Ethnography-in-Motion: Neoliberalism and health in Durban's shack settlements

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ABSTRACT

AIDS in the shack settlements of Durban, South Africa, takes on all kinds of forms. In this thesis I tell the stories of a mother facing her death from AIDS-related illnesses, an HIV-positive orphan left to die in the shacks, a group of young women documenting their lives on video, a social worker overwhelmed by the lack of resources to do her job, a student under fear of arrest, a volunteer home-based care giver knitting together the meaning of community resistance, and an emergent social movement full of contradictions, all who try in different ways to navigate their lives in the face of the increasing disparities between the rich and poor in post-apartheid South Africa and the relentless AIDS pandemic.

Throughout, this research investigates the barriers, frictions, collaborations and agencies that are formed in response to HIV and AIDS in shack settlements in Durban. What are the 'life strategies' people living in the settlements use to access health – thought of in a broad sense which includes socio-economic health– and how do these strategies intersect with the rise of neoliberalism in post-apartheid South Africa?

While this research has not attempted to draw conclusions, it is clear that the deepening of the AIDS crisis is inextricably tied to the complex links between health, liberalism, the market and everyday practices. Using an *ethnography-in-motion,* I hope the research will contribute insights into the limitations and successes of approaches to AIDS programs, prevention and treatment. The study has further implications for opening up new avenues of thinking around praxis in areas such as anthropology, critical pedagogy, visual methodologies and activist ethnography, through taking seriously knowledge produced by people living through, and against, the impacts of neoliberalism.

RÉSUMÉ

Dans les bidonvilles à Durban, en Afrique du Sud, le Sida prend toutes sortes de formes. Dans cette thèse, je raconte le récit d'une mère confrontant sa propre mort suite à des maladies provoquées par le Sida, celui d'une orpheline porteuse du virus VIH que l'on laisse mourir dans les cabanes, celui d'un groupe de jeunes femmes qui documentent leurs vies sur vidéo, celui d'un travailleur social dépassé par le manque de ressources pour effectuer son travail correctement, celui d'un étudiant ayant peur d'être arrêté par les autorités, celui d'un soignant volontaire qui visite les maisons privées et la signification tissée serrée qu'il donne de la résistance communautaire, celui d'un mouvement social émergent dominé par les contradictions, tous des récits de tentatives diverses de survie dans des conditions difficiles où les inégalités augmentent en importance entre les riches et les pauvres de l'Afrique du Sud post-apartheid où la pandémie du Sida ne ralentit pas.

Cette recherche identifie tout au long les barrières, les frictions, les collaborations et les organismes formés en réponse au VIH et au Sida dans les bidonville de Durban. Quelles sont les «stratégies de survie» adoptées par les habitants des villages pour avoir accès à la santé – celle-ci étant pensée dans un sens large incluant la santé socio-économique – et comment ces stratégies s'entrecroisent avec la montée du néolibéralisme dans l'Afrique du Sud post-apartheid ?

Bien que cette enquête ne tente pas d'établir des conclusions, il est évident que l'aggravement de la crise du Sida est inextricablement liée aux relations complexes entre la santé, le libéralisme, le marché et les pratiques du quotidien. En passant par une ethnographie du mouvement, j'espère que cette recherché permettra de donner un aperçu des limites et des succès de différentes approches des programmes de prévention et de traitement du Sida. L'étude possède des implications plus grandes en ouvrant des voies de pensée autour de la praxis de domaines comme l'anthropologie, la pédagogie critique, les méthodologies visuelles et l'ethnographie activiste, tout en prenant au sérieux la connaissance produite par les personnes les plus concernées, et en allant contre les conséquences du néolibéralisme.

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I will always be indebted and honored to have been included in the communities in Durban where I did my research and that became a second home to me.

Dedicated to Hlengiwe, Thulani, Ayanda, Mamazana, Lwazi, and Louisa

In Memory of Martha

CONTENTS

ETHNOGRAPHY-IN-MOTION

1

Utopia is on the horizon: when I walk two steps, it takes two steps back….
I walk ten steps, and it is ten steps further away. What is utopia for?
It is for this, for walking.

-Eduardo Galeano

If you can afford to, act.

This simple response from a South African friend and activist when the emotional toil of facing the AIDS crisis in the shacks had started to wear me down brought things back into focus.

I had first gone to the shacks on the directive of people who lived there. "If you want to work with us," they insisted, "come stay here. Feel, experience, and absorb a bit of what we are living". Part of their struggle was to have their lives and realties known.

Sleeping on the floor of Nomvula's shack those early days was the easy part. Getting close to people, making friends and confidents with those up against so much, who were facing death, oppression and exclusion everyday and still fighting back – watching them die – that has been hard. No amount of interviewing, reading, or learning could have prepared me for the way that the Kennedy Road shack settlement seeped right into my skin, twisted something in my soul. My perspective on the way AIDS operates in the shacks would change forever.

If you can, act.

These are zones of social abandonment (Biehl 2005). There are no neat stories here. Everything is corrupted and corruptible—especially in the settlements where people cannot dwell on the everyday injustices, illness and deaths they face because there would just be no way to keep moving, no way to continue. Their driving energy to struggle for a better life fueled me to detail these stories of resistance and of hardship. There are no conspiracies, and few heroes.

AIDS in the shack settlements takes on all kinds of forms. In this thesis I tell the stories of a mother facing her death from AIDS-related illnesses, an HIV-positive orphan left to die in the shacks, a group of young women documenting their lives on video, a social worker overwhelmed by the lack of resources to do her job, a student under fear of arrest, a volunteer home-based care giver knitting together the meaning of community resistance, and an emergent social movement full of contradictions, all who try in different ways to navigate their lives in the face of the increasing disparities between the rich and poor in post-apartheid South Africa and the relentless AIDS pandemic. The topographies are multiple: organizing meetings, hospital waiting rooms, court houses, funerals, protest marches, living rooms, classrooms, and police stations. From intimate dwellings to places of domination, these are the spaces of an ethnography that asks questions while walking.

Outline of the thesis

In the chapters that follow I move between the global and the local: from up-close details of the intimacies of people's lives, to the macro scales of economic policies, development imperatives, and structures of power in contemporary South Africa. In the following pages I outline what I have called an ethnography-in-motion (Chapter 1): a way to do research-as-social-change where "walking we ask questions". This approach I hope will guide us through a reading of the rest of the thesis, where I have tried to weave together a variety of voices and approaches, from ethnographic portraits, to knowledge from social movements, visual methodologies, interview transcripts, and a reflexive perspective on my own engagement with the people and movements I have worked with. Underlying all the narratives I outline here is the question, "what does political action mean," which has guided my approach to the research.

To give a bit of context to contemporary South Africa I spend time in Chapter 2 looking at the specific contours of post-apartheid South Africa, particularly how neo-liberalism has been enacted in the country, and its effects in relation to HIV and AIDS. I outline what neoliberal changes in policy, such as the privatization of services such as water and electricity, have meant on the ground for peoples lives and how social movements in the country have been responding. In Chapter 3 I try to problematize the construction of discourses around a romanticized "Poor" subject, arguing that rather than a neat picture of solidarities and deprivations, what we have is a much more complex story of uncomfortable collaborations at work in carving out spaces of resistance. In Chapter 4 we meet Tumelo, an HIV-positive orphan left to die in the shacks, and we follow his journey from a shack settlement, through a Durban hospital, to the rural areas, the Children's Society and the municipal courts, and finally into a Christian children's home for sick kids. Back in the shacks, Chapter 5 details the story of Mandisa, as she struggles against full-blown AIDS and her family of six tries to negotiate the daunting system of health care and government bureaucracy posed against them. Moving to another shack settlement in the suburb of Clare Estate in Chapter 6, a group of young women set out to tell the stories of their lives through working together in a collaborative video project called Ikusasa Elibi, or Bad Future. Set against the backdrop of life in the shack settlement, the girls create a fiction about rape, HIV and hopelessness. Finally, in Chapter 7, I tie together these various and intersecting stories to describe how networks of power, frictions, and collaborations take place in what Biehl (2005) has called zones of social abandonment. I argue that while many of these stories paint a bleak picture, in other ways circuits of power operating within this particular form of South African neoliberalism allows for a politics of hope. Ultimately I argue for a knowledge born from everyday experience of those living through, and against, some of the structures of power. I also try to develop an engaged pedagogy fused with social action that takes people, and their desires for a decent life, seriously, without romanticizing their poverty nor imagining a teleological development journey. Ultimately, this text attempts to take a close-up look at the lives of those who are hit the hardest by the AIDS pandemic and the power relations at work against them, and which they work against. It is also a call to

arms to resist and refuse the imposition of policies and politics that puts health out of reach for so many.

I. Walking

The question that lingers above politically engaged work, and is often asked by movements who have shut out those who leech careers off the daily toil of organizers, is: "What use is this to us?" This is not a new question. What can our writing do? How can theory engage and contribute to action? There is a long-standing debate around the need to fuse theory and action against the tyranny of oppression. As August Blanqui wrote in 1866,

> Thousands of young educated, working and middle-class people quiver under a detested yoke. To break it, do they think of taking up the sword? No! The pen, always the pen, only the pen…In times of tyranny, to write is fine, to fight is better, when the pen of a slave remains impotent. (Blanqui 1866)[1]

The streets are crucial, yet are only one terrain of active struggle. Learning, theorizing, teaching, writing and researching can also be developed as an elaboration of strategies for political action. Given these ongoing challenges around bridging gaps between theory and political action, I propose an *ethnography-in-motion* as a theory of practice for militant research (Shukaitis and Graeber 2006).

A few points might be useful here in describing what I mean. An *ethnography-in-motion* is a methodology that has,

1) A grounding in knowledge arising from social movements and from the everyday practices of people living in, through, and against capitalism;

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[1] Blanqui was a French political activist in the 19th century, a communist, and revolutionary identified with the discourse 'Blanquism'. Blanquism is often used pejoratively to signal a split between theory and praxis in politics.

2) A praxis that includes engaged pedagogy, visual methods, and other creative means of organizing and working collaboratively to create concrete engagements in social struggles.

Ethnography-in-motion is embedded within the historical, political and social contexts from which practices and knowledge develop. It arises out of an understanding of the need to learn through walking, reflecting, discussing and living together, rather than proscribing rules about 'revolutionary' praxis. As John Holloway (2002) wrote so eloquently, it is a means towards changing the world without taking power.

Rather than a prescription to be followed, *ethnography-in-motion* is a praxis with movement and fluidity, an attempt to situate the doing of ethnography within political practice. It is an attempt to elaborate in a militant research space what the Zapatistas mean when they say, "Walking, we ask questions"[2].

> I spent the first 6 months in Durban walking: watching, getting involved where I was needed, bringing cameras, teaching, writing stories, running workshops, and spending time living in a shack settlement and in the city. I did not want to research social movements, but I knew that learning from the knowledges of people who were self-organized would be the best place to start formulating questions and research topics. Organizing was what I was compelled to do – what felt natural. Hopefully, through grounding research in my own action and the desires originating from those struggling for a better life I would be able to produce research of relevance. To contribute. It was those hardest hit by HIV infection rates in the country that needed to set the tone of research. As Abahlali BaseMjondolo[3] have maintained: "Speak to us, not for us".

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[2] See, *We are Everywhere: The irresistible rise of global anticapitalism* (2004), Notes from Nowhere collective, Chapter 7. Myles Horton and Paulo Freire have also pushed the theme of 'walking', or ongoing process of social justice work, in their book *We make the Road by Walking: Conversations on Education and Social Change* (1990).

[3] isiZulu for 'people who live in the shacks'. Abahlali BaseMjondolo is a social movement in Durban fighting for land and housing.

It wasn't an act of benevolence that brought me to the shacks. I wanted to listen to the voices of those, like myself, who felt shut out, alienated, and who wanted to fight back and create something livable. After a number of years doing critical pedagogy around HIV prevention with youth in Cape Town it was clear that without serious contestations to the neoliberal state developing in South Africa, and the rising levels of poverty deeply affecting the young people I was working with, we would be seriously disabled in our attempts to slow the pandemic down through engaged pedagogy. I wanted to learn from the broader struggles in the country that also saw health linked to capitalism in a post-apartheid context. I hoped I could also contribute to those struggles in some way. I wanted to understand better how one survives when you are truly shut out, and shut down, not just ideologically but physically, at the level of your body, your health, and your life itself.

In so doing, I hoped (and at times felt) that we were partners in struggle even if these *uncomfortable collaborations*[4] were nothing more than coats we wore to make our force look stronger. So I started by listening.

But there are no pure spaces. There is no listening without effect. Points of contact and encounter were profoundly shaping me and shaping those that I was interacting with.

[4] I discuss uncomfortable collaborations in more detail in Chapter 3.

II. Militant Research

Militant research starts from the understandings, experiences, and relations generated through organizing, as both a method of political action and as a form of knowledge.

-Stevphen Shukaitis and David Graeber

We are not mad or, if mad, we are not alone in our madness.

-John Holloway

There have long been activist threads in academia that have attempted to fuse theoretical concerns about social justice with action. Writers and researchers from many different disciplines and backgrounds (feminism, social movement theory, anthropology, political philosophy, education, sociology and others) have been interested in knowledge production developed by people outside the traditional knowledge-industry (institutions, universities, large NGOs etc). Feminist thinkers argued that everyday practices and experiences are important parts of the knowledge needed to challenge oppression, affirming the "language of experience" within the process of learning and knowing (Campbell and Gregor 2002:13).

An entire history could be written about ways that activists have engaged with the academy and vice versa. In anthropology there continues to be heated debates around activist anthropology, with some anthropologists like Nancy Scheper-Hughes (1995) proposing an ethical "militant anthropology" or "barefoot anthropology". Other critical medical anthropologists such as Paul Farmer (1992, 2005), Merrill Singer (1995), Soheir Morsy (1993), June Nash and Max Kirsh (1988), Sue Estroff (1988) and Hans Baer (1996) to name just a few, engage with how anthropologists contend with the political

economy of health in an activist mode[5]. Dating back to the 1930's, educational ethnography has also pushed social justice issues and activism into the domain of theory. Catherine Emihovich (2005) points out how the work of civil rights activists shared intellectual roots with scholars such as Kurt Lewin who developed "action field research" studies in social psychology as an attempt to understand social issues better (307). Theories around praxis in Western political philosophy lead to all the big-wigs such as Aristotle, Hegel, Marx, Lenin, Gramsci and others. While I am fond of Marx's reprimand in *Theses on Feuerbach* (1845) that "Philosophers have only interpreted the world in various ways; the point is to change it", I am less interested in how praxis develops as I am in formulating a way to work with engaged knowledge production stemming from everyday practice[6].

Taking into account the hegemonies of existing scholarship, Dorothy E. Smith (2005) expanded an idea of institutional ethnography to uncover the social organization that is manifest in the social relations of everyday life. As Smith writes, "the project of developing a sociology that does not objectify originated, as did so much in the women's movement, in exploring experiences in my life as a woman" (11). Her sociology *for* people has been one of the guiding lights in developing political activist ethnography (Frampton et al 2006; Smith 1987, 1990, 2005; Choudry 2007). In institutional ethnography,

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[5] Baer (1996) looks at growing crossovers between critical medical anthropology and political ecology through a desire towards social action. Singer (1995) calls for a recognition of social relations, and hegemonic struggle, as the starting point of health social science, while Charles R. Hale (2008) argues that activst research can lead to deeper empirical knowledge, even within its tensions, contradictions and ethical dilemmas. Shao Jing (2006) writes about the challenges of scholarship and activism in AIDS work in China. Michael Taussig (1983) argues that those on the periphery of capital have a privileged vantage point, and valuing local knowledge at the edges of capital can reveal insights towards transformation at 'home'.

[6] Participatory Action Research, and to a lesser extent Action-based Research (see Fine et al. 2001), which I won't touch much on here, have both tried to fuse feminist research methods with action, though I feel much of this work has followed an uncritical line towards liberal development paradigms that many activists, including myself, find problematic and that I discuss briefly in Chapter 7.

> rather than treating a knower's location as a problem of bias, we believe that it reveals something about whose interests are served. And that is an issue of power. To explore how knowing relates to power, institutional ethnographers study how one's knowing is organized – by whom and by what.
> (Campbell and Gregor 2002:15)

Institutional ethnography pointed to a way that research knowledge can be used as a tool for social justice. It highlights how although we are taught to reproduce hierarchies of scholarship "that continually reconstitute themes, concepts, and theories", there are other ways of knowing (17). Institutional ethnography allows us to situate our research in the actual concerns that inform and guide our lives.

> Institutional ethnographers explore the *actual* world in which things happen, in which people live, work, love, laugh, and cry. Exploring that is a different research undertaking from approaches that objectify people and events, and slot them into theoretical categories to arrive at explanation….Institutional ethnographers believe that people and events are actually tied together in ways that make sense of such abstractions as power, knowledge, capitalism, patriarchy, race, the economy, the state, policy, culture and so on. (17)

This grounding in everyday practice takes into account social relations of power and desire without losing sight of the ethnographer herself[7]. Linking together the ordinary everyday and the often-subversive quality of social movements, political activist ethnography built on the way that institutional ethnography gazed back at power, to

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[7] The area of 'everyday practice' has significantly influenced the way I am thinking about an *ethnography-in-motion*. While I mention only Dorothy E. Smith here (*The Everyday World as Problematic: A Feminist Sociology*, 1987; *The Conceptual Practices of Power: A feminist sociology of knowledge*, 1990; and *Knowledge, experience, and ruling relations: Studies in the social organization of knowledge*, 1995), I go into further detail around everyday practice in subsequent chapters. Nonetheless it is important to point to the development on theories of practice by Pierre Bordieu (1990), Raoul Vaneigem (1967) Michel de Certeau (2002), James C. Scott's ideas of 'everyday practices of resistance' (1985), as well as more recent work such as Sandra Hyde's 'everyday AIDS practices' (2006), and Ahmed Veriava's (2006) descriptions of 'everyday life strategies' of activists struggling for access to water in Johannesburg townships (forthcoming), all contribute to the way I am thinking about 'everyday practices'.

include knowledge developed through social movements and activists. George Smith, a student of Dorothy E. Smith's and an activist, drew on his own experiences as an organizer and researcher to write "Political activist as ethnographer" (G. Smith 2006). Drawing on his work as an AIDS activist, George Smith located his research around the management and policing of AIDS in Toronto in "the everyday world with the actual experiences of actual individuals" rather than within sociological or political theory (48). Through George Smith, political activist ethnography developed, elaborating ideas of "*insider's* knowledge" of ruling regimes based on the daily struggles and confrontations that social movements are already engaged in" (Frampton et al 2006:9).

Part of this approach also relies on knowledge gained as part of a direct engagement and encounter in social actions, including the contradictions that only become apparent through being implicated ourselves. As Aziz Choudry (2007) points out, "many academic analyses seek or construct theoretically pure forms of social movement or community struggle, without an appreciation for the complexities surrounding social action. Such appreciation is difficult to foster without critical engagement and concrete location in social struggles" (2). He suggests learning from "pedagogies of mobilization (such as decolonization) employed by Indigenous Peoples' movements confronting neoliberalism and their allies… explicitly committed to an anti-colonial analysis and politics of mobilization" (2).

Incorporating these recommendations, an *ethnography-in-motion* would value "the role of thought and knowledge production as part of organizing…appreciating multiple perspectives rather than universal truths and plans" (Shukaitis and Graeber 2006:32), with a hint of what Spivak has called "strategic essentialism".

III. Genealogies of knowledge

An activist ethnography would do well with a history of the development of activist and revolutionary knowledge. One wonders if Raoul Vaneigem (1967) is right when he asserts that, "everything conspires to keep secret the positive character of [experiences of exchange during revolutionary moments]" (31). Likewise, intellectual traditions in Africa

that have been extensively engaged with oppression and the hegemony of knowledge production in a colonial context have often been undervalued. Notably, Franz Fanon dove into ideas of post-coloniality, race, violence, national consciousness, and the effects of racism on the inner workings of black consciousness. Fanon revealed how the "problems of the colonized are deep and intricately connected with the racist gaze and the oppressive colonial state which is fully equipped with language, books, teachers, experts, and even the Bible, which it uses to oppress the colonized subjects" (More 2004:218). In *Black Skin, White Masks* (1952), Fanon called for a revolution of consciousness amongst black people in order to break from the dis-alienation caused by the racist gaze of whites in the colonial encounter. Fanon believed that the deep psychological wounds inflicted by colonialism and that touched every aspect of life could only be defeated through a process of emancipatory psychology. In *The Wretched of the Earth* (1968) Fanon investigates the psychological effect of colonialism and the grounds for building a movement for decolonization.

Fanon was laying out the groundwork for a personal, psychological and political process of emancipation that began through observation of the everyday processes of colonialism and through the retrieval of forms of knowledge production. Grounds for decolonialization for Fanon would take a "linear, progressive ideal for the evolution of political solidarities across national boundaries". Fanon's approach, while geared towards the same ends, was far different than the approach of South African anti-apartheid activist Steve Biko. Ahmed Veriava and Prishani Naidoo (2007) have argued that Biko's methods "styled off the heterogeneous rhythms of the here and now, imagined a radical and immediately productive simultaneity in oppression and struggle whose boundaries were given, not in time nor space, but in subjectivity" (np). Founder of the Black Consciousness movement, Biko developed his own style of activist ethnography during the struggle against apartheid.

> During cross-examination in [Biko's] inquest … Steve describes an approach to research undertaken by himself together with Barney Pityana and Jerry Modisane for a literacy project being run by SASO in 1972, as involving listening to

> ordinary people in ordinary situations, on buses, in sports fields and queues, even shebeens. He goes on to explain how they discovered a common and widespread "protest talk", characterised by "a round condemnation" of white society and the oppression that it inflicted on black people (Biko, 2004: 125). (Veravia and Naidoo 2007:np)

Biko's attempts to understand the oppressive environment in which he lived through the voices and realities of those embedded in the everyday can be seen within the historical trajectory of activist attempts to use ethnographic tools as part of a political practice. Using the daily experiences of those in struggle, he told the story of apartheid, colonialism and capitalism in South Africa.

> …acts of everyday rebellion are woven between the narratives and stories of black people retold in positive and creative ways, to produce a matrix that allows for the imagination of the black self positively and the production of communities that are able to resist and produce wor(l)ds against the exploitative and oppressive system of apartheid and capitalism. (Veriava and Naidoo 2007:np)

Through Biko, Black Consciousness developed as an activist understanding of the world "through an understanding of the self," not "a static model for changing the world on a global scale. Instead, it allows for the changing, lived experiences of people to shape and determine its own use and evolution" (Veriava and Naidoo 2007:np).

