Chapter four

Architectures of Division

> "So it rained yesterday, big news! It is truly sad that most people were praising Cape Town as the best in the world just this week. Very few people know or care to know, that this city is spatially designed along its natural geographic layout to be anti-black. The settlement of our people in the Cape Flats (pay attention to the language here) and the whites along the slopes (from Durbanville to Constantia) of the land is a masterful design. The torrential rains of this city run down the slopes in well-paved and furrowed neighbourhoods with well-maintained drainage systems. Where the blacks live, in the Cape Flats, are literally flat lands where the water running down the slopes of the white suburbs is bound to rise up and flood neighbourhoods without the infrastructural design and support of the leafy suburbs. This is the design of cruel, intelligent people who receive awards in town-planning while servicing the systematic killing of blacks in the ghetto by incorporating geography (the history already destroyed) in deliberate Acts of God. Did you know, that in a very windy city like Cape Town, there are wind-free neighbourhoods for the wealthy? Something has to go give…"
>
> *Sabelo Mcinziba*[1]

Introduction

This chapter might appear as an unusual analysis. After it was written, I reread it as an interlude of walking and moving between interconnected points across the greater Cape Town area and the neighbouring town of Stellenbosch. The chapter's central theme is movement. Hiking, walking,

1 Mcinziba, Sabelo: Facebook post. April 23, 2016.

driving, thinking, standing and feeling, challenged my own understanding of how an analysis of segregated city spaces must be written. Movement is how the work of nature as well as architecture comes to life. Here, I animate that work through my own movement – moving through and above the city, along roads, through corridors, on top of a mountain or at its foothills, allowed me to inhabit the ways in which natural landscape and architecture are set to work together. Without claiming to be extraordinarily innovative, it is solely an attempt at committing to paper the physical spaces in which I actually perceived cohesions of landscape and architecture, in which I thought them, witnessed them, rethought them and conceptualised them. In the previous chapter, I analysed the silences in the dominant discourse of 'dangerous', 'crime-ridden', 'dirty', 'lazy', 'irresponsible' life, versus 'safe', 'clean', 'liveable' and 'profitable' life. Here, I would like to map unequal life, point to it and let it impact the ways I see and perceive the city and its people.

To map unequal life through movement provided me with a foundation for undoing mapping as a discipline of conquering space. Since spaces become first and foremost conquered through mapping, and as an unmapped space cannot be conquered, the history of colonial mapping and the urban planning of conquered spaces is particularly connected to aerial photography. This is why, almost subconsciously, I tried to circumvent aerial photography, as well as other tools of land survey, essentially the technologies of modern mapping. Only later, in the discussions that followed the actual work of confronting different city spaces, did the approach of moving through and above the city and painstakingly covering everything seen and thought become clearer.

Many of my observations and findings, enabled through moving in and above spaces, are of course not new ones. One only needs to look at the websites of the many unions', collectives' and movements'[2] and the texts they contain, to understand that the dominant discourse on unequal life is part of a bigger, historical, political and economic project of erasure in which the Urban Development Discourse, elaborated in previous chapters, plays a key role.

What I would like to do at this point of the book is to formulate what I encountered as segregated/divided city space. How did the engagement with the city from and in these specific spaces help me to frame and name what I

2 Cf. the National Union of Metal Workers South Africa (NUMSA), the Housing Assembly, the Xcollektive, Abahlali base Mjondolo, Ground-Up, Reclaiming the City, Tokolos Stencils, the Rhodes Must Fall and Open Stellenbosch student movements, amongst many others.

experienced as a segregated city? This question meant that for some periods of time, I had to move away from the immediate sites of forced eviction, temporary relocation and instant criminalisation. The study of criminalisation and marginalisation of the working-class/ low-income residents, or, as most of the people I talked to would say, of "the people", forced me to look at the dualities of 'ordinary' and 'extraordinary' life, of 'safe' and 'unsafe' space, 'developed' and 'backward' areas, 'clean' and 'dirty' streets, 'individually' and 'collectively' negotiated homes, 'depressed' and 'joyful' atmospheres, 'profitable' and 'unprofitable' people, and so on. I tried to find a way with which it would be possible to incorporate the city as a whole in the analysis of urban development, criminalisation and marginalisation. When I later read a conversation that Mary Zournazi had with Brian Massumi, I understood that movement as a way to approach the city had been formulated as an actual epistemological idea:

> "When you walk, each step is the body's movement against falling — each movement is felt in our potential for freedom as we move with the earth's gravitational pull. When we navigate our way through the world, there are different pulls, constraints and freedoms that move us forward and propel us into life. But in the changing face of capitalism, media information and technologies — which circulate the globe in more virtual and less obvious ways — how do the constraints on freedom involve our affective and embodied dimensions of experience?"[3]

For me to be able to connect what I was looking at with the broader structures of urban planning, with the discursive settings of the greater city, and with the histories of the spaces, it was necessary to once in a while leave the sites of immediate struggle and friction and separate from the pain that I had accumulated in myself. I knew that I had to acknowledge the pain, to face it, and to ask: what is it exactly that makes this city so painful and unbearable? While this type of analysis was a challenge to my writing habits (as I now had to develop my analyses from these actual physical angles without resorting

3 Zournazi, Mary: Interview with Brian Massumi: *Navigating Movements*. 2002. Online source: https://archive.org/stream/InterviewWithBrianMassumi/intmassumi_djvu.txt Massumi has become a leading voice in conceptualising movement of the body and the related sensations as a source of collecting data in humanities research. Cf. for example: Massumi, Brian: *Parables for the Virtual. Movement, Affects, Sensation*. Durham 2002.

to conversations or things said in other formats), the different perspectives from which this chapter is written provide actual data with which I could work. Each perspective allows me to disentangle broad and vague terms such as inequality or segregation and to define what it is exactly about space and architecture in South Africa that makes us use these terms.

When contemplating the civil and social engineering of South Africa's landscape, segregated space and unequal geographies is what remains the most striking aspect. The binaries of city and township, suburbs and township, working-class and middle-class areas, and the ways in which townships refer to the cities they neighbour, contain different layers of marginalisation, exclusion, hybridity, highly liveable and highly unliveable life, and complex encounters between city spaces and its people. This chapter aims to reflect on urban space in the Western Cape by moving in, viewing, thinking, and understanding the greater Cape Town area and neighbouring Stellenbosch from five different physical angles. Each coordinate and angle widens or narrows the dimension from which to look upon the city; depending on the specific coordinate it becomes unclosed and introduced from. The coordinates create the possibility for several engagements with the city, with its historic and present-day construction, with its architectures of space and cityscapes. They also allow to grapple with the city's present sites of exclusion and marginalisation. Each site is therefore double-loaded with meaning: As much as it stands for itself and unveils very specific dynamics and structures, as much it is a symbolic space that holds specific histories. I see histories of spaces as deeply determinative of their uses, shapes, landscapes and relations to other spaces. But how is it possible to revisit histories of spaces thoroughly? Why is it so important to unravel them? The last question can also be flipped– why and for whom is it important to silence the history of a space? Why should it not be put out there, publicly announced, pointed to and referred to? This chapter will formulate answers to these questions from five different perspectives to the city.

First coordinate: Table Mountain

> "In Cape Town, South Africa, the city in which we reside and the country of which we are citizens, Table Mountain is a powerful focalizing metaphor symbolizing our shared histories and identities of oppression. Yet in the daily reality that informs the myriad perspectives on this mountain, we are con-

> fronted with the pain of continued forms of exclusion, denial and misrecognition. In the context of glaring socio-economic inequity that is overlaid by a public rhetoric of having overcome the pain of our history, imposed boundaries of colour and identity become ossified in the inter-personal encounters of daily life."
>
> *Heidi Grunebaum and Yazir Henry*[4]

The first coordinate I would like to start with is one that has formed the Cape's character ever since its existence. Table Mountain's unique beauty and majestic character is a very ambivalent companion of Capetonian life that reflects on the entire city. Mirrored in the tinted window glass of the city's huge business complexes, it introduces a different perspective to engage with the city and its history. Being used as one of South Africa's main tourist magnets, it also poses questions of accessibility and affiliation. The flat part of the mountain range literary looks like a table, and especially so when embraced by white clouds- a sequence that has been called the *table cloth* in popular sayings. This part of the mountain range that has been portrayed in uncountable travel documentaries, travel guides and postcards, is at the same time the Central Table of the Table Mountain National Park. There are as many hiking trails as a person would need or desire for a lifetime of exploring, wandering, getting lost, and starting over again: Up from Signal Hill, to Lion's Head, across the Central Table, to Devil's Peak, across Back Table, to the Twelve Apostles, to Llandudno Corner, to Karbonkelberg, across Hout Bay to Constantia Berg, to Noordhoek Peak, to Chapman's Peak, down to Kalk Bay Peak, further down to Swartkop Mountain, then to Vasco Da Gama Peak, and finally to Cape Point/Cape of Good Hope at the very edge. For me as a mountaineer, or better yet, as a person who is truly in love with the mountains, several silences would pop up during the many hikes I took throughout the years. Those silences would raise question after question, some of which I would like to try and answer here.

The mountain range holds a unique geographic position, as it sits on the central strip of the Cape and divides the land into two halves. Due to this position, it constitutes on one side the very border of the major site of Cape Town's townships that apartheid architecture and its accomplished racialised

4 Grunebaum, Heidi and Henri, Yazir: *Where the Mountain Meets Its Shadows: A Conversation on Memory, Identity, and Fragmented Belonging in Present-Day South Africa*. in: Strath, Bo and Robins, Ron: Homelands: *The Politics of Space and the Poetics of Power*. Brussels 2003: p.268.

inequality has located on the imposed space of the Cape Flats, and on the other the middle and upper-class suburbs that reside in between the ocean and the mountain, namely the well protected districts of Sea Point, Green Point, Camps Bay, the City Bowl, Gardens, and Table View, amongst others. John Western describes a situation in which "an educated young Jewish woman from Sea Point, Cape Town, was astonished to hear that [he] was pursuing research on the Cape Flats: 'Ooh, how fascinating! And you go out there at night?!'" Western explains that the Cape Flats seemed as "exotic" for her, as the Ituri forest in the Democratic Republic of Congo, even though she lived only 15 kilometres away.[5]

Njabulo Ndebele continues this conversation when he characterises the "contemporary white South African suburb" as an area identifiable through "security fences, parks, lakes, swimming pools, neighbourhood schools and bowling greens".[6] In her extensive work on urban planning in Cape Town, Vanessa Watson illustrates how "patterns of spatial inequity and exclusion are persisting in the post-apartheid era, although they may now be attributed to income inequalities and poverty, rather than to legal racial barriers. At a general level, the clear divisions in Cape Town between wealthier areas and poorer areas remain, and have intensified."[7]

Looking down from the top of the Central Table, the actual shapes in which the suburbs were architecturally made become illuminated. Vredehoek, Sea Point, Betty's Bay, Clifton, Camps Bay, and Bakoven are engrafted in and embraced by the mountain range and its foothills. They stand there as if nature has rolled out a mountain carpet while synchronously pasting human suburbs into its patterns. The idyll is not interrupted, not in the view from up the mountain. Even the roads and drives connecting the suburbs shine, appearing as romantic routes that beckon the viewer. The reflection of the lighted ocean shimmers on the glass of the windows adoring the houses.

