nous ne savions pas si nous serions envoyés à Maheba mais on connaissait ce camp.

Tout le monde de mon village est parti, mais nous ne sommes pas tous arrivés, certains sont restés dans la forêt avec l'Unita, parce qu'ils voulaient rester. C'est sûr, les autres vont arriver bientôt ici, je ne sais pas combien, peut-être autant que ceux qui sont déjà arrivés.

Nous avons reçu de l'aide en arrivant à la frontière, à Luau. Non, je n'ai pas subi de violence, ni ma famille.

A Canda, il paraît que c'est devenu une zone militaire contrôlée par le MPLA, il y a seulement une vieille qui est restée car elle ne pouvait pas marcher, sinon, tout le monde est parti.

Moi, j'aimerais rentrer au plus vite à Canda, car là je sais quoi faire, il y a le miel, les poissons, ici, on ne saura pas quoi faire pour vivre.

On a eu une vie très difficile, de 92 à 98, la vie allait plus ou moins bien, mais depuis 98, c'est terrible. Les hommes doivent travailler pour l'Unita, emmener les armes là où ils vont, il faut leur donner de la nourriture, mais malgré tout je préfère rester en Angola que de rester vivre en Zambie, ici on ne peut pas travailler, les réfugiés reçoivent seulement un peu de nourriture, en Angola, je connais la forêt, il y a le miel, le poisson pour vivre. - *Refugee from Moxico, Oct/00*

ML 7

[[I've been living with the Sisters in Lombe for two years. My other sisters and my brother also live here. My sisters are 12 and 10 and my brother is 5.]]

I was 10 years old when my mother died of a sickness. We stayed living with our aunt and father in Massango, which seemed to be peaceful. FAA was living in the distance and I had not seen Unita before this attack. One night, in 1998, Unita came and attacked the town. We all fled together to the mata, where we stayed for 2-3 days before going to Massango. We moved again, arriving in Quitumbo, where we stopped to work in the lavras for food. One day my father went to the lavras to work but did not come back. Me and my brother and sisters and aunt looked for him for two days and eventually found him dead, shot by Unita. We went on to Calandula, and stayed there for a month, waiting for a lift. When we arrived in Lombe we first lived with my aunt and my three cousins but my aunt said they that she did not have enough food for us and to stay away. [[It was then that we went to live with the Sisters.]]

When I go to church I pray for the ones that are feeding us and for God to save the dead ones. - *14 year old IDP orphan from Malange, 11/00*

DJ 18

Mon père ainsi que mon grand-père ont été tués le même jour. C'était en septembre 1998. Ils étaient tous les deux à la maison, les membres de l'Unita sont rentrés et les ont tués sans raison. Mais je pense qu'ils ont tué mon père parce qu'il était un *soba*... (silence)... Les *sobas* sont généralement les premières personnes visées. Cela fait partie des stratégies Unita et gouvernementales. En effet, étant donné leur statut, ce sont les plus à mêmes d'informer la population de chaque *bairro* s'il venait à y avoir des attaques. En éliminant les *sobas*, la population devient plus vulnérable et davantage exposée aux attaques surprises. Ainsi, lorsque mon père a été tué, nous ne dormions que d'un oeil ! Les six mois qui ont précédé notre départ nous les avons passés à faire des allers-retours entre Kuima et la *mata*. Nous passons la nuit là-bas et ne revenons qu'au petit matin. Nous avons vécu comme cela tout ce temps, après quoi il a fallu nous résoudre à partir.

Au mois de mars 1999, j'ai donc emmené toute ma famille à Kaala. Les déplacés arrivés quelques mois plus tôt à Kaala nous avaient passé l'information comme quoi les organisations humanitaires présentes sur place nous prendraient en charge. Et puis, je connaissais un peu Kaala car je m'y rendais plusieurs fois pour les *negocios*. Nous avons quitté Kuima à huit heures du matin et sommes arrivés à Kaala autour des quinze heures. C'était le 18 mars 1999.