In South Asia, the Subaltern Studies group also pushed ideas around oppression and social justice to the fore. Bringing together South Asian scholars interested in post-coloniality, Subaltern Studies developed ideas around how knowledge and history might be developed "from below". Gramsci coined the term subaltern to indicate non-elites, or the dominated classes. Scholars such as Gayatri Chakravorty Spivak, Ranajit Guha, Partha Chatterjee, Edward Said, and others explored how the 'subaltern' could create the histories and knowledge necessary for social change.

Developed through an understanding of Gramsci's ideas on hegemony (how the ruling class reproduces capitalist class relations through dominating ideology) this group enlivened discussion around who writes the narratives of history and for whom. They pointed out how power, social change, oppression, colonialism, etc, is written through dominant versions of history. To address this, Subaltern Studies writers argued for narratives 'from below' in which subalterns are agents of political and social change (Ludden 2001). Since then, writers like Vinay Bahl (2000) have challenged the Subaltern Group's lean towards a theoretical understanding of how colonial knowledge and history was produced and how it can be decolonized, thus "abandoning the concept of class and instead concentrating on the production of means" (5). This shift towards *writing* 'better' histories, argues Bahl, has led away from an engaged analysis of working-class struggles and the real locations of oppression. Along with others, he questions the relevance of the theoretical leanings the Subaltern Studies group has adopted, perhaps due to their own biased class positions, and urges for a restoration of its original aim of "creating an emancipatory politics" (29). Even given these criticisms, the Subaltern Studies group opened up new avenues of thinking, and writing, about knowledge production and history itself.

Gramsci understood organic intellectuals as thinkers that emerge from the dominated classes and who create the culture and ideas within those classes, providing much needed critical distance from hegemonic ideology. Given this, subalterns could not have autonomy, and "complicity, hierarchy and surveillance within subaltern communities… makes clear that no subaltern identity can be pure and transparent, most subalterns are both dominated and dominating subjects" (Mallon 1994, quoted in Bahl 2000:10). Subalterns should not be seen as pure and sacrosanct, then, as is frequently done through the romantic gaze of Subaltern Studies. Current re-readings of Gramsci also challenge the relevance of notions of hegemony through contemporary organizing of autonomous and anarchist currents in new social movements (Day 2005).

While Gramsci's understanding that only a select few are able to become organic intellectuals remains problematic, the integration of his ideas influenced people like Paulo

Freire and bell hooks who developed ideas around critical pedagogy as part of political activism. Critical pedagogy has a rich history that sees education as a means of challenging domination, and for creating contexts for political and social transformation. Critical pedagogy allows teachers and students work together to tease out oppression in their daily lives and work together towards a liberatory practice. Freire called the development of critical consciousness *conscientization*. Others, such as bell hooks, Henry Grioux, Joe L. Kinchelo and Peter McLaren, have gone on to develop on Friere's pedagogical style to include issues around race, globalization, feminism and other aspects of oppression. As bell hooks writes, "Freire [insisted] that education create strategies for what he called *conscientization* in the classroom. Translating that term to critical awareness and engagement, I entered the classrooms with the conviction that it was crucial for me and every other student to be an active participant, not a passive consumer" (hooks 1994:14). Deepening the process of ethnography, the integration of ideas around critical, engaged pedagogy into the ethnographic process has the possibility of opening up new spheres of knowing and doing.

Critical pedagogy in action could be seen, for example, during the anti-apartheid struggle in Cape Town, when the radical Teacher's League of South Africa used critical pedagogy from the 1940s through 1985 to work through racism in schools and prisons (Wieder 2001). Their reciprocal and politically engaged educational style was said to greatly strengthened commitment to activism.

IV. Visual Methodologies and Engagement

As mentioned above, my own practice of critical pedagogy within an *ethnography-in-motion* has relied on visual methodologies. Visual methodology incorporates pedagogical processes, including photography, video, artistic, and literary modes, within the research practice. Artistic practices and social justice have long come together in community movements, significantly around AIDS both in North America and South Africa. The US has a long history of art activism around AIDS. The huge amount of cultural production sparked through ACT UP (including performance, posters, paintings, and video) created a community of people who felt implicated in the fight against AIDS. Activists later

commented that some of these efforts literally sustained the lives of those in late stages of AIDS related illnesses (see for example *Work Your Body*, New York City Gay Men's Health Crisis 1989). In South Africa there are also rich examples of ways in which artistic practice has been integrated into HIV/AIDS initiatives[8]. The work of cultural and intellectual production generated out of activism that happened in response to AIDS changed, and even saved, lives. AIDS activism in North America shaped an idea of "cultural activism" (Crimp 1988), which challenged the "assumption that issues of representation or discourse are secondary to the problem of finding a medical cure or changing government policies" (Cvetkovich 1996:182).

Undoubtedly influenced by this long-standing relationship between art and activism, scholars in the social sciences and education concerned with social change have been drawn to visual methodologies as part of research praxis[9]. The areas of visual studies, visual anthropology[10] and arts-based research all offer rich histories around how visual

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[8] See: Kauffman and Martin's (2003) *AIDS Art/ South Africa*; Jonathan Morgan and the Bambanani Women's Group's (2003) *Long Life: Positive HIV stories*; Monkeybiz's (2003) *Positively HIV+: HIV&AIDS education through Beadwork*; the *Positive Lives* (2001) exhibition at the South African National Gallery and the work of Sue Williamson, Gideon Mendel, David Goldblatt, Clive van den Berg, among many others.

[9] There is a significant amount of this work that deals specifically with illness, death and body, such as Ross Gray's performance based work with women and breast cancer (Gray et al 2001); Ardra Cole and Maura McIntyre's work on Alzheimer's Disease (2002); Sandra Weber and Claudia Mitchell's work on teacher identity and dress (1995, 2004) and visual inquiry (2004); and Jo Spence's photographic inquiry through self-portraiture and reflexive writing around her fight with breast cancer (1988, 1995).

[10] Within visual anthropology Sarah Pink (2001) writes about visual ethnography in "relation to a reflexive approach to ethnography that focuses on subjectivity, creativity and self-consciousness" (Pink 2001:14) and proposes ways to work with the data as both phenomena and method. Marcus Banks and Howard Morphy (1997) propose a broader use for visual anthropology than an anthropology sub-discipline, but as a "reminder that much that is observable, much that can be learned about a culture can be recorded most effectively and comprehensively through film, photography or by drawing." (Banks and Morphy 1997:14) In *Picturing Culture: Explorations of Film & Anthropology* (2000) Jay Ruby argues for an anthropological cinema that is reflexively aware of its ethics, reception and subjectivities.

methods can be part of engaged research, even if not always to social justice ends[11]. What much of this work points to is an idea of research as social change where data is collected, but also re-enters the world to potentially transform it.

[11] John Collier and Malcolm Collier (1986) have been long time proponents of visual methods, employing a systematic and scientific approach to visual methodology. John Prosser's edited work on *Image-Based Research* (1998) and his work as part of the Visual Studies journal also looks at how image-based research can form an objective and catalogued index to compliment social research. For discussion on arts-based educational work, see also, Tom Barone and Elliot Eisner, *Arts-based Educational Research*, (2000) and Barone, *Aesthetics, Politics, and Educational Inquiry* (2000). For further reading on qualitative research and arts-based approaches see: Emmison and Smith (2000), Janice Jipson and Nicolas Paley's (1997) *Daredevil Research*, Carl Bagley and Mary-Beth Cancienne's work on qualitative research (2002), and Gillian Rose's (2001) clarifications in *Visual Methodologies*.

V. Activist Ethnographies

All these historic currents can be seen as part of an unwritten and fluid genealogy of an activist ethnographic practice, which flesh out the situations and localities within a particular political and social reality. Some recent examples of more self-consciously activist ethnographies include *Global Ethnography: Forces, connections and imagination in a postmodern world* (Michael Burawoy et al 2000), which calls for multi-sited ethnographies that situate the local practices within a context of capitalist globalization. In *Global Uprising: Confronting the tyrannies of the 21st Century, Stories from a new generation of activists* (2001), editors Neva Welton and Linda Wolf include writing by activists, collectives, and intellectuals to weave together knowledge around diverse topics such as affinity groups, movement histories, globalization and anarchism.

Activist ethnography looks at knowledge that is being developed through practice within social movements themselves. Activists reflecting on the conditions and contexts of struggle have begun to contribute to a growing body of literature around knowledge production in social movements and communities. In *Constituent Imagination: Militant investigations, collective theorization* (2006) Stevphen Shukaitis and David Graeber bring together activist voices to explore the relationship between radical theory and social change. Activists have come to theorization from many different places, often finding that looking closely at their own everyday practices and the knowledge produced through struggle as an important way to outline and understand the effects of capitalism and power on practice. In *Taxi!: Cabs and Capitalism in New York City* Biju Mathew (2005) uses his experiences as an activist and organizer with the New York Taxi Workers Alliance to look at immigration, working class rights and neoliberalism in the taxicab industry. The Notes from Nowhere collective also produced the highly influential and widely read text *We Are Everywhere: The Irresistible Rise of Global Anticapitalism* (2004) that integrated activist voices from a wide spectrum of direct action and engagement with political analysis. These contributions to political theory and philosophy aim to work in a dialectic with the continuing process of everyday struggles on the ground and encourage learning to come from spaces of struggle, rather than only from the academy.

Sophisticated theories around practice are also being developed in the informal spaces that have become synonymous with the alter-globalization movements[12] around the world. While some of this intellectual development is written down, much of it is lived and developed through organizing, *consultas*, forums, discussion, workshops and other processes of knowledge production (Choudry 2004, 2007; Holloway 2004; Janet Conway 2006; Bevington and Dixon 2006; Bryant 2006). While not always overtly identifying themselves to be informed by anarchist and autonomist traditions, many of the alter-globalization movements employ ideas that come from those traditions such as, consensus decision-making processes, direct democracy, self-organization, horizontality, mutual aid, and voluntary association. As David Graeber (2004) and others point out, anarchist traditions do not claim the birth of 'anarchism' attributable to one great mind, but rather, the founding figures of anarchism in the 19th century saw the principles of anarchism to be found in "forms of human behavior they assumed to have been around about as long as humanity" (3). That is, "an attitude, or perhaps one might even say a faith: the rejection of certain types of social relations, the confidence that certain others would be much better ones on which to build a livable society, and the belief that such a society could actually exist" (4)[13]. The rejection of the state is not "merely because every state keeps a watchful and sometimes punitive eye on its dissidents, but because every state protects the privileges of the powerful" (Ward 2004:2). Anarchism in its various forms, and autonomist tendencies that share similar approaches, have been primarily concerned with forms of practice, or, put another way "an ethical discourse about revolutionary practice" (Graeber 2004:6).

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[12] There is lots of disagreement about the terms for the global movement of movements. I prefer 'alter-globalization' movement to 'anti-globalization', which many activists felt implied only what we are against, not what we are for. Others prefer 'global justice movement', which I find too linked to a liberal notion of justice as a rights-based phenomenon. For me this term doesn't speak to the diversity of approaches and understandings at play in many activist groups.

[13] The basic premises of anarchism are laid out well by Peter Kropotkin: "The name given to a principle or theory of life and conduct under which society is conceived without government – harmony in such a society being obtained, not by submission to law, or by obedience to any authority, but by free agreements concluded between the various groups, territorial and professional, freely constituted for the sake of production and consumption, as also for the satisfaction of the infinite variety of needs and aspirations of a civilized being."

David Graeber urges the reciprocity of theory and practice – allowing practice to infuse how we "do" theory. He explains this "would mean accepting the need for a diversity of high theoretical perspectives, united only by certain shared commitments and understandings" (8). Theory, in this understanding, is a means of "grappling with those real, immediate questions that emerge from a transformative project" (9). Theory that develops in movements is based on practical concerns, but also offers far more nuanced engagements with the project of transformation, while never entirely being disconnected from the real world (Bevington and Dixon 2007).

Militant research, in this understanding, becomes a process. What Colectivo Situaciones, a group of militant researchers based in Buenos Aires, call "thinking from within the situation…without conceiving, practices, theories, or subjects a priori" where "politics depended on the capacity for experience, involvement, and encounter" (82). In this way, there is no 'field' outside of the one in which we inhabit. As James Ferguson (2006) writes, our attachment to 'the field' as somehow apart from ourselves hinders our ability to think across and through experiences and encounters.

> Anthropological conceptions of 'the field' …help to reinforce the anthropological weakness for seeing cultures as the property of separate 'societies' or 'communities' rather than as phenomena of hierarchical relation and interconnection. The ethnographer's still familiar tropes of entry to and exit from 'the field,' the images of 'heading out to' or 'coming back from' the field, powerfully suggest two separate worlds, bridged only at the initiative of the intrepid anthropologist. (67)

Ethnography-in-motion then would attempt to collapse notions of inside/outside and subjective/objective, in order to learn-while-walking Situating ourselves within practice itself is part of a politics of involvement and encounter. Ultimately, texts become "used as manuals, as instruments of resistance or exodus – much like those improper weapons

that the fugitive picks up and inserts hastily under belt" (Giorgio Agamben 1996, discussing the work of Guy Debord).

VI. Ethnography-in-motion *in Crossmoor*

> *It was so sunny that morning. The kind of sun that streams through the trees and picks up all the little particles of dust on the air. I arrived very early in Crossmoor, the sounds of the hammers from the night before still resounding in the air. People were tired but looking content with their labour. A lot of the single women and their children were still building shacks up the side of the hill. But homes were getting built.*

> *I wanted to find Ramen. His five-year old daughter, Renee, is magical to me. So full of mystery and wonder about the world. She's lovely; a perfect little round face with huge black eyes. Since I've been coming to the dusty shack settlement in Crossmoor she's been following me everywhere, staring at me yet refusing to talk. Sometimes, the way she stares, it seems like she doesn't really know that she exists in the world, that I can see her. The women tell me that she talks a lot when I'm not around. Sometimes she even stands on the little table in the settlement all by herself and sings Hindi songs and dances. Her silence has become a kind of game between us. She stays steady as a rock, willing me to try to break her. She receives tickles, questions, hugs, entreaties, all with as stoic a face as she can muster, beating me every time. I spin her around and she tries hard to repress her blooming smile, lest I see.*

> *Ramen's shack has become important to me, because Ramen is her father. He builds the roof over Renee's head, not to mention her two younger siblings and her mother. The five of them. And Ramen is such a decent man. A good father. A rare man who stayed with his family even in the midst of such hardships and poverty.*

The house he built through the night, his shack, was lovely. Beautiful little windows that opened, and nice red wallpaper inside he got from the signboard shop where he works part-time. He was exhausted, sprawled out on the little bed with the kids all around him. I hadn't seen him look so happy. His eyes shone through his tiredness. "I've been up all night." He smiles. I smile. There's not much to say. I film the little shack, Renee holding onto the doorframe proudly, staring up at me in her usual, provocative way.

When the police and protection services arrive a few hours later people wearily pick up their hammers and spades and make to the front to the settlement. There was so much energy in the air after that night of labour. The joy of finally having homes. Yet the struggle is not over.

People sang protest songs, toyi-toyied, tried to block the road into the settlement, and sent representatives down to reason with the police. None of it mattered. The sound of the wood supports of shacks being smashed with axes and the shouts of people trying to protect their homes resounded from all sides. The low-level protection services workers looked a little scared. They smashed as fast as they could with their axes and hard hats. They probably live in shacks themselves. People were begging and pleading, trying to protect their homes. It was heartbreaking. Hot angry tears welled in my eyes. Shots rang out. People were yelling, "Are you trying to kill us? Then kill us right here! We will die on this land. We can not live like this any longer."

I joined the voices beseeching to the police to stop their unlawful attack. Coldly they looked away and avoided my questions. "There are children there! What are you doing?" I screamed as an officer aimed his gun towards Ramen's house. "I'm not going to kill anyone, it's only rubber bullets" he shot back at me.

An hour later Ramen's house was in tatters, now only boards lying on the grass. Ramen just kept shaking his head, hung down low, sadly looking at the remains. He was speechless. Renee and her one-year old sister sat under a little piece of foam, erected as a make-shift shelter to protect them from the burning sun.

Without lifting his head Ramen starts talking to me, "What can I do? There is nothing for me to do. I have to put a roof over my family's head. I will just have to lift the shack up and live again".

This is the shack settlement of Crossmoor in Chatsworth. In motion. Zooming in closer to see the impacts of neo-liberal policies and forced removals creates an image that dry statistics just do not muster. Chatsworth is a predominantly Indian township in Durban that was created by the Group Areas act under apartheid in the 1960s. The Crossmoor settlement is comprised of two shack settlements inhabited by approximately 400 Indian and African families that have been dealing with ongoing evictions, court cases, political promises, and media attention since the first attempts to occupy the land in August 2006. Since that time the communities have successfully mobilized marches, meetings with councilors and other city representatives, started a non-profit shack-dwellers organization, launched campaigns in the form of court cases and letter writing, and managed to formalize many aspects of their community while being consistently under attack.

Night after night, police smashing after smashing, the community persisted to build and rebuild shacks, till finally perseverance, sympathetic city workers and lenient contracted security guards combined to stabilize a community of 280 new shacks upon the hills of Crossmoor. This (new) part of the original settlement named itself Ekupoleni – "the promised land". Over a year after the initial land occupation, forced evictions and a court case had taken place. Six months after that the shacks remained standing, the settlement had a church, a crèche, and every bare piece of ground was growing corn, squash, and flowers for sale in the market and for use by the community. They had mobilized continually during this period, marching on councilors and the mayor, speaking to the local police and security guards, and working together with CBOs, government

departments and middle-class activists to achieve their goals. By 2008 the two parts of the community had stand taps, but continued to wait for adequate toilets. A community had been born, and it was nearly self-sufficient.

The everyday practices of the state, the police, NGOs, activists, International Financial Institutions, and others are all part of the production of power and inequalities that play out on the ground in spaces like Crossmoor. As are the practices of the men who come with axes to tear down the shacks,

> *There are two security guards that keep24 hour watch over the settlement lest anyone try their luck at building a new shack on the municipal land. Yet the guards are living close to the people and this continual interaction is having an impact. They don't want to lose their jobs, but they aren't pleased at having to guard people sleep out in the open fields with their children. During the day they sit idly under the shade of a big tree on the upper part of the land. I ask them about their work and they say they are private security guards contracted by the city to do its "dirty work". They don't like it, but not unlike the residents in Crossmoor, they don't have much choice. After domestic work, you are most likely to find a job these days as a security guard. I ask one of the guards where he lives. He looks down into the dust, embarrassed. He doesn't want to tell me. I guess that he may live in a shack himself as so many of the men I've met in the settlements work as contract security guards, though usually guarding the property of the rich. I'm not sure which would be worse, guarding the rich or policing the poor.*

In Crossmoor through every day practices actors recreate capitalist relations and are not only dominated by them. As Ramen resists, mobilizes, and creates alternatives when the State offers him none, the State's agents in the form of security guards both reproduce capitalist relations in maintaining private property rights, and simultaneously allow certain practices to emerge and flourish. Drawing on Bourdieu (1990) in her ethnography of the informal economy of dump sites in Brazil, Kathleen Millar points out that

"capitalism, like any other social system, does not exist apart form human action but must be made and re-made daily through the practices of individuals" (Millar 2007:9). The security guards and municipal workers sympathy for the Crossmoor settlement (coupled with a simultaneous fear of the mass of people in the community turning on them), and the evolving friendships and relations with community leaders opened up a space for a land occupation even under municipal surveillance.

Yet it is not, of course, a simple or rosy picture. Race and micro-class conflicts boil very close to the surface as Africans and Indians struggle to live close to each other for the first time. Power struggles within the leadership exist, as do struggles over resources and status that erupt from time to time, especially with the insertion of outsiders such as myself and other independent activists, and those from government, religious groups, media and NGOs that have material and other resources on offer. The conditions continue to be very hard, food is a problem, water and sanitation is still desperately poor, and vicious rats have infested the settlement because municipal garbage pick-up is so infrequent. The rats eat people's food and attack the children. Yet Crossmoor is an interesting, lively place, full of promise, laughter and hope, while continuing to be a site of much hardship.

VII. Home-Less *in Crossmoor*

While a primary aspect of *ethnography-in-motion* is a grounding in knowledge produced through direct engagement in struggles, it also includes creative, critical pedagogy as part of reflexive elaborations on organizing. In Crossmoor, this approach created a horizontal and unbounded pedagogy, mixing discussion, research, mobilizing, organizing, and critical reflection.

Over the course of a year in collaboration with the community I documented and collected video on various aspects of the struggle in Crossmoor: from organizing meetings, to various police attempts to smash people's homes, to everyday living and laughing together. A final 25-minute documentary, *Home-less*, was then screened within the community and became a center point for sharing knowledge, discussion, reflection,

arguments and troublesome issues from within their own struggle. Racial divisions that emerged throughout the year that divided the settlement were both contested and revealed in the video screening discussion session.

The video acted as a mirror, reflecting back the historical trajectory of this particular struggle – *their* struggle – in a way that allowed critically engaged reflection and strategizing. The knowledge that had been produced through everyday organizing, fighting with the police (and at times, each other) was reflected back, elaborated, re-hashed, and strategized. In one example, months after the first major confrontation with the police, stories began to circulate that the Indians living in the community had not stood at the front lines to confront the city workers who had come with axes to smash the shacks. The video footage, conversely, showed quite the opposite, with Indians and Africans standing together, linking arms and attempting to stop the destruction of their homes. This was an uncomfortable realization in the space of the screening, yet undeniable, and earlier racial divisions tangible in the room softened as the community watched their own history play out before their eyes.

VIII. Power & Ethnography

Reflecting back this processes through an *ethnography-in-motion* allows us to capture ways the state reproduces itself through mechanisms of governmentality[14], yet cautions us to keep our theory grounded in the real constraints actually existing in the world. As Nancy Scheper-Hughes (1995) warns,

> The idea of an anthropology without borders…ignores the reality of the very real borders that confront and oppress 'our' anthropological subjects and encroach on our liberty as well…These borders are as real as the passports and passbooks, the sandbagged bunkers, the armed roadblocks and barricades, and the 'no-go zones' that separate hostile peoples, territories, and states. (Scheper-Hughes 1995:417)

[14] I go into greater detail about governmentality in Chapter 7.