Depending on the time of the day and the weather, which brings clouds or draws them away, the suburbs evoke different images and feelings. From VIP-zones, to cosy coves, to boundless beauty – every one of these perceptions is possible. But if one's eyes are ready to perceive differently, to per-

5 Western, John: *Outcast Cape Town*. Minneapolis 1982: p.25.

6 Ndebele, Njabulo: *Fine Lines from the Box – Further Thoughts About Our Country*. Cape Town 2007: p.61.

7 Watson, Vanessa: *Change and Continuity in Spatial Planning – Metropolitan Planning in Cape Town under Political Transition*. London 2002: p.145.

ceive something other than what the dominant view on the suburbs dictates, the composition of houses, police stations, schools, shops, and churches, suddenly reveals something that gets hidden in the narrative of Capetonian beach life - the one that invites people from Europe and elsewhere: pensioners, exchange students, adventurists, entrepreneurs, designers and others to come to Cape Town and stay or spend a part of their lives. It is only from above that all the dimensions of the insularity of each suburb become uncovered. What becomes visible is the separateness from the rest, the unresolvable distance created through the insistence on the idyll, the social and political formation of seclusion. From the top of the mountain, the architecture of buildings, gardens and their fencing, their coverage with grass and plants, the streets and roads in between, their access to each other, and their claim for nature to embed them, form the bigger picture that is needed to understand how Cape Town's suburbs create their relation to the physical outside and what they fence themselves off against.

But that Other, the one that must be excluded not only from the physical space of the suburb but also from the narrative of what forms the suburb politically, socially, and economically, is not made non-existent by using the mountain range to cut the suburbs off from their counterparts. It exists and resides on the other side of the mountain. The question then is, what does the suburb not want to face? What is it that the narrative and the physical arrangement of the suburb exiled to the other side? I am asking this simple question because it is important to emphasise that those exiled compose Cape Town's majority. The answer to this question is not "the poor," but "the majority". Therefore, to fence off against the majority of the people, at least a mountain range is needed.

Other elites in cities with huge township populations might use other mechanisms to create guarded areas for themselves, but besides security control and the industry that comes with the politico-economic decision to create "secure" areas – a topic that I dwelled on in the last chapter – the mountain is made into a central device to create this setting. It supports the guarded areas not only practically through its actual position and massifs, but it also forms psychological support, something strong and massive enough to back the construct of the suburb. In between the minority and majority there lies a "massive" distance.

The use of nature as borders of segregated city space also means a repositioning of its social meaning - mountains or rivers gain a totally new relevance and function. They are no longer merely sites of joy and leisure but become

discursive material of strategic use. Another aspect to nature other than its forming of borders is its unequal distribution. As adumbrated above, one particularity of Western Cape cities is that they are embraced by and interspersed with nature. In breath-taking sceneries, mountains, forests, waterfalls, wetlands, and the ocean come together, forming biologically one of the most diverse areas of the planet. Cape Town especially is located in an area of great biological diversity. Whereas most affluent suburbs are backed by the mountain and bounded by the sea, the majority of low-income communities have a different perspective on Table Mountain, as Heidi Grunebaum and Yazir Henri emphasise.[8] Placed on the margins of the cities, most of them are alienated from the physical space of nature. The lack of access prevents the chance to inhabit and personalise spaces of nature or create them as spheres of belonging. To reach the mountain from the Cape Flats can mean changing minibus-taxis three times before getting there. The high cost of public transport to go there and back prevents most people from making mountain hikes a regular undertaking. The part of the population that has easy access uses a hike up Lion's Head to do exercise, the paths of Newlands Forest for mountain biking, and the many beaches for family picnics or after work jogging. The incorporation of nature by those with access allows for them to relate to it through its personalisation and integration into their own everyday lives. Premised on unequal and segregated geographies that afflict nature as well, this relationship is limited mostly to occupants of the middle and upper classes. In this vein, the imposed exclusionary feature of nature adds a passive, brutal aspect to its beauty.

At this point, I would like to include an anecdote and reference camera footage that Prune Martinez took during a visit to Table Mountain with Ala Hourani and Tazneem Wentzel. The three had organised a drumming session with children and youth from Kalkfontein on top of Table Mountain. Most of the youngsters had never been to Table Mountain before. At that time, Hourani was a drumming teacher and worked with children in Kalkfontein and other neighbourhoods/townships. Kalkfontein is a small township on the outskirts of Bellville, enclosed in a triangular piece of land between Van Riebeeck Road, Kuils River Road, and Polkadraai Drive, just behind the

8 Grunebaum, Heidi and Henri, Yazir: *Where the Mountain Meets Its Shadows: A Conversation on Memory, Identity, and Fragmented Belonging in Present-Day South Africa*. in: Strath, Bo and Robins, Ron: Homelands: The Politics of Space and the Poetics of Power. Brussels 2003: p.268.

University of the Western Cape and not far from Blikkiesdorp. The *Kalkfontein Freedom Drummers* and Hourani, Martinez and Wentzel were drumming on top of the Central Table, when a *white* mountain guide started yelling at them: "Shut uuuuuup…..shut up you monkeys!". Martinez explains how the guide was repeating himself over and over again, insulting the children as monkeys. She filmed him yelling, but he would not calm down. "The guide was worried for the group of tourists he was guiding that they would not be able to see the dassies, an animal species that lives in between rocks in different parts of the Table Mountain National Park. A tourist of that same group sat down at one of the youngsters' drums, posing to be photographed by fellow tourists while pointing to the *Kalkfontein Freedom Drummers* in her background."[9]

Landscape emerges as an organising principle of a set of spatial dichotomies, of access and non-access, of comfort and alienation, of spatial power and spatial oppression. Millions of similar anecdotes sit on the city's shoulders — on its streets, in its buildings, on top of its mountains. Watching the groups of people that approach the Central Table by cable car reveals the social fabric of those who have the means to incorporate Table Mountain as a family destination.

Alienation from natural landscape has been produced and reproduced historically. Farieda Khan centres on exactly this issue:

> "The interaction of people with Table Mountain was determined by their race and class, which effectively meant that Whites used the mountain for pleasure while Blacks either enabled this enjoyment or used the mountain for survival purposes […]. Climbing to the summit of Table Mountain became a popular leisure activity among visitors to the Cape and upper class locals by the mid-to-late nineteenth century."[10]

At the same time, when pointing to the histories of alienation from natural landscape, it is crucial to keep in mind resistance to these legacies. Members of the *Cape Province Mountain Club* (*CPMC*)[11], formed in 1931, continue to organise mountain hikes and to create awareness around the use of nature and the various empowering relationships people can build with its many

9 Martinez, Prune: Conversation on August 25, 2017.

10 Khan, Farieda: *The Politics of Mountaineering in the Western Cape, South Africa – Race, Class and the Mountain Club of South Africa: The First Forty Years, 1891–1931*. in: Acta Academica. Volume 50. NO 2: p.57.

11 Cf. http://capeprovince-mountainclub.co.za/index.php/cpmc.

facets. The club was founded as a response to the racist *Mountain Club of South Africa*[12], of which powerful political figures like Cecil Rhodes were members and in which no *black* and Jewish people were allowed.[13] The historically *white* Mountain Club was founded in 1830. Later, it deployed soldiers in the infantry brigade of South Africa in World War I.[14] Today, its main webpage slogan (Cape Town Section) states: "Welcome to the Mountain Club of South Africa – Cape Town Section"; next line: "Exploring and protecting our mountains for 125 years."[15] "Exploration" and "Protection" are popular concepts in both – colonial and postapartheid knowledge production. But appropriation, alienation, murder and displacement remain unspoken of, because they are four words that the Rainbow-Nation discourse cannot tolerate- not if they become commonly used. All of them would open up discussions on the past and the present. Colonialism and apartheid would become unveiled as huge survivors. The legacies of the past? Of course, they are spoken of, but under what frame and for the benefit of whom? The enslaved? The forced labourers? The Khoi and the San? "Runaways" living in the mountain? The people who knew the mountain, its waters, trees, rock formations, stones, animals, and medical plants, before 1652? The genocide of slavery has pushed them into books, poetry, performative art, various constellations of collective memory; but they must not occupy public space and discourse. Otherwise, established politico-economic structures become threatened. The question is: Who benefits and fears to lose, and who becomes silenced, excluded, and marginalised?

But at the same time as analysing this question, collective approaches that work to emancipate from these violent structures must be pointed out, too. The formation of *CPMC* alone bears evidence of a historical urge to personalise the mountain in combination with a deep sense of community that at the same time takes a clear political stance: It is against colonialism's, apartheid's, and the postapartheid's ability to alienate from nature and what rightfully should be inhabitable to all "people". In other words, this urge is against historical and systematic exclusion and marginalisation. Paul Hendrix, a long-time active member of *CPMC* explained in a conversation:

12 Cf. http://cen.mcsa.org.za/.

13 Cf. Ibid. and conversation with Paul Hendrix. August 24,2017.

14 Nasson, Bill: *Delville Wood and South African Great War Commemoration*. in: The English Historical Review. Volume 119, No 480. February 2004: p.71.

15 http://www.mcsacapetown.co.za/.

> "I was working in the CPMC outreach or development programme with marginalised youth for some time. So much of what we did as a collective was to consider, through our activities, how we could reclaim the mountain as a historical and social space for marginalised youth who had been alienated from it since and even before the apartheid era given the history of segregation, forced removals, dispossession and dislocation. The social ills of gangsterism, drugs, crime and so on impacting black working class youth today and links to alienation and marginalisation has to a large degree been a driving force for our collective interventions, particularly through the Schools Environmental Education Project (SEEP).[16] SEEP actually has an organic link to CPMC as it emerged through the support of the club in 2000. This continues at present though both organisations are not particularly strong given their heavy dependence on social activism and voluntary contributions. For more information, I've attached a clip on CPMC produced in collaboration with the District Six Museum."[17]
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> Still standing on top of the Central Table and looking down on Camps Bay, the view to the Other[18] side is not a long walk away; one only needs to turn around, start off from the western side and head east.

On that Other side, wooden and iron shacks placed on winding roads, encapsulated in fenced areas with a few entrances, look at the mountain with questioning eyes and the mouth wide open. They have been marked as high crime areas that the orderly inhabitants of the other side of the mountain are called upon to avoid and circumnavigate. Some township areas that verge on highways are flagged by huge digital signs that warn the car driver: "High Crime Area – Do Not Stop Your Car", as is the case with Bonteheuwel and Langa on the N2 Highway. Since Ocean View township borders on a part of Noordhoek Beach, 'high crime' area signs are placed on its wealthy part, asking the beach visitor to not move more than 500 meters away from the sign. Townships and informal settlements were created as dangerous spheres of

16 Cf. https://www.facebook.com/Schools-Environmental-Education-Project-SEEP-213681591989576/.

17 Conversation with Paul Hendrix. August 24, 2017. The link to the video-clip he attached: https://vimeo.com/180298774.

18 This "Other side" is where the Cape Flats, that include the majority of Western Cape townships and at the same time the majority of Cape Town's inhabitants, are situated. An inheritance of colonial and apartheid spatial planning, they have remained the sites with the highest poverty rates.

non-belonging to the rest of the city. How must a person living here try to create equal relationships with the physical outside, or better, with that other, wealthy side?

The mountain appears to press down most attempts at starting to imagine oneself a person who will endure school, study hard, enter university, get a bursary, finish, find a job, and change sides.

