

Sense-scapes: senses and emotion in the making of place

Beginning with a map

Late in 2000, I asked Ponkies to accompany me through The Park to introduce me to people who had arrived since my last period of work there and to find old acquaintances after my long absence. I had last worked there in 1995, and much had changed since then. The shack settlement had tripled in size and quadrupled in population. It was crammed with small and large shacks, varying in formality: lean-to's, large sturdy shacks, 'wendy houses', shacks with pitched roofs, picture windows and formal, fenced gardens. Ponkies and I decided to identify on a map the heads of household of each structure and that way to trace the people I had known. Unfortunately, the local municipality did not have a graphic representation of the settlement. Its few aerial photos were out-dated and taken from too high to suit my purposes. We decided to draw a map. It would help me refamiliarise myself with the layout of the settlement and would assist students in conducting a demographic survey. I knew that mapping would not be straightforward owing to residential shifts, but I was certain that with care, mapping The Park would be a relatively quick and easy task.

The settlement, shaped like an isosceles triangle, was confined between a railway line and a state-maintained road, a few kilometres outside the city boundaries. Although perfectly visible from the road, it had a curious air of seeming somehow slightly secretive and impermeable to non-residents. To those driving past, the settlement whipped by in a blur of zinc, plastic and cardboard, an occasional glimpse of a person, an impression of dirt and squalor. Few passing would know of the intricate weavings of paths and named places inside, fewer still would enter unbidden during the week. Only occasionally did one see young white men smoking a *zol* and being educated in the ways of the Rastafari and sometimes NGOs ran interventions (such as leadership schools and crèches there). When the *speedeurs* (police detectives) entered the settlement seeking miscreants they always reported to the chairwoman's house before entering the settlement. At Christmas time several local churches held parties for the children and weddings and funerals were held in the *saal* (community hall) that we built in 1993. Over weekends, more visitors came – friends and family from elsewhere, people seeking the liveliness of the settlement's nightlife, and, for a time, various church groups which held services in the *saal*.

The hall was one of several public spaces in the settlement: the water tanks were another and three clearings in the settlement afforded people an opportunity to congregate around a fire and chat. There were several *subeens* and *smokkies*; four of the former offered seats, encouraging people to ‘stay for a bit’. Bernie’s ‘shop’ was frequented by her neighbours, mostly people formerly from Aberdeen and the Karoo. Bernie was considered both *ordentlik* and hospitable and women liked to sit on the benches that ringed the room and tarry over a drink and a chat. In later years she had a television which ran off a car battery: select women were invited to come and watch soap operas in her lounge. ‘Security’s’, named for the owner,¹ had a wide verandah, big entertainment area, a neon-coloured jukebox loaded with *kwaito* and pop, and a pool table. It was usually managed by his wife and cousin and was a favourite afternoon and evening haunt of the younger people and of men, who played pool and jived while older men sat drinking on the verandah. Mitha’s ‘place’ was smaller than the others and was frequented mostly by neighbours, who popped in for a drink or to make small purchases throughout the day. They were tended by Mitha or her niece Tasha who worked there from early childhood because she was ‘good with numbers’. Stanley’s *subeen*, which he and his wife ran, boasted chairs and tables. It occasionally sold *umqombothi* (Xhosa traditional beer) as well as wine, commercially-produced beer and brandy. It was usually frequented by Xhosa-speakers and was most busy over weekends when people came from the nearby settlement of Nomzamo to visit.

There were other, less formal sites of public interaction. Shacks eddied around four or five cleared spaces which were the site of much activity. Early in the morning fires were lit and women made coffee while men smoked themselves awake in preparation for the day. Throughout the day, women collected around them to do their washing and prepare meals while chatting. Children scarpered through them. At night, men gathered around the fires to talk and drink as they waited for meals. One area was used solely by Rastafari who shared a *zol*, talked and reasoned. Another was regularly used for prayer meetings hosted by Bru Patrick, a lay minister.

Residents considered the railway line dirty and throughout the period of my association with The Park the area banking the line was where refuse was thrown and where children defecated. A dirt road, used mostly by men, ran along its length. Between the road and the railway line ran a small stream and alongside it, for about two-thirds of the length of the settlement ran an unnamed ‘road’: a wide path. Cross-cutting this were two other ‘roads’ and a wide shallow stream that seldom ran. The two cross-

cutting roads were named: ‘Main Street’ was where the two community leaders lived, and ‘Aberdeen Street’ which was named after a town in the Karoo in acknowledgment of the Karoo origins of the first residents in The Park. Narrow paths that wound into and through The Park were not named. When I had lived there in 1991-2, everyday speech recorded sites in relation to features in the immediate landscape – ‘*by die sloot*’ (at the stream), ‘*lanksaan die pad*’ (alongside the road), ‘*naby die lyn*’ (near the railway line), ‘*onder die bome*’ (beneath the trees), and so on. Some sections of The Park were named: there was ‘Pick and Pay’, an area west of Main Street, where lived destitute residents, some of whom had previously slept under the bridge at the nearby shopping centre for which the area was named. It was also sometimes referred to as ‘the hospital’ in recognition of the fact that many of its occupants were ill. An area in the south-eastern corner of The Park was, in the early 1990s, known locally as ‘Crossroads’, an echo of its counterpart on the city’s edge, a site where some of the most famous struggles against the apartheid state for urban residence were conducted. Here, Xhosa-speaking arrivals to The Park were sent to live. I was told that this was to enable them to keep cattle close to grazing lands, but the distribution of persons in space owes something to apartheid’s racial classification and modes of separation.

