THE

MYTH

OF

MZEE

PUNCH

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DEDICATED TO MY LATE MOTHER, SAMAKA
THE HEROINE OF THE DEAD & POOR
AND THEM ALL WHO WENT TO
THE HOLY ALTAR NKRUMAH HALL
WITH RESOLUTE MINDS.

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SPECIAL THANKS TO IVONNE FOR SALVAGING THE
MANUSCRIPT AND RETYPING
AND TO COLLEAQUES FOR THEIR PRECIOUS
RECALLS AND ENCOURAGEMENT.

I

At precisely 1:00 P.M on the fateful day of 12th May 1990, Radio Tanzania Dar es Salaam, RTD echoed in the air and announced government's stunning decision to close the 'Hill'. A government directive ordered students to go back to their home villages and report to their respective District Commissioners, Branch Secretaries and Ten Cell Leaders. The news added that the decision to close the 'Hill' was reached to enhance peace amongst students and to ensure security of university properties that had been threatened by students.

Sparks of these news trevissed like wild fire across the country. They ushered in confusion in the true understanding of the 'Hill Crisis'. The variety perceptions lie as a colorful grotesque.

Politically threatened deadwoods jostled in amazement at students' compromise. As a consequence, two battalions of F.F.V became unexpectedly redundant at the expense of heavy rehearsals. Student started to vacate their halls of residence to comply with the ultimatum of 6:00 p.m. No sooner had they started packing and parting than several cars and buses started to haul them downtown at hiked fares.

Their route back home was so dizzy, rough and disgusting. Just a few kilometers away, in Mwenge, Ubungo and Manzese crowds of people from all walks greeted them with intolerable jokes and insults. It was like in Jesus' Jerusalem community or scenario in literature book" An Enemy of the People" by Henrick Ibsen. Students were far purposeful isolated from their society. One saved student lost patience and had to smash the head of one street guy using a *nondo* after he had chanted abusively against him over the 'Hill' closure. Nevertheless, the order brought them relief after

they had been bestowed in a calculated battle with crownmasters; some crownmasters...

Five-hour ultimatum was no ample time for their preparations and neither did they have enough money to cater for. Some had to sleep in bus stands, railway stations or in expensive guesthouses. Others were forced to fast for three days till when they reached their destinations. At home they were seen as nuisance. Somewhere they were forced to participate in daily flag rising and lowering parades. And in some places students were chained to excessive reporting. Alas, they were made to suffer the consequences!

Immediately after the 'Hill' had been closed, a strongest campaign was inaugurated against them. State controlled mass media matched in to outshine students. Everything published was almost ninety eight percent against students. The government and party newspapers published one-sided and embarrassing articles against student. The RTD *Cheichei Shangazi* program taught kindergarten children to hate university students their dear brothers, sisters and some parents to them. There was too much publicity of the clandestine *punch* group, probably with the intention of pinning some innocent students into it and thus seeking a justification for their expulsion when time allows.

After one week, a wave of heavy and well mobilized public demonstrations was launched and since then the whole country went crazy in demonstrations, which, as said showed great sympathy of some people, the true citizen, for a wise move to close the 'Hill'. Many didn't even know the essence of those demos though they joined them. As one Dar es Salaam resident was photographed in a daily local newspaper, in procession having a banner he had just uprooted somewhere. It had the words, IIUSITUPE TAKA TAKA HAP A - KWA AMRI YA JIJl." A speech of *Wazee wa Dar es Salaam* as read by the then Dar es Salaam

Regional Commissioner to the President of United Republic of Tanzania at Mnazi Mmoja Grounds said, "What has been going on at the 'Hill' is more dangerous than embezzlement and corruption, Mr. President..." The ailing economic situation preached long in political platforms, received little attentions now as many peasants and workers spent their productive hours in partisan demonstrations.

"Chuo Kikuu wasaliti hao, wanataka tuwanunulie hata soksi, hata chupi -wanataka pesa za sigara!" So sang the pupils of Korogwe town during their demonstration. The song had been composed and taught by a primary school teacher, a stalwart VIJANA cadre in town. These poor pupils sang partisanly without knowing what was going to face them ahead as far as cost-sharing programme in education was concerned.

In Mwanza municipality people gathered at Ukombozi Stadium but no any leader came to address them on the 'Hill' issue! Musoma Leaders supported the government though they refused to demonstrate contending that their war against cattle rustlers in their region was more important than the 'Hill' issue.

A few days later on, a widely publicized circular letter was sent to all employers. It warned them not to employ any of the expelled university students. Students' fate was paramountly surpassing, especially for those who had families. But in the Isles their counterparts were scot-free! And the Secretary General of Women Wing of the ruling party, UWT who was undergraduate student was allowed back to her post. The other said confidential circular letter prevented expelled students from entering Army Barracks for fear that they could had easily changed the minds of the soldiers.

Despite all these, some village leaders especially the Branch Party Secretaries and Chairmen still had faith in students

and continued to seek some advices from university students on various issues pertaining to the development of their people.

It was rumored countywide and to his scattered grandchildren that Mzee Punch spirit had haunted the crownmasters downcity. Despite tighter security measures he had managed to fix his swastikas during the delivery of speech of *Wazee wa Dar es Salaam* at Mnazi Mmoja. And that Mzee Punch also fixed his literature on the wall of the New
Post Offices along Azikiwe Street. It condemned the government for its atrocious action of closing the university and urged the donor countries to stop opening their purses for undemocratic Tanzania.

Hours and days passed by, finally state mass media campaigns and public demonstrations came to a standstill. The motive behind their stoppage was unknown. Thanks to the role of private newspapers in their efforts to unravel the upper secrets of the 'Hill Crisis'. Outstandingly, the role of the 'Hill Crisis' Probe Commission relieved the peasants and workers of the fatal doses of disinformation. The cost of closing the 'Hill' would be exorbitantly large. Whatsoever, since then the blind started to see the road to Damascus...

**********06**********

II

It was early October 1989. The University had just opened for a promising new academic year and old faces were busy welcoming-in new faces. Among other things pertaining to academic warfare, students were anxious to know what had sent their leaders in detention during the long vacation.

Its melodrama started in August 1989 while students were in long vacation. It was during the International Students and Youth Festivals in Pyongyang, Korea. Tanzanian contingent had about thirty people most of them big shots in government and party offices. Obviously, there was poor representation of Tanzanian scholars from kindergarten to university and two of them were university student readers. The leader of the contingent was a strong political figure and a member of the Central Committee of the sole ruling party Chama Cha Mapinduzi, CCM. Those hogs had boarded an international flight with briefcases full of their favorite tools, the condoms; ready to face the Korean babes...

During the short ceremonious stay in Pyongyang, a confrontation emerged between university student leaders and the contingent leader over the question of allowances that were being appropriated by greed top party and government officials as well as on the preparation of Tanzanian University Students' speech. Student leaders wanted a typed speech with sufficient copies to be distributed to the delegates. When the contingent leader was approached, he used his bureaucratic instincts to refuse to finance the typing. His point of argument was the highly politicized notion of 'ailing economic situation' back home.

He alternatively insisted it to be read from a hand written manuscript.

University Student Leaders were not like the kindergarten; those who bowed to everything said. They knew how much money had been allocated by the government for allowances and other expenses such as typing of the university students' speech. Didn't they know if a single sent was being misused somewhere? Was the worsening economy a justified green light to intimidate country's status by reading a hand scratched speech in an international gathering?

After a brief hot session, the contingent leader turned red. How could he be criticized by mere young men who knew nothing in the world of politics, though were university students? So his capacity had all the exotic powers to order the detention of his fellow countrymen in a foreign soil!

University Students' Chairman was eventually detained in his hotel room were two pistol-totting Koreans were assigned to guard him throughout. One of the henchmen wondered, "how dangerous are you in Tanzania to be handled this way?" The Students' Chairman answered, "just a university student". The Korean grinned friendly and offered a cigarette, but he refused, as he was not a smoker. A funny thing was that, in the final analysis, the commotion resulted in the typing of the very controversial speech.

Three days of detention had elapsed when the contingent leader was forced to change his mind after his detainee had refused to eat unless he was let free. At the end of the festivals, the Students' Chairman flew back home as a freeman. It was learnt afterwards that those big shots made their gallant shopping in the Pyongyang using government money they had managed to appropriate. That gallant shopping forced them to use additional government money in hiring another plane to ship their personal duty-free consignment. However, there were no condom leftovers to bring back to Tanzania.

At home the Students' Chairman wrote a report explaining his experiences in Pyongyang and he had its copies distributes to some outstanding political figures in the system, including the former Union President. The message quickly landed in the fingertips of his enemy. He was
arrested at the Headquarters of the Ministry of Education. The fortunate members of public, who had witnessed his arrest, relayed the bad news to the VC of the University of DSM. The VC, Dean of Students and Secretary General mounted diplomatic efforts to rescue him from detention. But the price of their diplomacy ended, too, in the arrest of Students' Secretary General.

None flashed the genuine reasons of detaining University students contrary to the University of DSM Act of 1970. The government seemed to be playing with a guitar string in a silent rhythm... *But not all who sing touching aria sooth their souls.* As time ticked closer to the opening of the University, the government sensed the danger of students' reaction. The government had to let them free two weeks before the opening of the new academic year.

On their comeback students' leaders gave brief accounts on how they had been arrested and how they had been nakedly photographed. Resorting to legal alternative in High Court they demanded a total of 25m/ = compensation.

A few months later on, one member of NEC's Central Committee of the sole ruling party came at the 'Hill' to present his paper on CCM's success since 1977. Among other things he praised CCM for its strife to improve the academic arena. When asked on the logic of detaining students he had to put it this way, "the government and the party were not aware of the detention nor authorized the detention of university students contrary to University Act of 1970. If this man did so then he did it for his own personal interest..." What personal interest to a member of state as that one!

III

By mid October 1989 the new academic year was swinging fully. Mzee Punch, a clandestine wall literature chilling master welcomed all students (his grandchildren) through his publication. As always he raised the curtains by announcing his holy-principled ten commandments.

01. You shall not antilog in cafeteria.
02. You shall not sit on Mzee's table.
03. Female student shall not attend evening tea.
04. You shall not wear *malapa, bukta, kanzu, msuli* or *vibana mavi* in cafeteria.
05. Female student shall not entertain men from town.
06. Male students shall not import KCC.
07. You shall not vie for *maksi za chupi* & you shall avoid *Uh++*.
08. You shall always attend and support kunji.
09. You shall be aware of FRUMO & CHUA KACHARA and stone them to death if they betray your moves
10. You shall not try to find or research who MZEE is.
    Seeing MZEE is seeing death.

Those who had previously breached them, he had them added in his publication pipeline.

One handicapped male student from Isles who had been suspected of having some extremist instincts was branded *Uncircumcised Moslem* and was threatened to be destroyed
beyond repair by the invincible hand of Mzee Punch. Mzee Punch accused him of his liaison in the *Charter,* which had been activated as a *counter-punch* organ by the *Hill Siders.*

Hill Siders was a group of male students from well-to-do families who used their position to seduce female students and to discriminate other indigenous students. *Hill Siders* had exceptional qualifications. They belonged to or imitated the Masaki breed rather than Manzese Lazarus layers of the society. They knew how to drive luxurious cars and boasted it to be a proof of having cars back at their homes. They pretended to be financially strong and when they were asked to contribute something for their seduction parties, they didn't bother to ask 'how much?' Not only that fighting for students' rights was none of their business, but also they didn't share words with indigenous students except for some greetings. Those were their dangerous behaviors, which prompted Mzee Punch to have the group nicknamed *Hill Sinners.* .

One female student was christened *Kuku wa Kishenzi* simply because she sexually submitted herself to everyman who approached her. Another female student was nick noted *Hailali* for she was alleged to have sexual thirsty *Uhanga* coded at the University as *UH+++* according to *Madeo Meter*. *Madeo Meter* was a unit of measure named after Madeo, who had studied at the University some decades before, but whose record of extraordinary sexual thirsty hadn't been broken to date. The problem of *Hailali* was her frequent submission to her boyfriend.

Mzee Punch also forewarned the government to refrain from introducing cost-sharing programme at the university, for majority parents were poor and incapable of meeting those huge costs. Implementing it was to deny education to the generation of the toiling masses. He likened it to the crucifixion of the long time believers of Arusha Declaration.

Mzee Punch went further to caution the President of the second phase union government to act tough against corrupt leaders, kings of embezzlement and unaccountability in civil service, parastatal organization and

co-operative unions. In response to that, President cosmetically reshuffled his cabinet in December.

The government and party machinery was strong enlightened by Mzee Punch of could be mass demonstration of peasants against luxurious purchase of 500 Mitsubishi Pajero saloon cars to be used by the party and government leaders. Those cars would had cost almost five billions Tanzanian shillings in foreign currencies. While the party and government leaders were spending luxuriously, the poor peasants who toiled for those foreign currencies were the very ones who missed even aspirin tablets from skeletal reduced government hospitals.

When the then Prime Minister visited the 'Hill' at the end of the academic year 1988/89, he was asked about those issues but he answered, "you know the people in the village do not know anything about these issues, but it's only you who are making noises..." Students had to ask him again, "do you forget that we, too, do come from the same villages...?" Honorable PM got stunned.

IV

Early October to mid November were the dates markedly reserved for lovers and friends for making some engagements and academic consultations among themselves. As freshers' ball closed-in a massive preparation also posed hastily. Old students of different sexes sought new partners of whom they could be in-love with, in exchange for some *ndessa. Ndessa* was a word derived from Frederick Forsyth's Odessa File novel. At the university academic atmosphere *ndessa* meant and comprised of past examination papers, their marking schemes and all other valuable academic gears such as textbooks, project reports and research papers.

Perhaps the wonderful thing at the university was that female students had always speculated *some engagements* with male students in exchange for *ndessa.* It was habitual that no female student could have obtained *ndessa* from a fellow female student because she, too, was obliged to *toil for it.* In this state of affairs freshers' ball remained and remains to date a *ndessa* handing over-cum-engagement party.

But analysts had noted a long before that those students' functions at the university were characterized by poor turn ups of female students. Those female students had multiple lovers amongst male students and thus they feared to become motives behind their collisions. This phenomenon reduced the university social atmosphere into a love-stock market, where love, devotions and affections were cheaply sold and bought. *To get in love is great but to be in love is a disaster!* Although students liked to be in love among themselves, it was surprising that it's themselves who allowed the wealthy sharks from downtown to distort their relationship into piece-meals, Otherwise the world could

have witnessed many of them leading each other to the altars.. .

Eventually, the long waited freshers' ball climaxed at the Silversands Hotel, in the out-skirted beach along the Indian Ocean. It happened in the course of music dance that some
two male students claimed the copyright for the company of a first year social science student. Male students were a first year social science student and a fourth year engineering student. A fierce showdown erupted between them and it took some few precious minutes to be extinguished. Later in the following day they had their issue completely settled at students' organization Offices.

Wow! The microscopic eyes and ultra-sensitive ears of Mzee Punch had detected the whole encounter at Silversands Hotel. Mzee Punch regarded it as something not cultural for university community. And Mzee Punch *ex-officio* didn't hesitate to promptly enroll the female student in his pipeline. Mzee Punch accused her of mishandling her lovers and thus being a motive behind freshers' ball showdown. From then onward the female student appeared in Mzee Punch pipeline as *Wanton Fresher. Wanton Fresher* was a crown
name for the winner of Miss Hill Prostitution Contest specifically *punch-organised* every year for female freshers.

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V

When the newly elected student leadership took the office, situation had already tensed at the university. The cold war between Mzee Punch and the *Hill Siders* became fierce. *Hill Siders* list fashionably appeared in Mzee Punch Publication as *Hill Sinners*. Together always in the pipeline were *Hailali, Kuku wa Kishenzi, Kichefuchefu* and *Wanton Fresher*.

The *Hill Siders* who had by the time assumed the name of *Charterers* courtesy of those who chartered them, retaliated by more direct attacks. They distributed their *counter-punch* publication leaflets and courageously shoved them in the rooms occupied by engineering students who were highly suspected of being Mzee Punch outstanding activist at the university. The appalling encounters of the two sides escalated even to the cafeterias where table manners were temporarily affected. For example a *Charterer* could deliberately go, sit and ensue a fracas at a table of students suspected of being punch men. At one moment *Charterers'* glamorous party was unexpectedly cancelled in response to threats from engineering students. It was venued to be held at DUSO Bar.