[A ce stade de notre discussion, je lui ai demandé s'il avait le cartão sans préciser davantage. En effet, l'expérience des premiers entretiens m'a montré que lorsque l'on parlait du cartão, il était toujours question de celui du CICR. Mais ce monsieur, m'a répondu " Oui j'ai le cartão du parti ! " sur un ton très inquiet. Il a donc fallu que je ré-explique l'objectif de ma visite. Cet incident montre - ce qui n'est pas une chose nouvelle pour nous - que la peur de représailles venant du parti est bel et bien présente.]

Je fais partie de ceux qui ont la chance d'avoir le *cartão*. Grâce au CICR, je reçois de la *fuba*¹², des haricots rouges et de l'huile, tous les quinze jours. Mais ces quantités ne suffisent pas lorsqu'il faut les partager avec plusieurs familles, ce qui est notre cas. Par exemple aujourd'hui, il ne reste plus rien de la distribution qui a été faite il y a deçà 4 jours ! Et c'est comme cela à chaque fois. Soit nous partageons soit nous nous faisons voler ! Et les voleurs sont autant les personnes déplacées que celles résidentes.

¹² Farine de maïs qui se mange en bouillie

Si un jour quelqu'un m'avait dit que j'allais avoir faim à ce point je ne l'aurais jamais cru. Car mes *lavras* me donnaient tout ce dont j'avais besoin. Je pouvais même constituer des réserves pour palier les périodes difficiles. Mais il vaut mieux ne plus penser à tout cela car tout a dû disparaître. Généralement, lorsqu'une offensive fait fuir la population de tout un village, les bandits profitent pour s'installer dans les maisons et utiliser les *lavras*. C'est ce qui doit se passer à Kuima aujourd'hui. Nos maisons doivent être occupées par ceux qui nous ont chassés hier.

Ici, il y a également un problème de couvertures. Nous sommes nombreux à ne pas en avoir et les nuits sont très froides à cette époque de l'année.

Je ne saurais pas vous dire combien de temps je pourrais supporter ces conditions. De toutes les manières cela ne dépend pas de moi. Il se peut que demain je ne sois plus là, il se peut que demain je sois retourné à Kuima. C'est apparemment ce qu'envisage le gouvernement. Selon lui, nous sommes trop nombreux et la ville de Kaala n'est plus en mesure de subvenir à nos besoins. Selon lui encore, nous serions mieux chez nous pour cultiver. Mais notre *soba* nous a conseillé de refuser cet éventuel retour en raison des combats survenus la semaine dernière aux alentours de Kuima. Il y a eu tout d'abord un convoi de la Sonangol¹³ qui a été attaqué puis un village qui a été encerclé puis brûlé. Toutes les personnes qui ont tenté de fuir ont été massacrées! Il paraît que c'était les gens de l'Unita qui ont fait tout cela.

On attend de voir ce que décidera le gouvernement. Mais cela peut-être décidé d'un jour à l'autre. Pour ma part je sais ce qui m'attend si je retourne là-bas ! La mort certainement ! Ce qui m'effraie dans cette guerre, c'est qu'elle devient de plus en plus violente. Ce n'était pas comme ça avant. (Silence). J'ai le sentiment qu'elle est train de changer de tactique, de méthode et d'outils. Il est de plus en plus difficile de s'en échapper ! Jadis, nous entendions les tirs au loin ce qui nous laissait le temps de fuir. Aujourd'hui, comme ils tuent à la machette nous n'entendons plus de bruit! Ils frappent à ta porte! - IDP from Huambo Province, Sept/00

MT - 6 Km15001 RRR

I am a teacher. I have been a teacher since 1969. I grew up in Huambo but when I started teaching the government sent me to Caconda. I lived there for many years and I become a member of JOTA (MPLA party) and was a chief of the organisation as well as teaching for them. In '76 Unita was looking for me because I was a chief of JOTA so I had to flee to the mata for 6 months. I also had problems with FNPLA because at this time MPLA weren't like now.