Michael Jackson (1998:175) observes that ‘A place name is … the trace of a story, the story about how a name came to be given’. He argues that by bringing the external world into our experience ‘we go some way toward closing the gap between subjectivity and objectivity’ (*ibid.*). In the names given its sectors and features, The Park incorporated and assimilated other spaces, bringing the elsewhere into its ambit. The names operated as reminders of other places, of the routes that brought residents to their present abodes. In so doing, they marked both the otherness of the residents and also helped to domesticate the landscape. Residents thus made the area their own in defiance of apartheid laws (particularly the Prevention of Illegal Squatting Act), yet in ways that continued to reflect the segregation imposed by the state.ⁱⁱ

So, beginning the map-making, I had in mind that Ponkies and I would walk the roads and paths along the gridded outline I had fixed in my mind; that is, in terms of my cognitive map. As we walked, I sketched the layout on sheets of A4 paper that I would later stick together. Remembering that the settlement became more densely populated from the centre to the eastern parts, I carefully recorded the number of each house that I

drew, using the numbers allocated by the municipality and community committee. That was not as straightforward as it sounds: in the preceding years there had been a number of surveys of the settlement and there was sometimes more than one number per shack, or the numbers painted on houses predated the most recent renumbering, so that external signs did not necessarily correlate with current knowledge. In addition, some structures had been subdivided and the numbers that people ‘knew’ to be their numbers did not necessarily coincide with the numbers painted onto wood and plastic walls or doors. In other instances, lodgers who were eligible for housing subsidies counted themselves as separate from the households which ‘owned’ the structures they were sharing, so subdivisions of properties into ‘a’ and ‘b’ and even ‘c’ abounded. Realising this, I wrote down the names of persons living in the houses so that I could orient the map properly when I stuck it together. I numbered each page consecutively and included on each new page the last house that we had visited that was marked on the previous page. That way, I anticipated that all I would have to do would be to put the pages in their numeric order, matching up the houses as a check, and apply sellotape.

Mapping was relatively simple at the narrow end of The Park. Ponkies and I walked, I drew, we stopped at each house to (re)introduce me to residents. But as we came closer to her house, at the base of what had been known as Main Street, things became more complicated. There had been several fires in The Park in the period that had elapsed since my last research, and people had taken advantage of the opportunity to reorganise their domestic arrangements (see Bank 2001 for a discussion the effects of fires on constituting new domestic groups). There had been an influx of people into The Park as it had secured recognition as an informal settlement from the local authorities. Some of the residents had become relatively prosperous and had expanded their houses into the area that used to be a street. Some people had built additional shacks to house children or lodgers, making enumeration still more difficult. For others, leaner times were reflected in the contraction of their living spaces, the shrinkage making space for newcomers to build small adjoining shacks. More recent homes had been built more closely together, jostling the paths that I remembered. New paths wound tightly against houses, cutting through fenced off gardens, creating clusters of shelters that seemed to eddy against what I recalled as ‘streets’. Too, the old names of areas in The Park were no longer in use, and the road which had been Main Street no longer existed. Two huge water tanks and a large *subeen* headed the area that used to be the beginning of Aberdeen

Street, and people now referred to it as the Water Place or Security's, named after Security's bright pink *subeen*.

Soon, I began to realise I had lost track: I could not work out our location in relation to what I had drawn. We kept walking, entering some houses and greeting people, all the while trying to draw and we became more and more confused. I could not assess how the paths we were following intersected one another, Ponkies could not understand my puzzlement or why I was using the paths as identification rather than the people we were meeting and the houses we were so carefully drawing and recording. I insisted that we walk the settlement in a grid formation; she pointed out that the grid did not exist. The map became higgledy-piggledy. Her attempts to point out the (much changed) houses of people I knew did not help much: I could not orient myself in the absence of the paths I recalled from earlier fieldwork and I could not understand how Ponkies was orienting us in the small settlement.

We tried hard to make sense of our joint attempts to plot our movements. She could not understand why my map, drawn en route, seemed not to correspond with her knowledge of The Park or our current location. Initially we found my confusion funny, but she began to grow frustrated with my incompetence. The mapping and introductory process, which I had anticipated would take us a day, took four to complete. At times I found myself in the settlement easily, aligned to roads, the small stream, the larger stream that intersected it, a house that I recognised. At other times I could not understand how we had come to be where we were at a given time and my carefully drawn and annotated map didn't help in the least. I felt foolish: it is a small space and ridiculous to be 'lost' in it, especially when the railway line and road were only a hundred metres in either direction and could easily be found by orienting oneself in relation to the wider landscape – the Hottentot's Holland mountains where the Rastafari go to meditate and to collect herbs on one side, the forested windbreak of a wine farm on the other. My sense of being lost was thus clearly not geographic – I could orient myself in relation to the wider geography of the landscape quite easily – but cognitive and emotional. I was disoriented as the familiar slipped past me.

The sense of disorientation I have described here has physical, emotional and cognitive components: coming to know a space was not the product solely of a visual relation with a landscape but an embodied one. The incident speaks to changes in

emotional and intersubjective experience over time, to an interrupted sense of bodily placement in relation to features in a landscape, and to a puzzle about the relation of the senses to the modes and products of categorisation and classification. The very fact of the emotional disturbance that resulted for both Ponkies and I, and the ways that it produced a sense of ‘disorientation’ for us both, suggest that ethnographers need to pay careful attention to the roles and effects of emotion on recognition, way-finding and emplacement.

Of route-finding, relationships and representations

Maps are often assumed to be transparent and neutral; reflections of ‘what is there’. Yet, as Edward Soja (1989) has shown, space is never neutral, and as the history of South Africa’s racially exclusive spatial planning demonstrates, spatiality is profoundly ideological. Michel De Certeau (1988) argues that understanding – ‘reading’ – a space has much to do with one’s own position in it: the views from ‘above’ and those from ‘on the move’ differ in important ways (see also Pandolfo 1997).ⁱⁱⁱ

De Certeau draws on Linde and Labov’s distinction between ‘maps’ and ‘tours’ (1975, cited in de Certeau 1988: 119). As cartographic representations, maps offer an objective and distant perspective, while tours tend to be site-oriented and immediate. De Certeau envisages maps as schematic representations and tours as speech acts, and argues that the former rests on seeing – thus prioritising vision and the ocular – while the latter draws on action, going, moving, speaking. I would add to these two terms a third – route-finding – which engages a sense of moving through space, navigating relationships, a careful weaving between the known and unknown. Drawing on these concepts, one might say that the confusion in the mapping process I have described above is the result of a confusion of activities associated with specific conceptual frameworks. In this case, Ponkies and I were ‘going to see’. The phrasing here implies a temporal dimension that has anticipation at its core. Anticipation is oriented to the future. It implies cognition, emotion and action, and contains both a sense of the expected (that is, predictable) and of the uncertain. This complex sense of temporality was belied by the actual intent of the task at hand – to produce an immediate representation.