As situation tensed the wrangle between university students and VIJANA national leadership heightened up. The detention of their leaders once more had reminded students of the need to accomplish their disintegration from total VIJANA affiliation and representation. Students moved with full speed in the preparation of a new DSM University Students Organization (DARUSO) constitution, which had been initially tabled down by the previous students leadership. By January 1990 it lay point-blank on the table of the President of United Republic of Tanzania, awaiting his approval.

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VIJANA national leadership sensed it all *a la secede.* DARUSO constitution meant an autonomous students' organization, the replica of pre-MUWATA student's body, DSM University Students Organization, DUSO that was banned in 1978 under Party's instigation after students had demonstrated against MPs' sky-hiked salaries and allowances. As a result Muungano wa Wanafunzi Tanzania, MUW AT A was paraded-in without any legal justifications.

Thus, the surpassing shadow of VIJANA encroachment in students' affairs had reached an alarming stage. In some instances VIJANA national leadership represented university students without their knowledge. Two International University Students gatherings had been made in two abroad countries. VIJANA national leadership had to manipulate by sending its officials there who claimed to be university students while they were not. It was like infiltration in the art of espionage. These fake university students committed themselves into some pertinent academic resolutions.

It was surprising that neither resolution was implemented nor the news of those gatherings reached the university. Everything remained unknown until when the other parties became impatient to the unnatural silence. They made a telephone contact directly to the university. Students' leadership verified that it hadn't sent any delegate in such gatherings nor promised anything of that sort. A crosscheck with VIJANA headquarters revealed everything even names of the fake university students.

That's how VIJANA was trying to contain the academic freedom of university students. Students had all reasons now to lose faith in their umbrella VIJANA. These developments opened a new Pandora's box, which changed the course of events in the history of the university.

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While students' move to recognize their rights was gaining momentum, VIJANA national leadership called for a meeting of all leaders of VIJANA from Dar es Salaam and nearby regions. The main agenda was the DARUSO issue; students' secession threats. It was embarrassing that the meeting ended by VIJANA vowing to concoct perpendicularly with university students and members of university academic staff especially those who were
considered to be fuelling the debate for multipartism. However, the university hadn't had any debate for multipartism conducted at its atmosphere.

The campaign to condemn DARUSO constitution was officially launched. On the next day VIJANA branches at Nyegezi Social Training Institute in Mwanza and Mbeya Technical College condemned it all. Those blatant efforts enticed university students with the need to stand up and demand their rights. A detente through politicization was unforeseeable...

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VI

The history of Mzee Punch extends beyond the horizons. Mzee Punch was everyday, as old as the university itself and had his origins in students' logbook of 1960s that recorded jokes between students themselves as part of their daily cultural and social life. But the names of joking parties were very essential in enhancing that friendly play. With the passage of time the logbook vanished and Mzee Punch took over, accelerando.

Upon the banning of an open view students' organ CHECHE in 1971 and the illegal dissolution of DUSO in 1978, Mzee Punch wholly took control of the cockpit. Since then he actively represented the grievances of students and regulated social pivots between them. He assumed a heavier role and become too inclined in international and national issues and in the welfare of his grandchildren. He had ever since been haunted but his mighty tentacles proved invincible.

Rumors had been circulating since long before that Mzee Punch's angels were some ordained students from all faculties and some university graduates working in the system, some being in ministerial positions, some lawyers, doctors, scientists and journalists. There were some rumors that the first Union President had been behind the importation of the punch system from British universities. But others speculated that Mzee Punch received financial support from some state apparatus in return for his role of providing feedback on the running of a political system. If that was true then management experts deserved to say *well done* to Mzee Punch.

**********18

Mzee Punch invincibility had made some people to believe that he operated like a Sicilian Mafia. It was put on assumption that once someone got into Mzee Punch payroll, he played his part even without knowing his next boss or another member of his rank. Despite being haunted throughout, Mzee Punch's invincible hand remained with high precision intelligence in the preparation and fixation of his publications, to the extent that some people thought and still think him of being superstitious.

Once the signaling stikas *Rush to Literature Walls* appeared, students could be heard appreciably murmuring in low tones. Then the whole areas down the literature walls could be crammed with students' admirations, fear and the jottings of main points. Someone would dare say, *"Loh! Mzee Punch leo katoa kali ile mbaya..!* The hangover was left to trail the targeted victims, be they students, university employees, lecturers or national political leaders.

The language used by Mzee Punch was a mixture of strong words drawn for various disciplines ranging from laws, medicines, engineering, political economy, latin, theology and even management. In this context one would have accepted the truth that if Mzee Punch's veterans, angels, predecessors and successors were students then they were drawn from all faculties and not only from the Faculty of Engineering as it has been predispositioned before.

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VII

The *Wanton Fresher* had elegant breasts, smooth but wider sporty hips, full legs, average bottoms, a slender shape, sensual mouth and moderate beauty. Probably she had other special covert qualities, which attracted men. The genetically inherited intelligence superimposed on her moderate beauty added an incredible combination. She had a complete knowledge of herself and eagerness for the control of her life. She was very polite and understanding that no admirable man could had ever said a harshly word against her. A very special woman... the kind a lot of men love... She qualified to be a wife to someone, a mother to some children and a rock of family faith, love and upbringing.

She was a typical woman who needed to love, to be loved and to get someone with whom she could share her emotional burdens, problems and joys. She was a confident partner for the fulfillment of someone's personality. It could have been a difficulty task to have her. Any admirable man would have started by initially dating her for outings, coffee and discos. Then the whole thing would have materialized gently through full adorations.

To her love could have meant more than sex and sex more than mere submission to someone. Because in feminity it didn't count by how many men approached a woman, rather by how she handled them without distorting her self-esteem and self-respect. That could have been a challenging task to all girls especially when they were making their grand choices on suitable pastime or lifetime partners.

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Likewise, it was known before hand that love was made for sharing sexual needs and experiences that bring forth children." Didn't *Wanton Fresher* know that some men could be utterly liars who just wanted to screw her; those conmen, sharpie who would start by kidding about marriage and' other lovely promises in order to win? Didn't she want to make a balanced choice through gentle analysis before concluding someone as a winner; the winner always takes it all?

But her tragic story started when some male university students attempted to seduce her using the tutelage of Mzee Punch. They threatened her to suffer more punches if she didn't want to quench their sexual desires. Believe or not in the world of love there were men who were ready to show open elations when they won and cruel disappointments when they lost. The business of hustling women was their science of being loved and seeking sexual gratification through rapes was their principal behavior and approach toward women. It wasn't known to date whether anyone in the gang had succeeded; it was not known when the syndicate had started and how many had fallen victims of. It probably started when the role of Mzee Punch had landed under the monopoly of some irresponsible, selfish and antisocial hands. However it is no doubt that her fate was a result of her refusal to have an affair with a second year male engineering student.

Having failed to get her, the engineering student opted to storm her room. It was about 3:00 AM. in one of February Saturday morning when almost all occupants of Hall 7 were far asleep. His room was just across in Block B it wasn't difficult for him to get to Block A which usually accommodated female students.

As story told, he got to the second floor, inserted his locally fabricated master key and the door to the girl's room swung open. She was there on top of a double-decker bed, alone

and asleep. Her body swerved in a transparent sleeping gown, neatly showing her bodily outline and tits as they rose up and down to cope with her breathing rhythms. He didn't wait, for everything he had wanted was there. He cruised his lousy romantic hand with full passion and started caressing her delicate body. She woke up. As she wondered how her enemy had entered into her room, the bum asked for his share. She refused. He decided to use force, but her well-built body contained his every move. At last, she escaped from the room leaving him behind with a bite on one arm.

It was rumored that the charade never ended there. They chased along the corridor and down to the ground floor. They ran toward Yombo Cafeteria, rotated it twice before coming back to Block A, where she was rescued by fellow female students, by shoving her into their room.

When she had sent her complaints to the manager of Hall 7, the manager responded by summoning the truant. In his defense he urged that the girl was his long time lover. He accepted the charges of beating her but rejected the attempted rape allegations. The issue was at *prima facie* settled. Not satisfied the girl sent her case forward, this time in the Dean of Students' office.

The *punchmen* reacted again threatening her to receive what *she deserved* unless she withdrew the charges against their companion. She tolerated those threats expecting to win a substantial help from the Dean of Student's office. Contrary to her expectation, the Dean himself was skeptical and hesitant in solving her case. After almost one week of his listless mood the Dean, at last, referred her case to his close ally, his assistant female official. The female official was completely uncooperative though she was a holder of a certificate in laws and an outstanding women affairs activist in the system! Her eyelashes told how much she didn't like to hear such a *foolish* story as the girl narrated it. She had to

cut short before the girl completed the sad story. Her deadly next statement was, "go away, this is not a place for picnic. We don't entertain nor deal with love affairs... We strictly deal with academic matters."

She didn't answer but desperately made her way back to her room, in a socked personality. She didn't expect to be attacked by the female official of her mother's age. She wondered for the widening generation gap and how many mothers of such type had failed to attend critical problems
encountered by their daughters in their daily lives. Was the female official in the Dean of Students' office incompetent in counselling students? Didn't she know that love affairs problems and other social conflicts had decisive impact in someone's academic performance at the university atmosphere?

Since then, the girl decided to quit everything. To start with, she cancelled her 7:00 P.M programme to attend a meeting at the residence of her aunt who was the lecturer in statistics with same university. The meeting was per her request, called for discussing her issue at family level. Her elder brother, a final year management student had agreed to attend.

There was one thing perhaps many people didn't understand. It could have been too good to her to be loved, be accepted and be respected by the society she was living in. She needed this basic psychological need just like other human beings who turn into cruelty when they miss it. Tolerance had its limits and she couldn't have tolerated anymore. Her close female students and friends had already deserted and isolated her due to her routine appearance in Mzee Punch's pipeline. Altogether, despite the alleged attempted rape, the *punchmen* were still busy on her heels. The failure of Dean of Student's office to solve her problem
implied that the *punchmen* had certain immunity and there was no way she could have run from them.
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At around 7:00 P.M that evening, while her roommate was weekending downtown, the girl took a strong dose of chloroquine tablets. After a few minutes one of close neighbors popped-in her room only to find her scowling and groaning in pain. An alarm was sent to other neighbors. She was rushed to the University Dispensary. At the dispensary the doctor in charge asked her, "How many tablets have you taken?"

She answered desperately, "so many, many."

The doctor added, "Why have you done so?"

She answered, "it is better if I'm dead!"

Her case was an emergence one and everyone wondered how come her unconscious body reached at MMC after one hour and a half had elapsed. When her elder brother got back to his room in disappointment for her failure to turn up at the crucial meeting, he found a note attached at his door.
The writer, unaware of their relationship, jokingly wrote, n *rush to dispensary... Mtoto wa Hall* 7 *ametaka kujiua kwa ajiri yako..."* A few minutes afterward the marathon of tracing his dying sister ended at MMC mortuary, where he was shown the body of her sister.
**********24

VIII

The tragic death of the *Wanton Fresher* took the university community by storm. Owing to the complex university environment, it had been difficult for many students, from the beginning, to sniff what was happening to her apart from her routine appearance in Mzee Punch's pipelines. However she had left a letter in her locker, pinpointing that some male engineering students under the tutelage of Mzee Punch were sexually harassing her.

Basing on rumors, investigations were started. One final year engineering student, who fought for her at Silversands Hotel, was also added in the list of suspected punchmen.
Tracing logically the issue of Silversands showdown had already been solved in the previous year. Pleading innocent the engineering student, as said, issued to the Commission of Inquiry, about fifteen photos he had taken with her in various positions, at different times. He proved to be a long time lover and in cross-sectional analysis with other students, surprising loopholes started to register. None of her neighbor accepted to have heard of the fracas, no any security guard around Yombo Cafeteria who witnessed the encounter and yet no any of the girls (who had shoved her into their room) accepted of having seen the truant striving to catch her.

Quite obvious her suicide had been partly precipitated by the female students in isolating her and partly by the bureaucratic university administration. Enough evidences could have been gathered, even before the catastrophe, to be used against the suspects as per university by-laws, rather than relying on rumors. The Dean of Students and his

female assistant, Doctor-in-Charge and the Ambulance
Driver could have been questioned and charged accordingly for their laxity in handling her case. To prove that negligence of high order had been done, a month after the episode one *saved* Ugandan male student attempted to commit suicide of the same nature, contending that he had been harassed by his girlfriend and parents. But was quickly rescued by dispensary personnel who had been threatened by students' questionable reactions against negligent university dispensary administration.

But the whole university community was to bear the blame.
Her suicide was a lesson and a fact. The people should know that punch attack on her was not the first at the university. History has recorded some of attacks and used them in the analysis of her episode. Hers was just a pipeline.

In 1987 one male education student was punched *Kinyemelea* after he had boozed so much and ensued fracas in the room occupied by two Chinese girls in Hall 3. The Chinese girls kicked him out by *jit-kun-edo* Kungfus. Mzee Punch accused him of attempted rape. In compromise *Kinyemelea* wrote an open apology to Mzee Punch. Mzee Punch pardoned him.

Shortly afterwards one male official in the Dean of Students office was punched *Poacher* after he was suspected of embezzling student's monies through various false pretences. The official accepted his fate and since then he started using his nickname *Poacher* in all of his official correspondences at the campus.

Some years back a second year female student was accused of being a wanton. She was pornographically sketched as welcoming several men inside her from behind, in the mouth, ears, armpits and front side. Mzee Punch had all morning UDA buses in the city crammed with her exotic pictorial charms. In the following day, she had to walk in the
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Dean of Students' office to postpone her studentship contract.

Four years back, Maasai daughter, a theatre arts student was punched because she had a tongue-kiss, in public, with Reverend Jesse Jackson when he was signing her auto at Nkrumah Hall. Mzee Punch itemized her as a prototype of American hippies who copied immoral things frolic foreigners in order to ruin our society. Without recourse the Maasai daughter counter-punched. Her reactionary publication trailed and fingered out some suspected *punch men.* Mzee Punch aggressively punched her again, expecting that she could adjust. But the Maasai daughter came out with a down-to-earth publication in which she claimed to be a *Maasai Warrior.* She had drawn and
displayed her own pictures posing in traditional Maasai attire, with majestic Maasai battle gears; a shield and a spear in either hand. She was brave enough to guard her publication from sunrise to sunset.

Mzee Punch had to select a first class attack as a souvenir to the *Maasai Warrior*. One night, the *Maasai Warrior* sank in deep sea of sleep. When she woke up in the following morning, she found her *belongings* missing some being underpants, underskirts, hygeno pads and a photo album.
Next to her bed laid Mzee Punch's swastika. The next move of Mzee Punch was to have had the *Maasai Warrior* punched with all her underpants, underskirts, hygeno pads and some selected sensitive photos. The *Maasai Warrior* softened at last and waited for an amnesty. After some weeks of calmness Mzee Punch sent back all her belonging in the same way he had taken them. The *Maasai Warrior* had met a miraculous and an overwhelming encounter in her life!

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IX

The university community and society at large gesture at the suicide episode as an indicator of Mzee Punch escalated cruelty. For the first time in history, almost every student now felt the need to dismantle the punch system. A crusade was organized in Nkrumah Hall and students of both sexes participated. Just two or three female students - once punch victims - had the courage to be in the frontline. Strategically, it was decided that Mzee Punch should be buried in Nkrumah Hall and every student was given the power of vividly smashing and dismantling any of Mzee Punch publications. In the crusade, together with other students were the *Charterers*, the archrivals of Mzee Punch. They had assumed a new pseudonym *Kiboko* and soon started issuing *Kiboko* Publications against Mzee Punch victimizations.

Female and male students shared this sympathetic period with mutual views, feelings and solemnity. While this was going on, *comments* started to appear in notice boards charging against male engineering students; the highly suspected *punch* activists. These *comments* accused them in connection with her suicide.

Comments were different from Mzee Punch publications. They constituted of either distorted notices at notice boards in the interest of commentators or a pure comment in which someone wrote or drew his or her theme while leaving an open space for commentators to air their views. *Comments* played a key role in giving feedback vital for assisting in the efficient running of a complex university system. For ')

example, when students needed some allowances *comments* simply appeared in that respect, depending on the mood of commentators. Sometimes *comments* would be crammed with insults and other immoral items.