At various stages of my life I worked in the schools with Unita and MLPA. Both had schools but the difference was that the Unita school didn't have any materials the children had to write on the ground or on leaves. The schools on the government side usually had materials. The other thing that was different was that the government paid salaries to the teachers, but Unita just forced the people to work without paying them. It was obligatory.

The problem was that we had to go to Lubango to receive our salaries. One day I was travelling back to Caconda, on a motorbike, with my cousin after receiving our salaries and we met Unita. This was in Chicomba. They caught us and tied us up and the intention was to kill us. They said that we were spies, that we had new clothes and money, that we had come from the government side. When we were tied up in the village, someone passed who recognised me. He was family from along time ago when we were living together with the government and he had been taken by Unita. He spoke to the chief and asked him to let us go. They took our money but let us go and we returned to Caconda where our families were.

I stayed in Caconda until '85, and then I went to teach in Lubango. I stayed there until '96. In the beginning life was good there but it became very expensive and difficult for my children, so I asked to be transferred to Matala. I have been teaching at the school here in Km9 since this time. Life is OK here. I have a small horta here and my wife exchanges these vegetables for milho in the market. The problem is that the government doesn't always pay the teachers and they are always months behind. They never paid us for June and July for instance. The money stops in Lubango. The chief there likes to make business with this money. - IDP from Bie, Feb/01

ZF - 22 Maheb08

JRS JESUIT REFUGEE SERVICE : ont travaillé à Cazombo et dans toute la région jusqu'à Luau de 94 à 98, ensuite rapports plus ou moins à partir de MAHEBA.

Aide médicale (médicaments) et aux écoles.

Leur objectif était de faciliter le retour des réfugiés. En 98, bombardements sur Cazombo et départ.

A Cazombo, la vie était terrible pour tout l'être humain. Il n'y avait pas de santé. Ensuite, les organisations d'aide sont arrivées, LWF, Action Humanitaire Africaine, UNHCR, et en 1995 JRS.

¹³ Société nationale de pétrole

Nous aidions les réfugiés qui étaient rentrés avec de la nourriture, nous réhabilitons les écoles, la santé. Nous avons ouvert un hôpital à Cazombo, il y avait des médicaments. Les sœurs se déplaçaient jusqu'à 50 km autour de Cazombo. Il y avait plus ou moins 55000 personnes dans la région, nous avons fait des statistiques à partir du nombre d'enfants dans les écoles.

La vie était comme ainsi dire indépendante, chacun vivait pour soi, ils faisaient tous des cultures, ils pêchaient. Le peuple vivait bien, avec largement assez de nourriture. Il y avait une école de JRS, une autre de l'Unita, mais les professeurs n'étaient pas payés.

Il y avait 3 hôpitaux à Cazombo, 1 des missionnaires évangéliques, 1 de l'action humanitaire africaine et 1 de la mission de JRS. De 95 à 98, il y avait des consultations médicales pour tous. Mais il n'y a pas eu de vaccination.

De 95 à 98, le problème est venu des camps militaires, quand la paix est venue, beaucoup de soldats vivaient dans le camp de Lumes Cameia (à côté de Luena), et beaucoup sont revenus à Cazombo. Les militaires de l'Unita avaient leurs propres champs, mais il y a eu un problème logistique, la nourriture a commencé à manquer pour les militaires, ils ont quitté les camps militaires et ils ont commencé à voler la nourriture du peuple. Ça a commencé en 98. Ils arrivaient, au début, les gens donnaient plus ou moins volontairement, après ils prenaient de force. C'est pour ça que beaucoup sont partis en 99.

Ils devaient travailler gratuitement, emmener le matériel au front, participer en donnant de la nourriture.

Quand ils ont saccagé l'hôpital en 98, le peuple ne supportait plus à cause des maladies, alors il y avait des autorisations pour venir en Zambie pour se faire soigner et acheter des médicaments. Sinon, il était interdit d'aller en Zambie ou en zone MPLA.