While a shifting, malleable notion of power is hard to reconcile with the violence witnessed by the state and the police apparatus everywhere alternatives manifest, remembering those relations are continually creating and re-creating themselves allows us to see fissures and cracks in an otherwise solid looking system of constraints. From the housing struggles in South Africa to the anti-G8 summits, there are so often "men with sticks" ready to attack, borders to cross, and places walled in.

VII. Motion sickness {notes from the margins}

The *uncomfortable collaborations* we were forming were harsh, difficult at times, lovely at others. They were points of "convergence, recognition, and empathy" (Scheper-Hughes 1995:418). What to do with these encounters became an increasingly difficult question to answer. The nausea around writing and theorizing outside of the spaces of action comes in waves. I suppose if there is an *ethnography-in-motion*, there is also a motion sickness that comes with the process.

> *I felt a strong wave of nausea around writing about social movements when I watched a fellow activist-academic explain a movement of the Poor -- activists who were our comrades -- to a florescent-lit conference hall during an international sociology conference. No one from the community was there. They probably had not been invited, but more importantly, they were probably not interested. The labels and admissions were disturbing, too revealing, clearly not things that were up for grabs. Embarrassing in their betrayals, or worse, because no one even saw them as betrayals since it was clear that no one really took the Poor to be a political force, therefore it could be discussed, calmly, as radical and revolutionary. Something didn't sit right.*

Isn't describing and discussing movements meant as a way to slash new pathways through the maze of capitalism? Douglas Bevington and Chris Dixon (2007) make an attempt at exploring what "movement-relevant theory" might look like. Their experiences as social movement theorists and activists caused them to look deeper into

what activists found relevant to read. Not surprisingly, it wasn't social movement theory. They, too, found that scholarship has largely become detached from the concerns and realities of actual social movements, but that activists in movements are creating a wealth of knowledge and theories through critical and ongoing discussions, reading, and writing in spheres often left off the academic map.

Certainly we hope to do more than impart a sense of 'knowing' the realities 'on the ground' brought in fresh from that week's shack fire? I can't help but feel sympathetic to Laurent Dubois's (1995) encounter with a healer in Guadeloupe that caused another kind of nausea – one of recognition.

> …I keep thinking about him, as I saw him last, drying out leaves for medicines in front of his hospital room, and I want to go back, and I want to learn more from him; and then, in part, I want him to keep his knowledge away from me. I don't know what I would do with it – I would write it down, I would make an article from it, I would take his picture – I would turn his friendship into something else; sometimes, I don't want to. Sometimes, I want to leave it alone, keep it there, stop asking so many questions, stop writing – just like he told me to – asking me: What are you writing? Stop writing and listen to me. (313)

This tension won't be alleviated by writing. It shouldn't be alleviated by writing. I am cautious, understanding that naming this or that emergent social movement or struggle victory can do as much harm as good in supporting knowledge circulation, leaving little more than chapters like this one to mark the spot of something that, if it existed in the first place, has long since disappeared or reconstituted itself. There is a real danger of dampening subversive and enabling strategies that are being created everyday in people's (and movement's) lives by explaining and describing them, underlining the legitimacy around being visible to power, being public, using courts, waiting in line. The official dimension of civil society can often constrain and contain more radical elements of social

movements that have a class analysis or an anti-capitalist analysis[15]. Writing suppresses as much as it includes – oral histories, the visual, theater, song – so many ways humans have understood themselves and one another. Movement knowledge is often simply peddled back to the elite (be they NGOs or governments) for co-option.

Living in the contradiction inherent in this process is part of the struggle. As part of an ongoing debate between activists about contradictions of the activist identity, J. Kellstadt (2001) proposes "embracing simultaneously the necessity and the impossibility of 'giving up activism'" and, "'living the tension' of this irreconcilable contradiction" (Bevington and Dixon 2007:18). So too, we must "live the tension" these questions bring into play.

As the new social movements know well, we must beware of a liberalism that focuses on the self as the terrain of struggle within the cocoon of liberal democracies. This kind of liberal ideology led to a radical depoliticalization of movements in North America and elsewhere in the 60s and 70s. Separating existing political realities from the terrain in which, and on which, we create alternatives, would be a grave mistake and one that has been made before. As Rahda D'Souza (2007) asks, "what is the way out of the stranglehold of liberalism? The answer is not to lapse back to liberalism, yet that is what I see happening in much of 'Left' critique of liberalism" (20). George Smith, through activist ethnography, provides some tools to break out of liberal philosophy through a "complex theory of social being rooted not in ideas but in doing and practice" (Frampton 2006:10). In order to properly deconstruct liberalism, and in turn neo-liberalism, one must deconstruct the functions with which the state produces itself.

In the particular context of South Africa, there is ample evidence of a protracted war against the poor fought through police, through the suppression of life saving medications, the swift rise of neoliberalism, and through the symbolic violence enacted by the growing elite against the majority poor (see, Desai 2002, 2006; Bond 2004, 2000;

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[15] There is extensive discussion about this on both sides of the debate about the function of 'civil society' which I don't have space to get into here, but for further depth on what I am signaling see Choudry 2002.

Hart 2002; Marais 2001; Walsh 2006). At a local level, the *state of exception*[16] functions by creating a 'being-outside, yet belonging' on the very bodies of 'informal' workers, shack dwellers, and migrants. Considered at this level, ethnography is critical to reveal how through every day practices capitalism is created and contested. The movement inherent in this making and re-making and the interplay between "topographies of power" (Ferguson 2006) is the basis for an *ethnography-in-motion*. Further, this exchange presupposes that we learn and dialogue better in action, to reflect while doing, to question while walking.

> Our dignities are stones thrown through the glass of capitalist domination. They create holes, but, more than that, they create cracks that run. Movement is essential. Capital is a constant process of filling the cracks, re-absorbing our rebellions, so that our rebellion, to stay alive, must move faster than capital. An autonomous space that does not spread, that does not become a crack, risks being turned into its opposite, an institution. (Holloway 2006:9)

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[16] One of the major reproductive mechanisms of the state is the juridical system, the bedrock on which rights-language rests, and the foundation for the maintenance of state sovereignty through the state of exception. As Giorgio Agamben (2005) explores, the state of exception, or iustitium, has been an integral aspect of the juridical system since Roman times, and one of the primary means through which states can move into totalitarian or fascist orders. The voluntary creation of a permanent state of emergency and has become the dominant paradigm for "contemporary nation states, including so-called democratic ones"(2) and its rise coincides with the coming of a "global civil war", the manifestation many would say we are already witnessing around the world.

THE IMPACT OF NEOLIBERALISM
ON SHACK DWELLERS IN SOUTH AFRICA

2

The death of capitalism will be the result not of a dagger-blow to the heart but of a million bee stings.
–John Holloway

Elaborating a theory around *ethnography-in-motion* comes from a desire to flesh out practices of living in, through, and against capitalism. Within this are both the subjective experiences found in everyday practices, and the political, social and economic conditions of late capitalism in which they occur. To use both macro and micro optics entails an examination of globalization under late capitalism, while also looking closer at the specific conditions and variations manifest in the South African context.

Because of my particular interest in health, and how health-enabling communities might be possible, it is necessary to situate the stories of people on the ground in the very real context of limitation and possibility in which they are living, not to ignore the systemic violence that is part of the objective reality of the world (Zizek 2008). I follow Gillian Hart (2002) in hoping to "clarify the slippages, openings, and possibilities for emancipatory social change in this era of neoliberal capitalisms, as well as the limits and constraints operating at different levels" (45). Catherine Campbell investigated how a health-enabling community might be possible in her book, *Letting them Die* (2003), arguing that successful HIV prevention must be rooted in the intersection between individual and community interests and needs, "not as a problem 'out there in the townships' or as the product of reified exotic African behaviours or cultural practices, but

as a social issue located at the interfaces of a range of constituencies with competing actions and interests" (8).

In South Africa, the state is in transition from apartheid to a particular brand of neoliberalism, the contours of which were formed through the social, economic, political, and historical conditions of apartheid and imperialism. It is also a country facing one of the largest AIDS pandemics in the world, with over 2 million already dead from AIDS-related illnesses, and a further five and a half million South Africans living with HIV. Between 1997 and 2006 the annual number of registered deaths rose by 91%, and a shocking 170% for those between the ages of 25 and 49 (Stats SA 2008).

In this chapter I will trace the borders of neoliberalism as applies to South Africa during the transition from apartheid. How can the "double movement" of the free-market be seen in relation to the rise of new social movements in contemporary South Africa? What do these economic and political formations mean for shack dwellers, specifically those living with HIV? Economic liberalism, I argue, must be seen as deeply linked to the worsening AIDS crisis in South Africa. Throughout the chapter I will strengthen the links between the rise of social movements in response to service delivery, and the implementation of neoliberal political and economic policies. While I do not wish to romanticize movements that come 'from the ground' as homogenous, I will argue that without addressing the underlying economic exclusions that allow for the growth of the pandemic, efforts at mitigation will continue to fail. Attempts to lessen the impacts of AIDS, and to educate around HIV prevention, cannot succeed without addressing the fundamental inequalities maintained by trade liberalism, privatisation, and the commodification of so many aspects of life that are essential to health.

I. The transition to neoliberalism in South Africa

In order to investigate everyday practices of power in contemporary South Africa, it is first important to flesh out how neoliberalism came to dominate the post-apartheid context. Many now see the adoption of a neoliberal agenda through the Growth, Employment and Redistribution (GEAR) policy framework, which I will discuss below,

as part of continuing class division and capitalist relations long existing in the country[17] (Wolpe 1972; Bond 2001, 2004; Marais 2001; Hart 2002). As Michael Burawoy (2000), James Ferguson (2006) and others point out, neoliberalism and liberal democracy looks "very different on the ground in South Africa, Russia, Sweden, and the United States" (Burawoy 2000:3). In order to understand how specific adoptions and contestations have developed in South Africa, it is important to flesh out a sharp definition of neoliberalism from which to base further investigations. Defining and understanding this force is important since, as the Zapatista's remind us, "the Power thinks that, if it is named, the lethargy which it offers as the present will become inefficient" (Subcomandant Marcos 1996).

With an eye to naming names and creating definitions as a means to move beyond them, neoliberalism is a political and economic ideology which maintains that free-markets and economic liberalism will lead to political liberty and economic development. Ultimately, neoliberalism is an elaboration and expansion of capitalist ideology. Though there are a number of ways in which different theorists have attempted to define neoliberalism, it is most clearly understood in practice as a series of fiscal restructuring mechanisms aimed at building a global self-regulating market. These fiscal mechanisms do not only remain in the economic realm[18], but as we will see, they come to touch almost all aspects of society and its underlying principles.

Neoliberalism finds its primary home as a politically enforced economic ideology exercised through a series of policy reforms that allow unhindered, free markets to

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[17] Harold Wolpe's now classic1972 essay *Capitalism and cheap labour power in South Africa* presented an outline of how capitalism has historically operated in South Africa (which I describe in more detail in Chapter 7) making a distinction between the different ways capitalism and apartheid functioned. Many argue that the disintegration of the apartheid state was in fact partially due to a capitalist crisis as big business increasingly felt their interests were at stake. For discussion on the origins of GEAR and its implications, see, Patrick Bond, *Elite Transition (2001)* and *Talk Left, Walk Right (2004)*; Hein Marais, *Limits to Change (2001)*; and Gillian Hart, *Disabling Globalisation* (2002).

[18] Nor are they enabled only by the state. The introduction of neoliberalism is rooted in the practices that cross state-based institutions, large NGOs, multinational corporations, and the International Financial Institutions, among others.

underline the way that both that the economy, and society, function. As part of the Washington Consensus in 1989, US-based economist John Williamson first outlined a set of ten fiscal recommendations often considered the main tenets of a neoliberal economic strategy. Core to those reforms are:

1. **Privatisation**: Mainly through privatising state enterprises like utilities (water, sanitation, electricity) and other formerly state-run enterprises such as hospitals, railways, roadways, education system, etc.
2. **Liberalization**: This includes opening up any barriers to trade so that maximum profit can be made, and liberalizing other aspects of the economy such as exchange rates and foreign direct investment aimed at breaking down 'barriers' to competition.
3. **Deregulating markets**: In order for competition and expansion not to be restricted by protections or regulations. The ideal situation would be that markets would run freely, without restriction, and the 'invisible hand' of the market would regulate society[19].

These reforms have been sternly advocated by the International Monetary Fund (IMF), the World Bank (WB), and the US Treasury Department, and implemented throughout the world. Neoliberal ideology purports that government's wasteful use of money and cumbersome bureaucracy hinders the efficient implementation of services. Instead, they suggest reorienting from the public sector to the private, allowing competition to multiply by eliminating restrictions (such as border protections, labour and environmental regulations, etc), to enable the 'consumer' to benefit better services and efficiency, and those benefits will trickle down to those most needy.

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[19] In addition, the full ten recommendations proposed by the Washington Consensus are: reordering public expenditure priorities; reforming taxes; adhering to fiscal discipline; securing property rights; liberalizing interest rates, exchange rates, inward foreign direct investment and export-led development. While Williamson now rejects that the policy prescriptions made through the Washington Consensus reflect a broader neoliberal agenda, they are nonetheless generally thought to reflect a free-market neoliberal ideology as has been advocated by the World Bank and IMF.

It is important to underline that these reforms have been executed in various differing ways and in varying degrees in different countries, yet even with these differences, the basic assumptions remain the same. Tax breaks, opening up new markets, privatising public assets formerly run by the state (such as education, health care, water, electricity, social housing), allowing capital to move freely across borders while inhibiting the movement of people, supporting private property rights and championing competition are the most clear indicators of a neoliberal program. At the same time, neoliberalism is also a *political project*, since the "free market is itself a form of social organization…enforced through the state" (Treanor 2005:np). David Harvey (2006) argues that the "fundamental mission of the neoliberal state is to create a 'good business climate' and therefore to optimize conditions for capital accumulation no matter what the consequences for employment or social well-being" (25) ultimately assuring the restoration of class power.

For our investigations in South Africa, neoliberalism can be summarized as a series of political and economic reforms meant to open up economies to the 'invisible hand' of the free-market[20]. As we see below, how these reforms play out in South Africa is subject to local specificities, contestations, 'frictions', and interactions that characterize the making and unmaking of power. I am interested here in Anna Lowenhaupt Tsing's definition of *friction* as a state in which "heterogeneous and unequal encounters can lead to new arrangements of culture and power" (Tsing 2005:5). Ostensibly, proponents of neoliberalism argue that stimulating market-based solutions and business interests will "foster growth and innovation and that is the only way to eradicate poverty and to deliver, in the long run, higher living standards to the mass of the population" (Harvey 2006:25). While this is the theory espoused by the International Monetary Fund (IMF) and the World Bank as the *only* solution, history and analysis shows that the underlying logic of market liberalism has serious flaws, which I will attempt to draw out here.

Neoliberalism, as a term, has been theorized widely. I don't have the space in this chapter to go into detail defining neoliberalism, as it is ultimately a chapter about economic and

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policy liberalism in South Africa, and not a chapter on 'neoliberalism' as such, I would still like to point out that adequately explaining the fundamentals of the concept would require a look at economic liberalism in greater detail, from Adam Smith who originally advocated for minimal government interference into the economy, to Friedrich Hayek, Milton Friedman and others who have developed the ideas of the kind of 'new' liberalism that we see in markets today. Aihwa Ong (2006) also reinvents a discussion of *neoliberalism as exception*, in which neoliberalism is seen as "a new relationship between government and knowledge through which governing activities are recast as nonpolitical and nonideological problems that need technical solutions" (Ong 2006:3), and thus are constantly changing and transforming.

II. The particulars of South African neoliberalism

Neoliberalism in South Africa has come about in very particular ways that macro theories often oversimplify. Forming over the ashes and foundations of the apartheid system, the rush towards neoliberal economics has taken a brutal form, what Patrick Bond calls "the world's most extreme site of uneven capitalist development" (Bond 2003:31). Even after over a decade of betrayals, many people, especially the poor black majority, are still coming to terms with the fact that the promise of socialism – the rather abstract 'Freedom for All' – that was the hallmark of the African National Congress (ANC) platform during apartheid, looks like more of an illusion than ever. In broad strokes I would like to trace the central conduits through which neoliberal ideology came to dominate South African policy post-1994.

As South Africa was transitioning from apartheid, the ANC and its allies undertook negotiations with the out-going apartheid regime and elaborated policy plans for the new government. One of the critical policy documents developed during this period was the Reconstruction and Development Programme (RDP) (ANC 1994). The RDP was a socio-economic policy framework developed by the ANC with the Congress of South African Trade Unions (COSATU) in consultation with various other popular civic organizations. Published just before the 1994 national elections it "made a series of pledges to meet 'basic needs' in a 'people-driven' manner that would set in motion a mutually reinforcing dynamic of redistribution and economic growth" (Hart 2002:17). The RDP served as the basis for the ANC's first electoral campaign platform. But in what many see as the heralding in of a South African neoliberalism, the RDP's broadly Keynesian principals of redistribution were dismissed and rapidly replaced by the neoliberal-oriented Growth, Employment and Redistribution (GEAR) strategy. As many economists see it, GEAR has been characterized by a "massive decline in jobs and a degeneration in the world's worst wealth distribution system" (Bond 2004:205). Gillian Hart reflects how, unlike the consensus process that built the RDP, the release of GEAR in June 1996 "was the product of a team of technical experts whose claim to legitimacy lay in an economic modeling exercise" (Hart 2002:18).

In the years immediately following the transition, the ANC, anxious to show the world that it had what it takes to create a favorable environment for market-led economic growth, rushed towards implementing this economic path of development.

> The central premise of GEAR was that an orthodox neoliberal package – tight fiscal austerity, monetary discipline, wage restraints, reducing corporate taxes, trade liberalization, and phasing out exchange controls – would lure private investment (both domestic and foreign), unleash rapid growth, tighten labor markets, and drive up wages. (Hart 2002:18)

Internally, many left economists cautioned against adopting GEAR[21], given the gross disparities already existing in the country, but to little heed. The devastating effects of this neoliberal "shock treatment" on the majority (mainly black) South Africans is being realized on the ground today.

Many commentators have tried to understand how a revolutionary, liberation movement grounded in socialism could take such a radical turn against the interests of the majority of its constituents. While a number of theories abound, I tend to agree with those who recognize "the limits imposed by globally integrated capitalisms, the negotiated settlement, and the heavily concentrated corporate structure of South African capital" (Hart 2002:21). From this perspective we can see that "the process that culminated in GEAR as driven neither by the inexorable forces of globalization nor by a simple sell-out, but by complex power struggles within and beyond the ANC and its alliance partners" (21). Power is a shifting terrain in which there is room to maneuver yet which is still bounded by political, social, and economic forces (Hart 2002). It was not simply a betrayal of the socialist promises of the incoming ANC government, as the

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[21] For a full and thorough discussion of the economics of the transition, the move from the RDP to GEAR, South Africa's adoption of Washington consensus models and the limits on how the transition played out in South Africa see Hein Marais' seminal 1998 text, *South Africa, Limits to Change: The political economy of transition*. Cape Town: University of Cape Town Press. Both COSATU and the South African Community Party (SACP), as well as many other critics, fought hard against the adoption of GEAR in its early days, and many remain vocal opponents of the plan to this day.

power of global finance external to the country and the pressures within worked to lock South Africa into its current fiscal manifestation.

Relying on insights from William Gumede and Vishnu Padayachee, Naomi Klein (2007) attempts to further unpack this economic conundrum, describing how the seizure of technical and financial power away from the ANC during the transition created an economic deadlock for South Africa. Through backdoor technical and economic negotiations the ANC effectively wrote itself out of real power. The central bank was made into an autonomous entity within the South African state run by the same chief, Chris Stals, who ran it under apartheid, retaining many of the apartheid-era financial leaders in their posts (Klein 2007:242). While political power was being secured, economic neoliberalism was sweeping in right beneath their feet.

> *The ANC found itself caught in a new kind of web, one made of arcane rules and regulations, all designed to confine and constrain the power of elected leaders. As the web descended on the country, only a few people even noticed it was there, but when the new government came to power and tired to move freely, to give its voters the tangible benefits of liberation they expected and thought they had voted for, the strands of the web tightened and the administration discovered that its powers were tightly bound. (243)*

Klein links what happened in South Africa to the broader program of economic "shock treatment" in the form of neoliberal reforms that have spread throughout the world. While many conservative elements inside the ANC were clearly aware of what was being negotiated, the emergent neoliberal bend of South African policy dashed many peoples' hopes for a socialist-oriented wealth redistribution plan for the country as promised by the ANC.

Yet, some saw it coming, as the politics of the ANC increasingly believed that capitalism would be the answer to rectifying racial inequality, missing some of the lessons gleaned under capitalist apartheid[22]. As Patrick Bond and Ashwin Desai write (2006), by the late 80s, "South Africa's capitalist class demanded, perhaps for the first time, an end to formal apartheid. The reasons for this are closely related to economic stagnation and financial crisis, but what was disconcerting was how dramatically this shook many Marxist theorists who, earlier, so profoundly rejected the liberal thesis that apartheid and capitalism were incompatible" (13). Bond and Desai (2006) call what has emerged in South Africa *uneven and combined development*, and follow David Harvey in analyzing what they see as accumulation by dispossession, or as Bond calls it "looting Africa" (2006).

III. Critical views of neoliberalism

Why has the ANC's transition away from socialism and towards a neoliberal policy model caused such a great deal of uproar from citizens, trade unions, the South African Community Party, academics and others? Building on theories emerging in South Africa about the particularities of South African capitalism, the work of Karl Polanyi (1944) has been particularly useful in mapping out some of the counter arguments against

[22] The ANC's emphasis on Black Economic Empowerment (BEE) could be seen as one stark example of this economic oriented, capitalist solution towards eradicating inequality. The idea remains strong that if non-white people are given the opportunity to develop economically, racial inequality will disappear, and in turn, so will economic inequality. The increasing gap between the rich and poor is a clear example that this does not work, although it is true that there are now many black millionaires and the black middle-class is growing while the number of poor whites is also increasing, it remains the case that non-white people continue to be over-represented in poor communities.

neoliberalism. Polanyi's analysis of the rise and fall of the market economy in the 19th century revealed that at its base, market liberalism purports that "human society should be subordinated to self-regulating markets" (xxii) [23]. For markets to regulate themselves, they must first be 'disembedded' from society. While markets might be efficient, they are not moral, just, or fair. Polanyi traces how in the 19th century there was an invariable resistance to market expansion as societies, people's lives and livelihoods were trampled upon. In reaction, state regulations and social protectionisms were strengthened in the form of welfare, legislative reforms, unions, etc. in order to dampen the negative effects and reduce the damage done through unbridled capital expansion[24].