Here, reflecting on divided city spaces is not synonymous with an absolute generalisation. Not every single individual living in a township or informal settlement becomes excluded, marginalised and criminalised in a manner that prevents him or her from leaving the township. Moreover, not everyone who leaves the township is thirsty to accept and inhabit the suburbs' logics, lifestyles, and discourses. This kind of assumptions would reinforce the binary of the colonial position, rather than disentangle the many complex layers in which the Urban Development Discourse has an impact. The aim of this work is under no circumstances to create townships and informal settlements as a homogenous entity or to reproduce fixed notions about township and informal settlement residents, but to specify how precisely the dominant discourse on townships, informal settlements, and other working-class areas, homogenises notions of space and people. The argument is that criminalisation and marginalisation of low-income residents/"the people", are solely possible through this discursive homogenisation.

But how is it possible to think and phrase this dominant discourse? Sunu Gonera's words, at an event organised by the Cape Town Partnership[19], ring in my ears: "As long as you work hard and don't give up, you can go to school wherever you want, let it be Bishobscourt or Camps Bay. I also lived in a township. I know how that is. But with the right will and motivation, everything is possible". Ilham Rawoot, a journalist and writer who attended that same event, quotes him in an article on the Cape Town Partnership:

> "Then there was the film director Sunu Gonera. The man has some good credentials – he was awarded a scholarship to a private school in Zimbabwe and now makes documentaries. He went on a long stroking session about how he has made it in Los Angeles. "One day I was talking to Clint Eastwood" … "I go up and down between LA" … "I have dinner with some of the best film directors in the world."

19 The Cape Town Partnership is a semi-private, semi-governmental institution (see chapter three).

> He tells his story to 'boys at Bishops" and "boys in Khayelitsha", because he wants to show them that if he could make it, they can make it. That's motivating in theory, although it dismisses the fact that most of the children in Khayelitsha will not receive scholarships, because their classroom windows are broken and their teachers don't get paid much and many of them risk being stabbed for R10 on their way to school. Most of those children will not have the opportunity to excel in the classroom."[20]

Besides the narrative that Gonera and the Cape Town Partnership constructed in that specific event, even if that "everything" Gonera speaks about would be possible, what is it that one will have to leave behind? It is difficult to justify the changing of sides when it is you who made it out of hundreds of thousands. How does one refer then to the other side? Will it be like Makalima-Ngewana, former head of the Cape Town Partnership, who repeatedly said in one of our conversations, "I also have a brother in Langa. I know the township"? During the event titled, "How do we inspire a new generation of active citizens in Cape Town?" at which Gonera spoke, the question of responsibility was central. People must be responsible for themselves – it is people's responsibility to achieve personal success. This closely resembles the national government's request to South Africans that was formulated in a declaration released in July 2015. *Eyewitness News* singles out four quotes from statements made by 1) the ANC, 2) a political analyst, 3) a journalist, and 4) by the South African Communist Party that is part of the tripartite alliance with the ANC and the South African trade unions' umbrella organisation COSATU:

> "On Wednesday night, the ANC-led alliance released a declaration that also said communities must be taught that with rights comes responsibilities. Many economists have warned that government could soon run out of money because of what it spends on social grants and civil service salaries. Political analyst Nic Borain says this comment shows the ANC is coming face to face with the fact South Africa needs more money. 'The levels of expectations are unrealistic. You disempower people if you constantly give them the message, know it's your right and government will deliver it.' Econometrix economist Azar Jammine says this is a good move by the ANC. 'Because it's this kind of change of attitude and the direction that the alliance is now calling for that will start rectifying the structural weaknesses of the

20 The Con article. Rawoot, Ilham: *Cape Town's Pretend Partnership*. March 5, 2014.

> economy.' The South African Communist Party (SACP) says this comment is a call to South Africans to stand up and develop themselves."[21]

Having arrived at the eastern part of the Central Table, I wonder, how did this become the official narrative? What political and economic structures, what systems of thought, and what discursive practices made this possible? Since apartheid has ended, Khayelitsha, Mitchell's Plain, Langa, Nyanga, Bonteheuwel, Hanover Park, Lavender Hill, Gugulethu, Kalkfontein, and many others; all continue to maintain their same economic status because of a lack of "responsibility". And the informal settlements in Woodstock and Bo Kaap? According to this narrative, people living in unofficial housing must be the most irresponsible, least willing to change their "attitude" and "develop themselves". Looking down from the top of the mountain I say to myself, "so Kalkfontein is an attitude".

The way responsibility is discussed in this official narrative also explains the discursive framing of crime in South Africa. Besides the specific notions of crime and criminal identities that are inscribed on Cape Town, Johannesburg, and Durban, and the titles given to them– such as "the most dangerous" / "the most murderous" / "the most criminal" / "the most violent city on earth" – the mountain holds a different position in this discourse. On the one hand, as I pointed to earlier, it serves as a practical and psychological assistant to the constitution of the suburbs, and on the other hand, it is portrayed as a terra incognita, a space where "bushmen"[22] and criminals gather, live in caves, come down to steal and to rape, having escaped the *civilising mission*. As much as hiking is advertised as a major Capetonian activity that belongs on every tourist's to-do list, it is the site of the undetected, one that invokes fear and produces sustained anxieties. As such, the mountain is a good example of how the polarity of minority and majority, of life and survival, constructs its own paradoxes and extremes.

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21 Eyewitness News article. Grootes, Stephen: *Economists welcome ANC's policy shifts*. July 3, 2015.

22 The Khoi and the San later merged to become the Khoisan due to forced removals from the lands they inhabited, loss of their livelihoods, different forms of killings committed against them, and other violences inflicted by the colonial Dutch and British. They were given various derogatory names by the different colonial administrations, and by members of the settler society. "Hottentots" and "Bushmen" are two examples of thesesystematic attempts to create inferiority through naming. (see chapter one).

Driving down south, taking Boyes Drive short cut towards Muizenberg, arriving with the mountain behind and the ocean greeting from the coast down in Muizenberg, the hike up Ou Kraal trail is one of my favourite ways of accessing the mountain. The path is quite steep and hence takes one quick to the top where there opens up a surreal scene of rocks and Protea trees standing their chance to be circled by mist and sun at the same time. Yet every time I go alone, people's warnings, especially those of my landlords, ring in my ears: "It is dangerous. Are you mad going there alone? They will come and rob you and God knows what else." The mountain over Boyes Drive in particular evokes fear. "Don't go there! Can't you see Mitchell's Plain is so close?" Yes, Mitchell's Plain[23] is very close. Close enough that one can count a part of its houses and shacks from up Kalk Bay Peak and draw an imaginary line, one that suddenly connects Mitchell's Plain to neighbouring Kalk Bay and Muizenberg, two suburbs in Cape Town's south-east that are famous for their nightlives, cafés, restaurants, and wealth. Metaphorically speaking, one needs two strings, one leading from Kalk Bay to Muizenberg and halfway to Mitchell's Plain, and one leading from Mitchell's Plain halfway to Muizenberg, and a strap in which both strings can snap into. I imagine it to be like a curse, one that does not allow one to scratch Mitchell's Plain off the shoulders of Muizenberg and Kalk Bay residents as though it were an annoying fly. Muizenberg/Kalk Bay would have to face Mitchell's Plain and either keep shouting in its people's faces that they are irresponsible, lazy citizens – like people who repeat themselves being wound up in a specific imagination, too fearful to change their perspective -, or they would have to start to listen and ask themselves questions: What does isolated unequal life mean? How is it perceived, how does it become endured and survived and what are the views of the people living it?

But of course, there is no curse and without it, no politicians, economists, enough journalists, or residents of the other side of the mountain listening. What remains is the fear to go to the mountain. That fear of becoming a victim of "crime", is the only ghost that haunts all those that are not listening. It is almost impossible to think the mountain without that fear.

23 Mitchell's Plain is one of the biggest townships situated in the Cape Flats.

Second coordinate: Vredehoek Quarry

> "Dear City of Cape Town...
> My body remembers the history of slaves here, everywhere I go there are monuments in the likes of Jan Smuts - next to the Slave Lodge... This city is not built in my hearts desires, everywhere it hurts... My feet have callouses inherited from my mothers and her mothers mother... Here stand building tall and wide built by enslaved hands, here in the reconstruction I see black men layer brick upon brick to erect sky scrapers but still you refuse to reflect my hearts desires... the only history you allow is the one I see my body defeated and dead... no image of me celebrated... you are always asking me to die - AND I SAY NO! THE REVOLUTION MUST EMANCIPATE ME TO LIVE! NO MORE BLACK DEAD BODIES, WE HAVE DIED ENOUGH... #MVELO "
>
> *Khanyisile Mintho Mbongwa*[24]

To most Capetonians, the quarry above Vredehoek is unknown. It lies at the bottom of Devil's Peak, the mountain peak that neighbours the Central Table on its north-west. One can easily pass the quarry without noticing it, as finding it would require one to walk through an old, run-down, half-hidden and dark tunnel made of concrete that leads to it. Outside, no indication of a quarry is visible. But if one pays attention, next to the tunnel there stands a very recently erected sign that refers to the quarry. It does not speak about the quarry's history, about when it was worked in or by whom. The sign is solely given a title: Murray & Stewart Quarry. Nothing more. Once one has walked through the tunnel, an unexpected scene is revealed. The quarry's high walls accentuate the massiveness of the stone. On the bottom of the quarry, a lake has formed that deepens the impression of insularity the place radiates. Its water mirrors the open stone, embracing all its different colours, taking me back mentally to the time before the quarry was abandoned. Revisiting the quarries and connecting their histories to the practices of exclusion today, opens up a different angle for reading the city.

Just as prisoners on Robben Island were forced to work in the island's quarries,[25] many other quarries were workplaces of slaves, prisoners and

24 Mintho Mbongwa, Khanyisile: Facebook post. June 5, 2016.

25 Mandela, Nelson: *Long Walk to Freedom*. Boston 1995: part 64; Worden, Nigel; van Heyningen, Elizabeth; and Bickford-Smith, Vivian: *Cape Town: The Making of a City*. Cape Town 1998: p.139.

forced labourers. Everyone who has read Mandela's *Long Walk to Freedom*, visited Robben Island, or has watched a documentary on the years of Mandela's imprisonment on the island, knows about the lime quarry and its white rocks whose reflection of light hurt the eyes and cause long-term damage. Most sources mention that political prisoners were forced to work in the lime quarry and general prisoners in the stone quarry.[26] But the quarrying on Robben Island had been initiated long before the island was turned into a prison. The first records of an enslaved person working at a quarry are those of a 30-year-old woman from Madagascar, whom the officials of the *Dutch East India Company* named Eva. She was brought to the Cape in 1654, only two years after Van Riebeeck's arrival. During her first years as a slave, she was deployed to serve Jan van Herwerden, a senior sergeant of the Company who had captured her in Madagascar. Later in 1657, she was sent to work at the Robben Island quarry, since the officials of the Company "considered her strong enough to carry the quarry stones".[27] The stories of the uncountable enslaved and forced labourers who extracted the very stone of which South Africa's cities are made, remain untold in the public discourse. The city of Cape Town is especially unique in this regard:

> "The point was that by the beginning of the eighteenth century slavery had become the basis of the economic and social position of a large proportion of the settler community. This was made inevitable by the establishment of extensive arable agriculture based on slave labor and the subsequent widespread incidence of slaveholding. As the colony expanded and diversified, slavery continued to play a key function both in its economy and in the social attitudes of its inhabitants. In the south-western district a group of farmers described as a 'landed-gentry' by several recent historians based their wealth on slave production whose local power led to a remarkably closed slave system. Meanwhile slave labour was becoming important elsewhere, especially in Cape Town during the eighteens century. The critical issue is the way in which an institution established by the VOC [Vereenigde Oost-Indische Compagnie / Dutch East India Company] developed in the context of local economic and social circumstances to produce a complex slave society."[28]

26 Mandela, Nelson: *Long Walk to Freedom*. Boston 1995: part 64.

27 South African History Online: *History of slavery and early colonisation in South Africa – The first slaves at the Cape*. April 2, 2015.