There were multiple layers of misunderstanding in the map-making exercise. Both Ponkies and I were engaged in re-accustomising me to a place and its residents; she through orienting me to her social space, me through abstracting that social space into a

representation in which I was outside and beyond. During map-making, we were walking her everyday paths to friends and the sites of her occasional work in The Park. Her speech was a clue to our emplacement on her route: her language and style were informal when we met people she knew, but reserved and distant when we visited people with whom she did not have friendships or reciprocal relations. She pointed out the houses occupied by people she interacted with regularly and bypassed with silence or a short gesture and brief words those whose occupants were not part of her social circle. My map was a formal and distanced representation, modelled on street maps; hers was an intimate and immediate representation, modelled on social relations. She was giving me a tour of The Park based on her routes through it, while I was drawing a map. She anticipated that her tour would serve as an introduction or reintroduction to relationships, I that it would give rise to a representation. She was introducing me to her space as a subject, and I was attempting to absorb it and render it an object. In so doing, the possibilities that were opened through walking and talking – possibilities of relationship – were reduced to representation.

Relationships imply work over time; a duration that stretches from the past into the future. Cartographic representations imply immediacy, the present tense,^{iv} and an abstraction from the routines of everyday life.^v A map's presentness is achieved by eliding the temporal relations engaged in its production. In this fold, one can intuit how the objective might be produced from the subjective, a theme to which I return.

Initially I felt foolish for having anticipated that my abstracted knowledge of maps and the city would necessarily coincide with Ponkies' as we walked the paths of her home. I am, after all, an anthropologist, with a commitment to local knowledge, who therefore ought to have anticipated that her representation would reflect her own locatedness in the immediate context. And besides, I am often the butt of friends' jokes because I cannot easily orient myself by the cardinal points or by street names, preferring to refer to features in a landscape to find my way. In other words, in my own social life, my orientation is intimate and particular, not abstract and universalist. But it was not far-fetched to assume that Ponkies and I would operate with a similar conception of mapping. She is schooled, lives in a city, navigates it in the same ways as I do; that is by familiarity and in terms of representations that rest on abstraction and gridding as both principle and expression. This might suggest that the difference was one of context not

culture; that is, that the difference in our ways of understanding space rests on a history of activity within a landscape. Encountering the unfamiliar, Ponkies and I would likely both use an abstracted model,^{vi} but in familiar terrains, the modes of engagement and emplotment rest on rhythms and routines, patterns of social interaction.

A large literature explores these dimensions of sociality (see in particular, Mayol 1998; Ingold 2002), but for the most part, it ignores the role of emotion, which shapes attractions and avoidances, and thence social patterns as these are spatially manifest. These are given form in explicit and implicit social rules, and in their making and breaking, a topic to which I now turn.

Sociality, mobility and the gendering of space

De Certeau describes the movements of pedestrians through the city as the ‘thicks and thins of an urban “text” they write without being able to read ...’ (*ibid.*). He adds ‘The networks of these moving, intersecting writings compose a manifold story that has neither author nor spectator, shaped out of fragments of trajectories and alterations of spaces: in relation to representations, it remains daily and indefinitely other’ (*ibid.*). Sociality relies on movement – we visit friends, hug those close to us, etc. Our bodies are expansive and motility is productive of our social worlds (see Casey 1996; Jackson 1995; Massumi 2002; Merleau Ponty 1964). Yet, movement is constrained by ideas about properness, about the appropriate distribution of persons in space. Colonialism and Apartheid produced racially and ethnically segregated areas and a distinction between places of ‘work’ and ‘home’.

Examined more closely, other factors come into play too: men and women, young and old, do not occupy space in the same ways – their movements are moulded by (implicit) social rules of age and gender. Some of these dimensions are addressed in *Women and Space*, in which Shirley Ardener and her co-contributors articulate the links between gender and space; the ‘principles of order’ (Ardener 1993: 5) that underpin and shape social life. Describing the hidden components of the relation between sociality and spatiality, the book reveals the gendered rules of how spaces are inhabited and how spatial practices reinforce or challenge gender norms. Missing from these normative accounts is the experiential and the emotional, aspects to which I now turn.

De Certeau writes, ‘To walk is to lack a place. It is the indefinite process of being absent and in search of a proper’ (1988: 103).^{vii} By ‘proper’ here, he refers to rules governing the distribution of elements in a field. For de Certeau, a place ‘is the order ... in accord with which elements are distributed in relation of co-existence. ... The law of the “proper” rules in the place’.^{viii} ‘Knowing one’s place’, that injunction so firmly embedded in colonial society, and against which postcolonial societies must struggle, is an instruction to adhere to the implicit law of the proper – the rules of hierarchy through which power is expressed and maintained. A class structure is at stake in the injunction, as, to a lesser extent, are age and gender statuses. Small wonder that, as I’ve described in early chapters, some residents are angered by others’ apparent failure to behave in *ordentlik* fashion in the new site: their attempts to secure appearances in South Africa’s rigid class structure are undermined by those who not only do not ‘know their place’ but wilfully disregard it and in so doing cast doubt on the status of other residents as decent people.

De Certeau’s notion of the proper is also useful to think with in relation to how people engaged with terrains outside of The Park. Take for example, ‘shortcuts’ between the town centre and the settlement, which circumvent established and authoritative routes. They may eventually become established as routes but do not necessarily acquire formal status and will not necessarily be recognised in official representations of an area. Shortcuts may not be used by all equally; for example, women resident in The Park and Village avoided shortcuts for fear of attack and rape. They did not collect wood from the forests alone, were anxious when performing ablutions in the forest, and spoke of frightening episodes where women and children had been violently attacked in the surrounding agricultural and forested areas. Identifying dangers as masculine and – erroneously – as external to their community, women accompanied one another on excursions. In this way, their understandings of the area peopled the outside with the possibility of male attack, the remedy to which was female friendship. Here, danger is set aside by friendship, and sociability works to ease fear.

Gendered spatial rules are further embedded in local conceptions of respectability – *ordentheid* – and manifested in gossip and sanctions linked to women’s visibility and mobility. *Ordentlik* women stayed close to home. Those considered to ‘*rondloop*’ were stigmatised. Women developed standard routines and patterns of movement that included visits to neighbours and family, to the water tank and to the tuckshops and ‘subeens’. Movement outside of these established routines was frowned

on by community leaders and most residents. For the most part, *ordentlik* women were identified on the basis that they kept to themselves, kept their homes neat and tidy, and, when they ventured outdoors, walked decorously along established paths to close friends and kin. Here is Lien, married and a mother of two, who was, at the time of research, terribly ill, describing the sites and routines of movement: '*Ek ga' kliniek toe, hospitaal toe, huis toe. Ek stap nie rond nie.*' (I go to the clinic, to the hospital, come home. I don't walk around.) Indeed, I never saw her anywhere in the settlement but in the immediate vicinity of her home. As she was ill, various neighbours collected water for her from the tanks outside her home. Her husband assisted a shop/*subeen* owner with collections and deliveries and was given food. He moved about the settlement and between The Park, neighbouring shack settlements, the nearby towns of Somerset West and Stellenbosch.^{ix} If Lien was not in the hospital or resting at her mother's home, she was always to be found near her home: either inside, sleeping or cleaning, or sitting on the verandah, hidden from view by the wooden fence, or sitting on the concrete surrounds of the tanks. Lien was known by community members to be HIV+: a status she shared with her husband and child. Residents spoke approvingly of her stay-at-home tendencies, describing her as a 'decent' woman, one about whom they would not gossip.