The tension between the attempt to open up and expand self-regulating markets and the counter need to protect human society from the consequences of the market, is what Polanyi called the "double movement". This movement between the push to further open markets, and society's need to protect itself, argues Polanyi, necessarily limited the potential of either mechanism to function effectively. This creates an inherent dilemma for market liberalization:

> ..the idea of a self-adjusting market implied a stark utopia. Such an institution could not exist for any length of time without annihilating the human and natural substance of society; it would have physically destroyed man and transformed his surroundings into a wilderness. Inevitably, society took measures to protect itself, but whatever measures it took impaired the self-regulation of the market, disorganized industrial life, and thus endangered society in yet another way. (Polanyi 1944:4)

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[23] In his paper *Globalisation's double movement: Societal responses to market expansion in the 21st century*, Juan José Palacios (2001) argues how Polanyi's double movement thesis can be useful for understanding both current day globalization, but also the rise of anti-globalization movements worldwide since the 1990s.

[24] For example, the unbridled market during the industrial revolution set no limits on labour. Marx was deeply affected by seeing children working in factories around the clock in terrible conditions for nearly no wages. Without regulation, the zeal with which the bosses (capital) will exploit workers can spiral out of control.

Free-market fundamentalism (informed by the Washington Consensus) has underwritten World Bank and IMF policies towards the developing world, and has oriented the way that many countries have designed fiscal policy. Based on the assumption that unhindered self-regulating global markets and dissolved borders will be the solution to greater overall prosperity (against overwhelming and growing evidence to the contrary), neoliberal ideologues have been prescribing these economic reforms *en masse*, often with force.[25] Increasingly the state is sent in with its military and police to ensure the effective implementation of neoliberal policies, often against the will of many of its citizens. This was perhaps best characterized by the "Cochabamba Water Wars" in 2000 where a number of people were killed attempting protect their water from the privatisation forced on Bolivia by the World Bank. Under economic and political pressure from the World Bank, Bolivia privatised the municipal water supply in its third largest city, Cochambamba. The World Bank announced that it would not renew a $25 million dollar investment to Bolivia if the country did not privatise its water utility, forcing it to sell to Aguas del Illimani, a company primarily owned by the multinational French consortium Suez (Blackwell 2002). The World Bank justified this action reasoning that "poor governments are often too plagued by local corruption and too ill equipped to run public water systems efficiently. …[and that the use of private corporations] opens the door to needed investment and skilled management" (Shultz 2005). They also reasoned that charging for water encourages conservation and minimizes inefficiency. In fact, the effects of the privatisation were rate increases and cut-offs, quickly making water out of the reach for those who could not afford it. This story has a sad resonance with what has happened with water privatisation in Phiri, Soweto, that I discuss later in the chapter. Both the rise of social movements, and police violence against those movements, has also been erupting in the last few years in South Africa.

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[25] This was witnessed at protests around the world such as Seattle, Genoa, Quebec and the many others. As Paul Treanor argues, "the Genoa G8 summit was intended as a show of force… 20 000 police and soldiers were deployed at the Genoa G8 summit - NATO used 42 500 troops to occupy Kosovo. This show of force was out of all proportion to the political strength of anti-market forces, but it emphasised the legitimacy of the market-democratic states" (Treanor 2005:np).

"As did their predecessors, neoliberals insist that all nations have to do is trust in the effectiveness of self-regulating markets" (Block 2001:xxxiii). At its core is the belief that if individuals and businesses are given the maximum freedom to pursue their economic self-interest, markets will create a context in which everyone will benefit. But Polanyi teaches us that "this neoliberal vision of automatic market adjustment at the global level is a dangerous fantasy" since "market liberalism makes demands on ordinary people that are simply not sustainable" as they become subject to the necessarily radical economic fluctuations of the self-regulating market that greatly effects their daily lives (xxxiv). David Harvey (2006) argues that "the 'utopian project' of reorganizing global capitalism in terms of a neoliberal agenda is merely the ideological smokescreen for neo-liberalism in practice, which is less liberal, let alone new, than it is professed to be" and "is subservient to the interests of a new economic elite" (Adorjan 2007:np).

Resistance to the "shock therapy" and forced adoption of neoliberal ideology, such as structural adjustment programs throughout Africa, has been growing around the globe (Mayhew 2000; Klein 2007). Increasing numbers of people in increasingly diverse parts of the world are trying to protect their very right to life (the access to water, land, health, subsistence farming and fishing) against the encroachment of the market[26]. They are also meeting on the streets, in back alleyways, on mountain passes, in living rooms, open fields and community halls to talk about the other things that have been sucked away through market fundamentalisms: community, the commons, dignity and hope. As the Zapatistas explain in the *Summons to the Intercontinental Encounter for Humanity and Against Neoliberalism*,

> The "thinkers" ask themselves "Who are these indigenous people who do not sell or buy anything? …Won't the lovely machine of the Power called Progress erase them? What are these aborigines doing on the information superhighway talking about dignity? What is that thing called "dignity" anyway? On what market index can it be valued? …How many combat airplanes, military ships, war tanks, and

[26] I would argue that for these same reasons we have also seen a rise of religious fundamentalism and other fundamentalisms around the world, likely in response to the erosion of what was once held in common.

> nuclear weapons do they have? How many financial markets do they dominate? … And most importantly, how much do they cost? (Subcomandante Insurgente Marcos 1996:np)

David Harvey (2006) outlines how the very idea of freedom has been co-opted as an ideological tool in which "the valorization of individual freedom is conflated with the utopia of a free and unregulated market" (Adorjan 2007:np). Therefore, "any political movement that holds individual freedoms to be sacrosanct is vulnerable to incorporation into the neoliberal fold" (Harvey 2006:41). Even Marx saw that capitalism at its heart has always been inherently individualist (Sayer 2001). In fact, what makes capitalism more than simply an economic reality, but a social one, is this lean towards individualism. Derek Sayer argues that for Marx, capitalism was not only a shift in the reproductive and economic processes of existence, but a revolution of "elementary forms of social life: individuality, relationship and community" (56). In the *Grundisse*, Marx writes that in modern society, all

> ties of personal dependence, distinctions of birth, education, etc. (all the personal ties at least appear as *personal* relationships), are in fact broken, abolished. The individuals *appear* to be independent…appear to collide with one another freely, and to exchange with one another in this freedom. (Marx 1858:100)

The abstract individual created as a free and equal entity emerges out of the very nature of the commodity exchange. "Marx argues that recognition of this 'juridical person', the abstract subject of the bourgeois order, is implicit in the very activity of commodity exchange. 'The act of exchange,' he says, is 'both the positing and the confirmation' not only of exchange values but equally 'of the subjects as exchangers'" (Marx quoted in Sayer 2001:58). This distinction, and the development of the equal, free individual (male) subject through capitalist logics, will be important to keep in mind in relation to the development of 'alternatives' (such as rights-based solutions, the politics of compassion, and compassionate capitalism) which I will discuss in subsequent chapters. It is also

central to thinking about how community is being defined, defended, divided and mobilized in the context of capitalism in South Africa.

IV. The impacts of neoliberalism on the health of shack dwellers

What has the adoption of neoliberal policies tangibly meant for South Africans since 1994, and more specifically, for the social movements and people living in shack settlements that I am working with in KwaZulu Natal? We must keep an eye to the tangible and distinct features of neoliberalism and its specific impacts, contestations, and frictions in post-apartheid Africa. As James Ferguson (2006) insists, we must find ways of departing from an Africa that is understood only either as a journalistic geography of hopelessness, failed states, AIDS and famine, or as an impossible empirical category, a collection of modernities, existing simultaneously and contemporaneously, and on equal footing. I take up Ferguson's challenge to see Africa-in-the-world, not only in the broad strokes of 'connected globalization' that often leave out the sticky parts of Africa that don't fit, or in such highly particular accounts and situated experiences that leave us with nothing to say about the globally linked inequalities and struggles happening on the continent. Both modes depoliticize discussion on Africa, by either assuming Africa is in a fossilized state without hope of transition, or on temporal axis of development[27].

Ferguson contends that the process of globalization, for Africa at least, is not one of 'flows of capital' but one of disconnection and separation, of capital 'hopping', of enclaves, borders, divisions and alternative geographies. Africa, he argues, may be presenting us with an example of what the future may look like: pockets of wealth, hierarchies of power, spatially linked through capital and often within volatile, unstable states set against tracts of poverty, where large NGOs, corporations and 'grassroots' actors overlap and assume functions of the state, horizontally creating new intersections of power. All this set against the undemocratic neoliberal power machine of the Bretton

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[27] Conversely, Ferguson argues that many Africans themselves continue to see modernism and development as processes through which to address economic inequalities. They are less likely to want to convert to a model of cultural relativity. The paradox thus exists.

Woods institutions. In order to paint an accurate picture of what is happening it is important to trash notions of what he calls a 'vertical topographies of power', which juxtapose state, civil society and other players in a complex hierarchy, and look more closely at modes of operating within social movements and state structures that overlap, re-inscribe and reconfigure relationships of power and governance.

In further chapters I use ethnography to elaborate the complex ways that neoliberalism is inscribed through the everyday practices of health-care workers, government bureaucrats, police, shack dwellers, AIDS NGOs, activist academics, land owners, hospital staff, and other agents of the state. Power, and neoliberalism, is enacted in far more complex ways than solely that of the policies set by the state. Yet I do not wish to get lost in the particulars, so that the gaping dynamics of inequality and the struggles against it become blurry. And thus I paint a portrait in these insufficient broad strokes to set out the space in which we find ourselves, where "with one of the world's most entrenched systems of urban inequality, South Africa fell from 86th to 120th place out of 177 countries on the Human Development Index during the early 2000s "(Bond 2007:12).

Given the relatively high GDP of South Africa, this low rating on the HDI (a scale based on literacy, education, life expectancy and standard of living) is particularly acute. The growing gap is a politically sensitive issue since it has become wider since the days of apartheid. "Between 1975 and 1995, HDI improved fairly steadily as life expectancy and educational enrolments improved. Since democracy arrived, HDI has fallen, hitting a new low last year" (Butler 2007:145). While the HDI[28] has many flaws as an accurate marker for overall well-being, it is nonetheless an indicator of growing disparities in an otherwise

[28] Patrick Bond points out that an analysis of the HDI must take a closer look at income distribution within South Africa and the ways that literacy and electricity connections are monitored, mainly relying on government data. Bond urges taking into account the low quality and poor location of housing, the high levels of disconnections made by the main electricity provider, Eskom, the insertion of pre-paid meters, the increasing prices of electricity, and the uneven application of the Free Basic Electricity policy, if a more accurate picture of the HDI for South Africa might be gleaned.

wealthy country. Recent Gini[29] coefficient data, which takes into account social and economic disparities, has also shown that unequal wealth distribution in South Africa has grown considerably from 1996 to 2005.

Clearly, AIDS has had a significant impact on the HDI and the Gini coefficient. The pandemic has brought life expectancy in South Africa down from 62 years in 1990 to 47 years in 2005 (UNFPA 2005). Since, it has risen again to 53 years largely associated with the roll-out of anti-retrovirals (Stats SA 2009) As mentioned in the introduction of this chapter, Aids-related deaths in South Africa had taken more than 2 million people by the end of 2005. Between 1997 and 2005, the annual number of registered deaths for people between 24 and 49 years old rose by a staggering 169% (Medical Research Council 2006). There are over 5.5 million South Africans living with HIV, including 240,000 children under 15-years old and over a million children orphaned (UNAIDS 2007). The province of KwaZulu Natal has one of the highest rates of infection in the country at 39% in 2006 (South African Department of Health 2006). Yet by 2007, only 300 000 people had accessed anti-retroviral (ARV) medication from the government, though there are plans to reach one million people by 2010 (UNAIDS 2007; IRIN 2006). Throughout this time, it is impossible to ignore the AIDS denialism of the Mbeki government that continued to bubble and complicate the debate in the country, and which some claim caused up to 300,000 avoidable deaths. Recently, US President Obama's AIDS plan has said that they will "break the stranglehold that a few big drug and insurance companies have on these life-saving drugs" so that countries can "access quality-assured, low-cost generic medication to meet their pressing public health needs under the WTO's Trade Related Aspects of Intellectual Property Rights (TRIPS)" (Obama for America 2008). It remains to be seen what this will actually mean, especially with the mention of TRIPS, but it is still an encouraging sign. As Colleen O'Manique writes, neoliberalism's entrance

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[29] The Gini coefficient is a measure of statistical dispersion most prominently used as to measure of inequality of income distribution or inequality of wealth distribution, named after the Italian statistician Corrado Gini. It is defined as a ratio with values between zero and 100. A low Gini coefficient indicates more equal income or wealth distribution, while a high Gini coefficient indicates more unequal distribution….South Africans have seen an increase from 60 in 1996 to 65 in 2005, the highest of the countries in the table" (Ntshalintshali 2006).

into the global sphere is at the heart of the dilemma posed by AIDS. Harkening back to Marx's reading of the inherent individualism of capitalism,

> ...the problem is not simply that clinical medicine fails to pay sufficient attention, but that it is difficult for our highly individualistic societies to see the link between the broader organization of societies, the distribution of wealth and power, and human health. Unfettered growth and trade, understood as 'freedom', overrides other values. (O'Manique 2004:19)

While it may seem easy to place the blame on the AIDS pandemic for increasing economic disparities in South Africa, orthodox neoliberal policies have contributed to make the crisis deeper and more acute for many. As the gap between the rich and the poor widens, the impacts of AIDS worsens. As Colleen O'Manique (2004) underscores, "in the current understanding of AIDS in Africa, the macrostructural features of African economies and societies more broadly are considered mere context for national epidemics, rather than important factors that are shaping the geographic spread of HIV and heightening certain peoples' vulnerability to and risk of infection" (8).

Mark Hunter has highlighted the clear links between economic policy and AIDS in South Africa, specifically as it manifests in informal settlements "where HIV rates are reported to be almost twice as high as they are in rural and urban areas" (Hunter 2005:0145). With HIV infection rates doubling in shack settlements, infection rates in places like Kennedy Road and Lacey road where I have been doing fieldwork sore to nearly 70%. The higher infection rates in shack settlements is “not only due to sexual transmission, but is in part a consequence of inadequate water, nutrition, and sanitation and the general poor state of health in the former" (145). Many people who are sick also come to the cities from rural areas in order to gain access to the health care system. They often end up with friends or relatives in overburdened areas, such as shack settlements, or in crowded housing, further deteriorating already compromised health. As Hunter points out, AIDS is rooted to socio-economic forces in far more complex ways than is often assumed. As we will see in the case studies below, the ability to support and maintain health can be deeply compromised

by economic policies that hinder access to services such as medication or water. In 2007 UNAIDS reported on the failure to stem new HIV infections in South Africa despite large-scale comprehensive attempts. It is a chilling reminder of the effects of these forces (UNAIDS 2007).

While neoliberalism "has guided the globalization of economic activity and become the conventional wisdom in international agencies and institutions (such as the IMF, World Bank, World Trade Organization, and the technical agencies of the United Nations, including the WHO)" (Navarro 2006:np), it is increasingly being challenged as the adverse effects on people and societies pile up. While the specific adaptations of neoliberalism in post-apartheid South Africa is not the sole cause of the disparities we are witnessing, an examination of these policies does "capture the unwillingness of the state to intervene more directly to redistribute wealth, create employment, and provide basic services" (Hunter 2005:151).

Given these broad strokes, I turn to stories from South Africans who are on the front lines of the effects caused by market-led solutions, trade deregulation, and privatisation. Evidence arises not only in the faceless statistics around poverty, AIDS, and access to services, but also on the streets of South Africa, as more and more people speak out against the impacts of these policies on their lives.

V. Evidence from the ground: The rise of new social movements

In response to the widening gap between the rich and poor there has been an upsurge in social protest throughout the country. In 2005/2006 almost 11, 000 protests were recorded, and another close to 10,000 in 2006/2007 (Minister of Safety and Security South Africa 2007). A majority of these were characterized as 'service-delivery' protests with demands around basic services such as water, electricity, sanitation, land, and houses. At the core of these movements are the more than 3 million people who live in shacks (Stats SA 2006), and millions more who live in inadequate, overcrowded flats and crumbling township houses.

By 2009 these protests had taken on an ominous tone. The biggest service sector strike in South African history happened in 2007, and violent suppression of movements is on the increase. Rubber bullets, water tanks, caspers and dogs have been used against protestors in Potsdam, Somerset West, Durban, Sebokeng, Cape Town, Alexandra, Joe Slovo, and other areas. Activists are being arrested throughout the country during protests and marches mainly revolving around demands for land and housing and provisions such as water, sanitation and electricity. A well-known community activist who was part of the Alexandra Vukuzenzele Crisis Committee was shot and killed in what looked like a political assassination in September 2007. A political assassination of a community activist in Umlazi, a township outside of Durban, is also still on trial with an ANC councilor implicated and tensions running high. By 2009 it seemed like the whole country was on strike, as many commentators throughout the country and beyond tried to grapple with what was happening. Thousands were on strike from all different sectors of society: social workers from non-government organizations, soldiers, taxi drivers, doctors, informal traders, the National Union of Mineworkers (NUM), ANC Women League members, University students and others went to the picket lines. At the same time spontaneous service-delivery protests raged across the country.

The press release sent by the Anti-Privatisation Forum (APF) after Nkosingiphile Mvalo Mhlope's assassination tells of the climate of protest and increasing repression of dissent throughout the country:

> The APF has, on numerous occasions, warned about the increasingly dangerous and threatening environment that has been created for community activists struggling for basic services and human dignity as a result of violent actions by police and verbal attacks and threats made by local, provincial and national ANC politicians and members. The levels of intolerance against those who engage in legitimate protest and dissent are reaching crisis proportions. (APF 2007:np)

Even with this growing repression, people continue to take to the streets in the attempts to have their grievances heard. While the noose of neoliberalism tightens, forcing out more

and more poor people from the system through privatisation and liberalization, the force of the resistance grows.

> What we are witnessing again and again in poor community after poor community, is that the police and government officials treating the legitimate grievances and protests over service delivery, of the various communities, with contempt and arrogance. Residents have used every available avenue to highlight/ publicise their demands for service delivery, only and always to be met with a deafly silence and to be told that they must shut up and continue to 'wait' … If things continue the way they are, we will soon have an effective police state existing in poor communities! (Coalition Against Water Privatisation and the Anti-Privatisation Forum 2007)

As the APF/CAWP memorandum insists, the time for waiting has grown far too long. More and more people are realizing that the social agenda they voted for is not on the near horizon. "Hard as it is still for many to believe, signs of the quick departure from many of the goals of socialism began immediately during the transition and nationalization was one of the first promises to be thrown out" (Marais 2001:122). The transition itself marked a shift into deeper capitalism, a move that many scholars see not only as a betrayal of the ANC's election promises, but also as a compromised continuation of a style of capitalism the apartheid regime had set in motion[30].

A brief look at some issues identified by social movements presents a fuller picture of the impacts being felt on the ground from economic policy delivered from 'above'. I will consider three issues that movements have been particularly active around that have direct impacts on the worsening and deepening of the AIDS pandemic in the country: a) the privatisation of water, sanitation and electricity, b) market-led solutions to land and housing; and c) trade liberalization which prohibits access to medicine and health services.

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[30] Yet as Klein, Hart, Bond and others point out, the liberation government was in many ways between a rock and a hard place and it was not a simple act of the 'revolution betrayed'.

a) PRIVATISATION of WATER, SANITATION, ELECTRICITY

As Maude Barlow points out, "by the year 2025, two-thirds of the world's population will face water scarcity" (Barlow 2007:3). Globally there are 1.2 billion people without access to safe water and 2.6 billion without access to sanitation (UNDP 2006). Despite the election promises made though the RDP that priority would be put on providing water, electricity and housing to the poor, state enterprises have increasingly been privatised. This has made access to water, sanitation and housing increasingly difficult. Privatisation of basic services are having deep impacts, especially on the millions who are living with HIV and AIDS. In the years following the transition South Africa began to privatise its formerly state-owned electricity and water utilities. Instead of bringing efficiency, these new corporate formation's focused on "full cost recovery", with prices at times increasing by up to 400 percent (C. Smith 2002).

In 1999 South Africa privatised the state-owned electricity provider Eskom, which has led to the installation of pre-paid electricity meters and massive electricity cut-offs for thousands of people living in poor communities. People began reconnecting themselves illegally in Soweto, and a grassroots social movement, the Soweto Electricity Crisis Committee (SECC), was formed to respond to the commodification and privatisation of electricity mobilizing around the resistance that was happening on the ground. In 2001 they launched *Operation Khanyisa* (Reconnect the Power), where volunteers would reconnect the power of those who had been cut off by Eskom. As Trevor Ngwane explained, "It [reconnection] had to be announced as a political act for it to be that. People were already doing it when we got there" (Ngwane interview cited in Naidoo and Veriava 2009:325). Facing dangerous conditions, electrocution, persecution by the police, and jail time, these volunteers turn the power back on for needy families. By their count, they have reconnected over 150, 000 homes. Electricity has become the privilege of a few, while each week reports of injuries and deaths cause by shack fires mount.

As Prisani Naidoo and Ahmed Veriava (2009) have closely documented, the struggle to reconnect electricity through Operation Khanyisa put direct pressure on Eskom to change policy. Part of the changes made by Eskom, ironically, was to introduce prepaid meters,

> ushering in a new form of payment rule, one in which individualised, commodified systems of service delivery are naturalised through techniques of self-government and individual saving and restraint. With the introduction of the prepaid meter, responsibility for access to electricity has become the individual's with limited interaction between the recipient ('client') and the service provider, and limited responsibility on the part of the state. (326)

At the same time as electricity was being privatised, and then individualized through technological payment techniques, so was water. The water utility in Johannesburg was bought by Suez, a French consortium, which also quickly led to higher rates, pre-paid water meters, and thousands of water cut-offs for poor people. Again social movements and spontaneous struggles erupted across the country, mainly focused on pre-paid water meters, disconnections, and water cut-offs. Prominent groups include the Anti-Privatisation Forum (APF), the Coalition Against Water Privatisation, and the Phiri Concerned Residents Forum (PCRF). Many groups and communities have also been reconnecting water for residents who have been cut-off because of non-payment. In Phiri (Soweto) the struggle against pre-paid water meters has been ongoing since their

installation by Johannesburg Water in 2003[31] and this year will be heard in the High Court.