28 Worden, Nigel: *Slavery in Dutch South Africa*. Cambridge 1985: p.18.

The ocean was pushed back to allow more space between it and the mountain range. In order to enable this huge surgical intervention and to build the harbour, as well as mountain passes, streets, castles and other buildings, stone had to be extracted and processed.[29] The remnants of the later abandoned quarries recall that history, although nobody is asking questions, no institution deals with it, and no *Table Mountain National Park* signs commemorate that history. At some quarries, visitors find signs that record when the quarry was built and until when it functioned, but no indication is made of who created the quarries and who extracted the stone.

The quarries that are retraceable at the National Archives and whose remnants are still visible today, are the Robben Island lime and stone quarries; Vredehoek Quarry, also named Smit's Quarry or Murray & Stewart Quarry, whose stone was used for road material. Next to it stands Reid's Quarry, which has been turned into a shooting range. There is also, 700 meters further northeast, the Devil's Peak Quarry; then, Higgovale Quarry, Kloof Quarry, Lion's Head Granite Quarry, and Bellevue Quarry of which all four are located above Oranjezicht district. The latter was built to supply granite for the construction of the Cecil Rhodes memorial. The stone of Graaf's Pool Quarry in Sea Point was used to build the Sea Point railway line; Lakeview Quarry 1 and 2 above Boyes Drive delivered quartzitic sandstone and were worked already at the end of the 18th century. Kalk Bay Quarry's remnants lie in a private garden and are therefore inaccessible; its stone served the construction of the Huguenot Memorial Hall. There is also Delbridge Quarry and Glencairn Quarry in Fish Hoek; Simon's Town Quarry, and right next to it, Jackson Quarry, whose sandstone was used to build the Simon's Town harbour. The Lion's Rump or Signal Hill Quarries, also named the three Bo-Kaap Quarries in later popular sayings, are today known as Strand Street Quarry, Schotschekloof Quarry, and Signal Hill Quarry. Other sites in which slaves, forced labourers, and later contract workers worked were salt pans and different kind of mines.

This list of abandoned and retraceable quarries might be useful for anyone who decides to conduct further research on the quarries and the people who worked them. To identify these sites is also a starting point for the uncovering of the dynamics of slavery at the Cape. Other sites, like the quarry above Rhine Road/Sea Point, were filled in and disappeared once new vege-

29 Cf. ibid: p. 16-17.

tation covered them.[30] Close to the Rhine Road quarry, just above Glengariff Road, was another quarry, of which the only account in the National Archives is a 1961 denied leasing application to build a "Ladies shooting Club" named "Revolver Range".[31] Barbara Beryl Scott writes about the Glengariff quarry in her *Memories of Growing Up* (in Cape Town), that "there was a small disused quarry on the hill near us and we would go there to play".[32] Other quarries that remained unused and disappeared garnered the same degree of attention. These two records are the only documentations that makes the quarry above Glengariff Road traceable.

The documentation of quarries that were abandoned but not filled in and thus remained visible until today is not much more extensive. Except for the Vredehoek Quarry that was given a sign with a title, nothing indicates the quarries at their physical sites. No signs, no badges, no engravings on the stone. Most quarries are not even marked on the different maps of the Western Cape or Cape Town, also not on the extensively used Google Maps. It is as if they do not exist.[33] With this non-existence, their histories have been rendered non-existent as well. Robert Semple writes in his 1804 traveller's account: "...we soon came to the quarries at the bottom of the Lion's Rump, whence all the stone has been obtained, and still continues to be taken for building the town. In the principal quarry was a great crowd of slaves, which on approaching nearer we found to consist principally of Malays."[34] After his

30 South African National Archives – Cape Town Archives Repository: DEPOT: KAB; SOURCE: 3/CT; TYPE: LEER; VOLUME_NO: 4/1/11/124; SYSTEM: 01; REFERENCE: G6/3/11/37; PART: 1; DESCRIPTION: GENERAL PURPOSES COMMITTEE. CITY LAND. APPLICATIONS TO PURCHASE. MATTERS REFERRED TO PROPERTY COMMITTEE. OLD QUARRY AT TOP OF RHINE ROAD. 1948.

31 South African National Archives – Cape Town Archives Repository: DEPOT: KAB; SOURCE: 3/CT; TYPE: LEER; VOLUME_NO: 4/1/11/141; SYSTEM: 01; REFERENCE: G6/1/106/5; PART: 1; DESCRIPTION: GENERAL PURPOSES COMMITTEE. CITY LAND. APPLICATION TO LEASE.REFUSED. SITE FOR REVOLVER RANGE FOR LADIES SHOOTING CLUB.QUARRY NEAR GLENGARIFF ROAD, SEA POINT. 1961.

32 Account archived in The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day-Saints's family search website: https://familysearch.org/photos/artifacts/4008743.

33 The Land Survey student Mahyar Bineshtarigh provided me with a map that he created based on a data collection of the Geoscientist Doug Cole. Link to the map: https://www.google.com/maps/d/viewer?mid=1helN5bWOiKB3YJuE39WgLLgYy1I&ll=-34.05641908089775%2C18.401702500000056&z=10.

34 Semple, Robert: *Walks and Sketches at the Cape of Good Hope- to which is subjoined- A Journey from Cape Town to Blettenberg's Bay*. London 1805: p.86.

witnessing of a cockfight inside the quarry, Semple continues to recount their way further up Signal Hill. This is it. Nothing more. A view from above the quarries, two sentences, and the journey continues. But what we can understand through this glimpse of Semple is the normality with which slaves were forced to work in the quarries. Nothing gets hidden; lifetime work in the quarries is supposed to be normal life. Just as normal as it is today that the city was built by someone, but no institution says by whom. Since I heard the story of the pushed-back ocean in different conversations with different people, I assume that it is part of general knowledge about the city. But it seems that there are no public accounts about the quarries and the forced labour. The story of who built the city remains untold. No maps, leaflets, signs, memorials, indicate that the city was built by slaves.

This also explains why I was surprised when an exhibition was put up in the Bo-Kaap Museum in early 2016, titled "Who built Cape Town?" But I was disappointed the moment I entered the space. The explanation on the museum's website claims that the exhibition is "dedicated to the slaves, convicts, and free workers who built the city". But what is actually exhibited neither really speaks about the enslaved, nor does it frame the exhibition in relation to the effects of the genocide of slavery. In a tiny room, four walls are covered with photographs, paintings, and explanations. One painting shows three people working on the roof of a building who may or may not have been slaves. The painting is without comment. In a photograph, a stone quarry and its workers are pictured, but no explanation is provided about the history of the quarry or about who the people were that worked in the quarry. The rest of the exhibition deals with the professions *black* people were allowed to occupy in the 20th century, the Cape carnival that was formed by slaves, and racial discrimination on Cape Town's streets. Through not speaking about the people who worked in the quarries and the forced labour associated with the building of the city, the exhibition, more than illuminating the history of slavery at the Cape, erases the proportion of hardship and violence inflicted on the enslaved. An appropriate title for this exhibition would be "Disremembering slavery at the Cape", or "Silencing those who built the city of Cape Town". It almost seems as if the exhibition serves as an alibi, to cover up the provincial and city governments' reluctance to create deep conversations about forced labour and how it relates to present-day questions. Even the Slave Lodge, the very museum in Cape Town's city centre that is fully dedicated to the history of slavery at the Cape, does not speak about the use of slave and forced labour in

the building of the province's cities. Robert Shell, Sandra Shell and Mogamat Kamedien make this point very clear when they write:

> "...the people of South Africa are poorly served with the sort of public memorials and museum displays commemorating slavery which have appeared in West Africa, England, the United States and elsewhere. In Cape Town a Hitleresque statue of Cecil John Rhodes stands next to an un- marked slave bell which called the Lodge slaves to their urban plantation, now euphemistically called the City's Botanical Gardens. A solitary but well-hidden plaque commemorates the old slave tree in Bureau Street un- der which slaves were sold. South Africa's "door of no return"—the old en- trance, now rear entrance to the Slave Lodge on Parliament Street—is used only for rubbish removal. Iziko museums has made no formal attempt to establish the Lodge as a world heritage site despite much encouragement from Unesco and local researchers. Indeed, apart from the standing exhibition in the Lodge, the model of the slave lodge at Vergelegen and the memorial at Elim, it is hard to think of another commemorative site in the Western Cape. This memory gap is no doubt partly a result of underfunding, but one also suspects shame and denial."[35]

As a general observation of the place of quarries and forced labour in the public discourse on who built the city, it only remains to be said that the official presentation of the quarries cuts them off from their history. In the colonial imagination, the inscribed dogma of a people without history, these same people have been rendered a people that have never existed.

The only incident that disrupts this silence is when a mass grave is found. We have seen in chapter three how even the dead can be forcibly removed, how construction companies have the last say on whether their developments can be disrupted, how a mass grave with bodily remains of slaves must make space for luxury apartments to be built and sold. Looking at a different mass grave, Oddveig Nicole Sarmiento shows how the burial ground that lies underneath the University of Cape Town's Middle Campus, most probably underneath the Economics Department's building, has been neglected and never criti-

35 Shell, Robert; Shell, Sandra and Kamedien, Mogamat (eds.): *Bibliographies of Bondage*. Cape Town 2007: p.viii.

cally dealt with.[36] The dead, those who extracted the stone for the city, those who built the city, were nameless during their lifetime and remain nameless today. In contrast, this is not the case for those who enslaved them and who had come to inhabit, to own, and to oppress. The statues and memorials of Cecil Rhodes, Jan van Riebeeck, Jan Smuts, and Louis Botha are present in all over Cape Town. The inscription on Botha's statue that stands in front of the national parliament, celebrates him as "Farmer – Warrior – Statesman". Not only do the big figures of colonialism continue to be portrayed, memorialised, and celebrated, but the mountain side – the very space were the quarries have been abandoned and with them the bones of the dead –carries signs and metal badges that commemorate those who have been in charge of the construction of dams, trails, and quarries. For example, Thomas Stewart is commemorated; he is the engineer of the Woodhead Dam construction that is situated two walking hours south of the Central Table, right on the Back Table between Bakoven Bay on its one side and Kirstenbosch Botanical Garden on its other. The sign next to the dam that was mounted in 2008 claims:

> "International Historic Civil Engineering Landmark – Woodhead Dam – Built between 1893 and 1897, the Woodhead Dam was the first large masonry dam in South Africa. A regional water system with a major reservoir was a bold venture requiring difficult construction in a remote area. Innovative techniques, including an aerial cableway to carry materials, were needed. The dam's successful completion paved the way for sister dams that continue to supply water to Cape Town and environs and established young Thomas Stewart, the engineer who designed and managed the project, as a leading water engineer and reliable consultant. Stewart is known as the father of consulting engineering in South Africa.
>
> Presented by the South African Institution of Civil Engineering and the American Society of Civil Engineers – 1 August 2008."