Different modes of occupying space imply different modalities of sociality and sociability. Women who walked around The Park with no discernable reason were considered immoral. *Rondloopy* implies aimlessness. It is thought to have to do with visiting a lover, purchasing drugs, or 'making trouble' by minding gossip. It engages a specific bodily comportment – '*los*' – a term that implies wantonness. To describe a woman as *los* implies that she is amoral, promiscuous. Women are afraid of being identified as in this way; stigma attaches easily, drawing blame and scandal to its bearer. Rumour, scandal and gossip give rise to shame, humiliation and anger. These emotions work to make people conform with or reject the (often implicit) social rules that govern how things should seem. A woman considered *los* receives little help or sympathy if she is beaten or raped because 'she was asking for it'. That is, the relation of comportment, speech, emotion and violence has manifest consequences in the spatial distribution of persons; space, language and emotion are mutually constituted and constituting.

I want to explore this further by paying attention to how the model of *ordentlikheid* considered appropriate to adult women is instilled in younger women. Here, spatial practices express social norms and cultural conventions in relation to individual life-cycle processes. Young girls were frequently warned not to *rondloop*, and on one

occasion I was taken aside and warned that my habit of striding boldly along the paths and roads of the two settlements as I went about my anthropological business was disconcerting to women residents and might be construed as inviting to men.

Drawn by passion, cajoled, or coerced into sexual relations, young women are made to leave school when their sexual activities become public knowledge, something that happens quickly in such a small place. '*Jy kanie skool toe gaa'nie as jy 'n man he'* (If you've got a man, you can't go to school), I was repeatedly told. The local model of childhood is such that book learning and sexual learning are incompatible. Girls in sexual relations are considered 'grown' and are expected to follow the same conventions of *ordentlik* sociality, including the spatial practices described above, as are older women. Failure to do so carries severe physical and social sanctions. In one case, two unrelated young women, Mem and Donna, friends, who continued to behave 'like children' (by disobeying spatial and social strictures appropriate to 'women' and continuing to go to school) while having affairs with men in The Park, were severely chastised. Community leaders imposed a spatial punishment: the two girls and Donna's mother (with whom Mem boarded) were made to stay near their home. They were not permitted to use the main road or to walk through the settlement but were made to walk its edge, alongside the railway line, past the piles of rubbish, drinkers and scavenging dogs, crossing the paths of those going to and from their ablutions in the nearby bush. Donna's mother was afraid to go out in public and sent neighbours or children to collect water from the tanks alongside the road. Held responsible for the girls' inappropriate conduct, she was particularly upset about being held accountable for Mem's failure to adhere to norms of respectability, saying 'She is not even my child'. No similar sanction was brought to bear on any of the male protagonists.

The punishment of spatial restriction was standard, usually meted out by powerful women. It was enforced through threats of physical punishment and fear, through '*skelery*' (harsh scolding, a standard form of public chastisement and discipline in the settlement) and coarse taunts, and, sometimes, through physical violence. No man has ever spoken to me of these forms of sanction, although women frequently did. It is as though women's social impropriety is contagious, its effects intimately affecting the women around. In the case described above, inclusion in a new social categorisation – the result of community acknowledgement of individual passion – involves re-emplacement in space. Mem and Donna did not conform to local conventions, and the sanction they suffered suggests a correspondence theory of classification: the girls were

to be publicly invisible or to occupy the septic edges of the settlement. Like the dirt along the railway lines, they were matter out of place, to invoke Mary Douglas's famous phrase, and their banishment was intended to convey this to them in a spatialised and embodied form.

There are echoes in the treatment of Mem, Donna and Donna's mother with the principles that govern the appearance of respectability in The Park. Here, local models of decency are manifest not only in the distribution of persons in space but also in the spatial distribution of objects and in peoples' demeanour (see chapter two). The attempts to confine Mem, Donna and her mother parallel these patterns, suggesting that they were being subjected to the same rules as govern objects in codes of respectability that rest on appearances. Part of their punishment thus had to do with objectification; with making subjects and their social relations the site of forms of surveillance and activity associated with things.

This discussion sheds further light on the complexities of map-making and experience that I described in the first section of the chapter. The route that Ponkies took mapped one moment in an idiosyncratic knowledge of The Park. But idiosyncracy does not mean the absence of social rules. Rather, it marks the intersections of relationships and convention – of the social and cultural – at a particular time and in relation to particular persons. One might say that idiosyncracy is how one inhabits culture and makes it one's own. Ponkies tried to re-introduce me to The Park and its residents in terms of her social relationships and in ways that respected local gender conventions as these were spatially manifest. Her routes were both particular and constrained by established age and gender norms that govern movement and visibility. Her contribution to the mapping was an attempt to predicate subjective relations rather than objective ones, an attempt undermined in my insistence on cartographic representation. Given that objectification is a standard punishment for violation of gendered rules in The Park, it is not surprising that Ponkies was discomfited by the mapping process.

It should now be apparent that some of the difference between our experiences of The Park as we mapped is in fact socio-cultural – it rests on local ways of knowing and moving through an environment, and is embedded in linguistic conventions, sensory and emotional experience over time.

Sensory experience and locatedness

Shirley Ardener observes: ‘Aida Hawile once tellingly remarked that the boundary between the ‘public’ and the ‘private’ may, in some contexts and under some conditions, be measured primarily by earshot’ (1993:12). Ardener adds: ‘We see from this remark that a map of significant spaces identified by gaze might not coincide with a map of significant sound zones’ (*ibid.*). Tom Rice comments that ‘Hearing and the interpretation of sounds are … understood to be vital in a social, as well as a material and spatial sense’ (2003:9). In The Park, people frequently commented on noise. Although many of the residents who settled there in the 1990s came seeking privacy, in the shack settlement the private seeped into the public. Residents complained that neighbours’ sounds impinged on their own attempts to create privacy and that the crowding and thin walls of shacks rendered that privacy vulnerable. Anger, enjoyment, arguments, conversation and love-making were easily audible, making precarious peoples’ attempts to establish ‘private lives’. People sought a means of distancing themselves from others’ noises. They desired from brick housing and formal housing estate a sense of respite from the sounds of their neighbours, from the noise of everyday life’s intimate details to which they were constantly exposed in the close living of informal settlements. Some people, especially church-going women, commented that the settlement’s noise ‘worked on their nerves’, making them tense, disposing them to quick anger which required careful self-control to overcome. Others commented that peoples’ chatter as they waited to collect water at the central water tanks was a central part of what gave the community a sense of itself as a community: that is, that sound offered a means through which reflexive categorisation and understanding occurred.