> In Johannesburg, the Anti-Privatisation Forum (APF) and its twenty-two community affiliates are evidence of organised resistance against such practices, emerging, in many cases, in the first instance, against water and electricity cut-offs. At the height of struggles, Johannesburg Water and the municipality introduced the prepaid water meter as a means of circumventing the problems associated with cut-offs as a punitive measure for non-payment. With the prepaid meter, individuals would not be able to access water without paying for it upfront. In this manner, the accumulation of debt would not be permitted, and the responsibility for securing access would become the individual paying customer's and no longer that of the state and/or private company. (Coalition Against Water Privatisation & Anti-Privatisation Forum 2006)

At the same time these privatised and technical mechanisms imposed on water and electricity, often in response to the resistance mounted by residents, has caused fractures between collective and individualist approaches to the struggle, heralding in a new culture of payment brought forward by the companies (Naidoo & Veriava 2009:328). In a research report prepared by the activist groups working on the ground about how their attempts to fight for access to water have unfolded, they write,

> Three years since the launch of Operation Gcina 'Manzi, and the start of resistance against the installation of prepaid water meters in Phiri, our findings suggest that residents have had no choice but to accept the prepaid system, and have begun internalizing the logic of payment for water. For the few who have chosen not to sign onto the prepaid system, life has become more difficult, with access to water made possible only by walking to standpipes outside one's yard, and living

[31] As I write a Constitutional Court case is underway against the pre-paid meters as a violation of an individuals right to water. The case has been ongoing for six years, and challenges both the pre-paid meters and the insufficient free basic water allocation. For more information, see the Coalition Against Water Privatisation and the Anti-Privatisation Forum report *Lessons from the War against Prepaid water Meters: The struggle against silent disconnections continues* (2006).

> without flush toilets. For the majority, life has come to mean finding ways of accessing water through the prepaid system. (Coalition Against Water Privatisation & Anti-Privatisation Forum 2006, quoted in Naidoo and Veriava 2009:328-328)

Consequences of not having access to water have been deadly for poor communities who often live with up to 20 people in a household, and face regular cutoffs when they are unable to pay. Inadequate amounts of water and proper sanitation are a critical public health issue, deepening the severity and intensity of the AIDS crisis. As research has shown, as prices rise there is a marked decrease in water consumption (APF 2006; Bond 2007). One example of the direct impacts of water privatisation happened in KwaZulu Natal in 2002 when poor villagers were forced to get water from polluted rivers which resulted in a cholera outbreak that infected more than 120, 000 people and killed almost 300 (C. Smith 2002:np).

These are not the only deaths. In Phoenix, Durban, in 2003 Marcel King was shot dead by a sub-contracted security guard while trying to stop his mother's electricity from being disconnected. Throughout 2006 and 2007, residents of Crossmoor marched on the city, wrote letters and told their stories to the media in an attempt to secure water and toilets for their more than 300 residents who had neither. In Kennedy Road more than 7,000 people live with only 6 serviced toilets.

As the culture of payment and individual responsibility for water and electricity unfolds across the country, more and more people are likely to feel quite alone and vulnerable at multiples levels due to not being able to access these most basic services.

Not having electricity can also be deadly. Shack fires are one of the perils the residents of shack settlements are forced to contend with. Women living in the shacks have a lot to say about the conditions they face. As Christiniah Zizile Ngwazi writes next to a photograph of herself in the settlement:

This is the house I live in. This shack built from planks and covered with plastic as a roof. When it rains it is as if I live in a pigsty. It leaks and the chickens come in and then there is a lot of mud and water. Also, the houses burn down frequently. There are many dead bodies because of shack fires.

-Image and text by Christiniah Zizile Ngwazi[32]

Zodwa Nsibande also shares a story about fire. On the evening before her exams Zodwa was burned in a shack fire. An active member of *Abahlali BaseMjondolo*, she knew of the danger of shack fires. Zodwa was cooking with an ethanol stove meant to be safer and cheaper than using paraffin. But the stove wouldn't turn off and Zodwa's clothes caught fire. She was treated for severe burns to her legs, face and body. Only a year before, one-year old Mhlengi Khumalo died in a shack fire caused by a toppled over candle. In 2005 at least six people, mainly children, had died from shack fires caused by fallen candles (Goldstone 2005). It is impossible to reconcile the image of the thousands like Zodwa that are living in Durban without the basics of homes, water and electricity --- their lives at risk--- living side by side with residents who are enjoying all those same amenities.

Living in wood and cardboard shelters without access to electricity means that the danger of deadly shack fires is an everyday reality. Yet it is a reality that can be averted. The city has provided no access to electricity in Kennedy Road since 2001. At night candles flicker within the wood, tin, and cardboard structures while food is cooked over paraffin. A moment's neglect can set a shack ablaze, which in turn will often cause the destruction of many other homes. In April 2006 a fire in Lacey Road left 250 people homeless. Weeks later the settlement at Joe Slovo was on fire. Still, nothing has been done to provide residents with electricity. The city claims that it doesn't have sufficient funds. While other projects such as the World Cup boom ahead, the shack settlements are still in the dark. The terrible burns Zodwa suffered could have been prevented.

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[32] The images and the text in the first section of this chapter come from a photography and writing workshops titled 'Izimpilo Zethu/ Our Lives', which ran in the community as part of this research in 2006. Photographs and captions are by women from Kennedy Road, Foreman Road and Jadhu Place, Durban.

Only a few weeks earlier Zodwa, aware of the many hazards facing her community, had written:

Life is too hard here in Kennedy Road, not only for adults, even for children. Here are our children. They don't have proper places to play. They are playing near the dumping place which is very dangerous to them as well as unhealthy because there are toxic things in this dumping place

We are appealing to the government as well as his officials to build parks and playgrounds for our children so that our children should be safe and crime free. *-Image and text by Zodwa Nsibande*

Zandile Nsibande is a member of *Abahlali BaseMjondolo*. She is also Zodwa's mother. Zandile took photographs and wrote about the challenges of living in Kennedy Road. Her story is about water.

> This is our tap where we fetch water. The distance from my shack to the tap is 2 km. It is very hard for me to carry 25 liters, especially when I'm dong the washing. I have to go 4 times to fetch water to do my washing. I'm going 2 times to fetch water for my house work, so I'm using 50 liters for house work beside washing.
>
> Life is very hard at Kennedy Road informal settlement. The main challenge at the tap is the queue because there are 700 people for one tap.

Christiniah also talks about the time and energy it takes to access water:

> I live in Kennedy Road in a shack. I have been living here for ten years but I have seen no progress. We tread in the mud when we go to the tap to get water. There is only one tap and so we have to stand in line and wait our turn. You can wait for about two hours to get water, especially at the times when the workers are coming home from work.
> *- Christiniah Zizile Ngwazi*

Fire consumes the shacks and the water queue gets ever longer. So often it is women who are left with the burdens of fetching the water, caring for the sick and HIV infected, watching over children who have nowhere safe and clean to play, cooking over open and dangerous flames and loosing valuable time in the water queue. The dangers and perils of life in the settlements are especially high for these women. At the same time, the AIDS crisis deepens. The stark reality of the situation deserves repeating. The Treatment Action Campaign puts it in clear terms; "in 2005 over 320,000 people died of AIDS (about 890 people a day) and …about 65,000 infants were infected" (Geffen 2006:np).

b) MARKET-SOULTIONS TO HOUSING DELIVERY

Land and housing are major issues in contemporary South Africa. The country continues to be marked by the racist geographic separations used by the apartheid government through legislation such as The Group Areas Act (1950) that tore apart and ghettoized whole communities based on skin colour. This legacy is not easily shorn, and is a continual reflection of the legacy of inequality and the unequal distribution of wealth. Housing issues have remained at the center of discussion around how the transition and promised redistribution of wealth can be measured. For the ANC, housing has been a central discursive feature of their political campaigning. "During the democratic transition, the ANC heralded the provision of housing, perhaps more than any other policy, as having the ability to jump start radical economic and social redistribution" (Hunter 2005:157).

While around a million houses have been built, the reality and approach to providing housing has been far off target in a number of ways. "The state took twice as long (ten and not five years) to meet its first target of building one million new houses. Some scholars blame shortcomings in housing policy on the weakness of the chosen mechanism for delivery, namely a market-driven one off capital subsidy system (Hunter 2005:157)[33]. Post-apartheid informal housing planning has been based largely on the Urban Development Framework which took an individualizing and commodifying approach to development, relying primarily on market mechanisms to deal with housing (Huchzermeyer 2004:155). Marie Huchzermeyer outlines how the private sector was encouraged to participate in housing provision at two levels: On one level by insisting on market-mechanisms to develop housing by creating direct financial stakes for the private sector**,** and on another, by viewing informal settlements as potential sites to kick-start new consumer markets through individualized housing and the delivery of services such as electricity (Huchzermeyer 2004:155).

Recently, anti-poor legislation of slum clearance, such as KwaZulu-Natal province's Elimination and Prevention of Re-emergence of Slums Bill (KZN 2006), coupled with the increased repression around land and housing in the form of ongoing evictions, shack demolition and forced removals, is making life even more precarious for millions of South Africans. The housing director general Itumeleng Kotsane said recently that there were 2,4 million houses across South Africa that the government hopes to reduce or do away with by 2014.

As a resident of one of the many Durban shack settlements under constant threat of elimination, Surooj, explains, "We are going to contest the evictions. What can we do? We are desperate. The conditions are bad, it's not healthy living for us at all." The Elimination and Prevention of Re-emergence of Slums Bill "speaks of ‘control and

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[33] As Hunter points out, it is not only high unemployment and inadequate government housing strategies that have lead to the failure in housing policies, but also partially due to "significant demographic trends, namely the increase of smaller households not based around a marital bond" (Hunter 2005:157).

elimination of slums', language used in the 1951 Prevention of Squatting Act of the apartheid government" (Huchzermeyer 2004). Living in overcrowded, deplorable, violent, and untenable situations coupled with run-down government housing, increasing poverty, and joblessness has created no alternatives for many but to build shacks or face homelessness.

In 2006, after nine months of waiting for justice and the most basic form of shelter, the residents of the Crossmoor shack settlement I discussed in Chapter 1, were served with eviction notices. Only 13 shacks remained standing after protection services demolished the houses of 380 residents who had been living on the land. Many people continued to stay on the land in whatever way they could: sleeping in the bush, hiding for shelter in the stairwells of nearby flats, seeking refuge in the homes of kind neighbours in the area. Only one toilet stood on the site and there was no water.

An old lady, Nani, had her name on the list of Crossmoor residents who had their shacks smashed by the city. Only days after submitting an affidavit to the High court explaining the desperation of her situation, Nani died, still homeless. Nani was one of the hundreds of people who continued to return to the small piece of open field in a struggle to find shelter. Through blazing sun and pouring rain nearly a hundred people, left with nowhere else to go, stayed on this land for almost a year before starting to illegally rebuild shacks to secure shelter again.

The situation in Crossmoor reflects many similar situations across South Africa as a growing number of economic refugees emerge out of the fertile soil apartheid created for neoliberalism. Housing insecurity has a number of impacts on AIDS and HIV. It makes it difficult to get access to, and remain on, medications for TB and other AIDS related-illness. Sleeping in the bush, or in overcrowded conditions, greatly impacts health and increases the likelihood of contracting TB. Weakened immune systems are more susceptible to HIV and, if HIV is already present in the system, conditions in which you are not eating a healthy diet and are vulnerable to contractible diseases, increases your chance of getting sick and dying. The unfortunate irony is that many people end up in

shack settlements when trying to cope with a family-member who has HIV or other disabilities, or when people from rural communities come to the city in search of treatment and care when they are very ill. The cycle of poor health is then exacerbated by the conditions in the settlements, while the close proximities of people living with HIV and TB invariably leads to increases in transmission. During my research, I found a disproportionate number of people who were living with disabilities in the Crossmoor settlement who claimed to have come there in large part because of the economic drain on their household due to illnesses. Likewise, many residents of the Kennedy road settlement were deeply impacted by AIDS and were shuttling family members between rural areas and the city in seek of treatment in care, largely without success as we see in the ethnographic chapters about Martha and Ndumiso. Because of these overlapping and intersecting causes, AIDS becomes ghettoized within shack settlements.

In a cynical discursive move in 2009, the Zuma government renamed the Ministry of Housing the Ministry of Human Settlements. The "Frequently Asked Questions" around housing on the city of Durban's website makes it depressingly clear that inadequate housing is on people's minds. The set of questions include: "When will my informal settlement be relocated or upgraded? We need toilets in our informal settlement as there is no proper sanitation. How do I go about making an application for a house? What critieria must I fulfil in order to qualify for a RDP house? I am disbled and need urgent accommodation."

We live in shacks that leak when it rains and the water gets inside the house.
Next to our houses there are loads of garbage and mosquitoes.
This place we live in is not suitable for people.
Would you live in a place like this?
-Nomvula Mdlalose, resident of Kennedy Road,
image by Nozuko Lulama Hulushe

c) HEALTH CARE & TREATMENT

A third example of neoliberalism at work as identified by South African social movements is found in the continuing difficulty for millions of people to access health care and life-saving medications because of trade liberalisation and intellectual property rights protections. Privatised health care has increasingly made access to services and life saving medications a privilege of the rich. Yet there continues to be attempts to fight back. The Treatment Action Campaign (TAC), for example, was able to bring international attention and successfully contest aspects of the World Trade Organization's Agreement on Trade-Related Aspects of Intellectual Property Rights (TRIPS).

In 2001 TAC aided the South African government in defending itself against the Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association (PMA), a grouping of 40 major pharmaceutical corporations who contested an amendment to an Act put forward in the

South African parliament aimed at making essential medicines more affordable. The PMA argued that the Act violated international patent laws contained in the TRIPS agreement. With a concerted attack led by US corporate power, South Africa was put in a perilous position of being unable to provide medicines to its population. "The decision by the United States government to use its economic power as a weapon against developing countries fighting a battle against a deadly plague would plausibly lead developing country government officials and common citizens to question the economic, social and political foundations of the TRIPS Agreement" (Geffen 2001:9). People were literally dying waiting for treatment that was out of their grasp only because they didn't have the money to pay for it.

TAC's entrance into the PMA case allowed it to bring forth various levels of civil society-driven advocacy and mobilization approaches, which eventually lead to the PMA withdrawing their case. The case gained international recognition and exposed the inherent injustice at the foundations of TRIPS, which places the protection of trade and intellectual property rights above the right to life. Mark Heywood (2001) reflects, "the mobilization against the PMA and the other pharmaceutical company applicants was conscious and deliberate. Its success was not pre-ordained. It came about as a result of creative advocacy, skilful interaction with the local and international media, and research "(10) and "provided proof that the world's most powerful multi-national companies are not invincible and can be brought to account by well researched, well argued mobilizations" (19). Of course these kinds of mobilizations are of a certain kind that exclude many, as they integrate hegemonic language and knowledge to build anti-hegemonic platforms. TAC has been criticized for its strategic alliance with the government, and for its lack of analysis around the ANC's swing towards neoliberalism. So while not romanticizing the TAC, it does provide an example of ways that movements can carve out in-roads even within a global neoliberal agenda. Even with such wins, the hurdles to accessing treatment and medication are far from over, as trade agreements securing the right to profit over the right to life continue to flourish and health care systems continue to be dismantled and privatised.

Attempts to access medications continue to be a challenge. People with AIDS in South Africa continue to die while they sit on waiting lists for access to medication. International agreements, such as Bush's President's Emergency Plan for AIDS Relief (PEPFAR), for example, allow only antiretrovirals approved by a US government agency, the Food and Drug Administration (FDA) to be purchased with PEPFAR funds. This leaves out the lowest cost antiretrovirals, which have been approved by the World Health Organization (WHO) and regulatory bodies, such as South Africa's Medicines Control Council. With this policy the U.S. provides a market for higher-priced antiretrovirals made by U.S. pharmaceutical companies (Hoover 2005) while denying access to life saving medications for the millions who cannot afford them. Political pressure has caused the FDA to recently add some lower priced drugs, but it remains far from adequate, and many wait for real moves to be made by the Obama administration. What the TAC example reminds us (as do the SECC who are reconnecting electricity, and the Bolivian citizens who stopped the privatisation of their water) that decisions are made, and un-made, by people's everyday practices.

The three examples that I have briefly outlined above lay bare the ways privatisation and commodification have had direct impacts on peoples lives, creating a context for further AIDS vulnerability. When we take the time to listen to what social movements identify as the real impacts of neoliberal policies on their lives and livelihoods, the rhetoric put forth by the World Bank and others that privatisation leads to improved conditions for those most excluded is shown to be glaringly false. What in fact seems to be the case is that more and more are being forced into precariousness.

In outlining the crisis areas identified by South African social movements I'm wary of presenting a dialectic between 'the neoliberal state' and an unproblematized 'grassroots' subjectivity. Neoliberal agendas emerge from dense and varied relations between international organizations of governance, the state, regional political bodies, and the everyday practices of individuals that all contribute to actualizing that power. Likewise, those most adversely materially and physically affected by these policies are also involved in complex, overlapping, contradictory and at times dissonant relationships of

power, both within community and movement spaces, and in relationship to more hegemonic forms of power. It would be naïve and short-sighted to paint these relations of power as two ends of a single pole, nevertheless, the concrete locations of oppression and the broader structures of power must not get lost in attempts at situating difference. I refer back to the critiques of Subaltern Studies which expressed frustration around the group's lean away from concrete class analysis and action, towards an investigation of theoretical concerns such as 'difference' (see Vinay Bahl 2000), that I discussed in Chapter 1.

In the constant search for profit, free-markets will inevitably create resistances. These resistances, seen in South Africa in the form of new social movements and independent actions, lead to a gridlock both for the potential of unregulated markets to function freely, and for adequate social protections to mitigate the painful impacts of the market on society. Those forced into precarious situations because of these kinds of policies will invariably attempt to slow or stop the encroachment of the market onto their lives. As resistance grows to commodifying essential services and opening borders for trade, the force of the military and police are increasingly being called upon to push through these reforms. Some of these voices will be better heard than others, some will rise to the fore through supported networks, others will fall away as people drop-out and seek out an existence on the borderlands of capital and the zones of social abandonment.

UNCOMFORTABLE COLLABORATIONS:

CONTESTING CONSTRUCTIONS OF THE POOR IN SOUTH AFRICA

3

> Academics flourish out of the despondency of the destitute. … Even after letters of consultation and coverage in the media, not a single government official has come to tell us their position. There has been no water in our settlement for 40 years, no toilets. Before the 1994 elections they were promised to us but they have still not come…. We have lost hope.
> -Sbu Xaba, community leader from Banana City shack settlement

Sbu Xaba's frustration and despair is understandable. After the end of apartheid there was genuine hope that the lives of poor South Africans would improve. This is what the incoming ANC government had promised. But after more than a decade has passed, hope has turned to frustration, despair and anger. Those most effected by these broken

promises, the "poors",[34] have not been silent. In 2006 alone there were almost 11, 000 protests recorded throughout the country, a majority of which were characterized as 'service-delivery' protests. The mounting dissatisfaction was evident on April 27th, 2006, as *Abahlali BaseMjondolo* (the shack dweller's movement) along with community movements throughout Durban organized an "UnFreedom Day" event in protest of the dire living conditions experienced by so many South Africans. Their cry resounded around the country: "No Freedom for the Poor!"

As their voices grow in force and volume, many other actors clamber on board to decry the injustice of their situation and to explain, report, and comment on the struggle. Xaba stated that "academics flourish out of the despondency of the destitute", and he should know, with the shacks of Banana City[35] sitting insecurely on the grounds of the University of Kwa-Zulu Natal. The university has been attempting to 'relocate' and evict residents of Banana City, some of whom have been living there for over 70 years. While Xaba identifies academics both as a part of his own community and a part of the community against which he struggles, there is almost no reporting or investigation into this 'flourishing' intellectual class. How do the dynamics of power work within the relations between these various actors within community movements?

I have divided the chapter into two parts, in which I argue for an unpacking of the construction of the Poor and a broader understanding of the ways agency and oppression occur within the *uncomfortable collaborations* that are forged between various actors. In the first section, I unpack the identity of the 'oppressed' or the Poor as a singular subjectivity. I argue that those of us committed to an empancipatory politics need to find ethnographic ways of speaking truth to power (Said 1993) while simultaneously speaking "truth to, and with, the disempowered" (Desai 2006). How can Left academics and

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[34] I use Ashwin Desai's term 'poors' to designate a heterogeneous group of South Africans who are actively resisting and fighting for their rights to life, as well as being the most hard hit by neoliberal state policies, subject to eviction, water cut-offs, electricity cut offs etc. Elsewhere I use the term the Poor to indicate the fixed subjectivity of wretchedness that I am critiquing here.

[35] Banana City has been part of the university community for over 50 years. UKZN's Vice-chancellor Prof. M.W. Makgoba has been trying to evict families off this land throughout the last year.

activists[36] integrate understandings of their own power into research and praxis in order to contest stereotypes that increasingly bind us to a dialectical 'us *versus* them'? How also do we break apart "the facile axiom that the poor somehow are an embodiment of the truth and, as long as they organize democratically, the line of march they take will advance the cause of freedom?" (Desai 2006:7)

To answer these questions, I will look at three interlinking elements. First, I will analyse the way the Poor subject is often created in Left political discourse through an evocation of a *politics of compassion*. This Poor subject has a fixed, essentialised identity which is represented as an 'embodiment of the truth' and which activates political agency through voicing concerns and demands. Second, I will unpack the way that oppressed people both adopt and challenge this construction. Thirdly, I will suggest new ways of thinking about subjectivity in the context of oppression and poverty that account for the multiple frictions and desires at play within the social field.