It was also believed that some state apparatus used *comments* as litmus tests in measuring the sensitivity of any burning and interesting issues, especially political ones. As far as *comments* were concerned no one knew the people who put and took them. Once in full *comments* vanished without traces. Whatsoever, *comments* remained to date an efficient system of running university affairs. And on students' side *comments* were the means to an end and a ground for releasing their tensions...

Any *comment,* which had appeared immediately after the suicide episode, expressed anger of students against engineering students. Male engineering students were collectively categorised as *punchmen.* Some *comments* said, "Imprison these culprits" or "kill them too!" A wave of misunderstanding erupted between the engineering students and the rest of students. Engineering students felt more isolated from the university community. They in turn demanded to be allocated with their own hall of residence and cafeteria, preferably Hall 7 and Yombo Cafeteria respectively, those which had been specially built for them in 1970s. All they wanted was to disintegrate from all student solidarity and be separated from all social activities.

Probably it was their resolute stand in decision making which made engineering students a powerful and revolutionary conglomeration at the university. *A crate full of beer equals a hand full of women.* An analysis proved later on that the number of female students in their faculty was very negligible, and that might have been a basis for their strong pointed stand. Their ideas, decisions and their resolutions were always final and absolute. Their disintegration could

have brought a substantial injury to students' solidarity that was strongly needed in the foreseeable battle in favour of student's rights. By any means the visibility of this battle was positive and some crownmasters had already sensed it coming on. .. When students declared a new *Georgia State* by electing their leaders without following VIJANA electoral procedures, scrutiny or guidance. Something special was
needed to strain student's bond of solidarity. ..

State mass media zeroed-in, attempting to playa divisive tactics on students. They inaugurated a stronger campaign against male students. Basing on the suicide episode the society was portrayed with the picture as if no female student would come out alive from the university. Anyway, it was too propagandistic to divide students. The RID
officially occasioned a new program titled *Ukware na Ujogoo,* it all depicted wholesome cruelty of male students at the university.

Then one evening, the only female member of NEC's
Central Committee made a pop-in visit at the university's Harvard Cafeteria. She came to inaugurate the evening tea for female students, which had been banned by Mzee Punch for decades back. Mzee punch then had all female students barred from taking free flasks of evening tea because they had used it in entertaining some sharks from downtown.
Mzee punch had said, ".. .Instead they should remain in their rooms and concentrate in improving their cooking technology..." But with the commercialisation of cafeteria services, with effect from July 1987, it was logically true that no female student was barred from taking it, provided she had money.

Nevertheless, students of both sexes expected her as a.
mother and a state hog, to deliver a counselling speech without emotions or biases. But, in the course of her speech she started hurling abusive slogans against male students,
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saying, "they rape you, fuck you by force but are the very ones who will soon convince you to boycott classes. Daughters don't boycott, refuse and mention them!" She was striding this way and that way on top of a cafeteria table which was immediately discarded by students as being *haram;* unclean. Without hesitation the Students' Chairman took the microphone and clarified to her the role of proposed DARUSO constitution as being autonomy rather than boycotting classes as crownmasters had thought.

Her speech ended that way -with students' eventual realization that she had been sent by some crownmasters to divide students in two blocks of females and males. It was
an old fashioned *divide-et-empera* tactic. As long as students'
politics was concerned, their chameleonic intelligence started to gather lost sheep back to the track. Engineering students re-united with other students. Male and female students continued to share love, joy and ideas as before. The *fauna and flora* of academic life started to flourish again and the exodus to Nkrumah Hall, their only holy altar, gained momentum. *Comments* started to flow up again, this time requiring an immediate solution to students' problems and the inevitability of a 'GREAT KUNJI'.

Situation didn't contravene the principle of conflict management, which says, "the contradicting parties within a system have the tendency of uniting against their common external enemy" Nor it was different from one of Marx's dialectic law of development -The law of struggle and unity of the opposites.

By then the students' magazine namely STUDENTS' BUGGLE had been revived. Though it was clumsy due to lack of funds, it still played a double role by challenging students and at the same time by threatening the crownmasters through an article titled, "ARE STUDENTS SLEEPING LIONS?"

X

March 1990 was characterized by a relaxed tension at the university as majority students celebrated for the 'death' of Mzee Punch. But some students became skeptical in believing so. This owed to the fact that Mzee Punch's terrorizing words still rang bells in their minds. The words, ".. .Mzee punch never dies, never graduates, is above the constitution, fearless, omnipotent, invincible, punishes everybody... and he who tempers with him will suffer acute brain hemorrhage..." reminded them of the echoes of a dangerous warning rather than anything else.

Then in one cold morning Mzee Punch broke his silence. Stikas with words *"Rush to Literature Walls"* were plastered in the corridors and latrines. Students panicked in surprise as they admired for the resurrection of Mzee Punch. After they had made themselves ready for the day they ran to the literature walls. Mzee Punch publications scattered everywhere in the strategic positions.

As always, Mzee Punch started his publication with an appetizing set of strong words before welcoming his grandson, ANC's Nelson Mandela who was coming to Tanzania for his first tour since he had been freed from Victor Vester prison by the racist South African apartheid regime.

Then Mzee punch switched his attention back to the university saying, "1 have been silent for quite sometime now as I was mourning for the sad demise for my granddaughter... and not due to some reasons as put forward by the little puppets, who think I'm dead through

their impromptu crusade which was crammed with illusions..." He clarified further that, "I'm not in any way, connected with her death... and I vow to take stem measures against these hooligans who have caused her to commit suicide... It should be borne in mind that I'm for the interest of the society in which my grandchildren live and not for the interest of the some selfish hands... And those opportunistic and bankrupt politicians, they should stop using this episode in dividing my grandchildren. They should rather concentrate on delivering goods to the people..." He clarified further that, "...and they should not use me as their scapegoat... for according to Madeo Meter my UH is always zero..."

Punched also by Mzee Punch was the female member of NEe's Central Committee \\"ho had popped into Harvard Cafeteria to inaugurated evening tea, a few weeks before. She was nicknamed *Shangingi la NEe.* Mzee Punch exposed her very interesting legend, starting with her hey days at the University in 1960s and how her first fiance had left her with a memento of wedding gears in a wardrobe after another man made her pregnant. In Mzee Punch pipeline there was *State Hogs and the Devil Pyramid, CCM's* CC *Prostitution Scandal* and *Chancellor's Manuscript.*

Shortly afterwards, university notice boards became filled with *comments* which expressed students' deep concern on the resurrection of Mzee Punch. One *comment* had it, "...Mzee Punch, we respect you, we adore you and we
glorify you... Congratulations for rising from the dead...!" Though that publication was quickly destroyed, it still had the effect of sending a cold chill down the spine of antipunch campaign. A week later on, a self proclaimed *Kiboko* group issued its publication to counter the resurrection of Mzee punch, naming those who were thought to be the ones who had punched the female NEe's CC member. However, it lacked concrete proofs to convince anyone.
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This wasn't the first time for Mzee Punch to rise from dead. Evidently in some previous occasions Mzee Punch had a tendency to lie low till the hue and cry was over. In one incident Mzee punch is said to have punched the former first President of United Republic of Tanzania. In reaction, the President wanted a prompt action to net the culprits. One suspected male student was brought before the President, a teacher by profession, ruled to come at the university to have the student canned by him in front of other students. One day before the incident, the President was punched again. This time Mzee Punch drawings showed the President in the act of canning the student in front of others. At the end, Mzee Punch portrayed the canned student exclaiming, "How good and pleasant to be canned by the President of United Republic of Tanzania!" The President didn't come as intended and a suspected student was discharged.

At one time, in efforts to ban Mzee Punch, University Administration opted to station policemen in all strategic positions so as to prevent Mzee Punch from doing his deeds. Then in one tight night of heavy patrol a cry was heard coming from one of the halls of residences, students shouting, "Thieves! Thieves! Thieves!" Policemen rushed to the point but they found nothing. They returned to their position without knowing that they had left a loophole for Mzee Punch angels to accomplish their deeds. Early in the morning, they were surprised to find all literature walls crammed with Mzee Punch hot stuffs.

It was also feared that the battle against Mzee Punch entailed some sort of life-risking-business as always Mzee Punch said, "...seeing me is seeing death." Years back, it was said a university militiaman broke his leg at night after he had been stoned by huge concrete block from above his head when patrolling a strategic area of Mzee Punch activities. Likewise it was said a militiaman was found dead with a bag of sand on top of his body.

Some students believed that Mzee Punch angels wore like NIl'\JJA. If you had happened to see them in action either they could have converted you into a punchman or you could have remained as silent as a dead body as they wanted you to be. Otherwise they could have harmed you for your failure to abide by any of their rules.

But, in such a legendary state it was still difficult to date to connect Mzee Punch with a number of previous incidents where students committed suicides by throwing themselves from the top of university tower buildings because of social frustrations or academic harassments.

As some analysts observed later on that, "The down turn of Mzee Punch started on 1980s where he ceased to belong solely to students and fell in the hands of the state apparatus (the intelligence). Since then Mzee Punch shifted students' politics from national and international issues and students' welfare to reactionary opportunistic; palaver politics and degeneration. .. Mzee Punch took a diverted and reverted body of character assassination dealing with personal issues and conflicts... It is now saddening to note that Mzee Punch is alleged to have been behind the death of one female student."

However, the end of 1988/89 academic year recorded a case of a fourth year male engineering student, who was found in his room dead with a deep knife cut in the neck and stabbings in the stomach. The listless mood of the police and the laxity of university administrative machinery in dealing with the case had left that great question unanswered. Was
it possible for a man to commit suicide using a table knife as that one found in his room, that one which completely slaughtered his neck - or something fishy had been going on at the university, covered by unreliable and always misleading police investigations?

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XI

University of Dar es salaam like other universities was a unique assembly of talents and facilities that was vested with the powers preventing it from adopting the role of a spectator; that of neglecting its potential contribution of objective example and influence. University of Dar es salaam was to offer and inspire the bounty of knowledge, zest of research, the faculty of judgment and a gift of humiliation. Those attributes were vital in building our nation, in creating a society that is vigorous by nature, strong in faith and eternal in the art of peace.

Like any other universities, its academic culture allowed
challenges and criticisms. A university professor was not embarrassed by the challenges and criticisms of students. In this context university students were exposed to a wider scope of higher learning that derived basic knowledge from
various disciplines apart from areas of specializations. Students made researches and prepared project report, participated in various seminars, workshops and debates, attended professional inaugural lectures and public-talks. Students enjoyed international library facility that had a documentation department. In their social interactions they joined the formal and informal groups that discussed various issues at length.

But things were quite different in primary schools where
pupils were taught to believe and accept that *something is what it is* and nothing more. Likewise at both levels of secondary education students were exposed to the sphere of confined thinking by the pressure of curriculum
circumstances. With the introduction of *new national culture*

through compulsory JKT training and the degradation of *Janda na Unyaga,* a young educated Tanzanian had been trained militarily to become a believer in the autocratic rules 1 and 2. Rule 1 said, 'The General is always right even in his absence'. And Rule 2 said, 'If in doubts consult Rule 1'.

The bureaucratic bourgeoisie had believed myopically that JKT servicemen would have remained *yes men* even when they passed out to join the system. These pillars of images copied from Mao's Chinese model wanted to create a nation that's crammed with an army of *yes men.*

However, in management context rule 1 and 2 was equated to Mac Gregory's Theory X. In the system that lacked the vitality of feedback, many leaders who had blUndered but believed in it, had to be considered *still royal* to the boss. They got pats of congratulation and were transferred to other places only to enjoy the system that lacked political auditing at the expense of poor peasants and workers in the country's backyards. Since then these crownmasters crowned themselves as semigods and unchallengeable by their subordinates and the society at large.

When students joined the university, the academic culture chanted down the tombs of confined thinking and upbuilt an atmosphere conducive for analytical thinking. Upon graduation, university graduates were no longer yes men. What had made them so?

The duty of university was objectively, to seek truth while considering the cons,equences to itself and the society. Its duty was to promote, strengthen and channel social attitude conducive to the progress of its society. It gave ideas, manpower and services for the furtherance of human equality, dignity, and development. It wasn't the task of university to seek the truth and leave it to outsiders to reject or accept it. It therefore promoted thinking of particular urgent problems to cater our needs through well-promoted

research and syllabuses. The government, party and the people might be annoyed with the truth sought but they could still accept it because with education someone understood the world and others... No way a country could develop and detach itself from the yoke of neo-colonialism without increased education, expanded social welfare and efficient economic services. That was the objective of all our striving.

One of the mistakes was that of regarding university students, academic staffs and intellectuals as partisans. They as analysts owed so much to their society that had made them so by huge investments. For them applauding, wailing and questioning was part of their daily lives that couldn't be changed by the order of the day.. .

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XII

Just like in other walks of life, behind the curtain of academic life at the university, there lay indecent love affairs, exotic adultery scandals and wonderful academic
maneuvers. They, too, suspected, imagined and whispered for something they didn't have facts. With such gossips and rumors they were badly keeping their secrets afloat.

THE BLINDMAN was indeed a blind. He had a walking speed more than that of a normal person. His walking stick acted as an antenna hurriedly stepping the stairs of skyscrapers and pavements around the hill. If he were behind you, you would feel the need to stand aside and allow him pass by.

Himself had carefully selected his aide. He was his course mate who was being paid by the university in terms of allowances for dictating every material words and lecture notes for the blind to type using his special typewriter.

The aide had another special assignment of fetching him young girls. Step by step the blind rotated the young girls from Changanyikeni, Makongo, Savei and Msewe who used to come there to sell *maandazi*, *mihogo* and *sambusa*. Everyone wondered if the blind would have lived longer to survive the aids scourge that was rampantly decimating the lives of the academics.

MARCHING NAKED. Some guys were crazy up there! That one had a style of going to the toilets while naked. You could imagine what sort of man he was, what kind of boss he would be and what public platform would have saved

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after graduation. Out of three thousands students he was the only one with such a unique tendency.

He didn't stop it till when his mom, sister and girlfriend who had come to visit him saw this by accident. Alas! Not by accident - It was the way Mr. Naked was.

AMERICAN MARINE PATROL encountered the girl that was a highly respectable breed of Chagga and Nyambo origins. After a couple of drinks downcity she decided to bring along her middle aged *Mzungu* boyfriend.

In the morning that *Mzungu* started to patrol the corridor of the second floor of Hall 7 while wearing just a towel and smoking his cigar. The girl told her *Mzungu* not to show
himself up for it was forbidden at the university as per Mzee
Punch rules. The *Mzungu* didn't understand it. Until her closer friends managed to convince him that Mzee Punch's angels were dangerous then he yielded while commenting, "what sort of university is this?" And the girl vowed not to bring her *Mzungu* again!

ABORTION VALLEY was between Hall 3 and UDASA club area. It sluggishly ran like a bowl pond, a collection point where at a far end there was a sewage tunnel heading downward passing the university dispensary to a cess-pond located beyond the playgrounds. The cess-pond was rich in pond fishes.

The valley was notorious for the dumping of foetus of Hall 3 and presumably of Hall 7 girls who travelled all that distance to unload their cargoes there!

T AF ADHALI NIHUKUMU happened at Hall 1 that was
known as *Mjini ChuG Kikuu.* Down the road there was a notorious bus stand known as *Kituo cha Wabeba Mizigo.* That was the point where female visitors were misdirected,

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hijacked and eventually ended in being seduced by the cunning *wabeba mizigo.*

But that one was fortunate as the female visitor came while her host was weekending downcity. He cheated her that the host, his roommate was attending some evening classes. He
gave her some soft drinks then brought in a couple of *safari ni safari*. At the end the female visitor found herself sleeping with a different man. The genuine host came back early in the morning only to find them still asleep. *Mbeba mizigo* opened the door and knelt down and begged, *"tafadhali nihukumu* fl.

TOUR DE UNIVERSITY. She was a respectable woman, all time bespectacled. A mother of two and a wife to a prominent business manager in one of the parastatal companies and indeed a believer in God, a member of Seventh Day Adventist Church in which she was a church elder.