The engraving of the year in which the dam was completed recalls:

> "The Corporation of the City of Cape Town – This the last stone of the dam was laid by HIS WORSHIP the MAYOR SIR JOHN WOODHEAD, JP, on the first

36 Cf. Sarmiento, Nicole Oddveig: *On Burial Grounds and City Spaces – Reconfiguring the Normative*. in: Haber, Alejandro and Shepherd, Nick: *After Ethics - Ancestral Voices and Post-Disciplinary Worlds in Archaeology*. New York 2015.

day of May 1897. Being the year of the diamond jubilee of her most gracious majesty Queen Victoria."

Similar examples are the sign next to the De Villiers Reservoir, about two kilometres south-east of the Woodhead Dam, and the plaque below the King's Blockhouse at Devil's Peak that commemorates the British forester Frank Jarman. What is important here is to look at what these signs reveal about the city, provincial, and national institutions' political engagement with the past of the city and thereby with South Africa's past. The question is, what is it that must be avoided and how does it relate to the city's present-day social engineering? There is meaning in fading out who built the city and instead commemorating single engineers of the colonial apparatus and other members of the settler society. Even if it is hard to prove that there is intention in this silence, that it is not only passive silence but an active suppression of the past, even if we assume that this past was buried in oblivion unintentionally on the institutional level, then still, this amnesia is discursively embedded in another, dominant narrative of the city. The dead of the quarries, of the dams, and of other sites of slavery and forced labour become alienated from the narration of the spaces through memorialising practices that silence their role in the landscaping of mountain sites and city, and which obscure the socio-economic conditions under which they were forced to live. What is supposed to be forgotten is the historical exploitation and the link between those who had no voice in the past and those who have no voice today. If those who built the city and the conditions under which they did so were to be emphasised, then the political and economic relations of the enslaved and their oppression with the marginalised and excluded of today would be established.

Inequality is a condition that has been produced historically. It is a manufactured product of colonialism and apartheid which has been maintained in the postapartheid period through capitalist modes of production, informed by colonial and apartheid discourse. Inequality has been embedded in the land ever since the beginning of colonialism. After the official abolition of slavery, other laws were implemented to systematise that inequality. The Master and Servants Act of 1856 that was "designed to enforce discipline on ex-slaves, peasants, pastoralists, and rural proletariat"[37] and to ensure obedience of servants to their employers; the Native Land Act of 1913 that allocated 93%

37 Simons, H.J. and Simons, R.E.: *Class and Colour in South Africa 1850-1950*. Aylesbury 1969: p.23.

of South Africa's land to the *white* population and prohibited the sale of land to *blacks*; the Native Urban Areas Act of 1923 that reduced access of *blacks* to the cities and forced them to carry permits to enter the cities at all times; the Industrial Conciliation Act of 1924 that declared strikes by *black* workers as illegal and prohibited them from forming trade unions while at the same time granting the right to organise in unions for *white* workers; the Immorality Act of 1927 that declared sex and marriage between *whites* and *blacks* illegal, and the Group Areas Act of 1950 that divided the land into *white* and non-*white* areas and formed the legal basis for forcibly removing non-*white* people from *white* grouped areas; are all examples of how inequality was theorised, legalised, and produced systematically over a long historical period. The silence about the past helps to obscure the link between social and economic conditions of today with those of the past and consequently between present and past violences. In particular, the personal – the names and faces of the people who have been masked out – is a serious disrupter of the narrative of a modern, stable, investment-ready, Cape Town. If for instance, fragments of the exploited of the past are revealed, what would hinder people from thinking of themselves, in relation to the exploited of the past? What would stop them from seeing that their condition is in a different way unbearable, and that, like their forbearers, they are put to work to serve the interests of the descendants of those who exploited them, and who still live in those secluded spaces that are inaccessible? I assume that long-term public debates about the relations between the exploited of the past and the present would touch on a suppressed consciousness of the reasons for people's socio-economic conditions today. It would help to create a public dialogue about accessibility, desirable and undesirable urbanites, segregated city spaces and the continuities of the past.

At the same time, since erasure is precisely an effect of genocide and of the colonial practice of pushing people into social death, most names, faces, and the histories related to them are forever erased and can therefore not be recovered. To speak of "recovery" does not take into account what genocide really means. But it means among many other things that generations of survivors have to live in the shadows of "no-names". This is the actual rupture and it is crucial to attend to it. The fact of public history not attending to this rupture does not mean that the ultimate aim should be public exhibitions which put up names, faces, and related histories. What I am speaking of is the unravelling of fragments that can be found and the naming and representation of exactly this process of erasure and genocide as part of forging a new

public discourse of interconnected relations between past and present. To expand the discussion to the whole country, and maybe even to other related geographies, civil society has to take this huge task into its own hands.

Still standing inside the Vredehoek Quarry, I wonder how the quarry would act upon its visitors if its history would actually be presented uncensored and not as a dehistoricised and hence depoliticised part of the mountain that popped out of nowhere. Today, the rock climbers that use the quarry's stone walls for practicing, are completely set apart from the story behind the extracted stone. Rock climbing is also the only subject that links Cape Town's abandoned quarries to online-media platforms. But just like the official narrative of the city, these entries, which are predominantly photo essays, do not speak about how the quarries were created. On the combined business sector and city government side, the Green Point and Oranje Kloof Improvement Districts' joint website is the only source that mentions the quarries. However, the short article is concerned with the growing crime rate in the area of the quarries, not with the history of the place. Nevertheless, two introductory sentences touch on the past. The article opens with:

> "Many Capetonians will be familiar with the three quarries above the Bo-Kaap, and the growing concern about criminal activity that is linked to this area. What you probably don't know is that this part of Cape Town is also steeped in history, as stone from the quarries was used to build very early structures; and the diverse, rich culture of the Bo-Kaap stems from the Malay settlers who were based here."[38]

The next sentence crosses over to the actual topic of the article; the story of the quarries' past stops here. The stone that was used to build the city is presented as an abstract entity, removed from its political, economic, and social context. This active erasure becomes reinforced when the enslaved are rendered as "settlers". It is easier and less dissonant to portray the colonial era as a harmonious and quaint period. Erasure, then, involves not only the deletion of the historical practice of slavery and the modes of oppression and technologies of power applied in the colonial project; it also adheres to a directed romanticisation, oversimplification, and justification of the power relations

38 Green Point and Oranje Kloof City Improvement District: *City Secures Bo-Kaap Quarries*. October 21, 2015. Source: http://gpokcid.co.za/2015/10/city-takes-proactive-steps-to-secure-bo-kaap-quarries-and-provide-new-homes-for-residents/.

of the past. In the case of this article, two sentences show this complex mechanism at play. The first sentence silences the truth about the forced labour behind the extracted stone; the second sentence tells a direct lie.

The erasure of slave and other forced labour from the official narrative is supported by its erasure from the archives. There are no archival accounts that record by whom the city was built or from which parts of the world people were enslaved and brought to the cape. Malaysia, Indonesia, Mozambique, West-Africa, East-Africa[39] – who speaks publicly about the birth lands of slaves, about the fact that they were exiled, displaced, and forcibly kept under physical and psychological torture? Who speaks about centuries of torture and systematic humiliation? The Slave Lodge Museum prefers to put up costly temporary exhibitions about unrelated topics like the political character and career of Oliver Tambo.[40] The actual permanent exhibition on slavery refuses to speak about the social, economic, and political effects of slavery. In the National Archives, one has to treat it like a perpetual puzzle for which other accounts, for instance about the companies that were involved in the quarrying, must borrow marginal access to what one wants to know. All documents in connection with the quarries are of an administrative and regulative nature. Contracts with companies; permissions to quarry stone; applications for quarry licenses; contracts for the supply of stone; propositions for tree planting at old quarries; monthly progress reports; and permissions to sell a quarry— build the only archival evidences that the quarries ever existed. One document states, "that a gang of men be taken from the Quarry and employed in excavating the area of ground belonging to the Council…";[41] another one specifies about "…an Inquest touching the death of Paul Christian, and to give evidence regarding the safety or otherwise of the portion of the Strand Street Quarry…".[42] Some hints here and some traces there. Each document

39 Cf. Worden, Nigel and Crais, Clifton: *Breaking the Chains: Slavery and its Legacy in the Nineteens-Century Cape Colony*. Johannesburg 1994: pp. 100-101; 204.

40 Slave Lodge – Iziko Museums: *Oliver Reginald Tambo – The Modest Revolutionary*. Cape Town March 2013 - March 2014.

41 Extract from the minutes of a Council Meeting held on 6 April 1906. South African National Archives. Cape Town Archives Repository. KAB, 3/ELN, Volume 154, Reference 128/2.

42 Letter of the Court of the Resident Magistrate for the District of Cape Town to the Chief Constable send on February 8, 1911. South African National Archives. Cape Town Archives Repository. KAB, 3/CT, Volume 4/2/1/1/106, Reference 210/11.

stands in some relation with the question of who built the city and offers a small insight. The rest is non-existent.

This non-existence, the mixture of history falsification, of a general absence of public representation and of direct archival accounts, results in the erasure of the whole theme not only from the public space or the archive, but from memory. Collective memory about the way Cape Town was created and the people who were forced to work it, is rendered impossible. What remains is marginalised memory as in the memory of people and small groups of society who want the topic to be revived. The memorial space in which representations of history are distributed is being limited to a state in which asking questions about the past will not disrupt political and socio-economic arrangements of the present.

Third coordinate: Victoria Road

> "The new [Cape Town] carnival references an existing set of aesthetic practices, while keeping the exclusion of these practices intact. So I would argue that within this discourse that is being created around the new Cape Town Carnival and the Creative City, Kaapse Klopse [the historical carnival organised by the enslaved and later by their descendants that is still held annually] is a sort of spectre that haunts the city. And I would argue that the new Cape Town Carnival accesses spectacles of erasure. It is an act of erasure or in other words, disavowing of local histories and presenting Cape Town as a place devoid of history where carnivals can be "invented" and 'imported' from places as 'exotic' as Rio. So space in this context is presented as a tabula rasa. As empty lines on a grid which echoes the colonial fantasy of empty space devoid of history and of people."
>
> *Oddveig Nicole Sarmiento*[43]

I have been thinking about how to begin this section, since Victoria Road offers many different spots from which an introduction could start off. The discursive setting of the new Cape Town carnival[44] that this introductory note

43 Sarmiento, Oddveig Nicole: Talk at Thinking the City 2013 – *Public Space, Festivalisation, and Contested Cultural Expression*. University of Cape Town – African Centre for Cities. March 12, 2013.

44 Cf. http://capetowncarnival.com/.

by Oddveig Nicole Sarmiento speaks about, is a key example of how major business and media companies, and city, provincial, and national government institutions, dehistoricise and depoliticise space, architecture, cultural practices, natural landscape, and civil society. I am using Sarmiento's note as an entry into this section to make explicit how the curb and interior off Victoria Road are not just a product of colonial and apartheid architecture but remain the site of active erasure again as a discursive practice by the political and business sector in the postapartheid era.

Entering "Cape Town Carnival" in *Google Search* will lead one directly to the webpage of the new *Cape Town Carnival*. Its sponsors reveal the discursive foundation on which the carnival is built: The *People's Post*; *Media 24*; *DSTV*; *Coca Cola*; *Tsogo Sun*; the city government of Cape Town; the Western Cape provincial government, and the Arts and Culture Department of national government, among others, have all been listed one after the other.[45] The new annual carnival does not start in the historical quarter of the original Kaapse Klopse Carnival that was initiated by enslaved people in the Cape as a celebration of their only day off in the year. The new carnival starts in Green Point Main Road, the very road that leads down south towards Beach Road and Victoria Road and that is at the same time the same road that separates the central city from the Atlantic Seaboard.