Given this starting point, the second half of the chapter will attempt to broaden an understanding of *uncomfortable collaborations*. Once we move away from organizing political meaning and mobilization around identity-based politics, it may be possible to enter into new terrains of action. I'm interested in exploring how uncomfortable collaborations can burst open geographic and identity-based alliances, deterritotialising groupings around commonalities of desire, struggle and event. These collaborations are not mini-utopias, but sites of friction in which diverse power struggles and contestation at the local, everyday level arise. I borrow from Anna Lowenhaupt Tsing's definition of *friction* as a state in which "heterogeneous and unequal encounters can lead to new arrangements of culture and power" (Tsing 2005:5). Frictions are always present *within* collaborations of struggle, including the presence of the left, NGOs, academics and others with 'interventionist' goals who form a critical, though often invisible, element of many

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[36] By 'activist' here mean what is often referred to as *middle-class activist* or *City people* within social movements in Durban. This group are involved in political struggle for their own diverse set of reasons, which deserves a paper in itself. I use the terms City People, urban activist, and middle-class activist interchangeably.

community movements. At the same time I am arguing for a departure from essentialised identities in order to reveal deeper alliances than *middle-class-activist* meets poor *black-revolutionary-subject* meets *Northern-feminist*, and instead signaling lines of flight, new ways of seeing, and collaborations towards a "liberation of political desire" (Barchiesi, et al 2006:5).

I reflect on my own fieldwork within social movements in South Africa to uncover how constructions of an essentialised identity of the Poor is maintained on one hand by elites, while on the other hand used pro-actively by those most directly oppressed to gain power and activate agency. At the same time, I am interested in how middle-class activists, academics, aid workers and, in this case, the Poor[37] engage in sometimes damaging interactions and patronages that ignore the maintenance of power within the Left, and glorify the Poor black subject to the point of a kind of reverse discrimination or *negrophilia*.[38]

I explore these two terrains – the construction of the Poor within elite spaces and the friction of uncomfortable collaborations – to re-locate desire into the social field and how we struggle within it. I follow the urging of Deleuze and Guattari (1972) that desire is the location of socius innately linked to economic production, recording and consumption. How does desire propel movement within social struggles, and how does this operate within the *habitus* (Bourdieu) and *life strategies* of the everyday (Veriava 2006; DeCerteau 1994)? Through re-visioning social space to include *desire*, a truly anti-capitalist mode of inquiry and action might emerge—what Foucault saw as the possibility for a non-fascist life (Deleuze and Guattari 1972). This project is self-reflexive while

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[37] In other locations and moments the oppressed subjectivity might be organized around other dimensions, such as statelessness, HIV status or other health related groupings, indigenous identity, etc. For my purposes here, the category of the Poor actually cuts across many of these other identities and has been unproblematically taken up as an identity both by Left activists and academics as well as by local community movements.

[38] *Negrophilia* has been used to describe the obsessive fascination by whites with 'negro' culture, music and artistic production in America. I use it here to capture the neurotic exotification of the black subject, in this case the Poor black subject, that is in itself a kind of racism. I think here of Said's ideas around Orientalism.

remaining perceptive to historical processes and lived experience: it is an *ethnography-in-motion*.

I. Who are *the Poor?*

The historical construction of poverty is a relatively new phenomenon linked to the propagation of development discourse after World War II. Development discourse used systems of thought and action to construct the world into a grid of developed or underdeveloped people and nations that was deeply bound to a capitalist, neoliberal worldview. As Arturo Escobar (1995) has detailed extensively, development discourse proposed industrialization, free market economics and urbanization as the primary vehicles by which 'poor' countries could arrive at the modernization and prosperity enjoyed by members of the First World. The living conditions of the First World were (and are) positioned as the ultimate ends of this developmental journey. The 'underdeveloped' world, in turn, was constructed through the elaborate maintenance of discourse at political, economic and cultural levels (Escobar 1995). In this, poverty as a discursive field became defined in political-economic terms. The more extensive construction of poverty itself as a category of analysis and intervention only became hegemonic in the 1970s after Robert McNamara's vociferous promotion of the concept in the World Bank. "Prior to this poverty, viewed simply as the inevitable accompaniment of failure to develop economically, was rarely the explicit focus of development initiatives, or of academic study" (Green 2006:1110).

By 2001, the economic model of poverty had been revised by the World Bank, in part through the assimilation of perspectives from civil society and activists such as Escobar. Critical development debates made some in-roads towards challenging the concept of an economic solution for global inequality. Poverty, according to the 2001 version of the World Bank's analysis, is "a state of relative powerlessness and exclusion from decision-making processes" (World Bank 2001:31). While this stretches notions of poverty beyond the economic realm, the continued construction of poverty as an *object* served "to

homogenize attributes of poverty and the situation of those categorized as poor" (Green 2006:1111). In the World Bank's paradigm[39]:

> Not only is poverty ascribed agency to impact on the lives of people who 'fall into' it. It is represented as an evolving entity that must be 'attacked' rather than as a consequence of social relations. (Green 2006:1112)

Understanding the trajectory of development reveals how the Left has often ended up mimicking this discourse. In attempting to counter the Bank's style of engagement the Left has at times homogenized and decontextualized injustice and oppression through the maintenance of a virtuous Poor or Grassroots subjectivity that is 'pure', close to the ground, and sacrosanct[40].

Problematic in different ways than development discourse, ultimately this view presents stagnant, tired binaries that are blind to the emergence of new political subjectivities and possibilities. The concept of the "pure and virtuous Poor" limits creativity and ingenuity, but also reinforces the very power differential the Left has ostensibly set out to destroy. Bertrand Russell (1984) traces the origins of the idea of a 'superior virtue of the oppressed' to a certain kind of paternalistic ideology developed by the Left during the French Revolution, remaining there ever since. The adulation for the oppressed, he argues, usually arrives via a hegemonic actor, one who may well be part of the subjugation of the very 'oppressed' he so admires.

The fixing of the virtue of the oppressed becomes patronizing to the point of domination. If we truly hope to investigate, oppose, and create alternatives to the encroachment of

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[39] While I don't have the space here to adequately discuss how the World Bank and other anti-poverty agencies construct technologies and discourses of poverty to the exclusion of the very bodies and realities of those they study, and the historic forces that create them, an understanding of how 'poverty' has been politically constructed is an important backdrop to this study of subjectivities.

[40] The "Left" are also not an essentialized group. This term should also be problematized and unpacked. At the same time, in attempting to reveal ways that these concepts fuel a problematic politics, I use the term willingly. The notion of the South African 'Left' is still widely used and accepted by those inside and outside that definition, expanding only enough at times to make space for the noxious 'ultra-Left'.

neoliberalism, the Left must examine the ideologies and discourses operating within and around Leftist thought that limits those oppositional possibilities. Russell is scathing in his analysis, and argues that the idealization of the oppressed serves the interests of the hegemonic classes. It both assuages guilt, and denies the oppressed real power since it is their very subjection that makes them virtuous. Yet when power is finally equalized "it becomes apparent to everybody that all the talk about superior virtue was nonsense, and that it was quite unnecessary as a basis for the claim to equality" (Russell 1984).

While the Left banters around the virtue of the oppressed, some of these discourses have also enveloped the imaginations and strategies *of* the oppressed, though in a much different way. Those who are materially oppressed are adopting and co-opting the identities they are given, both by the Left and by the state, to search out and enact new agencies, asserting membership within various constructions (e.g. Poor or HIV+) in attempts to mobilize resources, status, health care and other services, enacting what some have called a *therapeutic citizenship* (Ngyuen 2004).[41] In this case, perhaps even virtue can be set alight in the service of social and material leverage. This is one encounter of the friction within what I call *uncomfortable collaborations*.

II. Leaving out the messy bits

In asking who the Poor are, we must also ask who are the elites, the middle-class activists and Left academics that are a primary audience for this chapter. While the activists I reflect on here, and consider myself a part of, contribute significantly to the maintenance and sustenance of many community movements at various economic, political and social levels, we often escape internal or external scrutiny. This may be due to the fact that we are the same people who are narrating community movements to the public. This group tends to write the academic papers, books and news reports that define movements, yet it is rare that they situate themselves within its narratives or work with those movements on

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[41] *Therapeutic citizenship*, in Ngyen's discussion, utilizes health status to access medications and mobilize local and global networks of support. I am not very convinced about the use of *citizenship* here, yet I like what both Ngyuen (2004) and Petryna (2002) point to in order to theoretically re-vision the 'revolutionary subject' and discuss it at more length in Chapter 7.

a daily basis[42]. While applauding the many contributions that City People bring to community struggles, Ashwin Desai laments how many also bring "infectious political diseases" based on their particular histories and political desires which seep into social movements (Desai 2006). I agree with Desai that it is disingenuous to exclude the interactions and interrelationships between these players that come to mark almost every social movement in South Africa.

It is this group of elites that should be seen as a counterfoil for my interrogations of Poor subjectivities. Even though she might disagree with my approach, I admit Laura Nader is right when she warns that "everything you say against [the poor and powerless] will be used against them." To examine how this operates at the local level and how we might begin to unpack the ways we interact, write, work and think about poverty and the Poor (Nader quoted in Farmer 2003:26). Interrogating those relationships, with an eye to improving our ability to work together more productively and equitably, will likely entail an encounter with some messy bits that we often like to ignore.

An example of *narrating out the messy bits* is illustrated in an experience I recount below. The discomfort and embarrassment of being lauded with unwanted status within disadvantaged communities based on class and racial hegemonies, while not uncommon, is often excluded from reports about community movements where class, gender and race differentials exist. How do we deal with these uncomfortable moments as sites of friction and struggle? These experiences, and the realities they reveal, are difficult to contend with, much less to write about.

> *After working for a number of months in Durban I was heading back to Canada. At the last minute I was invited to a farewell party, thrown for two other activists and myself whom had all been working in the community. A beautiful spread was prepared for us in one of the shack settlements, a tent rented, chairs set up, a*

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[42] This is a generalization, as there are those like Ashwin Desai, for one, situates himself at points during the Chatsworth struggles in *We are the Poors* (2003), and there are other examples.

video projector organized, and food and drink procured. It was a beautiful gathering of around a hundred people. The City People were seated at a large table at the front of the tent. Each community leader came forward during the ceremony to speak illustriously on our behalf, praising each of us in turn. Gifts were given. It was pointed out that in Zulu culture praise is not normally bestowed on the living, and we should be duly honored to receive such praise in our lifetimes.

During the ceremony a million thoughts ran through my head. Of course, it was deeply touching to be thanked in such a heartfelt way, to be given so much from those who have so little, and it could be said that there were few elites who had ventured into the jondolos *(shacks) and who actively supported the struggles of the people there, but still, it was an uncomfortable encounter. Others in the community worked so hard, thanklessly. Why was I being honored? Of course in part it was because of the work I had done with them, but it was at least also in part garnered from my whiteness and foreignness. My discomfort was visceral, even though I was touched by the kindness and sincerity of my hosts. An uneven balance had been struck between us that this moment laid bare, and no matter what I might do, I would always be seen as an outsider in this way, always praised more than a black woman who came from the shacks who did more work under worse conditions. Not to mention the immeasurable things I was gaining from my interactions with these communities, not the least of which might be first-hand perspectives that would feed into my own academic writing, as they are right now. How could I challenge this praise, while also not offending my hosts? I tried to say something to this effect when asked to speak but it was ineffective.*

The fact that I found it difficult to adequately challenge this moment is an important part of the story. It was only with those few individuals who lived in the shacks that I had developed deep and honest relationships with – that I could argue with, laugh with and challenge – that a partial unveiling of these binaries could occur. With those whom I shared a similar trajectory of political desire. The friction in this encounter reveals why

these collaborations are uncomfortable. Clearly elites or middle-class activists are often not seen as equals in poor communities in which they work. Our farce of solidarity, if it does not factor in the power dynamics at play, suits our own desire to be seen as righteous, good, well-meaning, guilt-less. Simultaneously, our silence around these tensions and inequalities factors out our own desires; the how and why we come to these spaces. I agree with Desai that to truly move forward we must recognize how we have been shaped and influenced by our interactions with each other, and "to blink or fixate on our own supposed 'purity' right now will be tragic" (Desai 2006:12). By recognizing these interactions and frictions we can begin to unravel the *uncomfortable collaborations* in action.

These collaborations are not only theoretical, but arise because of the material conditions that dominate the realities of people's lives and which cannot be ideologically swept under the carpet. Theory is too often constructed out of the limbs and lives out of the most oppressed. This reluctance to speak freely about the role of academics and activists has not always been the case, and most certainly was not in the history of South African Left. One wonders if it is the post-apartheid era, where the stakes are not as high (you may get tear gassed but are less likely to be shot) that has allowed the entrance of so many reformist political figures from the middle-classes to stagnate real engagement? Perhaps we have not yet emerged from the climate in which Steve Biko found himself during the South African Students' Organisation (SASO) days; a climate in which a multi-racialism that includes whites and elites cannot happen yet, unless it is duly acknowledged, exposed and continually challenged. Most certainly narratives that exclude the role of whites and elites in community struggles do not help advance the consciousness and causes of those they hope to support.

III. Uncomfortable Collaborations

To give a cursory look at one site in which *uncomfortable collaborations* are being created I turn to Kennedy Road, a shack settlement I've worked in (and briefly lived in) that is the centre of the *Abahlali baseMjondolo* (shack dweller's movement). Kennedy Road is a shack settlement comprised of approximately 7,000 residents situated in Clare

Estate, Durban. The community movement Abahlali baseMjondolo formed there in November 2005 after a tire-burning road blockade to protest "the sale, to a local industrialist, of a piece of nearby land long promised by the local municipal councilor to shack dwellers for housing" (Abahlali 2006). This genesis narrative is the one primarily given by university-based academics that have been involved in the movement since early in its inception, weaned from community members through interviews and first-hand experience (Bryant 2006; Pithouse 2005).

Abahlali have been the source of a great deal of academic and activist writing since this beginning, cropping up in the *New York Times*, the *Mail and Guardian*, the *Economist*, *Isolezwe* (isiZulu paper), and almost all of the other South African papers including most radio and television stations in the country. The extensive writing on the movement has quickly turned it into a cause célèbre within the South African Left, gaining the movement significant notice by city officials, and sometimes even provoking negative reactions from employers.

I focus on this site in particular to draw attention to why an investigation into the specificities of friction and *uncomfortable collaboration* as encounters of power are so critical. A sweeping valorization of truth or purity in the actually *isolated* and *fragmented* identities of the Poor is not only misleading, but it is potentially damaging to community movements. This theoretical binary ignores forces of power and contestation, both within these sites and across them in their varied and contradictory forms, and instead creates a 'holy good' (the poor) in opposition to a 'rotten evil' (the privileged), which infiltrates into the way struggles are waged and politics enacted.

Within the context of globalization and the multiple forces, trajectories and power struggles operating at various scales, this kind of simplistic view of encounters is insufficient. Further, as James Ferguson contends, the process of globalization, for Africa at least, is not one of 'flows of capital' but one of disconnection and separation, of capital hopping, of enclaves, borders, divisions and alternative geographies. We must trash notions of what he calls *vertical topographies of power*, which juxtapose state, civil

society and other players in a complex hierarchy, to look more closely at modes of operating within social movements and state structures that overlap, re-inscribe and reconfigure relationships of power and governance.

Through problematizing these vertical topographies of power we can investigate and contribute to actualizing points of departure towards a radical politics, while also being able to better see what is actually happening within and across uncomfortable collaborations. Within these intersections we can observe the complexities that make static, one-dimensional identity politics useless for the project of understanding global and local convergences of power. As Anna Tsing points out, "the effects of encounters across difference can be compromising or empowering. Friction is not a synonym for resistance. Hegemony is made as well as unmade with friction" (Tsing 2005:6).

IV. Sites of friction

> We have seen and we have noted that some of the academics, who can not be mentioned, have begun to play a major role. So comrades, we believe that the civil society academics, intellectuals, have a role to play within Abahlali. The very same people will make us very strong, because we may be strong in toyi-toying but not strong in strategizing, so our cleverness is that; that we provide a platform for the clever people to utilize.[43]
>
> -S'bu Zikode, elected president of Abahlali BaseMjondolo, 2006

An analysis into the sheer number of actors, spaces and events that come together in the creation and development of Abahlali BaseMjondolo (ABM) gives significant insight into its (often neglected) complexity. Looking closely at the forces of different agents that intersect with the movement can provide glimpses into the frictions of power at play in social movement spaces. There are many intricacies at play across the various sites and between and among the various actors in the story constructed around Abahlali

[43] This quote was taken from the transcripts of the video recording of Zikode's speech.

baseMjondolo and within the specific site of Kennedy Road, that illustrate friction at work in a particular space. There are various players involved from activists, NGOs, academics, the State (executive, judicial, legislative), community movements, petty capitalists, land owners and big capital, local home owners, shack dwellers outside the movement, geographic spaces and IFIs that I try to outline in the grid below. This overview of players, still misses the historic forces of apartheid and class divisions within the movement itself that I try to recount in a bit more detail in Chapter 7, but it begins to tease out the complexity of the forces and frictions at play.

Frictions and collaborative relationships at work around Abahlali BaseMjondolo (ABM)	
Actors	**Impacts, Sites and Scales**
Urban Activists	Providing resources to hold city-wide meetings, arranging transportation, raising funds for food and drinks, driving cars and providing other support for emergencies such as fires or illnesses, giving legal advice and support, raising money for events and rallies, doing critical outreach to press including writing articles, press releases etc.
Academics	In Durban academics and urban activists often overlap. Someone who appears to be part of the movement as a participant might suddenly come out with an academic paper (as I am doing here). As in many other countries in the South, prominent international radical intellectuals have also made trips to Kennedy Road, such as Naomi Klein and Arundhati Roy. There are also university-based academics who write about the movement, or who invite members of ABM to speak on panels or at events who were not present for the daily struggles, encounters, or crises.
NGOs	As discussed above, NGOs and CBOs have had, and continue to have, a great deal of interaction with the movement itself and its membership, both in ways that are celebrated and contested.
The State	
Executive	Local area councilors, pivotal to the demands for land and housing and the focus of much campaigning; the police, often racist and classist, who treat members of the movement as though they were animals, beat and arrest them and try to stop them from mobilizing marches;
Judicial	The judges at the municipal level (who deal with charges levied against members during protests and actions) and at the High Court level (who hear cases seeking interdict for evictions, demolitions, freedom to protest, etc) as well as advocates and attorneys, acting on behalf of the state and those sympathetic to the cause.
Legislative	From Thabo Mbeki and a neoliberal ANC, to city mayor Obed Mlaba and city manager Mike Sutcliff, both key players in creating legislation around 'slum clearance' projects and their 'plans for the poor'; Minister of Housing, Mike Mabuyakhulu, recently reported to the *Sunday Tribune* that new legislation would give municipalities powers to deal with the "scourge of land invasion" and "stop the proliferation of slums".
Community movements	i.e. *South Durban Community Environmental Alliance* (SDCEA) or the *Anti-Eviction Campaign* (AEC) who have overlapping and conflicting interests and experiences but who often join in alliances of solidarity with each others' local struggles.
Petty capitalists	Small and medium scale capitalists, who depend on the cheap labour of residents of the settlements including domestic workers, construction workers and security guards.
Land owners & Big capital	i.e. Moreland, a wealthy company who own land the shack dwellers could move to. Much of the sugar farmland owned by Moreland was gained through colonial conquest and was the site of indentured labour during apartheid. The 'Moreland project', a promise of land for new houses, has been announced but the city has given no details to the shack residents about the specific plan for what will happen with that land, who will be able to move there, or when.
Local home owners	Middle-class Indian home-owners in Clare Estate, some of whom are internationally known environmental activists for their fight to try and shut down the land fill site, would like to see the destruction of the shack settlement, and come into conflict with shack dwellers on occasion.
Shack dwellers outside the movement	Those, for example, who hold ANC alliances they feel are betrayed by marching on the councilors. Some of these tensions occasionally erupt in heated confrontations. While there are a number of women active in Abahlali, women who are partners or care givers for members of Abahlali may also be counted in this category, often not seen or heard from in the public space of the movement as they maintain life-worlds at home.
Geographic spaces	Rural spaces still play a major part in the imaginary and real spaces of people living in shacks, perhaps giving a sense of land 'out there' that makes the absence of land in the city more palatable. In Kennedy Road, another space-as-character is the Bisara Land fill site, a large municipal dump beside the Kennedy Road settlement, which provides building materials and other useful scraps for residents, as well as a large number of jobs. Bisara land fill is also the site of a World Bank / UN project to turn methane into gas which had promised shack residents jobs (which appears to have been a lie).
IFIs	International Actors include most insidiously the World Bank (mentioned above); the World Cup 2010 organizers and planners who will 'clear the slums' by 2010; the IMF and the effects of its policies on the whole of South Africa, and others.

These encounters, dynamics, power struggles and contestations – all these frictions – have a great deal to teach us about how gains are won and lost, how power is wielded and withheld. My point is not that we must always tell the whole story, but that it is important not to position ABM members as Poor subjects apart from the apparatus of power that surrounds them and within which they engage, challenge, contest and collaborate. To construct the singularity of experience for any one of its members without reference to the multiplicity of experiences of power on various scales and geographies – in short to create a 'pure' Poor subject out of this dynamic mix of forces would be a massive oversight. While references to certain actors: (the police, the City, the councilors, the Minister of Housing, the middle-class Indian neighbours, Moreland) make their way into the writing about the movement, others (the urban activists, academics, (most) NGOs, residents not part of the movement, rural families, and capitalists) are not mentioned. This is a certain kind of storytelling, to be sure. Of course every story has a narrator and every story must leave some things out in lieu of others.

Yet the frictions between what is told, and what remains in the shadows, often lays at the core of how politics are enacted and how movements define, defend and create themselves. For example, debate has once again grown vociferous around the role of middle-class activists in community movements. While the ABM has spoken out angrily about the loss of some academic activists and resources to their movement due to shuffling at a university institution (the Centre for Civil Society), others have decried what they see as "the tragic manner in which the ABM has become a pawn in the hands of certain 'academic activists' whose actions - in academic spaces - have resulted in isolation for them as individuals" (Naidoo 2006:np) and who have hid behind the ABM to wage their own battles for institutional space.

This friction manifested concretely at the Social Movements Indaba (SMI) held in Durban in December 2006. The AMB, after having been part of the organizing team leading up to the SMI for many months, boycotted the event and then disrupted it to voice their concerns and criticisms of the event, NGOs, academics as well as material concerns about land and housing. The SMI was a meeting of over 30 community

movements, NGOs, middle-class activists and academics meant to build solidarity between movements at a national level in South Africa.

Friction here happened at multiple, almost mind-boggling, levels. Middle-class activists and NGOs were criticized by the ABM for writing about the movement without having a direct relationship with the ABM itself. They also criticized the CCS for what they saw as a wrongful dismissal of four academics who had been funneling CCS resources into the movement. Sides were taken. Many members of community movements had tirelessly worked to put together the SMI and were deeply offended by the co-opting of their space by what they saw as a chauvinist flaunting over power by ABM. They were also dismayed by issues raised by the ABM around what appeared to revolve around internal tiffs with an academic institution (the CCS) which was not directly linked to the SMI meeting. Other activists smelled a rat, and opted that ABM was being 'used' by these same disgruntled academics to wage battles on their behalf.