In her room you would see Christian slogans chanting *Jesus For You* and the likes including some biblical quotations. But the one that disturbed her friends was reading' AIDS KILLS - GO FOR CONDUCT NOT FOR CONDOM'. That was a stand of almost all churches in Tanzania and even their counterpart Islamic believers.

The friends decided to have a tour with the church elder so that she had a true colour of life at the university. They sent and sandwiched her in the middle of Art Theatre B and started to watch video shows at a fee of twenty shillings per head. After action movie and Zairean music show the packed students requested *"Kitafunio! Kitafunio!"*

She perplexed her eyebrows and asked, "What is *Kitafunio?"*

"You gonna see it, wait." Answered one of the students.

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Wow! It was an X-ratedfilm. Ihe ChUH.lL I:la.e ..wse. re_d_ to go but she couldn't as there was no space for her to pass and students started to shout, *"ondoa kiwingu, unatukinga."* She had to watch the other side of the world and came out with a question, "In the arithmetic of not using condom who will survive?" It was better to use condom, confess and live than playing bare!

V.D. INTERNATIONAL was a girl of early twentieth with well built but short body, wider hips and beautiful round face. She was an attendant serving in halls of residences.

It turned that the Doctor In Charge of University Dispensary was shocked by the alarming rate of gonorrhoea among male students. He decided to go deep on research. Every respective student pointed his finger at V.D. International saying that they used to pay her handsome amount of cash from their stipends.

The Doctor In Charge referred the issue to the Dean of Students' office. The V.D. International was transferred to Administration Blocks and was told not to stamp her feet in the halls of residence again.

EXILED MLOKOLE was a saved male student studying a course in statistics. After a series of *exiles* by his roommate who frequently imported KCC in Hall 6, he resorted not to go to the Dean of Students office like others.

Instead he changed his stance and started a reprisal by imposing day and night *double exiles* to his roommate. And from then he forgot all about the Word of God.

SALARY RISES. With commercialisation of cafeteria services at least everyone was liquid. The two male roommates agreed to employ a KCC as a room maid to cook and wash clothes for them at a fixed pay.

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It happened that the *KCC* room maid demanded a series of salary rises proposed through roommates. After multiple rises the roommates did not accommodate anymore. They called a meeting and with openness they found that those salary rises were a result of the extra job they gave her; that of quenching their sexual thirsty as either roommate used to abscond lectures and return to the dormitory not to eat but to conjugate with her.

They fired her and vowed not to employ another room maid.

SAHARA INVESTMENT. Driven with love, one male student residing in Hall 7 decided to purchase a double plated Sahara cooker for his Hall 3 girl friend. The girl used to cook and the male student used to contribute some amount and to go there to eat. One day he was told that there would be no lunch at her girlfriend's because she was tired.

When the male student passed on his way from Harvard Cafeteria he found another man eating *mapochopocho* cooked by his girlfriend. He turned mad and resorted in taking his investment - a hot Sahara cooker on his head from Hall 3 to as far as Hall 7.

CONDOM LEFTOVERS. He was a lecturer holding a doctorate in social science but a womaniser in good name and cause. When lecturing in Art Theatres he was always baffled by the way female students unknowingly left their thighs open only to force him to openly *park his car*. At the end of lecture he dared to say, "Miss so and so please come to my office immediately".

One day he left for an abroad trip. Behind, the fellow lecturers wanted some documents from his office. When phoned, he directed them to go to his home and his wife would have given them the keys.

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Opening the drawer they found not only documents but also a leftover of two used condoms. The news leaked to his students. The students started to investigate and found that the lecturer had lastly invited one top shape!

BLOCKING CONDOMS. The sewage system of the area around the Administration Blocks once again blocked and annoyed the attendant.

When the attendant was struggling to unblock one of junctions situated between Kiswahili Building and the Academic Bridge, students were passing and saw the pile of used condoms being removed. Their main question was
where did those condoms come from while there was no any living quarter at the hilltop! The answer was obvious that the offices were being used for the bad game.

HIJAB DIPLOMATIC The hijab cradled Pemba student from Zanzibar brought a wrangle between Tanzanian and a West African governments.

The subject - A West African student consumed that wife of somebody and his sexual organ started to swell. He tried every medical treatment in vain. He got a tip from fellow
students that his problem resulted from dealing with someone's wife.

Realising that he had been bewitched and now admitted in hospital, he sent the news to his High Commission in Tanzania. After enough diplomatic efforts and after paying the fine to the Pemba husband the West African student recovered and flew back home]:lis course unfinished!

VC SHOWDOWN was a dubbed story of one of the Vice Chancellors of 1970s who had a showdown at DUSO Bar with an undergraduate male student because of a barmaid. This barmaid had been employed, by his influence, with
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DUSO Bar and before that she was working at one of the bars in the neighbourhood. After the showdown the university administration transferred that barmaid to university cafeteria as a cook!

ERRATTIC LOVE. They were freshers, just joined the university from JKT program. The male student who felt and boasted of having a lover got to Hall 3 to have his lion's share.

The female student was not concerned at all when the male student asked for it. Saying, *"Hapa SiD JKT*, this is university - you have to apply afresh... if you need me to be your lover" The guy went in shock!

MALAPA. He imported a KCC contrary to Mzee Punch's ten commandments. But the other mistake was that he didn't flush her out as early as possible.

Now it was almost 10:00 A.M. The girl had already completed washing herself and he had to escort her. Upon reaching *Kituo e/uz Wabeba Mizigo* the girl boarded a *daladala*. But before *daladala* started to move the girl remembered to have taken the sandals saying, *"Nimesa/uzu nimee/1ukua na malapa/"* while throwing them through the window. The male student did not try to pick them. The other students mostly *Wabeba Mizigo* cracked in laughter. He realised that in the previous night he had brought a KCG-who was bare footed.

TRUSTED FOX. The molester was a friend of her husband who had entrusted him to take care of her while at the university and to help her in all academic matters.

But this man took it all and consumed the wife of his friend. Everyday fellow students gathered at a strategic angle in the opposite block to view a live coverage of the male student

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molesting the wife of his friend as they were doing it in a tiny hot room in a second floor of one of Hall 6 blocks.

When his husband was tipped off, he came with a pistol. Thank God he was misled by the viewers otherwise the molester would have died! -

CAN'T BE WITH YOU. He boasted that her girl friend loved that song as she always played it for him when he was in Hall 3. His roommate and other friends laughed at him meticulously. They told him to be careful and not to be driven by the rhythm the relics also mattered, as the song was that of Jocyeline Borelord *can't be with you tonight.*

The loved one realised how much he had lost his time and decided to buy her old is gold by Mbaraka Mwishehe *'Wako Wengi Hao'.*

THE APPLE. Her high heel shoes ground the surfaces along an alley from Arts Lecture Rooms as she strolled past various groups in discussions on her way to the dormitory.
She was a pure Machame girl from Northern Tanzania. Her figure was marvellous, her dimples a disaster and hips and legs incredible.

As one of the groups paid attention, Jayjay commented hastily, "Have you seen the apple? Let us agree bwana she is beautiful!"

The short biography that was unveiled by another student made Jayjay pick his books and off he quit. His first stop was in Hall 3. He knocked to the room occupied by the apple, "Why did you let me fuck you without a condom while you knew you had killed two men already?" Jayjay asked in hysterical mood. The next minutes saw Jayjay smashing the apple with slaps. She ran out for help and in few minutes the issue was reported to the Dean of Students. He was summoned and narrated the ordeal as required.
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"Who is sure of not having HIV?" The Dean of Students asked them but none answered.

He gave them an assignment, "go and make medical checkups. Come back with medical results. Anyone who is found positive will be discontinued from studies. We don't want rumours or speculations..." It was all solved as none went back to the Dean of Students office.

TANALEK MISTRESS was a third year student occupying a room at Hall 7. She eventually realised that her roommate had an affair with her boyfriend, *eti wanamzunguka!*

She made a trap. Put a Tanalek cooker on and when the plates turned red she pretended to go to wash herself leaving her boyfriend and her roommate behind. She came
back abruptly only to find them in deep tongue kissing. The
boyfriend had to flee. The fracas that simmered in Hall 7 ended by a fierce fight whereby the roommate was thrown on top of a hot Tanalek cooker which badly burnt her buttocks.

"Hee! Haya matako ndio yanayokufanya unichukulie boyfriend wangu!" The roommate parted in anguish and nursed her buttocks for one month.

MONKEY SQUARE was a very known joint for students who opted in spending their stipends on cheap food that was served by *mama ntilie* behind Geology Department building.

Not only food was cheap there, but also the monkey square maids were so, so cheap to hire. And many of them ended in getting pregnancies with unknown fathers. But their offsprings were now being affixed with the esquires of some prominent graduates and were the regular beggars of leftovers from university cafeterias.

THE CATCHES. The subject had something to do with international financing and arbitrage. But everyone who studied the course would tell you how its lecturer was complicating it and deliberately wanted students to fail.

The artificial difficulty was created in order to catch the uncatchables. One of the victims was *dada wa kinyam* who eventually made a complete submission which destroyed her marriage vows because she had to leave her husband to become a second wife of the lecturer who, with no doubt, every year used to catch new catches!

SPONSOR OF SORROW was a former boyfriend of her elder .sister. Now he was a lecturer at the university. Having failed to marry her elder sister for compensation he approached his former girlfriend's young sister. The girl turned him down.

After continued reprisals by the lecturer she resorted to tell her elder sister who exhorted, "I don't see any justifications for you to sleep with my former boyfriend!" The other girls advised her, "Give him, the past does not count here. What counts is your degree - and now he has your degree!"

At last she packed her belongings after being failed a paper in final examination and in supplementary examination by the sponsor of sorrow!

MLOKOLE PAPER. The saved brother was among the group discussants belonging to third year Faculty of Engineering students. After solving some past papers they embarked to the main menu - the vandalized handwritten copy of the coming., examination. The saved brother didn't know if that was going to be the final paper because telling truth to the righteous would have sent alarm of paper leakage. The offence was heavily penalized by a discontinuation from studies.

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In the examination room every member of the group was
worried of what would happened if the *saved* brother found it to be the same they had solved in the morning. After distributing the question papers the lecturer told them to start to read it. Shortly afterward the saved brother raised his hand and everyone in the group got frenzied of what that *Mlokole* was going to tell the lecturer. Would he tell him that the paper had leaked?

The lecturer allowed the saved brother to express himself and the heartbeats of his group mates recorded the highest readings. "Can we start, sir?" That was his question. At last the group sighed in relief and continued with the examination. But their doubting question todate was why did the saved brother accept a leaked examination paper?

TATTOED THIGHS. The girl wanted at least romance from her boyfriend after that hardship of studying toward the final examination papers. She 'had been so successful with many A plus averages in previous papers and everyone believed that she would be requested to remain as Tutorial Assistant at the university.

As romance session heated in kissing, hugging and caressing they threw their clothes and remained naked for a second course lovemaking. The boyfriend went down to her thighs in passion only to find both had been tattooed in ink blue.

"What is this? Asked the boyfriend.

The frightened girlfriend answered, Oh! Mmm.. .am sorry it was this exam..." The boyfriend read the summaries of main points and formulae written on thighs. All she used to do was to raise her skirt, peep on them and to answer
without being seen. That was one of nice degrees in the making!

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GENIUS ENGINEER. The engineering student had successfully completed his degree course with first class honours. The head of department approached him and gave him a special form to fill; the kind of forms used when recruiting the tutorial assistant. Surprisingly the genius engineer declined the offer. That issue was hotly debated in the Faculty of Engineering student circles.

But the secret was - He knew he was not capable of being a lecturer for he had a Mafia like network that used to steal the examination papers in advance!

TYPING ERROR. Yes that examination paper was a difficult one and important for him to pass to the third year. To the amazement of many that faculty of commerce's *Kilaza* scored C grade on the subject.

While *Kilaza* was enjoying at his home village the *Mzungu* lecturer was crazily looking for his student who had not registered for supplementary examinations. Anyone who didn't do a supplementary paper deserved a straight *disco* as per university bylaws!

On his comeback he contentiously claimed he had got a C grade and was nobody to re-sit the paper. Anyone in doubt had to go the notice board. The paper wizardly had made it and it worked successfully.

"Just type C instead of F and leave everything to me!"

"Like this?"

"Yeah and take your..." And the typing error gave a pass mark to the wizard that completely knocked out the *Mzungu* lecturer! .

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PEEPING QUEEN was an amateur athletic. She used to come to examination room with a booklet of answers or summarised topics shoved in her underpants.

If you were not used to it and you sat closer to her you would have a serious task to compose yourself from shock. Especially when she started to read her booklet as if she was in public library.

From first to third year she had an average of first class honours. And that final paper was to be the final onslaught in her struggle in the alley of academic excellence she had been making.

But that *mossad* type of lecturer in black sunglasses had her at last. In professional language he had her 'infragranta-delicto', in the very act of committing a crime. The university bylaws told everything, point blank! She packed and off she went without a green paper!

SCIENCE THEATRE FIASCO was made by foes. Yes they were foes! And the lecturer was eager to catch him red-handed while the science student tried to be keen so as to avoid easier detection by his foe. While the student was in *missile* retrieving process his lecturer sensed it and approached him. The student hid the *missile.* They argued for two minutes, *"toa -sitoi, loa -silot'o* Then a fight ensued which prompted the lecturer to run away. The student stopped at the Dean of Students Office. He reported the matter that he had been harassed by his lecturer and applied for postponement for sitting the examination. The application was granted on the basis of university bylaws that his examination mood had been changed by lecturer's harassment!

THE MISSILE LAUNCHER story was baffling. He was caught with a *missile* in the examination room. But that one had no euphobia to cry, beg for pardon or to urinate. He was

a jargon *of* all trades. He jumped high, grabbed it and shoved it in his mouth and started *to* chew it in order *to* destroy evidence.

Unfit for human consumption - the liquid saliva was
overwhelmed by its dryness. It was half gulped when the *missile* launcher fell down (nearly collapsed). The examination room attendants had an extra work *to* save his life at the same time *to* recover the exhibit. It was a difficulty task, until one *of* the attendants opted in tickling him is when the missile came *out!*

RELIGIOUS MACHINA nONS. Muslim Students
Association *of* University *of* Dar es Salaam was among other things expected *to* foster spiritual development among muslim students. Instead, students suspected it *of* being an agent *of* fundamentalists. One magazine with headquarters in London was being distributed *to* muslim students at a subsidized price. The magazine was amassed with articles obviously showing the fundamentalist instincts.

Again it was suspected that a Minibus belonging *to* Taasisi ya Uchunguzi wa Kiswahili, TUKI was being used as a mobile conference room by the fundamentalists. You would see the Minibus aimlessly roving along university roads with few people sitting facing each other - a meeting in progress!

But the whole ploy broke loose when some teaching vacancies with the Institute *of* Finance Management, IFM
were channelled through university mosque requiring muslim finalists *to* apply. Unfortunately, some Christians had Islamic names that confused the perpetrators by welcoming even Christians *to* fill the forms. The scheme
found most muslim finalists had poor grades or had supplementary examinations pending. After failing *to* obtain the right candidates they decided *to* use the normal university administration channel. By then all Christian

finalists had already decided to boycott the posts though the *Judas* were still there as shortly afterward some were seen lecturing at IFM contrary to their resolution.

These were some of the continued instances of the likes in the ploy. Some scholarships that had been offered by Iranian government through the Ministry of Education were granted on the basis of religious racism. When the news was relayed to prominent leaders including the former first Union President the whole programme was cancelled. By then the Minister for education was a staunch muslim believer who had also been accused of writing a note to the President of the second phase Union Government saying, *"Sasa ni Wakati Weill Waislamu."* That sensitive note was picked by *Watoto wa lkulll* on the table of the President and it was later published in a local newspaper!

LIBRARY TITBITS came from the university library that was probably the biggest in Eastern and Central Africa.

Someone said he fortunately got to Law Collection and went through an international magazine specialized in dissemination of news once censored in the formal media. The magazine said that Tanzania had many political prisoners than any other African Country by 1976. He could not believe his eyes just like the other students who could not believe their ears. Tanzania in 1976! They recalled that was a post Operation Vijiji era. Probably the writer was referring to the people who were forcefully collected to form Ujamaa Villages!