Victoria Road itself is a beach road that provides one of the most scenic drives in South Africa. Beginning at Lion's Head's west-side, it is the dividing line between the ocean and the mountain. The wealthy suburbs of Bantry Bay, Clifton, Camps Bay, and Hout Bay, all start off Victoria Road. Only Bakoven and Landudno were built on hills underneath the road so that in their case, the road is not the dividing line between suburb and ocean, but the first main road to be reached up the hill. Passing Landudno heading south, the road eventually ends at Hout Bay's harbour. As in many coastal towns in the postcolony, the architecture and aesthetic of the houses that border the road is abruptly European; they represent architectural styles that mimic a fantasy of European architecture. No feature of the houses mediates between the two continents. Africa was to be Europeanised as much as possible, a mission that mirrors in the houses' facades and design. Driving up from Hout Bay towards Cape Town's city centre, this scene of Europe in Africa becomes as intense as nowhere else in Cape Town. As much as the region's wine farms comprise a very dense example of the European desire to recreate itself in Africa, as

45 Source: http://capetowncarnival.com/sponsors/.

much they are secluded entities at the very niches of suburban life that are separated from the rest of the suburb's architecture and infrastructure. But Victoria Road, as one of the main roads connecting Cape Town, bears a different value and symbolism. It is a long enough stretch to be representative of the commonalities between the suburbs, architecturally and socially.

As the density of houses increases from Bakoven onwards, their luxury features expand to swimming pool balconies, elaborately fashioned gateways, surrounding private palm trees, and the branding of luxury apartment blocks and villas with European names. The naming meshes with the street names departing off Victoria Road that range from Houghton Road, to Van Kampz Street, to Berkley Road. The building's names weave into these imaginaries of a European coastal town. They strengthen the Europeanising effort at the same time as they sketch the decisiveness with which it is fulfilled. Brighton Court, Sonnekus, Primi Sea Castle, Luna Blanca, La Corniche, The Bloemfontein, P Casa, Villa Del Capo, Dunmore Apartments, Aquarius, Villa La Perla - have become social objects that make a specific statement about the past and the present. The houses and their names perform Europeanity. They represent the embodiment of the idyll that cannot be created without pasting Europe onto the alien soil. And in case the names are not highly European, they play with words that emphasise the idyllic and romantic features of Europe in Africa. From Bakoven Sunsets to White Cliffs, up to Oceana Residence, all these names bring Europeanity to perfection.

Still driving north towards Cape Town city centre, the naming intensifies the moment Victoria Road becomes Queens Road, which then merges into Beach Road. At this point, Sea Point has just unhitched Bantry Bay, and one luxury apartment block after the other competes to have the better European name. Costa del Sol, Shoreham, Worcester, Winchester Mansions, Norfolk House, Atheneum, Knightsbridge, Bordeaux, La Camargue, Riviera Suites, Lido Court, Costa Brava, Queensberry Court – most of these buildings have been built in the late 1970s, the 1980s and the 1990s. Their names borrow from small towns in the United Kingdom, to residential districts in London, coastal enclaves in Spain, French cities and regions, and ancient Greek heritage monuments, amongst others. To name the buildings in this way is to rename the land and hence to change the city's scenery, a powerful ideological exercise to appropriate and claim it. These are words that float amidst the space, reconfirming Europe as the starting point of everything that would be built and created. Hence, as much as they represent an archive, they also appropriate the future of the space, establishing how it can be envisioned. Ngugi

wa Thiong'o describes this procedure as the erasure of memory through naming.[46] It appropriates the future through framing how the city can be imagined and through discursively presenting the city with words for legitimate imaginaries.

Africa and the peoples that have been enslaved, forcibly removed, and dispossessed, have been hidden away behind these architectures of erasure and their ornaments. At the same time as these architectures erase, they are also exhibits of what is made absent, exhibits of a lost world. The appropriation of the land and the project of familiarising it to the degree of indistinguishability from an idea of European homeland, is also a project of the alienation and removal of the African subject from the aesthetic scenery. Conquest is being restored architecturally, aesthetically, and spatially. Through the architecture, spatial engineering, aesthetics, and the names given, the European vision of how to recreate oneself has been steadily manifested in the cityscape and therefore, in the ways its inhabitants imagine how a stable, profitable, liveable, and valuable city must appear. The colonising mission must therefore be seen not only as the colonisation of land, but also of aesthetics and imagination. Victoria Road and Beach Road hold such a heavy dose of the imprint of Europe, that it makes it seem as if all other Europeanising surface has expanded from here. No other place in Cape Town delivers as much symbolic imagery of and in favour of Europeanity as these two roads. Their message is one of erasure, materially and discursively, of the past, as well as of the present. Notions such as a progressive, harmonic, and romantic settler society become discursively framed through this setting of space, architecture, and aesthetics. Memorialisation of the past thus becomes manipulated not only through silencing processes, but also through this spatial and aesthetic frame. The city speaks to the memories of its inhabitants. In this dialogue, Europe in Africa is underlaid with all possible positive connotations.

The conception of buildings and spatial design represents not only the actual physicality of wealth, but also the very sphere these conceptions are guarding against. As the buildings harmonise with each other, they perform exclusion. In drawing from romantic and nostalgic images of Europe, meaning is applied to the past of the space, its past is constructed through the exclusion of the realities the space was developed in. In a conversation, Sara Abbas emphasised that they represent "also specifically bourgeois images, so

46 Wa Thiong'o, Ngugi in several speeches. Cf. speech in Cape Town. March 3, 2017.

this is an imagination that sees the European ideal in wealth and status and empire, and erases working-class European aesthetics and imagery, too."[47]

Deprived of its history of displacement and exploitation, the space remains untroubled by questions of belonging and power. The buildings and their names triumph over the bays and the ocean, demonstrating that the way the past is represented was chosen purposefully to set signs. The spatial, aesthetic, and architectural composition transmits a clear statement about the history of the space. The buildings physically isolate the inhabitants of the Cape Flats and other working-class areas. Those are created as non-belongers to the space, alienated through their own exclusion and that of their past. Their perspectives have been written out of the historical narrative that manifests itself through the conceptual design of the space. This erasure creates them not only as non-belongers, but it pretends their non-existence, whereas it is at the same time a very stylised silencing that hides behind fashion, leisure, and romanticism. The historical and social meanings Victoria Road and Beach Road are underlaid with mirror this erasure. And as much as this erasure, this illusion of the non-existence of those who are unwelcome in the space has been socially constructed, as much it has become a material reality that reproduces segregated city space and unequal living conditions. Segregation and inequality have become an unquestioned part of the elite's identity, with manipulated representations of the past delivering the necessary ground for rationalisation. Self-assertion is negotiated against the loss of memory of those oppressed and excluded, and against constructed memories of progress, brave explorers and pioneers. The power to maintain this position of denial and illusion reflects in the everyday performance of the buildings and their names and the spatial concept they are built upon. The buildings have become a metaphoric body. This engineered sterilisation helps to subvert the lived realities of the excluded within that contained zone.

Here come the limits of suburbs that swim in this limbo of a sterilised past and present, because every protected space will have to face its unprotected counterpart wherever there is the opportunity for confrontation. The dominant discourse on crime totally erases this fundamental aspect of the criminal event and drives the focus from the socio-historic constellation of the suburbs to a constructed morality in which township and other working-class residents are portrayed as lazy, deceitful, and ruthless cadgers. The

47 Abbas, Sara. Conversation on September 2, 2017.

urban practice of exclusion does not become problematised. Crime as a confrontation with the elite's ignorance is not spoken of. Europeanity pictured in the discursive ornaments of suburbia perpetually reconfirms itself through this discourse. The buildings, their spatial arrangement and their names are a physical translation of this reconfirmation and the historical claims of right to the land. The desire to establish a vertical power relation to the displaced and dispossessed must be read against this historical discourse whose architecture has become a main pillar of its maintenance.

Fourth coordinate: Imizamo Yethu

Image by Johnny Miller/ Unequalscenes

Before Victoria Road ends at Hout Bay harbour, it splits into two, with one branch of it running straight into the informal settlement Imizamo Yethu. In as much as the buildings and the spatial logic of Victoria Road represent the architecture that has been part of the historical discourse of rightful conquest, so can Imizamo Yethu be seen as an example of what has been factored out of the design that the discourse manufactured. The view from above unveils the details of the difference between the suburb and the informal settlement.

Whereas the suburb is a green oasis with uncountable trees surrounding its well protected houses, Imizamo Yethu is built on gravel, with barely 20 trees lining its roads. Most eye-catching is the difference in colour. Hout Bay gleams green and lush and Imizamo Yethu's reddish brown reflects the dusty dryness that it has to withstand, since it is enclosed by the suburb's trees, buildings and posh streets and thus rendered an isolated enclave provided with a few entrances – a space that is supposed to remain as it is. The trees are also set as the dividing line between suburb and settlement, even though if one were to throw a stone from Imizamo Yethu's north-eastern border aimed at the suburb, it might hit one of the swimming pools that many houses feature. The contrast between the houses on Victoria Road and the rest of the suburb, and the structures in Imizamo Yethu, has been normalised historically. Informal settlements and townships are where South Africa's working-class / low-income residents / "the people" live. The way domestic workers undertake to get to the houses on Victoria Road and Beach Road is the same way they take to get back home. The buildings with their European names are their spaces of work, not of social activity and belonging. This relation remained untroubled in the postapartheid, but in the absorption of the romantic and idyllic picture of the architectures of power and conquest, the scenery of Imizamo Yethu forms a disrupting space, something that dazzles in the eye of the beholder, until one withdraws one's gaze.

I have seen no other place in Cape Town where an image becomes so abruptly interrupted, where the idyllic world becomes so visually unsettled. In the middle of this contrast rolls in the red double-decker tourist bus from whose upper deck tourists stare at the informal settlement and its residents. The bus takes a left at the circle and drives into Imizamo Yethu, to then stop at its very beginning for the bus driver or the tour leader to explain, "Here we are at an informal settlement. The settlement counts round 35,000 inhabitants…".

The dominant touristic imagination about how 'poor people' live is being offered as a live comparison. Common-sense understandings of how an informal settlement is supposed to look like are being re-injected into the middle and upper-class narrative of 'poor people's life'. The tour has not been organised to reposition the receiver's thinking and perception of the city and the distribution of space. It also does not contribute to the creation of a public discussion about the binary of informal settlement and suburb or at least ways of critically viewing the space. The history of the political setting that produced this binary is also not spoken of. No alternative approach towards the encounter between tourists and residents is thought of. In between this

silence, the tourists' cameras click on. The scene of poverty now turns into a photographic subject. The photo-taking is a way of capturing and reproducing tourist imagination about 'poor people's life', to be able to exhibit its outcome in their private spaces, pinned to the fridge or other places of display in their homes, to reassure themselves that they have also visited sites of poverty and not only of leisure when they were in Cape Town. Or, to be able to utter that famous sentence, "When I was in South Africa, I also visited a township". The photographs narrate the desire to express this fulfilling experience. By entering the informal settlement, an illusion of a direct relationship with those parts of Cape Town that have been inaccessible, crime-ridden places of potential danger - too dangerous to enter before, becomes created. Now they can view the space from above, looking down from a safe and stable position. This is the frame many working-class communities have been set up with, when middle or upper-class adventurists aim at them as they would aim at an undiscovered curiosity, romanticising their subjects and hunting 'authentic' images of shack dwellers life or of what they imagine as essential Africa.