At the same time as the SMI meeting was underway, ABM was participating in a weekend workshop on housing held by COHRE, an NGO, on housing issues. There was evidently confusion from ABM on what the SMI was, based on the fact that they made demands meant for government officials around land and housing to the SMI, while in fact the SMI was a collection of comrades and fellow community movements from across the country, not government officials. This embarrassing mistake further emphasized a sense that the demarcations between various roles, solidarities and antagonisms are in no way clear.

Activists quickly came out vocally around the occupation of the SMI and began to articulate their own understandings of the frictions at work in community struggle. Prishani Naidoo, an activist who has worked extensively with the Anti-Privitization Forum (APF) in Johannesburg, wrote the following on a national activist message board in relation to the SMI debate,

> I have never presumed to ‘speak on behalf’ of those who know the material

> conditions being fought better than I do, but I have not surrendered my own voice either (a voice that is itself a product of personal and collective struggle). While I have certainly listened and been directed in struggle by those directly affected, I have also shared with them my own ideas and experiences, and often disagreed with them about strategies and tactics. This I have done as an equal in a community of people in struggle, but recognising that I do not participate in this particular struggle from the same position. (np)

Naidoo criticized other activists who valorize the 'authentic' voice of the Poor and who act as 'self-appointed guardians' of that voice. Internal fighting amongst the academic / activist left ensued, finding some vent in the most widely circulated weekly paper in South Africa, the *Mail & Guardian*.

While criticizing NGOs and some academics they feel are not sympathetic, ABM are also deeply involved with academics and NGOs that they have chosen to work with. Desire based alliances have been made which have more to do with favoring some institutions and academics over others, than with ideological fallouts with institutions and organizations. Some of the favored academics[44] position themselves as 'support workers' for ABM rather than visible allies in the struggle. This curious positioning is an attempt, they say, to allow 'grassroots movements' to lead themselves, and therefore they "perform a balancing act of sorts, offering their assistance without taking over the movement."(Harris 2006:25) Yet, as I am arguing here, uncomfortable collaborations and frictions are always at work, whether middle-class activists have the best intentions to remain at a distance from movements or not.

This can be evidenced at a discursive level. Early on in ABM's struggle the main issues were identified as land and housing. Recently, gaining 'voice' has become a larger preoccupation, due in part perhaps because the core cadre of activists have seen a fair

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[44] Elsewhere these people might be called 'allies', but there is a tendency around Abahlali for the academic/ activists to position themselves as 'support workers'. I have myself worked with Abahlali in this way, so this should be seen as an auto-critique.

amount of media coverage garnered in part by the influence of academics and middle-class activists using media savvy and connections.

As Harris writes, "when asked what [Abahlali's] biggest accomplishment as a movement has been, most members did not hesitate to answer that it was winning the right to speak for themselves." (Harris 2006:25) The genealogy of this conceptual shift would be necessary to trace in detail, but even at a surface reading it can be seen as an example of how frictions between NGO/academic discourse and this particular social movement have played out. For example Richard Pithouse, one of the most prominent commentators and an honorary member and organizer with Abahlali recently described "Abahlali's founding protest not as a service delivery protest, but as a bid to be heard, to be given a voice…Abahlali don't want to be represented by elites. They want to have their own voice. They want a say in government." (Harris 2006:25)

Yet in early accounts of Abahlali's mandates, the idea of 'voice' was rarely mentioned. In transcribed interviews land, housing and the frustration of waiting too long for service delivery were consistently given as the reason the communities had mobilized (Bryant 2005; Purcell 2006). There has been an evident evolution of how the movement is conceptualized internally, which has in no small part been effected by the way ABM has intersected with other activists, the city, the law, and other factions.

It is interesting that while so much has been made of 'voice', a truly amazing amount of discourse has emerged in recent interviews and writing in which Abahlali members articulate their 'democratic' role to *speak for* those who have no voice (Harris 2006:25). In one turn ABM claim that the most central gain of their movement has been to be able to 'speak for themselves', while at the same time, several activists feel that though they do not have the resources to mobilize beyond Durban, "Abahlali is already a national movement" that speaks on behalf of all shack dwellers (Harris 2006:40). While a key slogan is "speak to us not for us", in a short period of time they have begun articulate a right to speak on behalf of other poor people living in shacks. I would argue this is in part due to the unchallenged role of power within the various trajectories of the

movement. The contradiction between 'speaking for themselves' and 'speaking on behalf of other poor people', as long as it is done by poor people themselves, is uncritically accepted by the Left and those writing about the movement. The trickling in of the "Speaking for Ourselves" discourse and its embrace to such a degree that now other 'Poors' are now being spoken *for* is a very curious example of friction at work. It is perhaps no wonder that an author of one of the World Bank's 2000 "Voices of the Poor" report has been one of the key academic activists working with ABM. Even the best liberal intentions of supporting "the poor to organize for themselves" often ignores the intersections, power plays, and frictions that emerge, even within the disempowered.

This cursory synopsis of frictions at work in spaces of supposed solidarity points to the need to take seriously an analysis of struggle and of subjective positioning that includes how antagonisms and uncomfortable collaborations operate. It also highlights how these uncomfortable collaborations can disrupt the possibility of imagining new modes of struggle necessary to confront neoliberalism.

V. Towards the Broken (or Unfixing the Fixed)

While the World Bank creates a homogenous Poor subject, the Left at times also envisions an oppressed agent that is sacrosanct in its wretchedness. Ultimately this creates a politics of piety that relies on the benevolence of the big-hearted who hear the lamentful cries of the Poor and spring into action to 'help'. A politics of piety has no recourse to power for the disempowered, and sets up a sticky terrain difficult to exit from. Miriam Ticktin (2006) has shown how dangerous, and binding, this style of politics can be. She traces how a *politics of compassion* abstracts political reality, reducing claims for justice to that of 'bare life'. The *politics of compassion*, while being usefully exploited for claims of residency and citizenship by migrants in France, for instance, is ultimately deeply problematic in the way it conflates social and economic well-being with biological illness or health. The move away from a discussion of rights and justice to humanitarianism as exception that relies on the compassion of individuals, NGOs and the state creates an even more arbitrary, unfair system of power.

The Northern imposition of a therapeutic model of self-improvement through institutions, aid workers and humanitarian organizations, also feeds into a *politics of compassion* in which populations are encouraged to lower their expectations and aspirations (Pupavac 2004). Material complaints are de-politicized as onus is placed on the individual and community to undergo emotional and psychological development in order to improve their lives. This politics of piety has no room within social movements that seek to address material grievances. The slogan "Solidarity Not Charity!" mobilized frequently by the community-initiated Common Ground Collective is an apt reminder of the trouble with a charity model.[45]

Refiguring political understandings of justice and equality towards a therapeutic and compassion-based model loses sight of the concrete everyday economic and structural needs of the various groups under investigation (refugees, migrants, sans-papiers, post-war populations and the Poor). They disrupt and contest discourses of empowerment and intervention that ironically deny agency to those already lacking political power. At the same time they point out how these subjects still activate political action even within this degraded terrain. In addition, the valorization of the Poor as the 'embodiment of Truth' creates a category of people (the oppressed) that are deemed unworthy of honest debate, discussion and engagement through placing them on a pedestal of wretchedness.

> Can we learn to conceive, theoretically and politically, of a 'grassroots' that would be not local, communal, and authentic, but worldy, well connected, and opportunistic? Are we ready for social movements that fight not 'from below' but 'across', using their 'foreign policy' to fight struggles not against 'the state' but against that hydra-headed transnational apparatus of banks, international agencies, and market institutions

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45 The Common Ground Collective is a “community-initiated volunteer organization offering assistance, mutual aid and support” who work with communities to provide for “their immediate needs”. They “emphasizes people working together to rebuild their lives in sustainable ways” and were largely responsible for aiding disenfranchised people in New Orleans after the hurricane.

> through with contemporary capitalist domination functions? (Ferguson 2006:107)

A re-examination of constructions of the Poor is not just a discursive exercise, it is also an important reassessment of the political situation in Africa beyond simplistic representations of 'aid workers' versus 'poor' recipients. Rather, this assessment should take seriously the political processes that are occurring within grassroots social movements as legitimate political alternatives and rethinking "received ideas of 'community', 'grassroots' and 'the local', laden as they are with nostalgia and the aura of a 'grounded' authenticity" (Ferguson 2006).

To do this, we need to reach beyond two-dimensional identity politics that traps each actor in a fixed position on a grid of power and meaning. Rather we must delve into the friction and lines of flight that reveal how power is shifting in multiple, overlapping directions, creating new alternatives and possibilities. The uncomfortable collaborations between Left and community movements in South Africa are a prime space to grapple with this friction.

By valorizing the very condition of being-Poor, the poor themselves are immobilized. Their fight against poverty conflicts with the only way they are mobilized to access power: through valorizing their *bare life* (Agamben 2005)**.** The Poor are thrust between a rock and a hard place. To have legitimacy, gain power and voice within spaces of the Left, NGO programs, workshops, and international programs, means to stake a claim on an identity as the virtuous Poor, yet to be Poor means to have no power. Ultimately, this faulty, circular reasoning leads to a conclusion that “if virtue is the greatest of goods, and if subjection makes people virtuous, it is kind to refuse them power, since it would destroy their virtue” (Russell 1984). Rather than this colonial, patronizing view of struggle and people who struggling, we should rather follow Ferguson's urgings to,

> rethink our ideas of popular struggle and to prepare ourselves to learn from Third World transnational 'hackers' with a sense of media politics, as well as a sense of

> humor – and from movements that offer us not a pure and centered subject of resistance but, like the sub-commander [posing for a Benetton ad], a quite different figure: masked, ambivalent, impure, and canny. (Ferguson 2006:108)

To insist upon a sacred space of oppression as the only place from which struggle can occur means that there is no genuine political will towards liberation. If our struggle is broader than winning small concessions here and there to improve material conditions within capitalism, we must jettison a mode of struggle that is so politically short-sighted.

VI. Rethinking Subjectivity

To understand what we are leaving out when we adopt a static view of identity, we must explore more fully what other models of subjectivity might look like. This is perhaps what Heinrich Böhmke was recommending when he wrote that "the notion of 'subjectivity' is [a theoretical] tool…we all start grappling with. Whatever the case, a radical rethinking of actually existing social-movements as the agent, vehicle, promise and pretence of revolutionary struggle in South Africa is called for" (Böhmke 2005:64).

In an attempt to honestly evaluate the potential of new subjectivities I draw on a few examples from my own fieldwork, as well as proposals for understanding agency advanced by contemporary anthropologists.

Over a number of years I have been doing research with a group of young people around HIV prevention in Khayelitsha and Atlantis, South Africa. At the point that I describe, we had been working together for five years. I had watched these young people grow into adults, leave high school and enter the world of jobs, university and for some, poverty. As my work with them deepened I began to notice how they had activated their involvement in our project over the years as well as their own status (as HIV+, as peer educators, and activists) to make gains and secure footing for their own social, economic and physical well-being. In a sense they mobilized a *therapeutic citizenship* as a part of their identities (Nguyen 2005). There is a growing body of work in anthropology that examines *biological* and *therapeutic citizenship* as a site for political agency across

global terrains that I discuss further in Chapter 7 (Petryna 2002; Nguyen 2004; Ong 2006). Vinh-Kim Nguyen argues that the international AIDS industry functions in a dialectic with local political bargaining to create *therapeutic citizens,* who use their health status to mobilize resources and stake claims for treatment and care within global moral economies in which treatment is very inaccessible. He documents the irresponsibility of the global AIDS industry in adequately dealing with the pandemic, in fact even worsening the situation through ill-conceived projects, yet opening a space for *therapeutic citizenship* to create political movement that itself has become a force within biopolitics and 'bio-capital', a political movement in which what is at stake is life itself.

In our study, one participant used status gained from being a published author within the project as a means of activating status in her community as a go-to person for advice, care and support; a young man used various elements of his participation within the project to find ways to travel abroad, speak on panels and at conferences and get paid work as an educator; another young woman publicized her HIV status, activating her potential to get treatment within health networks she might not otherwise have accessed; yet another young woman used her experiences to gain some notoriety in her community (appearing on the radio for example) which eventually helped her find a job as a social worker with young sex workers in her community. There are many other examples that show how collaborations with an HIV prevention project were transformed, utilized and mobilized to access material and psychological gains, however small. In this case, the association with the virus and their active political engagement as young people became a means to finding alternative strategies of the everyday, at least for a while. Five years after our first encounters, they told new, surprising narratives around how participation in the project influenced their practical lives in terms of trips, jobs, school opportunities and other social and economic benefits.

Some ways of naming AIDS in isiZulu and Xhosa, for example, can also denote a sense of agency within a biological claim. *Ufuna ukuba famous*, (she wants to be famous) or *Ufuna imali kahulumeni* (he wants money from the government) can both be used to describe someone with HIV or AIDS (Dowling 2006). While these expressions have

negative connotations, they also indicate the *possibility* of status and economic gain. I am not implying that people are abusing or misusing the system, I am trying to draw attention to the fact that people are actively negotiating a system that is for the most part not providing for them, finding loop-holes here, potential benefits there, in a context of marginal opportunities. In this way, we can see subjectivities that are active, desiring and mobile. *Biological citizens*[46] and *therapeutic citizens* both challenge neoliberalism through an agency that is continually shifting between identities, operating in and through joints of power and state structures.

While biological status might be mobilized in the face of grim realities to gain some compensation or recognition from the state, it could also be the groundwork for new strategies of engaging with one another and with 'oppression', ultimately leading to ways out of the dangerous lifestyles that young people in disadvantaged communities can find themselves involved in. In this story written by Thembi, a young man in our research group, he describes how his life is transformed by his friend's HIV disclosure.

> *I grew up in the township called Gugulethu in the 1980s. That time was during the Apartheid era, and there was a lot of criminal activity in my life. We used to vandalize property, hit trucks, do highjackings. The police sometimes chased us. We used to carry tools to defend ourselves. I've done these things and played my role with gangsters. I didn't stop my criminal activities when we moved away from Gugs and went to Khayelitsha.*
>
> *Then something happened to change my life completely. My best friend told me that she was HIV positive. I didn't believe her at first, because we used to joke around a lot of time, doing crazy stuff together. We were both in school. We spent our time studying, having fun, sharing ideas. We*

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[46] In her study of how Ukrainians medicalize their lives in a post-Chernobyl context, Adriana Petryna (2002) also looks at how individuals enact agency even within grim social and biological realities. In this case, the construction of collective and individual responses, contestations and interactions with the system is what Petryna calls *biological citizenship* that I discuss further in Chapter 7.

always joked a lot and made up stories, so it took me a whole year to believe her. But it was difficult for her to cope, and even though at that time I knew nothing about HIV and AIDS the one thing I knew was to give her the support she needed.

It was a time of change, and something changed about me. She made me understand life and about HIV and AIDS, and other issues. I quit a lot of things. I took a big step in my life and quit being in a gang. She and I started an Action Committee at school. The whole school supported us. We did a lot of campaigning at school and around using condoms, awareness about HIV and AIDS.

Since that day I never looked back again. I'm still supporting her all the way through, giving her love, care, understanding, openness, acceptance.I dream of making this world a better place for all of us, one in which we have peace, respect, and openness about our health conditions so that we can save a lot of people living with HIV and AIDS by providing them with treatment and prevention earlier. (Quoted in Schuster 2003:63)

In Thembi's story his enacted agency fed into the HIV prevention programs around him. His life experience and his desire motivated his engagement and his transformation. In this space he enacts various levels of agency, from becoming a peer educator, to a campaigner, and a support worker for his friend. From his own subject-position he interacted with systems of organizations, school and government around him through lines opened up through his care and desire for a friend. At the same time as valuing the ways these lines open up, it should not be seen in the conservative and increasingly mainstream notion of a grassroots agency that presents activism as an interior transformation aimed at changing behaviours and lifestyles. Desire is not pure.

VII. Conclusion

I've provided these examples as points of entry into alternative visions of identity, subjectivity and community. Ultimately, I suggest not a return to a universalizing humanism where power relations are obscured, nor an identity politics on which stakes are claimed by subject positions in a *vertical topography* of power, but something beyond both where we can reconstruct agencies on various intersecting and conflicting scales, activating in some spaces what is oppressive in others, and finally, mobilizing that which bursts forth from desire as much as from material hardship.

Knowledge born out of *uncomfortable collaborations* is situational and linked to a specific context in dialogue, where any number of subjectivities (such as the subaltern and the academic) exchange their partiality. In the end, knowledge will be produced by this exchange and transformed by the interaction, in ways that may be critical, enriching, invisible, or exploitative. Each subject will exit the exchange somehow transformed by it. Yet the recognition of how we are changed by these interactions is not, in itself, enough. Recognition of how these desiring subjectivities interact must prompt us to challenge the very assumption of an authentic position, understanding how both sides in any encounter emerge transformed, and how this process is constantly occurring. Rather than slipping into a sea of post-modern subjectivities, it should cause us to grapple more clearly with power and positioning by revealing more concretely the way our interactions support, collaborate and hinder us.

It is critical to not get caught up in stagnant identity politics and dialectical constructions of 'us versus them'. If we do, we might overlook the agency working horizontally between and across more obvious forms of resistance. We must begin to recognize the desiring subjectivities that actively subvert, contest and collaborate with the system to stake claims for better lives.

It is through analyzing lines of flight and spaces of habitus that we might be able to creatively contest and invent together. The concept of *friction* enables us to look closely at the mutually affective elements of all human interaction. Uncomfortable collaborations reveal power at work in the everyday. To transform our debilitating notions of the Poor

we must destroy the thick discourse that has been spun around them, and simultaneously acknowledge that many people will choose to mobilize their "poor" identities to stake claims for material, social and political gain from the state. Academics and those working as allies must also acknowledge our mutually-transforming relationships with oppressed groups. This is part of how the friction between various forces can open up the most unlikely spaces for change.

"Children are dying like flies"
ORPHANS, HEALTH & THE SHACKS

4

This is not safe.
I don't like this life.
Every week a child becomes sick.
-Image and text by Nontobeko Ngcobo[47]

What is a health-enabling environment? As Adriana Petryna (2002) entreats, we must develop concrete understandings of local contexts and the political economies in which they exist. In this chapter I follow the story of an AIDS orphan who is HIV positive and his extended family in the shack settlements who find themselves unable to provide him care. In their story I hope to investigate ways people mobilize their identities tactically at times for material, social and political gain (though not always effectively), as well as paint a clearer portrait of the conditions for HIV positive orphans in the settlements.

By 2009 there were 1.9 million orphans in South Africa. Living in dire conditions with little resources and often in ill health, people assume different identities at differing

[47] The images and the text in this chapter are also from the workshops with women titled 'Izimpilo Zethu/ Our Lives' that were also part of Chapter 2.

points in their interactions with the technologies government and the *anti-politics machine* (Ferguson 1990) as HIV-positive, foster parents, extended kin, poor, etc.

> The collective and individual survival strategy called biological citizenship represents a tangle of social institutions and the deep vulnerabilities of persons… Only through concrete understandings of particular worlds of knowledge, reason, and suffering, and the way they are mediated and shaped by local histories and political economies, can we possibly come to terms with the intricate human dimension that protects or undermine health. (Petryna 2002:33)

There are a number of ways that health status and the hardships caused by the AIDS crisis in the settlements provide small tactical openings for enactments of this kind of biological citizenship. As de Certeau writes, "a tactic is an art of the weak" while power is "bound by its very visibility." (2002:37) As people in the settlements have found out, everyday tactics to survive mean employing whatever is at your disposal. For some this might mean installing an illegal, dangerous, electric box and selling electricity to your neighbours. For others, mobilizing health status, or taking in abandoned children, provide tactical ways to appropriate small additional resources for the household. If you are HIV positive in South Africa, you are able to apply for a disability grant, which is more valuable than a 'normal' social grant. In this way, people see their health status as a possible (albeit small) way to augment resources to their income. Of course the stigma around AIDS has made this tactical stance less frequent, but more and more I heard people in the settlements discuss the difference that the few hundred extra rand a month would make.

Taking in orphaned or abandoned children is also was a way to gain some extra resources into the household, as foster-care grants can provide a few additional, though meager, resources. This is not to disparage the genuine care, kinship and kindness that is occurring on a daily basis between so many living in such harsh conditions who are taking in and caring for children who are not their own. The government provides incentives to care for orphaned children through the social grants system, and individuals

and communities often take up the call. As we will see later in the chapter, the social welfare system in place for such a huge amount of orphans in Durban alone makes this kinship care network essential. In their annual report for 2008, the Durban Children's Society recorded that as of the end of March 2008 they were serving 8 175 AIDS orphans, of which 5 009 had been placed in statutory care.

> Most of these children are placed in Kinship Care, that is, in the statutory care of their extended families. The number of orphans being referred for attention continues, with the resultant increase in numbers of children being placed in Kinship Care. (Durban Children's Society Annual Report 2008:2)

Kinship care, or using extended family networks, is heavily leaned upon in Durban as there are just not adequate services to deal with the amount of orphans needing care. The intake social worker at the Children's Society, Razia Rawat, explained to me that there have been huge differences in family compositions over the past number of years,

> We are getting smaller families, but orphans that are pretty young because their parents have died so young, so before their parents could have their second or third child they had already passed away. So very few of them have any more than one or two siblings.

Ironically, because the paper-work and bureaucracy involved in accessing a foster care grant is quite daunting (as I outline through Gcina's journey in Chapter 5), many people take in children out of kindness when they are already financially strapped, in the hopes they will be able to receive this small additional support from the state. Many never manage to access this support. This is not unlike what Adriana Petryna (2002) described in Chernobyl, where a person categorized as "disabled" would be better compensated by the state than a "sufferer". In South Africa, one's medical condition, or those in one's family, allows a small increase in power in relation to getting social protections from the state: "In this economy, scientific knowledge became a crucial medium of everyday life". (18) Similarly, while knowing your status could open up job opportunities in the NGO

sector and social grants from government, CD4 count levels were also common discussions between the voluntary workers in the settlement as treatment and care radically increased once your CD4 count dipped below 200. In this environment, people often try to bring orphans into the extended family life, not only because of kinship commitments, but also to mobilize additional resources.