Some claimed that the Documentary Department of the library, which had tougher entrance procedures, had secret materials about the death of the former Prime Minister.

So were the news on how first Union President's mission to choose his successor flopped and as a result the second phase Union Government came into power without his will!

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*XIII

*It was nothing else but a black Friday afternoon of April 6 which sent the crownmasters up to their pants. Blood pressure, blood sugar and ulcers graphs shot up like missiles forcing many to order for angina pills, tranquillisers, magnesium and insulin. The gathering of university students threatened to end their political career, for it was known in geopolitics that the business of politics was like a roulette wheel - no one knew where and when it could have stopped.

By 3:00 P.M Nkrumah Hall was fully packed with university students of both campuses. Medical students from Muhimbili Campus had been brought to Mlimani Campus by two university buses as it had been organised by students' body. Interested students from neighbouring MAJI and ARDHI Institutes were present as well as security agents and reporters who posed as students for camouflage.
From then onwards one white car parked closer to Nkrumah Hall to transmit messages to another 110 Land Rover positioned at University's Post Office. As rumoured another car continuously cruised between Mlimani Campus and State House.

As EMERGENCE STUDENT BARAZA proceeded the telephone lines in the offices of Ministers, Principal Secretaries, Directors of Parastatal Organisations and of top Party Leaders remained busy, amicably communicating the proceeding of the meeting. Reports of problem affecting both campuses were read under the heading 'THE
PATHETIC SITUATION AT THE UNIVERSITY', by respective secretaries and compiled in two classified categories. Category A comprised of academic grievances of students and category B strictly dealt with national issues.

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As long as category A was concerned, students demanded book allowances of 10,000/= be raised so as to match with the iuling market prices of used textbooks in vendor stalls because on average one book did cost 7,000/= and each student was supposed to have at least 15 books per annum.
University Students Representative Council, USRC had always produced its recommended budget, which varied with the type of the course, year of study and option but the University Council, Ministry of Education and the Treasury made their own calculations. For example, in the academic year 1990/91 a second year RCom Accounting student was,
according to USRC budget, required to receive 82,000/= as book allowance but the relevant authority lingered at 10,000/=. Students argued that the government should have made sure that books were made available at the University Bookshop at well-established prices. Alternatively, the government should have sought publishers' permission to print some textbooks at the University Press, DUP and distribute them to students.

Muhimbili medical students claimed that they were being trained under a harshy academic pressure, while they lacked special equipments such as dissecting-kits. The Government had been specifying these kits as luxuriously 'too expensive'. Training a doctor without those special equipments was equated to administering poor dosage to a patient suffering from malaria, ending at incurring more expenses and the time losing the life of the patient.

On stationery allowances students noted that 2,500/= per annum was not enough as one ream of paper was selling at 1,000/=, one pen at 50/= and one file at 150/=. On average students used 7 reams, 30 pens and 20 files per annum.

The higher education allowances was 600/= and 800/= p.m.
for pre-service and in-service students respectively. Students wanted it to be raised to the tune of minimum wage of 2,500/= and to be varied accordingly at every pace of
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minimum wage. The price for one bar of soap was 250/=, transport cost to downtown (research centre) was at about 150/= per day apart from other expenses.

Transport allowances always tallied with current fares but students suggested that, since some of them spent up to five days in transit to and fro their homes, the government should have considered giving them an additional in-transit allowances, taking into account that students had no other sources of income to fill the gap.

It was suspected that some field allowances vanished while on transit to the university. Later on, at the peak of the deadlock the government issued a breakdown of bursary money and confirmed that every student was being furnished with field allowance of 800/= per day during field attachments. But in real fact only medical, education, geology and engineering students had been attached to the program. Whatsoever, students falling under that program wanted field allowance to be raised to 1,500/= per day enough to cope with the cost of living. The prices were 200/=, 300/=, 300/= and 400/= fo! breakfast, one plate of lunch, one plate of dinner and a sleeping room respectively. Transport cost during data searching exercise was around 300/= per day.

The other students who didn't fall in that category wanted to be given an opportunity to enjoy the program. They aggrieved that the system was negating them by considering them of being too academic to cope with the really world... Meanwhile there was a tug of war between the National Board of Accountants & Auditors, NBAA and university RCom Accounting students. Students argued that NBAA had been minimising their status in the system, contending that they lacked practical experiences. University undergraduate syllabus on accounting subjects extended to some terraces of the CPA... Though they lacked practical experience, the on-job training could have done it. The

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problem was that NBAA had failed to incorporate its syllabus and professional examinations in university academic atmosphere. Meanwhile, NBAA needed to enroll more accountants under its umbrella, and the expected fees could have at least enabled it to cope with government call for it to become independent of government subsidy...

Questioning about worsening standard of food at University Cafeteria, they said that situation was causing great inconveniences to students' academic time, forcing many of them to travel long distances and to use extra money in search of suitable food.

Whereas, the Union President had recently opened a campaign for *Mchango wa Madawati* for primary schools, it was shameful that the same problems prevailed at the apex of higher learning. In seminar rooms out of 25 students were able to get chairs. More academic time was spent in hunting and robbing chairs from each other. The university lacked chalks and dusters and many lecturers were forced to use their own handkerchiefs in rubbing the blackboards.

The exodus of academic staff in the *brain-drain* conveyor was analyzed by students as being a result of poor remuneration they received from an equivalent of US$ 150 in 1970 to US$ 50 in 1990. To match with the rising cost of living many lecturers who had remained resumed other projects and paid less attention on academic matters at the expense of academic welfare of the students. The students wanted the government to deeply think about that problem.

Concerning the salaries of the in-service students, students suggested that the families of respective students be given ,the salaries of their bosses so as to make these families survive while the bosses were brainwashing at the university.

University building and other facilities lacked repair and maintenance. Broken sewage systems, inhabitable and congested halls of residences, and hot lecture rooms which lacked fans and air conditioners, subjected the students to the unpleasant humid temperature of the coastal belt. The government and the Estate Management Department could have done something to alleviate such situation.

Students disliked the new formula (rare and non-rare profession) in the employment of university graduates. As long as the country still lacked experts in various fields, why the government was neglecting them while the greener pastures were ready to utilize them. Their *brain drain* left the country suffering from *brain gain* methodology of expensively employing TXs.

Category B, on national issues students wanted the government to officially announce the reasons of detaining university students contrary to University of Dar es Salaam Act of 1970. Students wanted the government to openly condemn it because such action was interrupting the academic freedom of the university community.

Students demanded the government to seek lasting solutions on Kigamboni ferry crisis in which many people had recently lost their lives. They also challenged the' government to take appropriate measures against those who were involved in the *Uniflote* scandal.

They also asked as to why the government sent its paramilitary unit to force the Tabata residents who had demonstrated against continued usage of Tabata Damp that had subjected them to venomous environmental pollutions and health hazards. The City Council had already been allocated with a new place outside the city but refused to shift from the old place. It was alleged that on the commotion one man and a child lost their lives. They said City Mayor was behind it!

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Concerning the arson of the Bank of Tanzania, BOT and the Ministry of Home Affairs HQS, students asked as to why the government didn't want to publish respective reports. They wondered that the government lacked integrity because, by shelving them, it was automatically defending the notorious sinners. Some had already been given pats of congratulation, sent abroad as ambassadors and some been given the post of regional comrnlssioners.

The purchase of 500 luxurious Mitsubishi Pajero cars annoyed the students. They wanted a thorough explanation that would have at least consoled the peasants and workers, who lacked even aspirin tablets in government hospitals. One Pajero car did cost at about 10m/ = in foreign currency. The amount for one Pajero was equivalent to the price of 50 motorcycles. Otherwise, students believed that their government had enough money to fund social services such as education and health in the economy.

Students asked the government to increase the price of farm
produces so as to rescue peasants from the rising cost of living. For example, the price for tobacco in the world market was equivalent to 500/= per kg. But peasants earned only 70/= that was subject to tax and other contributions. The government was told to make sure that peasants were paid on cash for what they had sold and a subsidy on inputs should have been extended considerably further. Students noted that it was a sinful practise to make peasants liable to losses caused by dishonest elements in co-operative unions.

Likewise, students noted that while the budget for education had been comparatively declining from 14% in 1970's to 4% in 1990, the budget for defence had been simultaneously increasing, though in general the lives of normal soldiers were dwindlingly poor. Students had reasons to believe that there were more military tanks than

tractors and more guns than handhoes in our country. Students wanted more government efforts in social services sector and an increase in the minimum wage at least to near the recommendations of Nsekela Commission.

In final analysis, students noted that some of problems at the university had been caused by irresponsible elements notorious in embezzleme1).t of public funds and in corruption. These were some top university officials who had failed to run the university efficiently. *Charity begins at home.* In solidarity with the second Union President in his *Fagio la Chuma* war against irresponsible leaders, embezzlers and corruptive elements, students resolved to start cleaning their home. They wanted to question the five suspected off ..ials in the following day.

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*XIV

*The next day's session of STUDENTS' EMERGENCE
BARAZA started in the morning by giving the five university officials the opportunity of defending themselves. One official after another explained nature and problems of his duties. The first to do so was the Chief Superintendent of Cafeteria whose report was vividly quashed by students.

"From your explanation sir, you say it has been difficult for you to estimate the average number of students who take meals in your three cafeterias. Does this contention excuse you from being incompetent? Because in a catering profession someone is required to know the average number of customers and other behavioural issues pertaining to the clientele. Does this exempt you from other evils of providing poor quality of food contrary to Wangwe
Commission's specifications, providing poor quantity, creating artificial shortages and thus causing unnecessary inconveniences... and eventual embezzlement of students share...?" The Superintendent failed to answer.

The Chairman asked, "comrades do we need the service of this official?"

Students barked, "No, we don't!"

It was the turn of Estate Manager. One student approached the microphone. "Dear comrade, Honourable Estate Manager your explanations have been so much so good as that of a heavenly angel and your defence has always been lack of funds... But can you tell us one thing. What did you do with the Parliamentary Finance Committee when it visited our university last year?"

The Estate Manager stood up and confidently answered, "They checked the books of accounts and toured the university with us."

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"Who was leading them, anyway?"

"It was me as the head of Estate Management Department."

The student turned to other students. "Dear comrades, this man didn't know if I was following his every move. He sent the Parliamentary Finance Committee to good places only. At Hall 5 he showed them the front part only, because the rear part was in inhabitable and hazardous appearance. He
feared to do so because the committee would have asked him as to where he had spent the funds he had already swindled." The Estate Manager went pale but within no

.time another student touched the microphone.
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"Dear comrades, let me tell you one thing. One day I was passing along the old Bagamoyo road and I happened to see one good huge bungalow which can accommodate four families at a time. When I asked it belonged to whom I was astonished to hear that it belonged to this man - the honourable Estate Manager. I wondered what did this Estate Manager do to plunder the university in order to build such a luxurious house. As my friend said, this Estate Manager has more huge houses in Moshi and Mbeya municipals. Can you see how the university gold mine enriches these people... ?"

"Sure, sure, sure!" Murmured the students.

The chairman asked the ground, "Do we need this man and his service?"

"No! No! No!" Students answered.

"Okay. Students and the people around here don't want you. Mr. Vice Chancellor (VC), make sure that this man also returns all valuables belonging to his office and since now he should stay away from the office he was serving!" The
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VC nodded as the chairman added, *"Now* is the turn of the Chief Administrative Officer."

The Chief Administrative Officer was abroad attending a short course. His female secretary urged to answer on his behalf. Students disagreed because her boss's case was extremely bad. He was suspected of being a deadwood of corruption. He had fraudulently purchased a university Land Rover for only 60,000/=. That vehicle had just spent over 700,000/= in repair and had cost over 3,500,000/= on purchase.

Whatsoever, the female secretary decided at defending him
in-absentia. *"I* think everything is flear, he purchased that car under normal procedures. And I think if he were here today, he wouldn't say other things..." Students got angry at the way she was simplifying the issue. She started to wince. They ushered her to *"shut-up* and cover-up your inner part before being harassed," as emotions and anger made her forget her between.

The chairman said, *"Mr*. VC this gathering shall make a judgement on the Chief Administrative Officer in his absence." He turned to the students. *liDo* we need this official in our midst?

Students shouted, *"No!* No! No! He should go too!"

"Mr. VC, students don't want this man and his service. Let him stay away from the office when he comes back from abroad. And since he is a presidential appointee, then tell the President of United Republic who is also a Chancellor of this university' that, the students of University of Dar -essalaam no longer want the chap you gave them, for this and that and that..." The VC nodded.

The meeting also acquitted the Acting bursar after he had pleaded, "It is true that we fail to provide enough funds to ()_

furnish your prograInS accordingly, including practical trainings. This problem is not in our scope because there are bosses in University Council and in the Mi!1istry who slash your budgets. It is better that today you want to know all this. That is all I can say on behalf of my office."

The Principal Medical Officer was relieved of his administrative duties and was told to deal strictly with his medical duties. He survived due to his close assistance in academic and primipara issues of students. At the end the VC was given a task of meeting the Minister for Education or his Principal Secretary over the weekend, and present him with students grievances and demands. The Chairman said, "We know that the government has _o p.olidays nor . weekends. We .therefore expect you, to meet the Minister or
his Principal Secretary at any place, at any convenient time, present him with our demands and welcome him to Nkrumah Hall on Monday to address students on these burning issues."

When the meeting ended the female secretary in the Chief Administrative Officer was overheard as telling the VC, "It is better I Quit the job rather than being working in such chaos."

The VC patted her shoulder and said, "Cool down. This is the kind of business... we're always entitled to face by the pressure of circumstances. Let's be patient and resolute." They were stepping the stairs leading to the second floor that accommodated their offices. It was a historic and fantastic encounter at Nkrumah Hall that end at 6:55 P.M.
It was an extended thing that had made students sacrifice their luncheon.

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*XV

*On Monday 9 April, at around 11:00 AM the VC brought a massage in Nkrumah Hall that the Principal Secretary *for* Ministry of Education had asked to meet the delegation of students at 1:00 P.M at a cocktail luncheon courtesy of him at the Kilimanjaro Hotel where they would discuss the matters over. Students refused to allow their leaders to attend the cocktail owing to the fear that they could have been easily bribed or detained. Who forgot that their former chairman had been detained at the Ministry of Education HQS, a few months before?

On Tuesday 10 _pril, at about 5:00 P:M tn._. Principal

Secretary, PS *for* the Ministry of Education resorted to stamp

his *foot* in Nkrumah Hall. He was armed with his

ministerial technical delegation of not less than eight active and well informed persons. Students' intelligence cracked again. They were partitioned in such a way that communication between them was hampered. Between the PS and the VC sat the Students' Chairman. Between the PS and the Director of Manpower Allocation sat the Students' Secretary General and between the VC and The Director of Finance was the Campus Chairman. The second row was set three paces backward from the high table. In that row other top officials from the ministry were also partitioned including the female Director of Higher Education.

Students' demands were revisited before the PS was

welcomed to address students. The PS was a retired top civil official currently under contract with the Ministry. He was a university graduate. He started by justifying that students were always unnecessarily troublesome and wanting. Saying "I know students always want. When I was a student here, there were a lot of problems. You see problems of this sort... It is the habit of students to demand more and more though they don't produce and. n"

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He turned to the Vc. "Honourable VC, you know us better than them (the clique) do. How we live, where we sleep, what we eat and what we do as university students. Please go and tell the President who is also a Chancellor of this university that situation was calm, is still calm and we're waiting for him."

At around 3:00 P.M. the VC brought in a favourable message that, "President has agreed to come by tomorrow's
. Friday at 3:00 P.M. But will come here as a President, not as a Chancellor and shall use Swahili language." A hot discussion erupted in Nkrumah Hall regarding President's approach in handling that crisis. .

"Though he rules to come as a President, let him know that he shall not dictate the atmosphere of Nkrumah Hall. He shall be asked the questions and be obliged to answer them like any official or person as requires the Act which created this university." One student contributed and received total support from fellow students. It was the right thing to defend and enhance the international status of the university. Otherwise university status could have been localized by politicians long before.

Students believed that English was the only convenient language the President had to use because their gathering comprised also of students from abroad who were not familiar with Swahili language, and as well as to avoid a lot of blahblah.. .