Let us take seriously the effects of noise on people’s emotions and social relations. In addition to locating the effects of the sensate, recording a ‘map’ on the basis of sound and hearing would reveal a sense of the rhythmic in the everyday. Such maps would, of necessity, have to be located at a particular point: that is, each would have a point-of-view, reflective of a particular time and place. They would not be abstract and universalist, as are cartographic representations, but distinctly local. The daytime sounds that emanate from Security’s *subeen* and fill the neighbourhood – jukebox music, the clunk and thud of pool balls, laughter, anger, the clink of bottles, the jingle of small change, the different voices requesting groceries – are quite different from those of the

more deserted end of the settlement where houses are locked up when residents leave for work and where children seldom go to play. No two days sound alike, but there are patterns that emanate from the rhythms of ordinary routines, and interruptions to those rhythms could be marked. There would also be times when it would be difficult to differentiate between human and environmental sounds.

Philosopher Alphonso Lingis argues that such ‘difficulties’ are themselves the product of attempts to separate human sociality from its environments. A sound-scape taken with Security’s *shebeen* as its source would reveal certain routines of the day as they impacted on activity at his shop. Mornings, when all is quiet save for the occasional request for tea or coffee or sugar and the knock of dominoes as the domino players meet for their regular morning gamble-game. The 10am and 2pm opening of the water tanks, when a line of chatting women and children forms outside the shebeen as people wait their turn to fill their containers and heave them back home. Clattering bottles at midday, when some of the more serious drinkers begin the day’s intake. Crackle of tin roofs under the sun, or the thump of rain. 3pm, when the children return from school and are sent to purchase goods, or hang about the *shebeen* waiting for excitement. Late afternoon; the sounds of television soap-operas mingle with children playing. Night-time, when young men play pool, watched admiringly by their girls, when the jukebox blurts its songs of passion and beat, when children rush about purchasing goods for dinner, when the drinkers have settled in and tempers begin to flare, when the sale of alcohol outweighs the sale of foodstuffs. Late night, when the last drinkers have stumbled home and noise is dispersed. A sound-scape would create a sense and representation of the rhythm that characterises the settlement in relation to the landscape in which it is embedded.

Or, consider what a representation made on the basis of scent might reveal about people’s routines. Early winter mornings with their smoky smell as the *gallyblikke* (charcoal drums) are heated. The smell of weak coffee – the morning’s staple intake – and left-over food from the day before being warmed for breakfast. Mid-morning: the scent of green soap as women wash their laundry. Midday, and the smell of inadequate waste disposal systems begins to waft in the heat. Evening: the smell of food preparation; samp and beans in the poorer section, cabbage and greens in the areas inhabited by Rastafari, meat simmering in the shacks of those who received government grant payouts or wages this week. The smell-scape would reveal rhythms of the day and of the week and time of year: at different times different foods are prepared, different

activities take place outdoors. Midwinter: the smell of damp clothes, carpets and floor linings, the smell of rusting and soggy cardboard, the smell of wetness as the water table rises. High summer: the smell of dust and sweat and damp ground where the laundry water is thrown. These accounts reveal not only the surface – shacks, paths, natural features – and the social – commensality, etc – but also the three-dimensionality of space: a rising and falling water table, heating and cooling air temperatures, and so on.

Our sense of space, then, is an intimate one. It rests on rhythm and deeply ingrained practices (Bourdieu's *habitus*), themselves emotive and emotional. It is deeply resonant with the involvement of all our senses in pursuing the ordinary activities of everyday life. Little wonder then that when the move to formal houses was effected, people often commented with puzzlement about their sense of something being amiss. While delighted to be in 'proper houses', they described a sense of imbalance, both bodily and social. They found it difficult to express the source of their discomfort but they felt out of sorts with the landscape, oddly 'out of synch', surrounded by too much space, the houses too neatly laid out, The Village's gridded layout difficult to navigate. Some said that crime had increased (though there was no evidence to this effect), some blamed *subeens* for selling alcohol to children (although this was not uncommon in The Park), and some said that they missed their friends (although they all lived in the same 'community' and were well within walking distance). People described their previous neighbours as *gesproei* (spread out, sprayed; the word is usually used to describe water from a hose). Evalyn said that Anne was too far away to visit, and Anne said the same of Evalyn. Their old friendship disintegrated and soon they knew little of one another's daily lives. Their complaints were echoed by others who no longer lived alongside old neighbours. Raymond said that Security's new *subeen* was too crowded with 'strangers' (although they were the same youth who had played pool there in The Park), and as a result he preferred to drink alone at home. His friends had lived nearby Security's old *subeen*, but this was no longer the case and he felt isolated at Security's. Raymond knew that people frowned on solo-consumption – drinking at home is considered the sign of an alcoholic (rather than reliance on alcohol, quantities consumed or begging for money for booze) – but his sense of displacement was such that he would rather risk social disapproval than the emotional and physical sense of displacement he felt when drinking at the *subeen* with 'strangers'.

Some people said that after the move, rates of sickness and death had increased. Some characterised their discomfort as a sense of displacement, and described their literal confusion about finding their way. Dinah said:

We even got lost around here! Sometimes we had to show people where their house was because they got lost. I was one of those people. I still can't tell you why we got lost. I often thought I was knocking at Vicky's door (her sister who lives two houses away) but when the door opened someone else was standing there. Then I had to say, 'Sorry?'. One day I had to fetch Aunt Evelyn from the other side because she thought her house was over there (giggles). I don't know why that happened. What was that about? Before I had the building (extensions) done on my house, it looked just like every other house around here. So one day I thought I was walking into my house but when I got there I saw Oom Price sitting inside. I had walked into his house which is next to mine, and I said: "sorry Oom Price, I thought this was my house" ... I don't know if it happened because all the houses looked the same or what...