How much this voyeurism derives from a position of power is clear. This position does also explain why the bus route is at the same time a trajectory of legitimisation. The incorporation of imagery of life, and with it the romanticisation of life in informal settlements and townships has become hegemonic narrative that is also discernible from the many township tours that different tour operators offer and the uncountable postcards that portray township life as a way of presenting authentic parts of South Africa. Township tours and postcards are set to appropriate inequality discursively, to paste townships and informal settlements into that very hegemonic narrative and to rearticulate and recreate them as objects of discourse in an accommodating image. The tourism industry has thus become a discursive economy that defines ways of seeing and perceiving South Africa. In the setting of the bus stopping in Imizamo Yethu, no questions about the possibility of changing the living conditions of the settlement's residents are asked, not by the tourists, not by the bus driver and not by the tour guide. As the bus passes Hout Bay harbor and its surrounding villas, and as it stops at its next destination that is Imizamo Yethu, the gaze of the tourists has a confirmative, reinforcing function. Rendered an exhibit of urban poverty, steadiness and inflexibility become inscribed on the settlement. The object that becomes exhibited is not supposed to change.

Through driving from Hout Bay into Imizamo Yethu and presenting the different living conditions, the bus becomes a factor in re-segregating

the space and thus, part of the structure that dominates Imizamo Yethu's landscape and the landscape preceding it. Within these landscapes, Imizamo Yethu has a specific socio-economic role that the tourists' gaze is reaffirming. The fact that turning Imizamo Yethu into an exhibit is possible, makes the tourist bus a key characteristic of the space. It is through understanding the meaning of the bus driving into Imizamo Yethu that the way the informal settlement relates to its outside can be understood. Whereas Imizamo Yethu's residents occupy its space physically, another form of occupation is taking place simultaneously. It is the occupation of an imaginary, a clear idea of the way the socio-spatial should be constructed. The idea of the elites of where the working class is supposed to live manifests in the act of turning Imizamo Yethu into a tourist destination. This condition forms a link to the larger understanding of the position of the township and informal settlement and the way these spaces are thought of on a political level. Within the sphere between Imizamo Yethu and Hout Bay, the struggles of Imizamo Yethu's residents do not occupy any space, or at least not visibly. Returning from work, they are expected to disappear into the streets and structures of the settlement, the only space that is really allocated to them. Their subjectivities are not supposed to become inscribed on the landscape outside the settlement and not be narrated in any other way.

The binary of Hout Bay and Imizamo Yethu shows that a combination of districts does not necessarily represent a city as a socio-geographic unit. It requires certain social ingredients for single districts to coalesce into one city. Part of that composition must be fluidity of the boundaries in between and a brisk and equal interaction between the districts. In Cape Town, spaces like Imizamo Yethu form fully separated units that are isolated from the wealthy suburbs and middle-class districts, even though they stand in the immediate vicinity. And however networked the inside of a settlement is, until now, it hasn't been able to form a challenge towards the constellation of segregated city space it is built into. This I suggest is also readable from the look on the face of residents of Imizamo Yethu the moment the bus stops in front of them. This is not to suggest that township and informal settlement residents cannot also be subjects of resistance. How much this is possible we have seen in chapter two of this work, when we delved into how residents struggle against their forced eviction from their homes. In the past three years, Imizamo Yethu residents have struggled uncompromisingly against the threat of relocation and especially against the lack of services after fires had destroyed parts of the settlement and killed several people. During the protests, several residents

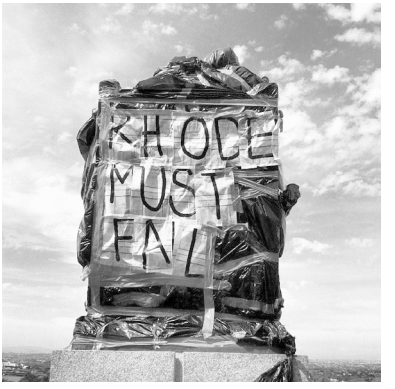
were killed (see Appendix). But it means that the powerlessness towards the endurance of inequality, even if temporary, and towards the bareness in front of the tourists' eyes, reflects in the way the residents encounter the bus and its passengers.

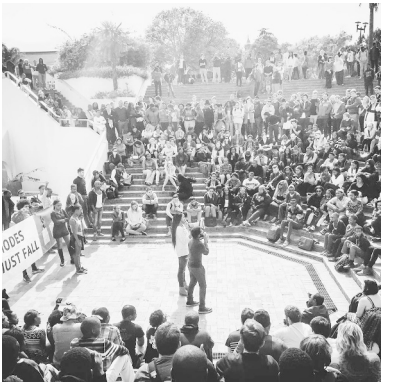
The landscape underneath the visible remains untouched for the tourist who is unable to see beyond its surface and to reveal the inner world of the space. Once having entered the settlement, tourists imagine themselves to have penetrated the space, to have uncovered something knowable. But Imizamo Yethu's significance is not reducible to its built form. Its architecture and spatial order are not the end of what it tells. Social relations built on everyday modes of survival, creating new forms of collective living, and high amounts of creativity shape the socio-economic conditions of the informal settlement. The fact that these relations and structures remain impenetrable for the tourists and suburb residents preserves an entity Imizamo Yethu residents truly possess solely for themselves: their lives, which remain unseeable and untouchable for most outsiders. The meanings they give to their lives, their social interactions, the ways they fill their days, what they deem routine and what is extraordinary, the ways different people relate to each other, and the stories they have to tell - all remain in possession of the residents, not extractable and not removable. Public scrutiny is disabled. The exhibitable images that the tourists have come to possess can only be of parts of the space, not of people's subjectivities, their stories or anecdotes. This is self-inflicted as in this setting, the residents are rendered voiceless objects on display, exoticised and homogenised to the category of 'informal settlement residents', and especially, to the category of 'the poor'. The tourists have come to see real human subjects and the truth about their lives, but what they get is only a scene, mostly empty of any mutual encounters between them and the residents. Imizamo Yethu, as the other thousands of informal settlements and townships, remains to narrate itself, its struggles, its inappropriable memories and visions for the future.

Fifth coordinate: Main Library, University of Stellenbosch

My first physical encounter with South Africa was the encounter with the town of Stellenbosch. I went there as an exchange student during my master's studies. The small university town, situated in the middle of the Cape Winelands - the second-most popular image in tourist brochures after Table Mountain - is

Left: Enwrapped Cecil Rhodes statue at the University of Cape Town Campus - Image by Rhodes Must Fall student's movement (March 2015). Right: Students' gathering at University of Stellenbosch's main library - Image by Open Stellenbosch student's movement (April 2015)





famous as one of the most, if not the most, segregated town in South Africa. Holding a showpiece status in the Afrikaner nationalist narrative, it reflects the desire for seclusion during apartheid by the powerful elite, away from the turmoil around transitions to new orders. The negotiation of a new identity after apartheid, a process many spaces of the postapartheid went through, does not mean that their transformation and in parts reinvention has made them more equal spaces. In this process, Stellenbosch has insisted to remain the same. In the introduction to this study, I used the *Coca-Cola* signs of the massive Khayelitsha township as a metaphor to explain how my perception of the Rainbow-Nation discourse became interrupted at the very first moment of entering South Africa. One of the reasons why driving past Khayelitsha by the university's shuttle car was an interruption of that dominant discourse, is an aggressive spatial paradox that intimidates body and mind immediately. The airport can be approached by two roads: Borcherds[48] Quarry Road and the N2

48 From P.B. Borcherds, assistant secretary of an "expedition" from Cape Town to Lattakoe in 1802; commissioner and resident magistrate of the Cape 1834-1852, later chairman of the Central Road Board of the Cape Colony. Cf.: P.B. Borcherds: *An Auto-Biographical Memoir*. Cape Town 1861; Van Riebeeck Society Cape Town: *William Somerville's Narrative of His Journey to the Eastern Cape Frontier and to Lattakoe 1799 – 1802*. Cape Town

Highway – its other official name: "Settlers Way". One end of this road leads directly into Cape Town, passing Bonteheuwel, Langa township, and Langa's Joe Slovo settlement, and the other end leads over 2000 kilometers south-east, through the Western Cape province to the Eastern Cape, through the Eastern Cape to KwaZulu Natal, and finally, arriving at Mpumalanga province, ending in Ermelo, close to the borders with Swaziland and Mozambique. Twenty kilometres right at the beginning of this N2 Highway (that leads from Cape Town International Airport all the way to Mpumalanga), lies Stellenbosch, or rather, the exit to Stellenbosch.

After arriving at Stellenbosch from its 'neat' side, moving through the town, walking its streets onto its university campus, entering its university department buildings, institutes, alleys, gardens, river walks, small corridors, church squares, markets, sports clubs, and dormitories – the first question that came to my mind was: "What the hell is going on here?"

The wealthy part of town claims the neatness and organisation of the past and projects it into the future. Each beautiful building and tree perform this obsession of securing the past. Each street repeats the narrative of the previous one, with a specific insistence to uphold the picture of the perfect idyll. The town's cafés and restaurants have all been built with romantic features in styles like farmhouse, rustic, or more vintage designs that pretend to be material remnants of the past and that melt into the image of an ideal world of cosiness and pleasure. But everyone who has been to Stellenbosch knows about the idyllic town and what it wants to surgically remove from itself: the townships Kayamandi and Cloetesville, the very spaces that do not fit into the story Stellenbosch wants to tell. The whole town performs as if it has always been in that space or as if it has been built peacefully and in harmony with its environment. No signs exist that point to the forced removals of Khoikhoi people that followed the establishment of farms by settlers, through which so many tragedies were made, or of the forced and indentured labour that was used to build the town.[49] To highlight the past of the town and its surrounding farms would call into question the present and consequential debates about the socio-economic realities the town is embedded in, something that must be avoided if the distribution of wealth remains as it is.

1979: pp.6-7; Mc-Call Theal, George: *History of South Africa Since September 1795*. First published in Cape Town 1908. Cambridge 2010: pp.44-45.

49 Cf. Du Toit, André and Giliomee, Hermann: *Afrikaner Political Thought: Analysis and Documents* – Volume One: 1780-1850. Cape Town 1983: p.35.

Inequality becomes highly visible in the segregative constellation of city centre, suburbs, surrounding townships and informal settlements and at the same time, in the different university departments, their structures of personnel, the university dormitories, the sports clubs, the divided social life of the town that follows clear racial lines, and the historical inequalities that determines the students' socio-economic backgrounds. The town has remained an exhibit of apartheid ideology. To understand apartheid spatial planning does not require a visualisation of the past. The past is on display in every corner of the town. Stellenbosch is still a tale of two towns. Segregated space has not only been reproduced through the perpetuation of the specific distribution of wealth, but also in the way the university relates to the town and its inhabitants. Security guards are placed on the main streets surrounding the campus. They ensure that students can walk home safely without being disturbed, not even by a person who would ask them for money. In regulating the space, the guards are the main icons of safety in the town, because despite all the tensions and polarisation that inequality brings with it, Stellenbosch needs to maintain that it is a safe place if it wants to uphold its image. The guards are therefore also escorting the idea of the idyll. The tensions and polarised social positions might also be the reason why the town possesses no real public space in which residents can build collectivity and interact with each other outside frameworks of work and duty. The town is built for every social class to live in its own parallel world, walking past each other, without having to engage or explain anything to each other. Apartheid had always also been about the erasure of any common ground between the *racial* groups it distinguished. In Stellenbosch, nothing has been done to alter the architectures of division that were fabricated. This does not exclusively apply to Stellenbosch. As I pointed out above, many spaces in the postapartheid remain highly divided. But because Stellenbosch insists on safeguarding the idyll, a romantic place where residents live in harmony with each other, what is erased becomes even more striking.