It was Good Friday. At around 9:00A.M. The VC got into Nkrumah Hall, bringing a message from the Chancellor saying that, "the Chancellor who is also the President of United Republic has finally decided to cancel his plan to visit us as he promised us yesterday.' But he requests a delegation of students and members of Academic. Staff to

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meet him at the State House on Easter SlU1day at 4:00P.M.to have a discussion on the problems."

A hot air of disappointment swept-by leaving behind a wave of prolonged discussion. The Chairman sensed an lU1accommodating mood was building among students as they lost patience. *Patience and wisdom belong together but dedication to purpose* is *a father of both.*

"Hallo! Hallo! Be patient and listen to me!" His voice was occasional and calm but none listened to him. He resorted to the rule, "it seems you don't want me to chair this democratic meeting." He paused as everyone now paid attention.

"If so then I'm quitting and coming do'wn to the grolU1d.:."

"No! No! No!" Students yelled at him.

"Do you want me to resign?"

"No!"

"Am I still your chairman?"

"Yes!"

"Okay! The nicest thing is that you still have faith in me."

He continued to chair the meeting. But two questions disturbed the minds of students. What prompted the President to change his mind? Did they threaten him when they had to defend the status of their lU1iversity, yesterday? Tired of the cat-and-mouse chase, students decided to magnify their demands.
"He has not visited nor talked us since he became the Chancellor of this university five years ago... He resembles a father who has deserted his home... Now let us set a new
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minimum demand. The Chancellor should come here and address himself to the issues, demands and grievances of students,otherwise we won't go back to classes."

However after a heated debate, they agreed to send a delegation that had no mandate to discuss with the Chancellor apart from presenting him with students' demands anai_elcoming him to the Holy Altar (Nkununah Hall) pending his own chance.

Student delegation comprised of three students chosen from the ground; students' leaders were not chosen for it was suspe.cted doing so would have exposed them towards State House manipulations. The members of University of Dar es Salaam. Academic Staff Assembly, UDASA who fully supported students' demands, selected three lecturers, the subtle critics of the system.

That evening Radio Tanzania Dar es Salaam, RID broke its conspiracy of silence and broadcasted that University of DSM students have boycotted classes for one week now...
But the President of United Republic has requested to meet a joint delegation of students and members of academic staff, on Easter Sunday to discuss their demands at the State House."

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The following day was Saturday. Students and UDASA members met to arrange things before their joint delegation proceeded to the State House. In the opening session the Chairman said, "Comrades, we have been polite and lenient to newsmen and *securitats* thinking that they're after truth. We have told them not to report wrong or distorted news on our part but they don't understand us. They don't want to be objective... and play fairly. Now we want to be tough on them. Any newsman who's around here, is required, now to come up and register his name over here."

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The arena of Nkrumah Hall became frenzied with the announcement. Nevertheless, no newsman came out. The Chairman coughed, "...don't take cover, we know you allBut gentlemen try to be humble and amateur, report frankly on whatwe say and what you see..." He paused.

"Anyway, yesterday the government announced that we
have boycotted classes. But from the beginning we clarified that STUDENT BARAZA is a meeting and students' supreme organ recognised by all the people of this land... It started as EMERGENCE BARAZA trying to find solutions on problems engulfing us. As long the people responsible and authorities concerned had failed or avoided to solve them, the meeting turned out automatically to be an EXTENDED BARAZA. Now as the government declares so, we are glad to say officially that we are now having a KUNJI. "

Students applauded strongly. "KUNJI! KUNJI! KUNJI!"

On the closing session the Chairman warned. "Tell those girls ..." He paused. "No! We don't have girls at the 'Hill'. We have women. Tell those women who call themselves girls in Hall 3 and Hall 7 that their poor turnout has been observed today. If THEY DO IT AGAIN ON Easter Monday they will face the music and come here after heavily been drilled by the combatants. We need progressive women like Mama Winnie Mandela. Be vigilant, the FRUstrated MOthers, FRUMO and CHUA KACHALAs ... should not try deceiving us. Understand!"

"Yeah!"

"Be aware of traitors and mercilessly stone them to death when caught!"

"Yeah!" Students responded, hands raised, thumbs up in morale.

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Traitors were there to stay as one of students(leaders in the same table had been seen by the combatants(at an impossible angle making a radio call contact to an unknown
world.

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*XVII

*On Easter StUlday the joint delegation arrived at the State House on schedule, met with the President and some Ministers who were ready to hold a discussion on students demands. The leader of students' delegation presented students' demands and accorded an excuse. "Your Excellency, I'm so sorry... we have not been given the mandate (by those who sent us here) to discuss with you anything about those demands. We have been directed only to welcome you at Nkrumah Hall. Students are humbly expecting you to meet them, as you say sir.,,"

The Union President pressed hard trying to force discussion, in vain. Lastly, he said politely, "these demands are genuine but I advise you go and tell your fellow students to go back to classes and study diligently, so that when they graduate they will join and help us to solve these problems. I'll be meeting them after my tour of Scandinavian cotUltries. . I think on 8th or 12th of the following month of May." It was a marvellous Easter StUlday evening expedition at the State House, where a variety of soft drinks were served in a cordial reception.

Easter Monday was also a holiday in the COtUltry. But at 9:00 AM students started to gather in Nkrumah Hall anxious to receive feedback from State House. Those who spent Easter StUlday downcity had caught quickest transport available to send them back to the 'Hill'. It was not Easter StUlday hangover, but the feedback that brought them immerses pains.

"Comrades do you see how politicians belittle our demands... They don't know that we have spent almost two weeks in here without classes. Medical students who playa routine task of attending patients at Muhimbili Medical Centre have been here, too, gearing the struggle... As a

result the rate of patient deaths has enormously increased... But, the President plays with it at the expense of people's lives. He is not serious with our demands that's why he sees better to go abroad... Comrades, it's still nightmare. We have to make it worth daring. This time it must not be scholarly approach or diplomacy because no one cares.._" A new curtain was raised as Nkrumah Hall ceilings became filled with spontaneous applauses.

Another student rose. "Comrades, peace is hidden in big words JUSTICE and CO-OPERATION where people live together without discriminations. As long peace is brought
by blood then proud is the country whose people have
blood!" .

"How can we be teased like zombies while we have brains to think and understand! If the President thinks that going to Scandinavia is worth shaking us off from the struggle or is worth diffusing the bomb, then let him be amazed when he comes back and finds us in Nkrumah Hall intactly still going on with our EXTENDED BARAZA, sorry... with our KUNJI." Students clapped crazily. He added, "If they think it is unwise to have a university let them turn it intoa tourist hotel just as what they want to turn the Ocean Road HospitaL" This piece was touching and it sent mixture of anger and sorrow gulping down the throats of students for minutes. Currently there were rumours that thegovemment
was planning to sell this national cancer clinic to an international hotel operator.

"Seems to me that the President is not in a position to come and listen to us. If he comes that will be another thing... But at this juncture what have we achieved? Nothing! Not even basic demands, which brought us here have been met or implemented by the relevant authorities. How can we fool ourselves by going back to classes, which lack chair, dusters, stationeries and ventilation facilities? Our struggle will be meaningless and hopeless if we go back without these. And
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I bet, in final analysis, casualties will be higher. We will go to classes if problems which require immediate attentions are resolved and we rem:lin ready to tolerate those which require the attention of higher authorities."

Students digested this po_t arid decided to meet again in the following day to officially demonstrate the boycott. For two weeks the members of University Council had been in state of alert but the need to call an emergence meeting was now quite obvious. A struggle for a SILVER PLATTER took new dimensions that whatsoever, didn't prevent the

President from proceeding with his Scandinavian tour that

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evenmg. '.

Students realized that they had gambled for a wrong coin to send ""to the State House a delegation that had no mandate to discuss with the President. That evening at the airport, so it was said, the President delegated the VC with powers to close the university if and only if students would have not resumed classes after the next three days. It was no doubt that no other leader in the system was entitled to bypass the VC on dealing and deciding the subsequent future of the university.

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XVIII

Tuesday 17 April, the front page of DAILY NEWS carried a government order, "GO BACK TO CLASSES, OTHERWISE..." Come what may, students gathered in Nkrumah Hall and maintained not to retreat. Retreatment in military logistics was meaningful for those who had lost the battle. Did they lose or win? Not certain! Certainly *what they thought of themselves mattered more than what others thought of them.* All the same, if the crownmasters had put their fingers in students' eyes it was up to students, at least, . to tell if they felt the pleasure or not. . . .

.,tudents felt the fury hurled by the anger of their souls. They let power explode with the intensity of their hate and issued a strong dosage. "We accept the advices of His Excellency to meet us when he comes back... But at this stage relevant authorities have not met our basic demands. For that matter we say - NO CLASSES TILL WHEN BASIC DEMANDS ARE MET. Because it is us who suffer and will suffer due to lack of these essential tools... Everyone knows that the co-coming university exams will not consider this pathetic situation as an exceptional case. And with sound minds we say we don't fear the government, which rules by threatening its people. We respect a government which heeds our wailings and treats us as human beings."

It was considered that a government that pretended itself to be politically mature couldn't have issued such a tyrannic order. The order that sounded as it was coming from somewhere, where suppression of truth by force was rampant. Students thought that the government had no power to intervene because the EXTENDED BARAZA still had some agenda to discuss. They claimed to have been

given inadequate facilities and subjected to harshly

academic life. And soon after graduation, forced to join the pool of joblessness. These were among the issues the government itself had to redress.

By the time students were waiting for the outcome of the extraordinary University Council meeting, called for finding immediate solutions to basic students demands, those which were imperatively within the scope of university administration.

At that stage UDASA had already acquired a retreating status, though it remained deep in the jungle by leaving open and live all aven_es of communication with students.

By afternoon when the EXTENDED BAR:\ZA was adjourned, studentS had already displayed their power that nearly paralysed the mighty clique. The remaining evening was consumed in heavy discussions between students. Did
the Government issue an impromptu order that morning? What was the essence of something, which came to be known as a 'murderous inner party' at the university? Propelled by the clique, RC of Dar -es- Salaam region was said to have popped in VC's office and intently demanded to close the university. He had just been demoted by the Iron Broom from a Ministerial post in which he served as a Minister for Home Affairs and many national issues raised by students had implicated his responsibilities. His panic sought access in silencing the noisy *parrots.*

University as an entity had a status equivalent to that of a ministry. The VC was in no way under the RC's authority. The VC was said to have refused and brainwashed him with a true copy of University Act of 1970, widely known as GaMBa. In supplement the VC issued him with a prospectus which stated the scheduled times for closing and opening the university. The RC popped out in disappointment. From management point of views any

suppression of constructive conflict result in destructive conflict. And this one was likely to be...

It was rumored in the evening that some Air Force Officers had asked the Inspector General of Police as to why was preparing battalions of paramilitary police, FFU to invade the university. Saying that, "university students' gathering is a peaceful one. We have been closely following each and every development. What is required is finding lasting solutions to their problems and genuine demands rather than using force... If force is going to be used then we soldiers will defend the university students at any cost and let them demonstrate in the streets..." It was believed that those 'well-educated Air Force Officers had been demoralized by government abandonment of their welfare.

That, the whole system got in panic. The PM was forced to cancel his tour of Lake Zone regions and flew back to Dar es Salaam. And so as said, the Chief of Defence Forces was summoned and had autocratically allowed the detention of some Air force COs and other officers. In reaction the other Air force bases demanded an immediate and unconditional release of detained officers. And that, one military Jet landed in Dar es Salaam from upcountry to pressurise their release. They were set free and the whole system went apart...

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*XIX

*That evening in a certain room in Block A-Hall 7, a hot discussion ensued between female occupants and a male student. After some minutes Cherrie, another all weather charming male student popped in en-route to Yombo Cafeteria. He was welcomed to share his thoughts.

."Brother Cherrie we have been arguing on whether to go back to class or not. What is your position?" Asked the male student.

"NO BASIC DEMANDS, NO CLASSES! That is my. _tand and alone I can stand."

His sloganic statement prompted the female students to blast him, "then you are a *punch!"*

"Why?" Asked Cherrie. The girls didn't answer. They kept on obviously stamping their feet around the room and peering through the window. Their mood lacked patience and hope.

"You see brother Cherrie these brown girls have also misunderstood me. My stand is like yours and they have so far categorised me as *punch.* My question to them is - who is *punch?"*

The girls answered emotionally. "You are all *punch!"* Cherrie lost patience.

Now I agree with you that I'm definitely a *punch."* While they perplexed their eyes in disbelief, Cherrie smashed them with a quizzical question. " Do you know what prompted me to say so?"

"No we don't know!"

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"Because in this community every male student who fights for students' rights without fear is categorised so by some people and painted so by hopeless, selfish hands."

"No! We didn't mean so, Cherrie." The female students yelled but Cherrie didn't care.

"No any thinking creature can retreat from such a war without his or her arms. Now we want our chairs, dusters fans, chalks, and stationeries - these are our arms. They don't need next budget session or foreign exchange, nor they are political issues. Solutions to these can be found on the univer_tyadministration table." Cherrie said so and asked, "Am I still a *punch?"* Before they could answer Cherde was on his feet to cafeteria. He was fond of cooked beans, *yaniue* and so he was after them.

"Did you hear what Cherrie said?" Asked the other male student.

"What he said is true but I'm not certain if we have the right to stand and demand for our rights!" Wondered the other female student.

"What do you think?"

"I think it is our right to receive everything in whatever form from those above us". Said one of the female students.

"I know your sentiments." Answered the male student. "You think that being at university is a favour... What you think is contrary to the constitution of this country. Remember that every citizen has right to be educated to the limit of his or her ability... And by definition being at the university is not a favour that can bribe you at the expense of mankind, yourself and those who live at the edge of poverty in the country's backyards. If so then why J.K.

Nyerere demanded independence of his beloved country from his educators, the British Colonialists?"

"That sounds to be a good point. But seems as if we mixed things. Can you clear our minds on the question of privilege, favour and right?" Asked the female student.

"In broad sense, privilege is a right to enjoy a rightful thing. Favour is a right to enjoy unrightfully thing. You see right is a bond of the two." Answered the male student. "In the human history man was born crying and will keep on crying against these political witchcrafts... Now who fears to go back and help his or her parents? Is sending us back to. the village a punishment or is just where we belong?" None answered.

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*Up to 8:00 P.M that evening the university atmosphere was mingled with groups having different views, scattering in cafeterias and in halls of residence. *Friendship is dear but truth is dearer!* Now lovers, roommates and friends differed in one fundamental issue. Thanks to the propaganda of *Chakaza* group, a newly invented group in place of *Kiboko* group. This *Chakaza* group acted solely as a state agent or a liaison of, and it was heavily financed by it principals.

The *Chakaza* group had already issued a clandestine publication condemning the frontrunners including the former and current leaders. Students had been warned not

to support them on pretext that the current Chairman and

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former Chairman came from Kenya and Uganda

respectively. Campus Chairman had been branded a *notorious thief* who had survived mob-justice at Moshi bus stand that had left him with a big scar on the head years back. An active Islander student-cum-international reporter was categorically named as an *Arab from Oman.* And a bold combatant from Tanga had been nicknamed *bhang smoker*. It was aimed at telling that the frontrunners were either culprits or non-Tanzanians who had nothing to lose.

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That evening student community was divided into almost fifty-fifty blocks. The block of those who simply wanted to go classes and the block of those wanted so pending whether basic demands would be met firstly. With that state of affairs, some analysts predicted that if that explosive situation had to continue then a fierce violence could have erupted in the following day preferably during the EXTENDED BARAZA session. Chaos were imminent...

At 8:00 P.M the RID went on the air once again to convey one of its worst blunders. It broadcasted the breakdown of bursary money allocated to each student. .The allowances for books, meals, traveling, practical training and rent were

fashionably announced in such a way as to impute hatred of students by the *walalahoi.* Its enigma was that of telling the society that university students were after all enjoying a luxurious life at the 'Hill'; thus portraying them as unthankful and making them enemies of the people, the laymen.

Information was power, coupled with heavy propaganda&:; could be used profitably in enlightening the people or': certain national policies, campaigns or programmes. But when was used in disinforming the people then it was a means of coercion. A distinction must be made here thaI misinformation was accidental and disinformation waE' deliberate. *Any suppression of truth was a suggestion of false* and that was contrary to UNO Charter, which emphasized on the right of* every human being to receive truthful information.