Beaucoup de jeunes ont fui Cazombo en 98 pour ne faire le service militaire et la guerre.

Pour convertir les jeunes, ils prenaient les jeunes, hommes ou femmes, ils disaient qu'ils prenaient les femmes jeunes pour coucher avec eux.

Il y avait une garnison dans le centre de Cazombo et un autre à Luzombo.

Pour vivre, les gens faisaient des voyages en Zambie pour échanger du poisson, de la viande et du miel contre du savon et du sel. Il fallait payer une taxe à l'Unita. Si les gens ne revenaient pas, alors leur femme était mise en prison.

Une fois, ils ont trouvé une rivière de diamants, et les gens sont venus les vendre en zambie. Il y avait du trafic de diamants et d'ivoire.

La violence a commencé en 98 quand le gouvernement est parti de Luanda.

Les bombardements ont commencé en avril-mai 98. La politique du MPLA était de faire fuir les civils pour combattre l'Unita. Les bombardements étaient en dehors de Cazombo, 2-3 fois par mois.

Il y avait des reconnaissances, des éclaireurs, mais pas de troupe. Les gens ont commencé à fuir. Moi-même, j'ai été empêché de fuir. On pouvait acheter un laissez-passer, pour 10000 kwacha, pour aller à l'hôpital et fuir, on laissait partir les femmes et les enfants d'abord avec le laissez-passer, et ensuite le mari fuyait en se cachant.

Sinon, on pouvait payer aussi, entre 10 et 25 000 kwacha.

A la fin de 98 début 99, les combats ont commencé pas loin de Cazombo, à 70 km, le MPLA a repris Luau etc, les troupes du MPLA étaient très proches, alors les barrières de l'Unita ont commencé à se relâcher et certaines personnes ont pu fuir.

Les gens se cachaient dans la forêt, 3 ou 7 jours, et après on devait revenir en ville, forcés par l'Unita, mais certains arrivaient à fuir en Zambie.

A partir de septembre-octobre 99, le MPLA était très près et ils ont commencé à battre les gens et à tout voler.

Depuis 99 et surtout 2000, le MPLA volait et aussi emmenait les gens vers Luena, Luau, pour se servir des jeunes et les enlever de la région. Beaucoup sont partis vers Luena et Luau. Plein de jeunes de Lovua se sont même rendus.

Ensuite, l'Unita a rapatrié les gens qui étaient dans les zones limites vers chez eux, pour ne pas qu'ils aillent en zone MPLA.

Sur les 55000, beaucoup sont partis en 98 au Congo aussi. - *Refugee from Moxico, Oct/00*

ML 50 Ga005.

In our home area, the family lavras were far from the village. We lived there some times during the season. We grew sweet potatoes, beans, corn and manioc. But Unita was taking it all! I sometimes sold manioc in the market, or cassava leaves or wild fruit. Here, I get a PAM ration. I am too weak for field work. We are dependent on the soba.

I was happy to come here, though the path was difficult. It took four days on foot. I was happy because we were sometimes forced to work for the rebels too much. I was hoping the situation was getting better, but it is getting worse. Before, there was not too much killing, but now there is a lot. - *50 year old IDP female from Malange, Oct/00*

DJ 2

Lorsqu'ils ont commencé à brûler les personnes à l'intérieur de leurs maisons, nous avons décidé de fuir. Ce jour-là, c'était fin décembre 98, ils étaient venus à cinq heures du matin pour mettre le feu au village. Ils agissaient de deux manières: soit ils tuaient d'abord les personnes puis les faisaient brûler avec la maison, soit ils mettaient toute une famille vivante à l'intérieur puis mettaient le feu à la maison, toute personne qui essayait de s'en échapper était massacrée

à la machette! C'est comme cela que ma tante, mon oncle et leur fils, ont été tués. L'Unita les a tout d'abord massacrés puis les a mis à l'intérieur et la maison pour brûler le tout. C'est la première fois que je suis obligée de partir loin de chez moi. Mais avant de quitter Catata nous avons vécu 2 mois dans la mata. En effet, en novembre et décembre 98 nous allions toutes les nuits dormir dans la mata et revenions au petit matin.