The university's library is situated in the central part of the main campus. Around it, security guards move in a circle, making me ask myself what exactly they are guarding against. Standing on top of the stairs that lead down to the library, I wonder why books need to sit underground, in a library without daylight or any other welcoming element. It seems like a metaphor for the repression of questions never asked and of avowals never made. The library's mechanical and impersonal interior adds to this perception. Walking down the stairs and looking up from the library's entrance door, the university cam-

pus appears massive, expanding to besiege the town and showing off with its powerful and unshakable structures and social position. The metanarrative of stability and resoluteness of the town is backed by this performance of the university's architecture.

Twelve years ago, the stairs leading down to the library became also the place of an intrinsically anecdotal scene. A security guard had rolled a newspaper and was hitting a visibly homeless or poor person, who had come to campus to ask students for money. While the guard was hitting the man, groups of students who sat on different spots of the stairs started laughing. The loud laughter and giggling was accompanied by a sharp voyeurism, a gaze that was interspersed with silence and arrogance at the same time. Being confused with how to classify the laughter, as an exercise of power or as a nervous manifestation of insecurity and perplexity, I truly wanted to know how it would be possible to turn that laughter and silence upside down.

The first set of questions that came to my mind were reproachful. How could a whole town uphold a parallel world of strongly visible wealth and the portrayal of a picturesque idyllic world, a world of wine farms, of *Cape Dutch* architectured houses with their rounded gables and whitewashed walls, of green streets picturing Oak, River Red Gum and Bottle Brush trees; that had no connections to the workers and unemployed of the farms and neighbouring townships except for the work of the workers itself? And since students represent a significant part of the population of any university town, how come there were no protests or organising around questions of ongoing segregation? And if not protest or concrete political organisation, must there not be debates that address those questions? And where were the lecturers? Would they address socioeconomic relations in Stellenbosch in their seminars and lectures? The second set of questions addressed more the practical. How is it possible to organise against that silence and laughter? If that silence was historical and inscribed into the logic of Stellenbosch student life in the sense of students having gotten used to condoning and not striking back at injustice and the normalisation of power, how could this silence be encountered and challenged? Would enough people come together to work against it collectively? What could the first steps be of a joint action? A counter-narrative of the town, the university, and how they relate to the inhabitants of Stellenbosch and to questions of historical inequality needed to be produced. The town and university had to be turned into transit spaces in which all social structures and positions could be suspended and new ones formed. As silence was embedded in the town's structures institutionally, it was clear that

any initiative had to come from those who had endured that silence for so long and thus from the marginalised and excluded themselves.

Walking the streets from one of the students' residencies in Banghoek Road, crossing over towards the centre of town via Bosman Road and taking a right into Victoria Street, I was thinking of the many students who saw themselves socially and economically alienated and who had to negotiate university life every day anew. Then, feeling alienated myself, although from a much more privileged, middle-class position, my mind would not stop here but think in circles. Township residents and farm workers – the most subaltern in that relationship as they had to endure one of the most unequal urban conditions in the world that excludes a majority of the population from any access to better life – were straying and alternating in my mind with the heaviness of Stellenbosch's performance.

The town was a portrayal of silence in its most obvious architectural, spatial, and academic manifestation. As much as the visibility of that silence was striking, nothing had seemingly changed when I went back in 2011, nor in 2012, 2013, 2014, or the beginning of 2015. But looking at the town, it was clear that it was impossible for it to stay like that. Even though the power relations of town and university seemed very much set in stone, one prediction would pop up regularly: something is going to happen. This prediction proved true. After the *Rhodes Must Fall* movement started in March 2015 at the University of Cape Town (UCT), Stellenbosch students joined the movement and organised themselves as *Open Stellenbosch*. The movement vowed to fight against white supremacy, institutional racism, and unequal access to education. Its first achievement was the official removal of Cecil Rhodes's statue from the campus of the University of Cape Town (UCT), which followed many protests and debates. The movement then reorganised itself as *Fees Must Fall*, bringing together students from Stellenbosch, UCT, University of the Western Cape (UWC), and Cape Peninsula University of Technology (CPUT), amongst other universities in other provinces. It was breath-taking to follow up the student movement and the simultaneous farm workers' strikes, since the years prior had made Stellenbosch appear as a forgotten town, in which no questions concerning social justice would be raised.

The complicity of academic research projects in the perpetuation of this condition complicated that silence and made it less tangible. One and a half kilometres away from Stellenbosch's centre, Kayamandi and Cloetesville townships had been constituted as the town's historical counterparts. Their people who were either unemployed or employed as domestic workers,

cleaning personnel, road construction workers, traffic workers, shop assistants, scavengers, garbage collectors, security guards, drivers, transport workers, taxi drivers, etc., were living a life under spatial and economic segregation with no prospects for an unsettling of those conditions. Even more marginalised and economically oppressed were the farm workers, who continue to live and work on the prestigious wine farms for salaries that will never allow them to leave or to imagine improved living and working conditions for their children. The township's residents and farm workers were rarely subjects of claims and coalitions for social justice, yet they were often the subjects of academic research. Psychologists, sociologists, anthropologists, just to name some launched projects to zoom in on living conditions in Kayamandi, Cloetesville, and on the farms, reaching from the particularities of the spaces to universalising statements about township and farm workers' lives, to then formulate their research outcomes in academic papers and theses.[50] I remember a conversation with Sabelo Mcinziba in which he argued: "White people should stay away from our townships. I am sick and tired of students that want to know how the toilet and electricity systems in townships are functioning."[51] The *exotic* township resident and farm worker, whose life is expected to be easy to examine, open for any scientific inquiry, is again being narrated by externals who have come to make profit, even if that profit is not of short-term material gain. Just as the business sector and politicians continue their development plans that exclude township residents and farm workers from any kind of participation in shaping their futures, academic research defines funded work frames through which the needs and lacks of its subject of study become determined, without rethinking what self-determined collaboration of residents and workers with researchers could possibly mean. In this vein, competition and rivalry between academics has become the most striking example of how neoliberalism's values are adopted uncritically, even though the subjects of research are the very direct sufferers of that same mode of economic production, policy making, epistemology, and knowledge production.

50 No reference to particular academic works is made, as the aim of this article is not to focus on specific research projects but to point to a general approach in the humanities. But searching the key word "Kayamandi" or "Farmworkers Stellenbosch" in a search engine for academic journals will offer more specific insight into the titles and work frames under which projects become realised.

51 Mcinziba, Sabelo. Conversation on March 9, 2014.

Conclusion

In this chapter, the different angles and perspectives from which the city spaces were analysed have facilitated an x-ray of the city, a zooming in on the spaces, their functions, but also on their suppressed histories that lie underneath and still have to be recovered. Without claiming to have uncovered all unequal spaces of Cape Town and Stellenbosch, this chapter was an attempt to write the city differently. Without allowing for the different perspectives to evolve and to produce their very own analysis, it would have been impossible to reveal the paradoxes of the spaces. How else could it have been possible to explain how the mountain is used to practically and psychologically support the secludedness of the suburbs, while at the same time showing how it is a sphere that generates fear and insecurity for the middle and upper classes? My aim was to show how, as much as the suburbs' security is unthinkable without the mountain, the mountain is unthinkable without that fear.

In regard to the brutal aspect of nature I have pointed to, this chapter has come to the conclusion that a discourse is needed that confronts two issues. One is the alienation of low-income inhabitants or "the people" from natural landscape, the ways in which it is experienced psycho-socially and psycho-geographically[52], and ultimately its re-personalisation. The other is the dominant discourse on the use of nature, propagated by institutions like the World Bank, that treats natural landscape as a market and its use as a mere source of income and/or recreation.[53] A possible future discussion about the democratisation of the natural landscape should not fall into these categories and epistemology, but urge the re-imagining and re-shaping of the relationship between people and nature along lines that are reciprocal and re-creative.

Later, in viewing the city from Cape Town's abandoned quarries, the silencing of who extracted the stone and built the city unfolded. In the entire city, no public sign about slavery at the Cape exists, while at the same time, the big figures of colonialism as well as colonial engineers are memorialised. Not only are the slaves not spoken of, but also the quarries themselves. Most quarries whose stone served to build the city are not retraceable anymore,

52 Cf. Psychogeography. For example: Debord, Guy: *Psychogeography – History and Techniques*; Janicijevic, Aleksandar: *Psychogeography Now - Window to the Urban Future*. in: urbansquares.com.

53 Cf. Aylward, Bruce A. and Lutz, Ernst (eds.): *Nature Tourism, Conservation, and Development in Kwazulu-Natal, South Africa*. Washington 2003 (World Bank Publication).

not in the archives and not in any public account. With their disappearance from public knowledge, the forced labourers who worked them disappear too. Through this discursive practice of silencing the past, the links between forced labour in the colonial past and the living conditions of the socio-economically marginalised of today become erased. Inequality as a historically produced condition remains unspoken of. The dead of the quarries and the living of today are prevented to being put into context.

Victoria Road performs a different kind of erasure. The architectures of space and the names of the buildings reconfirm the power relations between suburbs and townships. Power is not only a hierarchical relation, it also becomes stylised and fashioned in a certain way. Europeanity is the embodiment of the elite's desire to reconfirm and endorse itself and to perform their claim of a rightful position – in regard to both history and the present. This I suggest is what Khanyisile Mintho Mbongwa points at when she says: "the only history you allow is the one I see my body defeated and dead… no image of me celebrated… you are always asking me to die". Victoria Road and Beach Road mirror this show of force and the advertising of settlerism as a romantic and just project. In this vein, to own the land and to transform it into new landscapes is to rename the land, which is why the naming of the buildings is not only a social act of a specific social group, but a discursive practice and an exercise of power that manufactures the dominant narrative of the suburbs.

The turning of Imizamo Yethu into a tourist attraction is the logical counter piece of this discursive setting. Imizamo Yethu is not supposed to change. As no critique towards inequality is being raised, the tourist bus driving into the informal settlement presents the distribution of wealth between Imizamo Yethu and Hout Bay as a static condition. The unequal landscape becomes normalised and colonial and apartheid ethnographic logics persist. The only public attention spaces like Imizamo Yethu receive, is when the tourist's gaze has come to exoticise their residents and to fulfil the tourist urge for adventurism and for memories of a troubled space. The regimes of thought that legitimised apartheid engineering are strongly embedded in this gaze. It might go too far to say that this gaze and the laughter at the stairs leading down to the University of Stellenbosch's main library are linked. But it is a discursive condition that enables the tourist bus driving into Imizamo Yethu and the laughter at the stairs. It is inequality that has become affirmed so that it can constantly establish itself in every corner of the urban. It is a state that remains unchallenged and is at the same time omnipresent. This omnipresence normalises and reconfirms apartheid

regimes of thought in relation to how city spaces become imagined and what residents expect from them. Until today, a security guard hitting a visibly poor person is normal; informal settlements being exhibited to satisfy the tourist's voracity for adventure is normal; silencing slave histories of the city is normal; to stretch that silence and placard the city with nostalgia and admiration for Europe is normal. It is this normality that maintains the unequal landscapes and architectures of division of the city.