At 8:15P.M. the serialization of RID propaganda had *Mazungumzo baada ya Habari* program titled KWEMSISI NA ZIMBILE which had the same aspects of delineating students from their own society. The outcome is a schoolmaster!

Good God! The blunders of the rhetoric RID that evening had the effect of blunting the acute opposition betweeii opposing groups within students community. *Any sharp edge can be as blunt as a point if used carelessly.* Majority students became aware of the venomous propaganda and in revulsion they became supporters of the group that wished not to resume classes if basic demands were not met. The opposition took new composition from fifty-fifty to almost ninety five-five. A new course in history of students' struggle had been reached. The next EXTENDED BARAZA session could have done a lot to puzzle the system. . . Students had touched the real thing using a needle; the next move was to hit it exactly!

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*XXI

*Hours passed by as the momentous day rose rapidly behind the Indian Ocean. The dawn shone with cool sea breeze became stolen by a rising tension. With open faces and close thoughts students appeared ready to turn-the-tables. As seconds ticked to the countdown a rumour circulated that the Member of Parliament, MP for Kinondoni constituency was due to address students. Students wondered where he had found that courage!

As expected, some students had brought stones in Nkrumah Hall and openly displayed them on the tables, ready for action. A new face at the high table marked the EXtENDED BARAZA. Not the MP, he was.the Chairman of The Convocation"Committee of the University of Dar -esSalaam. He was a prominent director of a private firm and an outstanding backbencher politician in the system. The Students' Chairman had something to add before welcoming him. ".. .He has been very helpful in the council meeting held yesterday and today in the morning. It was an extraordinary University Council meeting in which we were also present as your leaders. I'm very grateful to say that he was one of those who made the meeting so successful as far as students demands were concerned..." It was presumably and susceptibly a tactical language.

The Chairman of Convocation Committee using his targetgroup marketing strategies had these to say in a nutshell. "1 am very disappointed with the way this crisis has been handled. Some of these problems could have been solved at the university level. It is very unfortunate that the University Administration has been listless in solving the problems of chalks, dusters, chairs and stationeries, which were genuine and could have been solved easily from the very beginning so as to enable you to continue with your studies while solutions on other problems were underway.
But all this is due to the bureaucratic University
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Administration, which is a sample of government and party offices. Your cry over corruption and embezzlement should have been respected because the University Act of 1970 allows so - to question even on political issues such as what you did. This is right and I was impressed by your move in supporting H.E by chasing out the irresponsible leaders who were part to these basic problems... May I take this opportunity to present to you what the University Council has finally resolved..." Student's antennae started to pick waves of high frequencies.

"The University Council has agreed to provide all the things which currently are of major importance. These are the basic demands and fundamental reasons, which brought you into this Nkrumah Hall. . . Within a week chairs will be available in lecture rooms. An additional stationery allowances of 2,500/= will immediately be given to each student. Chalks and dusters will be distributed to your lecturers and will be made available in constant supply... Finally, I thank you all for your strife in defending the status of _this university - otherwise politicians would have localized it...!" Students' applause was so paramount that no other leader in the system would have received in the following decade at Nkrumah Hall.

Students always win by losing, if you want to win them just
side with them. That was what the Convocation Committee Chairman did though he had been against students at the University Council meeting. It was all logically solved in peace. No stones! No fighting! Students had reasons now to resume classes. Their Chairman announced on behalf of all students that, "We now agree to resume classes and we will do that tomorrow because we need first to set things back on the tracks... But we announce officially that *we students of the University of DSM have decided to resume classes after our basic demands have been met by the University Administration. And not by the order or threats of the government. . .*" The crownmasters felt offended by the announcement.

*XXII

*Students' struggle at the University of DSM had passed through milieu of ups and downs, scores and challenges. In 1961 a petty bourgeois University of Dar -es- Salaam Students' Union, USUD was formed mainly to deal with hoisting dance balls and in officiating the RAG DAY in which students wore rags and flowed to the city begging for money to assist the poor.

In 1963, a partisan Tanzania University Students' Association, TUSA was formed. It had close ties and cordial connections with the state. TUSA carried apologetic and partisan discussions and debates on party and government policies.

In 1964, the National Union of Tanzania Students, NAUTS was formed and raised the curtains for active students' politics. In 1966 NAUTS staged anti UDI DEMONSTRATION. Students took to the streets to the British Council Library, burnt the Union Jack and destroyed vehicles. Despite its stand, the government still had the' colli'age to round up and seve,rely punish the students.

On 22nd October 1966, NAUTS staged a National Service DEMO. Students didn't boycott Jeshi la Kujenga Taifa, JKT programme rather they wanted relaxed terms. They proposed 6 months instead of 2 years of service and urged the government to waive 60% cut of their salaries during the 18 months after JKT. Students didn;t want the programme to be carried by the atrocious Israelis. The then President of United Republic dismissed their demands and demonstration became imminent. NAUTS had prepared its official placards but it turned out that a placard with words , AF ADHALI W *AKA* TI W A MKOLONI' was injected by opportunistic elements with the intention of turning the
government and the people against students. NAUTS was *I* banned in the same year of 1966 bec<_.use it was thought
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capable of creating fear and confusion, which could have easily led to the overthrow of the government.

University of DSM Students African Revolutionary Front, USARF was born in 1967 to transmit progressive ideas, to rise up ideological consciousness and enthusiasm among students. USARF militants fought with and won over police guards at a place behind Manzese Cafeteria, which came to be known at the university as REVOLUTIONARY SQUARE
and erased the RAG DAY from the calendar. USARF believed that *those who plunder by tons and give by ounce* caused the problem of others being poor. USARF and its organ CHECHE were banned in November 1970 after the publication of SILENT CLASS STRUGGLE in the CHECHE. TANU Youth League, TYL was from then given the monopoly of all political activities at the university.

In 1971, AKIV ANGA CRISIS emerged when Akivanga the then President of DUSO, who hailed from Kenya, was rusticated after he had challenged the bureaucratic university administration to allow students' participation in decision-mi'lking. Students boycotted classes demanding the reinstatement of their leader. On his comeback Akivanga was overthrown by state-sponsored opportunistic students on pretext that, he was a Kenyan. Since then, students' leadership ceased to be revolutionary. Students' leadership was restricted to Tanzanians only and student and academic staff community became infested with state intelligence officers though in general students poked to remain revolutionary as ever... VIJANA organ MAJIMAJI started to publish apologetic and heavily censored articles on the state and economy.

During the Shaba province crisis of 1977 students demonstrated against FreI).ch Gendarme's violence, breach I of human rights and peace of Zaire an people. The French Foreign Minister met students' protest rallies at the airport' and only to be greeted by ovation of resistance at
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Kilimanjaro Hotel. He flew back home his mission unaccomplished. It was a physical reaction against neocolonialism, at least!

In 1978 DUSO staged a demonstration against MP's proposal for hiked salaries and fringe benefits. In total 350 were expelled from the University, Ardhi Institute and Maji Institute on allegation that they engaged themselves in act5 of hooliganism that caused chaos contrary to national ethics and that they protested against a plan to send experts (mabwana shamba wa vijiji) to rural areas. When the then President of United Republic admitted his error he challenged students, "YOU WANT YOUR FREEDOM FROM A SILVER PLATTER NO _TATE WILL GiVE YOU
THAT. FREEDOM MUST BE FOUGHT' FOR" Nevertheless, DUSO was banned and Muungano wa Wanafunzi Tanzania, MUWATA was paraded in as a watchdog under the umbrella of VIJANA. The symbol of freedom and a torch of knowledge and revolution finally became extinguished. . .

On the new academic year *1988/89* students briefly boycotted classes demanding additional meal allowance to cope with prices of food served in commercialised cafeterias. But the government had the courage of temporarily blackmailing students' integrity and dignity. It alleged that students had refused to eat beans for the preference of luxurious food such as fried chickens. Spoofed with such lies the poor peasants and workers couldn't understand the students.

Experience has shown that in every crisis students had to shout in the name of workers and peasants but not a single worker or peasant heeded the call. Because they believed in that - university students belonged to the same petty bourgeoisie elite class. After their graduation they joined the middle class that enjoyed a pool of privileges, political power and prestigious institutional control that resulted in

increased bureaucratic arrogances in the management of the economy. Experience also shows that, however puppet students' leadership might be the students' collective force is the only determinant of their destined struggle.

As long as it had been believed that Mzee Punch always put his hand in every crisis, what was going to be manipulated in that crisis of 1990 in order to win majority hearts of
Tanzanians? Because such gimmicks were necessary when popular support to the ruling class had been lost. Every time in every crisis students and the government rushed for authenticity from workers and peasants, though students always lacked public platform...

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*XXIII

*The aftermath of the GREAT KUNJI never was a relief but a respite period amassed with great hangovers on both sides of the conflict. Students received their additional stationery allowance in hard cash. The RID, party and government newspapers said students had been given exercise books and pens. This was to avoid contradiction on public sphere that - if university students had been receiving a lot of money why was the government giving them more?

Dusters and chalks distributed to lecturers. Chairs were not replenished in lecture rooms and seminar rooms as . promised. Food supply in cafeterias abruptly worsened in quantity and quality. Sty.dents were once again forced to eat rotten and half-cooked food as a result of T ANESCO manoeuvre on power phases. Students suspected that it was a conspiracy of some crownmasters aiming at enforcing another unnecessary KUNJI of their own intere_t.

Members of *Chakaza* group received congratulations from their principals for what was myopically considered to as their role in convincing majority students to resume classes. A grand party was organised for them in one of the gallant halls in the city, at Audio Visual Institute, A VI. And the first weekend saw many of them doing heavy shopping down city, probably using bonus money they had received. They now boasted openly that they were ready to die for *Chakaza* group.

Students sent to the State House a letter of solidarity with the President. Unfortunately, the Prime Minister intercepted the letter and in turn wanted students to apologize to the President for disobeying him. It was not a diplomatic approach, anyway! None minded it! And a paper was presented on the illegality of MUWATA existence at the university.

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Thinking relieved, the government ordered its mass media to play part in embarrassing and in deceiving university students. The most emphasised scapegoat was that *students had disobeyed the President's order t'o resume classes*. Did the President issue an order to students? Orders are militarily and advices are steward. President's advices were not orders. Didn't the President know that students' demands were genuine and that he himself was responsible in solving them as a Chancellor? Did students disobey the President by pressurising the University Administration to meet their basic demands?

After students have resumed classes *Chakaza* group issued another publication, which threatened strong fi_res,

. especially the Students' Chairman. He was told, *"Qilit your*

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current post before 8th May otherwise your blood shall spill." Was
it a phony warning or a horoscopically calculated *wet affair?* There was markable evidence that *Chakaza* group received much support from crownmasters. Because when it wanted to distribute its stuffs, the whole of university would suffer a temporary electricity blackout. How TANESCO a sole power supplying parastatal organisation was linked to that scheme of things without the blessings of the crownmasters?

During the deadlock *comments* which harmonised students move were supplemented by the STUDENT DIGEST which gave them high morale through revolutionary slogans in favour of students' struggle. And STUDENT SAY which enlightened them of the next moves, issues and agenda. Orderly, the aftermath had *comments* still crammed at the notice boards, depicting students' reactionary responsiveness against 'MISS MEDIA' jargon. The leaders of the jargon found themselves sandwiched in the debris of fierce *comments*. Included in the rota were the PM, Minister for Information and Broadcasting, Minister for Manpower Development, and the Managing Director of RID and the PS of the Ministry of Education who had already lost his post as predicted by students, and an article *Kugongwa kwa*

'Ngedere Mlimani, Funzo kwa Madereva' paid the homage in a local newspaper.

These *comments* were the least normal things but they became aggressive as time elapsed in response to crownmasters' reactions.

It was one week before President made his unexpected tour for the 'Hill' when Mzee Punch issued his final publication in which for *security purposes* he banned any kind of *punch* activities at the university. He also warned his grandchildren that crownmasters had planned to liquidate
one of key university leaders in the same manner as what happened to the late PM. Mzee punch didn't specify further if the victim was .to be a university official or a students' leader!

Presidents' unexpectedly tour of the 'Hill' on Monday 7th May was considered in student's circles as being a necessary warming-up tour for the President prior to meeting the students. But his speech to the University CCM leaders that evening became strongly detested by the university community. He accused lecturers of collaborating with students in the *abdication of things* and wondered, "...If a dog could appreciate and respect his master why not man." And finally insisted "1 agree that most of students' demands are genuine but the method used was not good... I therefore don't see the need to meet students as per my promise
because they disobeyed my orders... and they called me through a riot act *'wee njoo, kuja'*... They should have known that in African traditions, advices from above are always orders.. ."

. Wisdom was a paramount phenomenon. In European culture the rich men and the well educated were symbols of wisdom. In African culture grey-haired men were symbols of wisdom. In some East African coastal cultures polygamists symbolized wisdom and in interior Tanzania a

man who kept a big herd of cattle was thought of being a wise and people sought advices from him.

Students wailed at President's desolate speech when it was replayed in RID special program that evening. Students' state of reaction and despair was now imminent and any revengeful opportunist had a loophole to accomplish his or her deeds.

On Tuesday 8 May, in the morning UDASA was rumoured to have written a letter to the President requiring him to withdraw his annoying statement that members of academic
staff had been conspirators in the GREAT KUNJI. The Presidents was given one week up to following Monday to do so and apologize, otherwise memb.ers of UDASA were to strike. From *words to blows* a new turn was reached.

Quite expectant of students' reactions to the Presidents' speech, by 8:00 AM that Tuesday a pool of state securitats posing as students poured at the 'Hill'. These experts started to terrorise the university atmosphere, trying to trail reactionary students especially those who had been thought of being the *punchmen.* Despite their camouflage they lacked special skills and a thorough knowledge of university environment, which was after all, new to them. Many acted wrongly in non-scholarly. manners during their eavesdropping business in cafeterias, at informal gatherings, in academic grounds and in halls of residences. They were
openly seen reading even old notices at notice boards. The state apparatus failed to hide a pine tree in a forest of pines.

One suspected securitat, posing as a madman entered in Yombo Cafeteria barefooted. Students chased him away and had to grab his pa. of shoes from a shrub before running away in fear, realizing that university was not a no
man's land. Another _vent to a d_r_nt Harvard Cafeteria. He bought coupons for breakfast. He bypassed the counter that served bites and proceeded to the counter that served tea.
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There, he urged to be given both bites and tea. In consequence he was questioned and dragged away.

In afternoon one student entered in Arts Lecture Theatre B
(ALT.B) intent of making revision for the coming examinations. He was astonished when he found a group of few people in the middle of the theatre room. Sitting and carrying a meeting or conversations in the middle of spacious room was one of the methods currently in use by the intelligence community in order to avoid eavesdropping and secret microphones which could be bobby-trapped in the walls. Before he got seated a voice came from the middle of the room. "Honourable Mister, could you please leave us

alone because we have an important business!" He jumped
..
to J:ris feet, his hairs stimulated as if he had sensed waves of
danger. This strategic meeting was not normal at the university atmosphere...

In such state of emergence with endless haunts in a Sowetan reduced atmosphere, it was wonderful for strong *comments* to swing and hurl against the President. Among the first to appear said, "Even a dog can be trained and be a president!" It was a direct response to the President's phrase, "If a dog could appreciate and respect his master why not man!"
Another one had an advertisement for the post of Chancellor. It suggested the need to have a new Chancellor having at least PhD, a purely exposed academician and not a politician. That could have only been possible by erasing olden University Act of 1970 clause that provided for the President of United Republic to automatically become a Chancellor of the university.

By midday one *CO). ent* had an application letter from the President exposing his qualifications and experiences undoubtfully drawn from *maelezo ya mgombea urais* booklet for the general election of 1985! In the evening another comment had Mzee Punch's reply for President's application telling him that his application was not
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successful instead he was told to remain a fisherman in a certain Pemba village where someone will be assigned to sale his fish catches.

These *comment* survived in a fashionable correlation with the presence of the intelligence at the 'Hill' to such an extent that it's only the intelligence, which knew the persons who fixed them because it's the very intelligence, which strived in dismantling them. Original advantage of *comments* always was that of providing feedback and of releasing tensions but in these developments they played a subsequent role as substitute of state and party media which regularly lacked fair play and objectivity for the sake of singing praises of those in the crown -.And as long as all newspapers in the land had been prohibited to publish articles in favour of university students.