J'ai fui avec mes 5 enfants, le sixième est né ici. Nous sommes allés jusqu'à Kuima à pied, puis de Kuima à Kaala dans les véhicules de la tropa avec huit autres familles. Ils nous ont dit que nous avions fait le bon choix de venir auprès d'eux et qu'ils allaient nous emmener dans un endroit où nous pourrions vivre en sécurité.

Je suis arrivée à Kaala en janvier 2000. Ma famille et moi avons été installés à l'Engenharia avec tous les autres déplacés de Catata. La vie a été très dure dans ce camp, car nous étions accumulés les uns sur les autres. Les maladies proliféraient et les enfants étaient souvent malades. Nous avons dû vivre dans ces conditions jusqu'au mois d'aout, date à laquelle nous avons été transférés ici.

En effet, au début du mois d'août de cette année, nous avons été informés de notre re-localisation à Cantão. L'administrateur nous a dit que le CICR viendrait nous faire l'inscription des déplacés maison par maison afin que tout le monde puisse avoir un cartão. Mais jusqu'à ce jour je n'ai rien vu venir et nous avons vraiment faim! C'est vrai que nous avons des postes de santé et qu'il est possible aujourd'hui de soigner nos enfants, mais la nourriture fait vraiment défaut! C'est très difficile à vivre car nous avons tout ce dont on avait besoin à Catata. Nous avions suffisamment pour notre consommation personnelle et pouvions même fournir les autres marchés. Ce qui se vendait le mieux c'étaient du maïs, patate, manioc, oignon, choux et radis. Alors vous comprenez pourquoi cela nous est difficile de supporter ces conditions.

Mes parents ont vécu l'époque de la colonisation portugaise. C'était difficile car c'était une vie d'esclave, mais au moins ils ne subissaient pas les exactions que nous subissons aujourd'hui et il ne manquaient pas de nourriture. Après l'indépendance nous avons commencé à faire la guerre entre nous, alors que je pensais que nous allions enfin sourire! Rien de tout cela !

Voilà l'héritage que je laisse à mes enfants. *IDP from Huambo Province, Sept/00*

MT - 11 Km9003

I came here with my mother and father and sister. My two older sisters and little brother died there of a sickness. I went to school there [in home village]. We wrote on pieces of wood with charcoal. We played football sometimes but not with a ball, just a ball we make with a sock and other things. I remember a long time ago we had salt but then during this last time we never had any. I remember one day at sunrise FAA came and we went to the other side of the river and then we went back to the village in the afternoon. They took all my father's cows. *Boy, 13, from Huila Province, Feb/01*

I came here with all my family in 1999. My mother and father and 3 sisters. I went to school there [in home village]. We had one blackboard and we would write on it one by one. We only spoke in Umbundu, the teacher taught us in Umbundu. Sometime we would play but sometimes they [Unita] would not allow us to play, sometimes they would beat you. [Did you play with the son of the Unita people?] No, they would stay in the base and we would stay in the village. I remember that Unita took our clothes and cows. I like both places but here no one bothers the people. *Boy, 10, from Huila Province, Feb/01*

I came here a month ago with my father and mother because we followed my sister here because she was sick. We will not go back to Lubango, we will stay here. We live in this barrio [Km9], we built a house of grass. We have a card and we receive food. *Boy, 14, from Huila Province, Feb/01*

My family has gone to the fields to find work to get some food. We came here 3 months ago, just my mother and two little sisters. My father died a long time ago of a sickness. We came with FAA, they caught us and brought us here. They made us walk together and they walked with us with their guns. I went to school there [in home village], but it was just a school of the church. We didn't learn things like here, we just listened and sometimes we sang. *Boy, 10, from Huila Province, Feb/01*

VII. PARTING COMMENTS

I was born when there was war, I grew up in war and I will probably die while there is still war...I have a wife and a four year old son, all I want is at least five years of peace, so that I can live a normal life, earn a living, be with my family, visit my friends around Angola, without worrying about being killed. Young man from Malange, June/99.