I was initially surprised by these experiences of displacement, not least because the new settlement was formally laid out: a grid of roads around a central square. And besides, the houses were numbered, neatly and consecutively. None of the complex numbering systems that had characterised the higgledy-piggledy former settlement. What could be easier to navigate? And then I recalled my own sense of being out of place in The Park, and the complex lessons in subject-object relations I had learned from Ponkies and my map-making.

Finding one's place in a new space where all the houses looked the same and where one's former neighbours were just that meant replacing relationship-based and multi-sensoral navigation with other orienteering skills – at least until one could find one's way with ease and relationships once more took precedence in way-finding. This is not as simple as it sounds. Most of the sensory features of the old settlement had disappeared. The new site does not offer the same olfactory assaults: there is no *shoot* (stream), sometimes clean and crisp, sometimes sluggish and smelling. There is no railway line smelling of hot iron, urine, waste, dagga and oil. There is no road with its residue of hot tar-smell and exhaust fumes. The smell of human waste at the settlement's edges has disappeared. Water is provided to the house, so that the typical smell of wet on dust at the water tap is no longer part of one's associations with movement through the settlement or with a sense of community. People socialise mostly indoors, so the hum of conversation and the sound of distinctive voices is no longer. In the early days after the move, every person I spoke to commented on The Village's

comparative silence: concrete houses whose roofs and walls do not rattle and hiss with every breath of air, no juke boxes, no radios blaring. The Village's silence and the fact that so many people died shortly after the move there earned it the epithet 'Ghost Town'.

One result of changed smells and sounds was to disorient people's sense of time. In the old settlement, my day, like everyone else's, began at about 5am when I heard my neighbours gathering around an outdoors fire to make coffee and share its warmth. The whole settlement was roused early thanks to the habits of those who had work and children who attended school. In The Village, people no longer made communal fires. They drank coffee indoors or on their own properties and the old noises that marked the day's temporality fell away. One might say that time became privatised, internalised, and that sound no longer marked communal activities.

The ground in The Village is flat and even with no ridges and hollows to trip the unwary. There are no trees providing contrasts in light and shade. The houses are uniform in shape and orientation to the street. The new environment is one largely deprived of old sense associations, and thus one in which the visual has had to take priority. Yet the visual clues – the shape and colour and texture of houses, for instance – are homogenous and the site, laid out in concentric squares, seems to replicate itself so that people report that they wander in circles. Small wonder people felt disoriented when first they moved: at least three of the senses through which they knew their immediate world had become redundant, at least initially.

Dinah's experience described above was not unique – in the early stages after the move, people frequently complained of being lost, of being unable to visit old friends because they could not find their way around. They found it disconcerting. Not only because the familiar had slipped away, but because in seeking it and in being lost, they felt themselves subject to the same object relations that had so annoyed Ponkies when we'd made the map. The layout of the new settlement had the effect of objectifying peoples' circumstances and relationships, making places interchangeable and disorienting peoples' embodied 'maps' of affective relations and sensory connections. Cognitive maps replaced intimate knowledge until people once more 'knew' where they lived and could find their way – efficiently and appropriately – to the homes of those about whom they cared.

The age and gendered dimensions of route-finding in the new settlement were remarkable. When the new settlement was designed, a central square was envisaged as a soccer field – that is, the settlement was envisaged as centred on male activity. To the best of my knowledge, soccer matches did not happen there, but the space seemed unrecuperable, a vast stretch of sand and nothingness at the heart of ‘the community’. Children seldom played there, preferring instead the tarmac roads and the spaces between houses. Some women crossed it hurriedly on their return from work, but most women followed the roads, whose edges they tended to hug, unlike men and children, who occupied the whole road. Women kept indoors more than in the past; and, when work was done, congregated with close friends within fenced-off properties rather than in communal spaces. Many women described how they spent hours rearranging the furniture in their new houses and doing domestic chores. Some said they felt lonely doing so, others reported a sense of satisfaction at their orderly houses and lives.

The new settlement was a distance from the nearby town and men no longer reported at the roadside to seek casual work. Several muggings and rapes, including of children, occurred on the short-cut path to town and people ceased visiting the centre as often as before. Instead they shopped at spazas and a nearby convenience store – both more expensive than the discount supermarkets in town. When they did visit the town, they preferred to catch a taxi than to walk the hazardous and now lengthy route. Taxi fares are not cheap and visits to town became ‘events’ rather than an ordinary part of everyday life. The rhythms of daily life were completely altered.

Rhythms of the everyday

Everyday life is reliant on rhythm in ways we do not ordinarily consider. Rhythm in daily life is that which gives it its taken-for-granted nature; what patterns it in relation to time and convention. Rhythm is not the same as uniformity. Suggestive of regularity and predictability, it does not obviate the unexpected.

Henri Lefebvre (2004) argues that rhythm, spatiality and temporality are intimately linked. He writes, ‘Everywhere there is an interaction between a place, a time and an expenditure of energy, there is *rhythm*’ (2004: xv). He argues ‘[A]ll rhythms imply the relation of a time to a space, a localised time, or, if one prefers, a temporalised space. Rhythm is always linked to such and such a place...’ (p. 89). Lefebvre proposes four categories of rhythm: secret, public, fictional and dominating (2004:18). Secret rhythms

are personal – physiological and psychological (the heart-beat, memories that return, patterned ways of engaging the world with mind-body). Public rhythms are social; into this category fit celebrations and ceremonies and also those aspects of the personal that are expressed and shared (the examples he gives are expressions of tiredness and digestion). Fictional rhythms are ‘eloquence and verbal rhythms’; language and learned behaviours. Dominating rhythms are ‘completely made up’; everyday, ‘aiming for an effect that is beyond themselves’ (2004:18). What Lefebvre describes here is a way of linking the body and its rhythms with the space and time and systems of meaning and power within which we live out our lives. He notes that different places have different rhythmic qualities: ‘... all rhythms imply the relation of a time to a space, a localized time, or, if one prefers, a temporalised space’ (2004:89), and that rhythm is relative; something is fast or slow, regular or syncopated only in relation to something else. In other words, understanding rhythms involves comparative knowledge. He claims that, ‘When rhythms are lived, they cannot be analysed’, adding ‘In order to analyse a rhythm, one must get outside it’ (2004:88). Literary critic Al Alvarez would concur: he argues that rhythm is not a product of ‘perceiving a pattern in something that is outside us, but our becoming patterned ourselves’ (2005: 58). This implies the operation of rules that we do not originate but which shape our lives, thoughts, social institutions, the ways in which our time is filled, the ways in which we sense rhythm and create our own.