In the evening the university atmosphere suffered a temporary electricity blackout that severely barred students from making their revisions and from accomplishing their academic engagements. Along with the blackout, a rumour circulated that the blackout was deliberate in the attempts to abduct prominent students' leaders especially the Chairman. Their fellow students gave them extra security cover.

_ut in the evening of the following day of Wednesday 9 May, these rumours heaped that the Students' Chairman had been abducted in the midday hours. That, some people entered into DUSO BAR posing as students belonging to the Faculty of Commerce and Management. They found him enchantingly sipping a soft drink. They requested immediate help from him for some matters of academic importance that had risen in the faculty. The Chairman agreed to go and help them. Six metres away a small Beretta pistol was totted at him. He was led to a white car with tinted windows, packing ten metres away, without his comrades noticing this. He was masqueraded and grilled somewhere inside a white-painted grass thatched house.

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And that he was quizzed for hours in the amazing presence of the Prime Minister.

That, among the questions he was asked to answer these were the ones. "Why you students want to overthrow the government? Can you confirm that some countries including USA are supporting you students with heavy financial assistance? What are the names of lecturers who collaborate in this bloody game and in demanding multiparty system? Would you like to see H.E firing me from my current post of P.M?"

The Students' Chairman answered, "...as long as I'm not
. selfish leader like you, "I have no answers to your questions.""
Come at the 'Hill' stude:pts have a lot to listen, answer and
ask.._" The PM didn't accommodate it.

"Did you call me and I refused to come here on my own? If not why did you bring me here that way? ...I know you sent me here in order to kill me. I'm ready to die but my blood shall not leave you in peace... Kill me if you want or leave me because I have some examinations to sit this evening."

When the interrogators had failed to convince their prisoner, the PM insisted firmly, "Okay we are sending you back... but don't tell anyone else about what we have talked today!"

"No! I will let everyone know it. Even if you had killed me, so many combatants would have known it. You can kill me but you can't kill ideas..." He was set free and dropped at Mwenge by a white saloon car. They gave him bus fare and they bade him goodbye.

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*XXIV

*The following day, Thursday 10 May, students became more alert and vigilant than before. They didn't discount the allegation that their Chairman had been abducted the day before. Now the whole atmosphere smelt of danger. None knew who would have been the next target in the abduction process. Situation resembled a state of confusion in a slaughterhouse. It was necessary for students to defend themselves against *uninvited guests.* They became suspicious of every new shape and any new shape was subsequently asked to identify itself.

The world of *comments* still flourished in a: more aggressive

pace, unveiling the secrets of crownmasters' underground
dealings, which plundered country's riches at the expense of the suffering masses. Country's First Lady was heralded as a gold smuggler and copies of the purporting receipts of her extravagant London shopping were exposed as capable of financing university budget for one semester. . . More
abusive *comments* hurled at the top party and government leaders.

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Unfortunately, the mighty members of the intelligence who had already invaded the 'Hill' minimized these serious instances. Three of them went to a sensitive area - the Faculty of Engineering, FOE. Students caught one when he was busy trying to dismantle some *comments.* He was surrounded by a mob of furious students. Unable to address himself, he received some slaps before resorting to his small pistol in his lap. He struggled to load it but process was disrupted. Leaving three bullets dropped on the ground he had to run for life and students started to stone him mercilessly. He fled via an alley to MAJI INSTITUTE and his accomplices vanished.

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Swahili was poor but this didn't convince students until when she said calmly that she was a South African. Her identity was verified. She was suspected of being a government eye.

A car belonging to Wildlife Conservation Association parking at University Bookshop parking lot was suspected of manoeuvres. Its driver and passenger were interrogated. They had come to collect a cheque from the bookshop in respect of stationeries they had supplied. It wasn't easy, until some students identified them as unharmful, was when they were cleared.

Two Zanzibaris *Wageni wa Pemba* who came to visit their friends found themselves in heavy military-like drills after they had failed to identify themselves. Thereafter, frog matched to MUW ATA offices where they were questioned before their friends came to rescue them. It was tough for them because the state house was suspected of being infested by unscrupulous Zanzibaris intelligence personnel since the second-phase Union Government had started to reign. Who knew if those two were not some of them!

By lunchtime fear, confusion and suspicion still lingered in students' conununity. Now they had to erect barriers at a bridge lying opposite to Manzese Cafeteria, along University road. Vehicles belonging to the party and government were not allowed. Furiously, students shouted at them. "Don't pass, turn about go back. Otherwise we will set your vehicle ablaze in a Sowetan style. Hear you killers!" Drivers had to make quick u-turns. A heap of stones beside the road depicted how serious students were. One *comment* had already advertised_in the morning a *tender for supplying stones.*

Friday 11th May, RID news broadcast at 8:00 AM said that students of the University of Lubumbashi Zaire, currently under a class boycott, had hijacked a bus cranuned with

Members of Parliament. Forcefully, they had the heads of their MPs shaved using pieces of broken glasses and bottles and told them to care for people's demands. Furthermore,
students had killed another student suspected of being a traitor who was collaborating with state security agents.

These were the hot news in the students' circles at the 'Hill'. Majority students blamed the engineering shldents for the mistake they had done the day before by letting free *one government dog.* "They could have killed him as a sample to the government", so it was commented. It was no doubt that a certain top authority had ordered state securitats to stop their dealings at the 'Hill' in order to avoid dangerous encounters as that one which had happened at FOE.

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The *Comments* still flooded at the common places as rumours circulated that the PM had so far presented to the President two files of abusive *comments;* the collection made by state agents at the 'Hill'. What was the rationale of the PM presenting abusive literature to the President and that of intercepting a letter of students' solidarity with the President, which the PM had done previously?

Student leadership called for a STUDENT DARAZA,
scheduled on Saturday 12th May, starting at 2:00 P.M at the same venue - Nkrumah Hall - to discuss the recent developments at the 'Hill'. For a couple of days VIJANA Branch Leadership, University Administration and Students' Leadership had been listlessly watching by eyes the miscalculations of crownmasters...

By 10:00 P.M news leaks from government secret safe and from members of University Council said that, the University Council had been pressurised by the government to indefinitely close the 'Hill' because the President was bound in double strand, UDASA deadline was approaching and at the same time students' pollution was enormous capable of affecting the trend of the General Election, CCM 101

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was facing in October 1990. In its meeting the University Council easily accepted to close the 'Hill' as majority of its members were status-quo politicians in the same system.
These leaks forced some fearful students to evacuate from the university in the same night. Government deployment of its FFU battalions was imminent in the following day.

On the eve of that unforgettable day, just in a neighbouring Zaire, at the University of Lubumbashi the commandos of Special Presidential Division stormed the boycotting student and ethnically massacred about 300 students who did not belong to Ngbandi tribe. None knew what was going to happen in the Tanzanian side, though it was known that political costs might have involved sacrificing human lives as in Zaire!

The unforgettable day was the blackest day at the university. Whatsoever, students continued with their routines some sitting examinations, presenting papers, attending lectures or making researches. Under that soar atmosphere *comments* still cracked meticulously with the pictures of top party and government officials, either being in wedding gears with some partners, dancing *sindimba* or some receiving honorary degrees in alcoholism from *Kunywa-Kunywa University.*

One hour before the STUDENT BARAZA was to start, the government intervened and gave its stunning decision of indefinitely closing the 'Hill'. From non-humanitarian point of view it was an order that didn't spare students admitted at University Dispensary, receiving treatments. The government was opening a new page in the same chapter of the 'Hill Crisis' of 1990...
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Such a statement annoyed students. Boos and hisses got louder and louder. Consequently they started shouting, "You're boring us, you borer!"

He got red and said in authoritative tone, "you must listen to me because I'm old enough to be your father."

Then a section of sensitive students went on the air. "What a father, a father who bores!" From then onward he failed to control his speech.

One student rose to his feet and approached the

. microphone. "Honourable Principal Secretary, your delegation and comrades. We; students, have been here for

, _uite sometime now waiting for you to come and deliver . something special to cater our demands. But the whole central issue has been averted by your speech. To help you, let me ask you on behalf of other students. What criteria does your ministry use to determining that - this university students should get 10,000/= as book allowance per annum?"

The PS failed to answer as he concentrated on bureaucratic procedures under which budget estimates were channelled.

"No, sir! I didn't mean procedures. I meant criteria!"

But the PS was cynical to repeat the bureaucratic procedures. At last the PS swerved behind the backs requesting assistance from the VC who allegedly answered, " I heard you were an active students' leader during your days at the university. Today I think is your chance. I'm nobody to interfere with your speech." He opted to a female Director of Higher Education sitting three paces backward who had also detected the simmering. She only said, "Mmmm!" while shrugging her shoulders in disappointment. The PS bowed.

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Another student stood up and caught the microphone. "Comrades, its high time, let me help him by asking him this simple question because he seems to be failing to answer our simple algebras. Okay Honourable PS what criteria does your ministry use in estimating that this Principal Secretary should get 52,000/= as gross salary, 30,000= being net salary to bring home. TwollO LandRovers and a Pajero. Three house attendants paid by the government, mileage allowances, entertainment allowances and the like... Like what you're entitled to receive every month? The PS remained stone dumb in amazement as a heated paralysis swept his body.

. "Don't be amazed because we know all of your manoeuv,res. You have also been conspiring with some headmasters in embezzling millions of shillings in terms of faked transport allowance for secondary school students. You have been overstating the funding cheques to the headmasters, who when they draw them, they share with you rateably. We know everything that made you hesitant to come here, And seems you don't want to answer our questions because you're responsible to some of the problems." The PS took an extra handkerchief and rubbed the drip lets of cold sweat from his face.

One aggressive critic rose and echoed. "It is unfortunate that you have failed... However you're one of the brave leaders who can stand in front of the people and overtly declare incompetence... You really belong to CCM. But your position as technical man in the ministry has prompted me
and my comrades to cast doubt on how rotten are our ministries... Your failure today has paved a way for your own downfall. I have been questioning myself as to why and how the *Iron Broom* has forgotten to sweep you and your minister... I'm sure prophetically that after this encounter His Excellence will deal with you perpendicularly." It was a sorrowful gesture.

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"Okay, okay comrades!" Sounded the Chairman, "perhaps the Director of manpower Allocation has something to convince us regarding the new formula of denying employment to university graduates. Your discussion, sir should put into account the core notion of rare and non-rare professionalism."

The Director of Manpower Allocation was a presidential appointee from the state house who also acted as special aperture at the ministry. He was a graduate in economics,
young, energetic and confident enough to preach his *blah blah* while seated. "There is no something like unemployment of university graduates. We have a problem of misallocation of graduates in areas the}' don't fit or deserve. But you must understand us .....D°I2-'t be too
emotional unnecessarily..!" He was acting like a Disco Jockey in front of aggrieved students.

"Aaaaaaah, aaaaaaaah, aaaaaaaaaah!" Students yawned in disappointment.

One of them, a subtle critic and a promising leader of the future approached the microphone. "Before I proceed," He coughed a little, "can you please apologise for your statement!" The director refused. "Just withdraw your statement, apologise and correct it. I didn't expect a graduate in economics like you could say such a thing as emotions to the people who have stopped their classes for sake of you to come here and attend their grievances. Can you please do it before we resort on getting out of Nkrumah Hall prematurely?" All studeI1ts stood up intent of going out.

A yelling exploded from the ground. "Yes apologise, apologise!"

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The Director responded, at last. He was trembling *to* the drumbeats of Nkrumah Hall. He said, "for the sake of this meeting I apologise!"

"Okay that is the least noble thing in Nkrumah Hall, that someone who annoys can *do.* Honourable Director my question is - Can *you* assure this meeting that university graduates will be employed immediately after their graduation. It is *known* that these are the local experts who can help the government in saving foreign exchange rather than paying one expatriate 'TX' at the rate of 2.5 million/ = per month. *Some* of expatriates are bogus compared to our local ones who can be paid and are still paid below 10,000/= per month. Is this compatible with the policy of self-reliance and the need *to* have a self-sustaining and self-generating economy?"

The Director answered, "In my opinion, I think there is *no* need *to* deny their employment. But dear students, the problem of misallocation is..."

"No!" The student cut in. "Dear comrades, we wanted the government *to come* here and address itself *to* these critical issues. *How comes* this chap says everything in his own opinion. Sir, if we wanted *your* opinion we would have met with *you* at Manzese, Tabata or Shimo la Udongo. We want government's opinions here and *not* somebody else's opinions. We want *to know* the government position!"

Students blasted defiantly. "We need government's, government's opinion -that is all."

The student added, "I'm amazed *to* see a technical delegation *comes to* this Holy Altar without having even single file, thinking this is a picnic... They are selfish leaders who always strive at frustrating us... While their children are studying abroad, they deny employment *to* the *sons* and daughters of the toiling masses. Many are suffering *for* hO

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harshy training at this university and one fellow RCom student has gone crazy now. The government doesn't carc, and the society laughs at him. Are you treating us so in order to be your *zombies?* Look at them! See them! They are shyless!" He spit on the floor and went away in fury, as students' applauses grew stronger.

The Chairman took control. "Honourable PS of the Ministry of Education, when we told you that students were waiting for you, we didn't mean to reciprocate your cocktail invitation. We meant business. Now as long as you have failed to attend our problems, tomorrow at 9:00 AM be at the state house. See the Union President, give him these facsimile copies of students' demands and tell him that, we
students of the University of Dar es salaam are waiting for him in Nkrumah Hall. Though he didn't want to visit us or hear from us for the past five years of his chancellorship, today we his children have problems. We humbly welcome
him to assist us. Thank you!"

It sounded like military order. Students stood up and started to flow out of Nkrumah Hall. The PS tried to revive the broken morale of students. "Hallo, hallo! *Tusikilizane, msiondoke jamani!"* He was left at a crossroad. Since then rumours precipitated by the clique, circled that university students had' A LONG LIST OF OFFENDERS'. It was too good to be true!

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*On Wednesday 11 the Union President sent his reply to the
VC that, "1 won't come unless situation is calm." Some students suspected that the PS of the Ministry of Education had disinfonned the President for reasons better known to him. The EMERGENCE STUDENTS' BARAZA was a peaceful gathering constitutionally recognized and provided by the University Act of 1970. Students were once more annoyed. ThankS to the efforts of the Chairman to cool them down.

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"Honourable VC, dear comrades seems as if this
EMERGENCE STUDENTS' BARAZA is taking a new phase to become an extended one. Because the people responsible for giving solutions and helping us - are now deserting us. They forget that good leaders do go to the people, stay with them and learn from them! These schemes of things prompt me to remember a saying, *If the door to freedom is closed and the one who has the keys refuses to provide them, then there are only two alternatives. Either to compromise or break the door..."* He paused as students digested his point. "Comrades at this juncture which alternative is better to adopt?"

Students shouted, "break the door!"

"You seem to share the same ideas with me." The Chairman paused thoughtfully. "But before adopting it I will tell you this- President is innocent because he has been disinformed by the PS. From now onward a clique of fearful leaders that surround the President shall avert all our efforts to contact the President. Let us try the second channel. We have to approach him as Chancellor. I think there will be no bureaucracy because the VC is a second boss down from
him. If it jams we'll play it damn bloody well."
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THE MYTH OF MZEE PUNCH

Everyone had a different perception of the HILL CRISIS of 1990. Politicians called it *indiscipline.* Believers glared at it as a *crusade of truth.* Academicians said it resulted from a *disruption of academic freedom.* Laymen considered it as empirically *all the same at universities.* Historians analyzed it as being an *inevitable circling crisis.* And Management Experts diagnosed it as *a management conflict.*

But THE MYTH OF MZEE PUNCH gives a transcendental, novel-type, researchful, semi-documented, fascinating, far reaching and fast moving account of events, which culminated into a historical HILL CRISIS.

THE MYTH OF MZEE PUNCH cultivates a ground for objectively conceiving, analyzing, understanding and interpreting the HILL CRISIS as atypical intellecting case study.

THE MYTH OF MZEE PUNCH has almost everything nothing to hide...

It has been written under auspicious and innate artistic attitudes which" display author's extra ability in analytically connecting and trendfully explaining some events and situations.

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