Lre futur ? Ici, ça va être très dur. Je veux rentrer en Angola, mais seulement quand il y aura la paix. Maintenant, on ne pense pas au futur. Même pas à faire une grande maison, ça ne sert à rien, c'est perdre son temps. - *Refugee from Moxico, Oct/00*

D'ici la je ne projette rien. Je ne sais pas si un jour ce pays viendra à sourire... *IDP from Huambo Province, Sept/00*

This war in Angola is a business. Everyone has an interest in this war. Even the people who sell arms, they sell them to both sides because they benefit when they are destroyed, and then they have to build up again. And America doesn't want this war to end, they have too much interest here. *IDP man from Huila, Feb/00*

Et pourtant, cette vie est horrible! Car je n'ai jamais dépendu de personne, j'ai toujours appris à me débrouiller surtout depuis que mon mari est décédé. C'est moi qui décidais ce je voulais dans mon assiette. Ici nous dépendons de tout et nous ne sommes plus des être humains . . . Je suis âgée et je n'ai plus de projet. De toutes façons je doute que cette situation s'arrange un jour. -*IDP from Huambo Province, Sept/00*

If there was peace there I would go back, that is my home. I don't know if there will be peace, only God knows this, but I hope one day I will be able to tell the story of what happened in Angola to my children. - *IDP man from Huila, Feb/01*

Je suis fatigué de cette guerre qui nous fait vivre comme des animaux! (silence). Je peux considérer que j'ai déjà perdu 3 de mes enfants même si en réalité il y en qu'un qui est mort. Mais je n'ai pas beaucoup d'espoir pour les deux autres. Peut-être, si Dieu les protège! J'ai également perdu mon frère et ma sœur en 1980 à Calima . . . J'aimerais bien que cette guerre prenne fin! Moi je suis déjà âgé mais les 2 enfants qui me restent ont encore une vie devant eux! Si la situation militaire s'arrange j'aimerais bien retourner chez moi et continuer à cultiver mes terrains pour que mes enfants puissent continuer leurs études de mécanicien et de conducteur. - *IDP from Huambo Province, Sept/00*

It is only the people in the cities that know these people are thieves. The people in the villages don't know because they don't know the way that the life should be. And the soba can't talk about things like this to the government. They are afraid and they don't have the freedom to talk about this. People think that the people in the villages are stupid, they think that we don't know, but we do. We know that the government and FAA, too, steals, but we can't say anything. Mais, nao somos burros. Nos sabemos. - *IDP man from Huila, Feb/01*

Ce que je pense de ma vie ? [sourire]. C'est simple, j'ai 22 ans et je n'ai connu que la guerre ou des périodes de ni guerre ni paix . Et aujourd'hui, je ne saurais pas dire si ce conflit s'arrêtera un jour. Je ne sais pas...Ma mère me parlait déjà de la guerre lorsque j'avais cinq ans en me disant que j'aurais peut-être la chance ne pas la connaître...Mais aujourd'hui j'ai toujours la guerre devant mes yeux...Il aurait mieux valu que je ne naisse pas ! Car non seulement la guerre continue, comme elle devient plus cruelle! . . . Au moins, si je n'étais pas née, je n'aurais pas cette souffrance dans mon coeur. - *IDP from Huambo Province, Sept/00*

The problem is that the young people don't know the colonial times. They have never seen how this country can be. All they know is war. The colonial times were so good. I think it would be good if they came back to show the youth how life here can be . . .