For residents of The Park, stability and the rhythms that attach to everyday life through routine and established ways of doing things were hard-won and precarious. Daily routines were important to people, and women in particular resented disruptions. In part this was because routine offered a way to secure stability in lives rendered precarious by poverty, and those with predictable routines were considered to be *ordentlik* people. Yet the rhythms associated with decency were difficult to achieve in contexts where ordinary life is uncertain and dangerous. This was especially the case when people initially arrived to live in The Park. I well remember the difficulties that my neighbour, Margie, faced in trying to learn how to cope with the inadequacies of her shack, the demands of her newborn, the vagaries of her husband’s income, the lack of water and refuse collection, and the indignities of having to ask a female neighbour to accompany her to the forest so she could make her ablutions because it was too unsafe for women to go alone. She found it difficult to establish a routine to her days and slowly withdrew into herself, scarcely leaving her shack. Her neighbours were disparaging at her failure to conform to their rhythms – her failure to collect water timeously, to do her washing early

enough, to prepare food in the early evenings, leaving time during the day to be social were considered grave misdemeanours, an affront to local patterns of relationship. So much that might have been taken for granted in peoples' previous homes – sanitation of some sort, running water, the rhythms of working or prison life – was not available and knowledge of how to cope in such circumstances had to be painfully garnered.

Lefebvre counterposes two kinds of rhythm: rhythms of 'the other' are those of 'the public', the discourse, representation (for which, one might read authority, power) and those 'of the self', concerned with intimacy and self consciousness (2004: 95). He issues a warning: 'When relations of power overcome relations of alliance, when rhythms of 'the other' make rhythms 'of the self' impossible, then total crisis breaks out, with the deregulation of all compromises, arrhythmia, the implosion-explosion of the town and the country' (2004: 99-100). I want to suggest that part of social life in The Park and The Village was in fact a kind of arrhythmia. Once established, people found that their daily routines were easily disrupted, jarring the rhythms by which they things got done. Small changes in routines could have enormous effects. The illness of a household member might jeopardize income and thence food for the week; one's own illness rendered one's body unknown; disruptions to the ordinary running of school buses might mean that children did not attend school for weeks (as was the case in the beginning of 2004), and so on. So much more so for large events – deaths, physical assaults, addictions, arrival of kinsfolk, pregnancies, etc. Given the instabilities of income and routine, disruption was part of everyday life in The Park, but no easier to deal with for all that it was expected. People complained that daily life was unpredictable; that they could not find their footing, or, having found it, were unable to secure it for long.

One way of getting outside one's naturalised rhythms, or indeed, arrhythms, as travellers, migrants and exiles have long known, is to move, to be confronted with new architectures, new placements that demand a new comportment. Lefebvre describes this process as 'the requirement of passing from one rhythm to another, as yet unknown – to be discovered' (2004: 97). Discovery is always edged with danger. Dinah's experience of getting lost, echoed by others suggests an unbalancing that was disconcerting not only because unexpected but because it replaced an intimate knowledge of place, built over time, with the experience of having to navigate by representation in an environment that presented itself as already built, already complete.

Most of the residents had come to the city from small towns and rural areas on its periphery and once arrived, had to learn to navigate the world as it presented itself. But there are striking differences between those individual trajectories and the process of moving en masse that characterises the move to formal housing. When people come to the city, they usually stay with relatives or friends and learn its ways through the rhythms of their hosts. So, residents had come to know The Park through the mediation, rhythm and routines of others. Even though the relocation of ‘the community’ to The Village was to an improvement in housing and services, the experience of mass relocation was disjunctive. Informed by the experiences of people forcibly removed from their homes and communities under apartheid, community leaders and advisors anticipated the disorientation of the move and initially tried to offset it by telling people they could choose their neighbours. In fact that seldom happened: the gridded layout of the new site militated against the complex neighbourhoods that had characterised The Park, and people accustomed to living in close proximity with myriad others suddenly found themselves spread out along roads in neat squares with only one neighbour on each side. Small wonder they felt lost.

Rebecca Solnit (2006) makes a strong case for getting lost. When you get lost, ‘the world has become larger than your knowledge of it’ (2006:22), she notes. This elicits a sense of loss of control, which, she implies, might lead one to search for new ways of being. She develops her ideas by writing of cities and ruins. Of cities: ‘A city is built to resemble a conscious mind, a work that can calculate, administrate, manufacture’. And of ruins, the city’s counterpoint in the industrialised West, she notes, ‘Ruins become the unconscious of a city, its memory, unknown, darkness, lost lands, and in this truly brings it to life. With ruins a city springs free of its plans into something as intricate as life, something that can be explored but perhaps not mapped’ (2006: 89). It is her distinction here between the city and its underside, between mapping and exploration, and between life and representation that gives pause. The formulation holds echoes of De Certeau’s differentiation between the birds-eye view of the city and the everyday activities of living in it, and Lefebvre’s notions of self-presence versus representation, or consciousness versus discourse. It seems reasonable to characterise peoples’ sense of displacement after the move to formal houses in terms of these distinctions: in order to find their friends again they had to re-imagine relationships in terms of maps, re-routing the emotive through the cognitive. Small wonder that some people were so discomfited by the process of seeking out old friends that they felt unable to make the effort....

And yet, as Solnit notes, 'Never to get lost is not to live, not to know how to get lost brings you to destruction, and somewhere in the terra incognita in between lies a life of discovery' (2006: 14). She cites Thoreau: 'Not until we are lost, in other words, not until we have lost the world, do we begin to find ourselves and realise where we are and the infinite extent of our relations' (2006: 15). As Attie commented (see Chapter Two), one may know where one is in geographic terms but be lost in relation to prevailing social values: 'like me, they [the residents] also lost their way once they started living here [in The Park]'. Living in The Park meant knowing where one was spatially but living in ways that did not conform to social ideals. He reminded me, 'But it's not too late for them (residents) to change.' And, as the discussion above and in the previous chapter suggests, living in The Village meant adhering to dominant social values at the cost of being spatially and socially lost.

The state of temporal and spatial displacement about which so many people commented was a clearly demarcated period, one in which people had time and space to sort out their relations; to work out who mattered and why and to reorganise their social lives and worlds. Sometimes this was experienced as positive, as when Sandra joyfully commented that now she could enjoy being in her home without people calling her stand-offish. Other times, it was negative, as when people lamented friendships lost. Yet all the time, new relationships were being formed, new connections made and new rhythms emerging. They draw on prior ways of being, refashioned.