The government does nothing for the people of Angola. They just take the money for the school and hospital and put it in their pockets. It doesn't matter to them, because if their child is sick they just send them to Namibia or South Africa and they just send their children to school to be educated outside Angola. This is the way it is here in Angola. They just use the people to fight the war. *IDP from Huila, Feb/00*

Mes parents ont vécu l'époque de la colonisation portugaise. C'était difficile car c'était une vie d'esclave, mais au moins ils ne subissaient pas les exactions que nous subissons aujourd'hui et il ne manquaient pas de nourriture. Après l'indépendance nous avons commencé à faire la guerre entre nous, alors que je pensais que nous allions enfin sourire! Rien de tout cela ! . . . Voilà l'héritage que je laisse à mes enfants. *IDP from Huambo Province, Sept/00*

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ANNEX 1: METHODOLOGY

The narratives included in this originate from interviews conducted by different sections and by different persons within those sections:

- Bie, Kuito hospital and IDP camps, September 2000, MSF-B
- Huambo, Caala IDP camps and transit centers, DATE, MSF-F¹⁴
- Huila, Matala area IDP camps, February 2001, MSF-E
- Malange, IDP camps and transit centers, October 2000 - January 2001, MSF-H
- Zambia, Refugee camps, DATE, MSF-H
- Zambia, Refugee camps, October 2000, MSF-F

With respect to conducting these interviews, each of the sections operated independently (with the exception of the Matala interviews, which were more a part of the MSF's joint advocacy efforts than a precedent to them). There was little coordination on interviewing, and no single methodology followed nor questionnaire used. It is therefore striking to note the almost identical objectives of the various initiatives, and the great similarities between the questionnaires used and information sought:

- comprehend the massive displacement in terms of reasons and patterns, with an eye to how it relates to our own interventions;
- survey the conditions and lives of the IDPs in order to address them more effectively;
- better understand the living conditions prior to displacement.

None of the surveys adhered to a rigorous scientific methodology. Most included a preliminary phase, aimed at collecting enough background information to comprehend the local context, especially as it related to displacement and humanitarian assistance. The primary focus in all cases, though, was talking with IDPs. On this level, efforts were made to ensure that a cross-section of IDPs was interviewed: (a) IDPs from different home areas and/or who fled at different times, and (b) IDPs of different personal characteristics such as gender, age, and status. Almost all of the interviews were held in private, with only the interviewer and, when necessary, a translator present.¹⁵ Most interviews were not targeted to any specific type of person, beyond the general considerations mentioned above. However, some of the interviewees were selected because they had been identified as victims of abuses or violations of humanitarian law.

Caveats

As explained in the Introduction, the majority of MSF beneficiaries are IDPs who have been living under the control of Unita for several years, but have now arrived in a government-secured area. For that reason, it is important that this document not be interpreted as a complete representation of the situation in Angola – the groups of people from which we selected our interviewees come from one side of the picture. Furthermore, the narratives of the people should be treated as such, not as verified accounts of events. Finally, it would be impossible to reproduce verbatim what was said. The interviewer's interventions and questions have been eliminated in order to create a narrative flow.

Copies of the questionnaires used can be found in Annex 2. These did not constitute a formal process of questions to be followed, but were more of a guide to the interviewer, and helped to stimulate the flow of the conversation.

¹⁴ The narratives were collected as part of a follow up to an extensive survey of IDPs in the Caala area.

¹⁵ MSF-H also used small group discussions, in particular to obtain information of a less-sensitive nature. Also, some interviewees would not talk with MSF unless accompanied by their soba or other person.

ANNEX 2: QUESTIONNAIRES

NOTE: Questionnaires were used as guidelines, and were therefore not followed in a strict sense.

A. MALANGE questionnaire

Code: _____ Date: _____ Age: _____ Sex: m - f _____ Commune/Village: _____
Family: Single Married HOH Family: _____ All present? Y N _____
=====

I. HEALTH CARE

1. *What do you do when you are sick, wounded, or pregnant (here)?*
2. *What did you do when you were sick, wounded, or pregnant in your original home area? Where was the nearest health post in your original home area?*

II. NUTRITION AND INCOME

A. Home Area

3. *Lavras/cultivation situation in original home area? Did you have enough to eat?*
4. *Other income generating activities?*

B. Present Location

5. *Do you have a Ration Card? If no, why not?*
6. *Do you have a field here? If no, why not? Did you have enough to eat?*
7. *Other income generating activities?*

III. DISPLACEMENT

8. *How long have you been here? When did you flee your home area?*
9. *What is your housing/shelter situation here?*
10. *Do you feel safe here?*
11. *Why did you leave your home area?*
12. *How did you get here (e.g., FAA escort, walk, ride)? How long did it take? Who did you come with?*
13. *Did you choose to come to this location? If yes, why?*
14. *Were you able to bring your belongings with you to here?*
15. *Do you have any family or neighbors still living in your home area? Do you have any news from there?*

IV. LIFE BEFORE DISPLACEMENT

16. *Were you ever forced to leave your home before (previous displacements)? What reason?*
17. *What were the living conditions in your home area? (Health, education, basic products, abuse).*
18. *(If from UNITA area) Did you "pay" anything to UNITA? Did UNITA provide anything in return?*
19. *Would you like to return home?*

B. MATALA (based in large part on the Malange questionnaire)

Code: Date: Age: Sex: m - f Commune/Village:
Family: Single Married HOH Family: All present? Y N

I. HEALTH CARE

1. *How is the health post functioning here? What are the main health-related problems?*
2. *What did you do when you were sick, wounded, or pregnant in your original home area? Where was the nearest health post in your original home area?*

II. NUTRITION AND INCOME

3. *Do you have enough to eat? Do you have a Ration Card? If no, why not?*
4. *Do you have a field here? If no, why not?*
5. *Other income generating activities?*

III. DISPLACEMENT

6. *How long have you been here? When did you flee your home area?*
7. *Why did you leave your home area? Describe.*
8. *How did you get here (e.g., FAA escort, walk, ride)? Describe journey (How long? With whom?)*
9. *Did you choose to come to this particular location? If yes, why?*
10. *Were you able to bring your belongings with you to here?*
11. *Do you have any family or neighbors still living in your home area? Do you have any news from there?*

IV. LIFE BEFORE/AFTER DISPLACEMENT

1. *Were you ever forced to leave your home before (previous displacements)? What reason?*
2. *What were the living conditions in your home area? (Health, education, basic products, abuse, "taxes").*
3. *you feel safe here?*
4. *Would you like to return home?*
5. *What do you think about the war? What do you think about the future?*

C. ZAMBIA REFUGEES, MSF-F

Nom, âge, situation familiale (seul ou en famille, de combien de personnes est constitué la famille), métier.

Informations sur les conditions de vie avant la fuite

D'où venez-vous ? / Où êtes-vous né ?

De quoi viviez-vous ? / Comment faisiez-vous pour vous procurer de la nourriture ?

Est-ce que cette nourriture était seulement pour votre famille ou deviez-vous la partager ? Avec qui ? Pourquoi ?

Est-ce que vos enfants allaient à l'école ?

Lorsque vous étiez malade, comment faisiez-vous ?

Conditions de fuite

Quand avez-vous fui votre ville d'origine ?

Pourquoi êtes-vous parti ?

Est-ce que vous avez fui seul, avec votre famille, avec des amis ? Avec des biens (matériel, nourriture, etc.) ou sans rien ?

Est-ce que des gens de votre famille sont restés et pourquoi ?

Est-ce que vous saviez où aller lorsque vous êtes parti ?

De quoi avez-vous vécu pendant votre fuite ? Est-ce que vous avez reçu de l'aide, sous quelle forme, de qui ?

Est-ce que vous avez été victime de violences, vous-même ou des membres de votre famille ? Quand, comment, par qui...Avant, pendant votre fuite ?

Est-ce que vous avez des informations sur votre village d'origine ?

Voulez-vous rester en Zambie ou retourner chez vous ? Si non, pourquoi pensez-vous que vous ne pouvez pas rentrer en Angola ?