In both familiar and unfamiliar terrain, we do not move as automatons but as lively, engaged social beings – as both agentive and constrained by convention. Our understandings of the landscape reflect our emplacement within it as social and phenomenal beings. This means that our knowledge of a (social) landscape is likely to change over time as routines change and relations alter, as life-cycle processes and the cultural conventions by which they are marked shape and produce the experience of sociability in place. It implies that individual 'maps' differ, and that there are overlaps and underlays. It suggests too that the roads and paths etched into a landscape do not necessarily engage an individual's knowledge of a place or ways of inhabiting it over time. In addition to revealing the structural components of everyday life – the unspoken rules (of age, class and gender) and taken-for-granted rhythms and routines that modulate the ordinary – a careful consideration of the ways that different categories of person engage

and interact in space allows us to consider the relationships between the sensory and the emotional in the making of sociality and everyday rhythms in particular places.

With this in mind, I return to the mapping exercise with which I opened the chapter. An occasion in which a map's making became ambiguous and its production the site of confusion lends itself to consideration of subject-object relations and the occasions in which they emerge. It also suggests the moment at which an anthropological enterprise shifts between the exploration of others' worlds and Othering, a shift echoed in the abstraction of relationship into representation that the story of mapping both tells and anticipates. One might say that my efforts at mapping tripped on the intricacies and complexities of relationships and everyday life as lived rather than as represented.

Perhaps one might characterise this as stumbling on life.

Notes

ⁱ This is his nickname, acquired because his previous job had been in one of the security companies that proliferated in the post-apartheid era. Very few people in The Park were known by their given names; most were known only by nicknames. As most people had more than one nickname, acquired through different social networks (family, friends in The Park, friends outside The Park, work relationships etc), calling someone by a nickname immediately situated the relationship and social network. Very few people, even close friends, used or even knew one another's surnames. Had it not been for my survey work in which I specifically asked for surnames, I would have known the surnames of only two people, both leaders.

ⁱⁱ By contrast, street names in the new formal site to which residents moved in 2001 did not resonate with local experience. Gridded in its format and named for precious metals, the new site refused particularity and the idiosyncratic, alienating residents.

ⁱⁱⁱ In 'Walking the City', Michel de Certeau writes that 'the panorama-city is a "theoretical" (that is, visual) simulacrum, in short a picture, whose condition of possibility is an oblivion and a misunderstanding of practices' (1988: 93), a fiction rendered by a 'voyeur-god' who has made himself alien to 'murky intertwining daily behaviours' (*ibid.*). De Certeau argues that the persons who are imagined as constituting the city have no temporal depth, no history. It is this 'universal subject' who is presumed to 'read' space as though it were a cartographic representation; a map. Tim Ingold has characterised this mode of knowing as that of the surveyor whose task is to combine data 'to produce a single picture which is independent of any point of observation' (2002:191), and, one might add, which rests on a notion of time as standardised (Harvey 1996). Yet, as Nadia Seremetakis (1996) has shown, sensory experiences are modulated by history and historical processes change the possibilities of the experiential. In other words, while developers and planners imagine a universal person as the inhabitant of cities, the actual inhabitants are beings whose experiences are shaped by historical processes and who experience space differently from one another as a result of those processes.

^{iv} Writing of cartographic representation, Stephanija Pandolfo notes that bird's-eye views became popular in Europe during the Renaissance. She comments that the view from afar and above, from a fixed standpoint granted the painter 'the privilege of presentness' (1997:34). Citing Corbin, she compares this (footnote 40, p 320) to Persian miniatures which encourage active participation (and thus a sense of temporal unfolding) on the part of the person examining a painting, not privilege and presentness. The latter creates a viewer,

the former, an itinerant. Cartographic presentness is achieved at the expense of historical depth, and the visual replaces movement as a means to engage space.

^v De Certeau argues that in the last three hundred years the map has become dissociated from stories (itineraries, tours, pilgrimages), pushing away ‘the operations of which it is the result or the necessary condition’ (1988: 121), leaving in their stead only the abstract representation that, he argues, colonises space (*ibid.*; see also Mbembe 2000.). Maps are common currency in modern life, and in that sense, if De Certeau is correct, then we are all made complicit with our own abstraction and colonisation. Edward Casey hints at this too, arguing that ‘disembodiment is a geographic ideal’ (1996: 49, footnote 24).

^{vi} Even this is not as straightforward as it sounds. Discussions with South African urbanites who have visited cities in the US, for example, reveal common difficulties in navigating. Urban South Africans tend to give directions in which a sense of the individual’s orientation and movement are implicit, and often directions assume features in the landscape (e.g. ‘when you reach the station, turn left; carry on straight till you reach Main Rd and turn right’). There is, in these directions, a sense that the instructor is following the route in the imagination: the instructions carry a sense of embodied experience and imply an interpersonal relationality; the instructor accompanies the walker in the mind. American urbanites tend to give more abstracted directions, using the cardinal points of the compass (‘go west on 110th’) and linguistic clues (e.g., ‘avenue’ or ‘street’ signals direction and not, as in South Africa or England, a type or quality of road and its urban/rural/suburban location). Americans generally offer directions that individualized (not relational) in relation to a more abstracted realm.

^{vii} Ian Hacking (1998) describes the emergence in French psychiatry of a classification of ‘dissociative fugue’ to describe people who ‘wandered’ compulsively. They were considered mentally unstable; to lack firm grounding and a home was an indication that something was amiss.

^{viii} De Certeau’s *lieu(x)* has been translated as ‘place’. An alternative might be ‘sites’ but this would not do justice to the openness of De Certeau’s concept. De Certeau’s terminology seems awkward in English, where space is usually used to refer to the abstract and place to the domesticated or known. I have used his rendition of space/place in relation to discussions of his work and the more usual English understandings in relation to Ardener’s work. De Certeau’s argument about ‘the proper’ is particularly germane in relation to an understanding of colonial, modernist and apartheid spatial planning, a topic that is beyond the scope of this paper (but see for example, Caldeira 2000; Pinnock 1989; Rabinow 1995; Robins 2002).

^{ix} Indeed, their lives have been marked by differences in their mobility. He claimed to have travelled widely in Southern Africa, propelled, he said, by curiosity. She had been born in nearby Strand and until she was already in her late twenties, had never been to the city centre, a mere forty kilometres away.