Ironically, because the disability grant has this monetary value attached to it, some people told me they got tested for that reason. One woman from Kennedy Road who found out she was HIV positive and was trying to apply for a disability grant, was uninterested in continuing to go to the clinic for her CD4 counts. She had been out of work for nearly a year and been subjected to severe domestic abuse. Knowing her status meant that she could now eventually apply for another social grant which gave her some hope, even if she was still terrified of her status as HIV positive. She also wondered about if now that she knew she was positive, she might be eligible for a number of different kinds of work in the NGO and health sector that prioritized HIV positive people. Her status was linked to a number of income generating ideas that were not there before.

To put these tactics in context, it is worth noting that since 2002 the number of people on social assistance has tripled to 13.7% of the population, while approximately one fifth of women in reproductive ages HIV positive (StatsSA 2009).

I. The story of a child: Tumelo Ngcobo

Kennedy Road is one of those settlements waiting for housing. The city of Durban admits that there are about 205 000 households needing lodging in the eThekwini municipal region (Mlaba 2006). Sitting precariously on the edge of a steep ravine, it is surrounded by the insipid stench of the bordering Bisara landfill site. A colourful mishmash of cardboard, wood, tin and board shacks, the place became a second home for me in Durban. Conditions in Kennedy Road are hard. Women spend hours queuing for water at a few stand taps. There are very few toilets for hundreds of residents, and sporadic garbage pick up. Children play in rubbish heaps. There is no legal electricity. TB, HIV and AIDS are constant concerns. Women in the settlements often bear an enourmous

amount of the toil of these living condtions. "We are tired. We are really tired", laments Nonhlanhla Mkize. She has lived in Kennedy Road for the last 20 years. Her 16-year-old daughter was born in the shacks. She explains,

> It has been long time since we have been in this place. I've even given birth to three children since I have been here. I came here in 1992 when I was young. I haven't seen any progress or development here. There is only illness from diseases, from TB to HIV that have taken so many people. They leave behind small children because of AIDS.

I had been working with community members and activists who are part of the *Abahlali BaseMjondolo* when I arrived in Durban in 2006. At the time AbM asked outsiders, activists and researchers who wished to work with them to spend time living in the shacks to understand the perils of the community's everyday situation. I took up the offer and moved my sleeping bag to the floor of Nomvula's two-room shack. Little did I know then how that little section of the Kennedy road shack settlement would become a familiar neigbourhood for me over the next few years, a place I would return to again and again, where I knew nearly every family behind each spray-painted door.

It was only my second day living in Kennedy Road that I met Tumelo.

Nomvula had graciously invited me to stay in her shack. In the daytime she would usher me around the settlement, meeting neighbours, chatting with the women who were busy with the tasks and hardships of everyday living, glancing occasionally at the children playing with bits of garbage turned into make-shift toys. One such visit took a turn that is hard to forget.

Nomvula brought me to the home of Linda Ngcobo. Linda was just finishing dressing in the lovely white and blue gown for the evening service at the Zionist church. Her shack was small, but neatly wallpapered in the typical discarded advertisments and tin can food wrappers. Six people lived in her two room shack, without running water or a toilet,

though they are lucky enough to have illegally acquired electricity which fuels a hot plate, a lightbulb and a crackly radio. After some idle chatter, Nomvula urges me to follow Linda into the bedroom.

Linda pulls back some covers piled in a heap on the floor and looks at me imploringly: "What can we do?" Hidden like a shameful secret beneath a pile of blankets is a small emaciated boy, curled in the fetal position and barely breathing.

My whiteness, foreigness, holds out some hope, it seems, in an otherwise hopeless situation. What could I do? their silence asks.

Tumelo's eyes blink out of the darkness like a sick calf.

At the hospital, Tumelo's young aunt, Sindy tells me, "I lost my second sister last year – I don't know what I'll do if he's positive, if he dies too". She starts to cry. I carry his little body into the ward. He's like a doll. Fifteen kilograms and 11-years-old. A skeleton. His eyes roll around, sometimes focus on me, on the others. He doesn't speak. His feet are so swollen from malnutrition that he cannot walk more than a few steps. His skinny legs and buttocks are stained with diarrhea, one of the million little indignities that come with living in a shack where there is no running water. He is as small as a six year old. I think about how there is little chance that he'll live to see 29, the age I am at the time. Sindy and Jacob, his great-uncle, sit patiently in the hospital as he's put on an intravenous drip and his mouth thrush is examined. They are tired, they've worked all day. This exercise seems hopeless since we all know they will send Tumelo back to the shacks that night, back to the devastating poverty that will only deepen his illness. Desperation fills the ward. Tumelo is alone, but not more alone than any of the rest of the family seems to be. The dire poverty of life in the shacks hovers above them. Sindy tells me how she can't live in Kennedy Road because "it's not safe for women" so instead she stays with her boyfriend, a thief and a thug she wants to get away from but she doesn't know how to. Where would she go? Two of her sisters are already dead, both from AIDS. Her parents are gone too. How old is she? Maybe 28, 29?

It became quickly clear that this mix of contradictory forces I describe above-- collective life, kindness, kinship and tactical decisions about mobilizing resources – all became a part of why the Ngcobo family decided to bring Tumelo into their care in Kennedy Road. Tumelo is not just an AIDS orphan statistic, but a young boy who nearly lost his life after he had already lost his mother. There was nowhere but the shacks to send him from the rural areas where he'd been living with his grandmother, yet the capacity in the shacks was non-existent.

The experience with the Ngcobo family is intense. I learn quickly not to reach out a warm hand, or a hug, to the women when they cry. It is too much. There is not the space, nor the time to let down one's guard, to grieve or mourn or even just feel the sadness of the situation. This is a biological war zone.

From 1995 to 2005 the number of orphans in South Africa tripled, as did the number of child-headed households. The number of children under 15 that receive Antiretroviral therapy (ART) has risen from 7 000 in 2005 to 70 000 in 2009, but an estimated 106 000 children are still in need of treatment as are over 1.5 million people over 15 years old (Stats SA 2009). Health care workers talk about the "Lost Generation": the many young men and women who have been lost to AIDS-related illnesses, leaving behind so many children and a huge gap in the generational composition of the country.

That first night, after a drip, Tumelo is sent home, but told to come back for x-rays in the morning so the doctors can have a look at his lungs. We drive in silence with the tiny, tiny boy in the car between us. In the morning I pick up Tumelo and his 16-year-old cousin Ntombi and a young friend of hers who are the only ones in the shack able to accompany Tumelo to the hospital.

The process in the hospital is painstakingly long and full of anxiety as we move from one uncomfortable chair to another in queues that snake around the hospital. Finally, with X-rays in hand, a doctor sees Tumelo. "The boy has TB". Through the howl and noise of the

busy in-patients ward he makes a swift scratch on his pad and ushers us off to have blood tests done in the Voluntary Counseling and Testing (VCT) site attached to the hospital.

McCord is a semi-private Christian hospital that was built for mainly Zulu patients in 1909. It has lived through many incarnations over its history, including playing a historically crucial role in the 1930s and 1940s in training black doctors, nurses and midwives, as well as surviving closure under the Group Areas Act from 1950 through 1980. McCord 's Sinikithemba clinic is renowned on the continent for its HIV programs, treatment, and care. Sinikithemba means "We give hope". The clinic was established in 1998 after McCord hospital staff became progressively more concerned about the increasing number of patients needing treatment for HIV-related opportunistic infections. While antiretroviral treatment was still largely unavailable at the time, McCord filled the gap with a focus on comprehensive psychosocial services that integrated HIV-positive people, their families and communities. They report that,

> By the end of October 2008, 12 947 people are receiving HIV care (non ART and ART care) of which 980 are children [and] 5 370 patients are enrolled in the McCord ART programme, of which 591 are children.
> (McCord website 2009)

Sinikitemba includes a choir that sings songs and prayers in the waiting rooms before ART sessions. As they describe, "an important component of the work at McCord is the spiritual dimension. The staff doctor often prays with people, as holistic care is what is on offer: taking care not only of the physical body, but also of psychological, social and spiritual aspects too". (McCord website 2009)

We will have to pay fees here to see doctors that would have otherwise been inaccessible to Tumelo, but the care is holistic and attentive. The hospital receives a subsidy from the KwaZulu Natal Department of Health, but still relies on other sources of funding, including user fees, to fund its operations. The user fee to access services at the hospital at the time was 140R (or about 20$CDN). McCord also received funds from the

President's Emergency Plan for AIDS Relief (PEPFAR) which allowed the hospital to expand its ARV treatment site in 2004.

It is an explicitly Christian hospital. The plaque outside Sinikithemba reads:

MAY THE GOD OF HOPE
FILL YOU WITH ALL JOY
AND PEACE AS YOU TRUST
IN HIM, SO THAT YOU MAY
OVERFLOW WITH THE HOPE
BY THE POWER OF THE
HOLY SPIRIT

ROMANS CH.15. V.13

We are given a wheelchair for little Tumelo to wheel him to the VCT clinic to get his blood tests done. Even the experienced doctors and nurses are shocked to see the small skeletal boy arrive in the ward.

His HIV test comes back positive.

Dr. Paul, as he was affectionately called, put his full attention towards Tumelo. We are quickly urged to get him into a bed and on a drip in the children's ward of the hospital so he can regain some strength so that TB meds could be started.

Slowly, I begin to piece together Tumelo's story. His mother, Nohlanhla, passed away in 1997 of AIDS related illnesses. He was born in Stanger, a town not far outside Durban's city limits. By 2001 he had already been admitted to King Edward public hospital. He was four years old. In 2004 when he was in grade one, he was admitted to Palladian public hospital. He stayed there for 2 weeks. In 2006 he was again admitted to McCord hospital. Being in and out of hospital meant that Tumelo never really went to school. After a stunted beginning in grade one, he was never well enough to return to classes again. In 2009, children will account for an estimated 14 percent of all new infections in

South Africa (Statistics South Africa, 2008), many of who will miss out on vital schooling.

When Tumelo is discharged from hospital, we are told that to get his TB treatment he must be brought every month to see the nurse and the doctor in room three of the clinic. The TB treatment will last two months. His CD4 count is 253. They will not start him on ARVs until the TB treatment has run its course.

In South Africa you are not eligible for ARVs until your CD4 count dips below 200, although in most of the North doctors proscribe ARVs much sooner, even when CD4 counts are much higher. It is part of a fierce battle around access to medication, that seems to be more medical-technical mechanisms to protect scarce resources than about sound medical imperatives. In South Africa ARVs are also not administered in tandem with TB medications based on a long standing assumption that using the drugs together could be harmful, though new research has shown that using TB meds in tandem with ARVs can save lives (CAPRISA 2009). Yet the backlog to access medication is becoming more and more grave by the year. In 2009, Edendale Hospital in Pietermaritzburg not far from Durban had to suspend its HIV and AIDS treatment program because it could not cope in terms of staff and space with the amount of patients (Cullinan and Langa 2009).

Back in the hospital the doctor tells us, "The TB treatment will be hard on his liver. He will need to eat". In Hope House a social worker gives a food parcel and some Philani porridge. There is very little food in the shack and a lot of mouths to feed. Tumelo is not the only one.

The doctors say they will repeat the CD4 tests to see if his count goes up, or if he gets worse as the TB treatment is pursued. There is a Disability Social Grant available for the TB, but it will take time. First he will need his birth certificate which is in the rural areas where he had been living with his *gogo* (grandmother) since his mother had died, so we

make a plan to go together with Tumelo, uncle Jacob and Ntombi to see her, and to discuss what has happened in the city.

In the meantime, out of hospital and back in the shacks, there is no one to care for Tumelo during the day while everyone is working, so he is left out in the muddy yard with an alcoholic neighbour watching over him. It is a terrible situation, especially in the state of poor health he is in, but there is little choice. The neighbour turns out to be totally irresponsible and Tumelo is not given food or his medication. On a visit to the family home I find him alone outside the shack. He will die here, I think to myself. A decision needs to be taken. While there is an extended family, they can not care for him. Tumelo is an orphan. The settlement is not a place where he will get well.

Money would help perhaps bring family members together for his care, yet the process of getting a Foster Care and Disability grant for Tumelo would not be easy. They would need a death certificate for his mother, which means they would need to get the person who buried her (the *fundise*, or Zulu priest) in the rural areas, to write a letter. That letter would then need to be taken to the police to get endorsed. No one knows who the fundise was, or where he would be found. There would also need to be a letter procured from the hospital in Stanger where Tumelo was born. That letter would need to go to Home Affairs with Tumelo to get him an official birth certificate.

While all this is daunting in itself in terms of the sheer resources for traveling here and there, especially with an extremely ill child, there is no one in the shacks who can actually take on the role of a foster parent, aside from 16-year old Ntombi, who clearly already feels strange about this small, silent, ill boy in her home. Later Ntombi was shocked to discover that Tumelo could even talk, as he had been totally mute while he lived in the shack with them, perhaps because of his mouth thrush, perhaps because there had been no reason to speak for so long. Linda, as head of their household, was beside herself, knowing at a certain point that she could not support the child, and did not know how to help him regain his health. He was dying. Her tactical and charitable decision was turning badly against her.

It just won't work. Not only would the Foster Care process be difficult, and maybe even impossible to achieve, there is also no one who has the capacity in the extended family to take on Tumelo's care or even some of the most basic responsibilities. Everyone is already stretched too thin.

In the end, out of necessity I became Tumelo's temporary babysitter, taking him here and there with me as I ran errands and went on with other business during the day. A phenomenal, quiet bond grew between us. His big eyes, blinking at me silently.

He couldn't talk much. He hadn't really been speaking much for years since he'd been ill and had left school. I think he had been sitting in the shadows of the mud hut in the rural areas watching speckles of dust float by for most of his short life thus far.

> Tumelo holds onto me tightly when I carry him around, his arms around my neck. He still isn't able to walk easily. He delicately rubs the back of my neck with his tiny fingers.
>
> What does one do with a very sick eleven-year-old boy who just may be approaching his own possible imminent death?
>
> I take him to the beach.
>
> I am careful to keep most of his clothes on and just roll up his pant legs. The sight of his emaciated body often disturbs people.
>
> We sit quietly in the sand overlooking the ocean. He has never been to the beach before and he is overwhelmed by the wide-open space. A man collecting ocean water in large plastic jugs sees us sitting together at the edge of the ocean. He sees the state Tumelo is in and he comes to me with tears in his eyes. Many Zulu people from the rural areas come to Durban to collect ocean water as a healing

remedy. We sit quietly together for a while and he tells me a bit of his own story about his sister who was very sick that he was gathering ocean water for. It is not the first time that Tumelo's appearance provokes stories and tears.

Tumelo is a little scared of the loud crash of the waves, but I hold his hand, and we walk slowly towards the breaking tide. He puts his toes in the mushy sand and holds onto me tightly. The tide rushes in around him, sucking his feet down into the wet sand. He is overwhelmed and shocked. He squeezes my hand and shoots me quick glances. A broad smile crosses his face.

For the first time I can see that there is a little boy in him still. He is with us, he is alive and the taste for life is within him. He is not dead yet. If he can only reach 13, only reach a point where he is not suffering so much, where he could have that first rush of feeling, to have a crush on a girl, to be able to run in the grass, to feel like a child, even if only for a year, even for a week, even just for a snatch of time.

It is worth it.

I give him two little two cars as a gift that he keeps tucked in his pockets. During boring waits in the hospital or when I am otherwise occupied, he pulls them out and slowly, quietly rolls them over his knees.

II. *Gogo* and the patriarch

Grandmothers have often been touted as the saving grace for the AIDS crisis in South Africa, but often there is little reflection on the conditions these women are living in, and their own vulnerabilities, frailties, and abilities to cope with ongoing deaths of their children. Still, grandmothers surely do play a major role in the lives of orphans when there is a missing generation because young parents have already died of AIDS-related illnesses. In Kennedy Road it is very common for overburdened households to send babies or small children to 'the farm' to be cared for by grandmothers or aunts.

In Tumelo's case, *gogo* lives in a small round mud hut in the midst of a dusty field about two hours drive from Durban. She is in her 80s. A stream of light bleeds through a hole of the hut in the roof where the smoke from her fire exits. Particles of dust dance in the sunlight in the shadowy darkness. She clearly loves Tumelo, but her cataracts are bad, she is very thin and weak herself. It's a touching scene. Ntombi translates as *gogo* tells me that she had sent Tumelo to the city to get better. She did not want to loose another child. She had already lost her daughter, Tumelo's mother. She did not want to lose him too. She had done her best but she was too frail herself to care for the boy. He could not stay there. We had brought all the meds for his TB with us from the city, but she couldn't read the labels, even with her thick glasses on.

Uncle Jacob is reticent that the boy should be taken care of by his elder sister. He is sick himself, but as the patriarch, he feels it his duty to keep the family together. This means placing the burden of work entirely on the women in the family, from Ntombi, at 16 years old being asked to drop out of school, to *gogo*, in her 80s being urged to take in her grandson who could not walk, and who she could not adequately care for. Jacob is stubborn. The women try to convince him this could not work.

We make our way across the corn fields on a footpath to the home of a neighbour, Alice, who is a strong, helpful woman in her 60s, to see if she could perhaps help *gogo* with giving the critical, daily, medications to Tumelo to get him through the TB treatment, and to make the regular trip back to Durban to take him to the doctor and replenish the medications that would get him on track for anti-retrovirals. Even with the small pay Uncle Jacob offers Alice do this work, she says it would barely cover her costs for transportation and was too daunting to keep this very sick boy so far away from medical attention. Alice reluctantly says no. Back in the hut, *Gogo* says no too. "Take him back to the city. I do not want to loose another child."

Jacob, for the moment, is defeated, but perhaps Tumelo would live. With an extended family made up entirely of women – Linda, Sindy, *gogo*, Ntombi – all of whom wanted Tumelo to be cared for in hospital and to find a place for him to be able to get well,

Jacob's resistance as the patriarch was frustrating. Yet the women tolerated the fact that they had to humor him and try to win him over. They giggled behind his back and discredited his opinion, but they still they jumped through hoops to win him to their side. If he blocked the decision to get Tumelo cared for, the told me they weren't sure what they could do. His endorsement was critical.

At the same time as Jacob's stubbornness provided an obstacle for care for the Tumelo, I also observed how much he cared for the boy, and how much he was struggling with his own illness in the face of so much responsibility as a man, a father and the patriarch. Jacob was also very ill, and in a constant battle with TB and ill-health, living in a nearby shack settlement with his own children to care for. His 2-year-old daughter was also HIV positive, and over my experiences with the family I saw Jacob in and out of hospital a number of times.

Illness and disability brings many people to the shacks from the rural areas. It is a revolving door between city and country. It is the expanse of the metropolis; the division between city and country makes little sense. This is one landscape. But the shacks are a terrible place to convalesce or try to improve health. It takes networks, resources, and determination to be able to do so. Yet Tumelo and Jacob had a special bond, and it was only Uncle Jacob who was really willing to go the financial and practical distance to make sure the boy was cared for. So his stubbornness was tolerable, even understandable.

While the rest of the women in the extended family tried to be supportive, for various reasons they were not able to help because of the enormous burdens they were facing themselves. Ntombi was still a girl (and who would soon fall pregnant herself), and Linda's shack was full of mouths to feed and very little resources. Linda worked as a domestic for a racist India family who set her food out on the porch at lunchtimes. This was her sole income and it supported between 5 and 6 people already. When I saw her a year later she had lost that job and was supporting the family with social grants and a small tuck shop she ran out of her shack while raising Ntombi's new baby.

While *gogo* couldn't keep Tumelo in the rural areas, there was also no one to keep him in the city. There was no choice but to try to get him placed in some kind children's home. He was one extra body at a time and in a context where there was no room for extras. There was nothing extra to go around.

In the end, there was no one to care for Tumelo.

III. Children in Crisis: Durban's Children's Home

The Social workers refer Tumelo to the Durban Children's Society. They assign a fieldworker to Tumelo's case to see if they can find a placement in a children's home as well as taking him through the necessary steps within the courts to legally remove him from the shacks.

The Durban's Children's Society is a government subsidized organization that receives about 60% of its funding from the government and the rest from a variety of private sources. As one of the intake social workers explained to me, the society works in partnership with the Department of Social Welfare. The Department of Social Welfare is charged with overseeing lost children, street children and children with behavioral problems, while the Durban Children's Society deals with orphans, abuse cases and investigations of neglect and abandonment. With the AIDS crisis in the country dramatically increasing the number of orphans, the Children's society is in dire straights at a number of levels. The sheer strain of having to process such an increase in orphans means that children in abuse or situations of neglect are being shuffled to the back of the line. As intake worker Razia Rawat reports,

> *In fact when you look at the cases of abuse and neglect, we try to stall the cases because of the orphans that we are faced with. And then our field workers are not coping, so in as much, you know, we try to do prevention work and if we find after six months, a year, maybe even 18 months we find that, ok, we can't hold this family like this anymore, we need to do a formal placement, then we will take the case to a field worker and say we need to remove and place these children.*

Someone is taking care, but not taking good care, because there is too much financial burden or there is too much interference from a perpetrator, for instance, the parents, who abuse or neglect or are unstable, and it impacts on the children. So, it impacts a lot especially when children are of school going age. So then you really have to do something.

She tells me that orphan cases in the last five years have skyrocketed. She has been there for ten years, and she says that in the past they often would have little to do but now they are totally overwhelmed. Like so many other overwhelmed organizations, they don't collect statistics on how many children are coming from AIDS affected households, or for that matter, they do not do HIV tests on the incoming children or find out if they are infected before trying to place them. At the same time, there is a huge brain drain on the social workers that come to the Society.

> Whilst the state continues to entice both social workers and Child Care Workers with salaries approximately 40% higher than the levels they allow us in subsidies, the society, along with other non-governmental organisations, will continue to experience the rapid, disastrous turnover of staff which denies us the opportunity to train them for management positions. On average, newly qualified social Workers remain with the society for about a year, during which time we train and provide them with the practical experience required by the state, whose higher salary packages lure them away. (Annual Report DCS)

Rawat talks about what she thinks is needed,

> First of all our salaries have to improve drastically so there will be commitment and there will be stability, and then obviously the case loads need to come down for people to put in their best. The way we see it, over the last five to eight years we are doing crisis intervention work, we can't go beyond that.

> And no more is the case where you phone in to Child Welfare and say, "Can someone please come out here, we have a crisis, a child has been bashed very badly". I can't see us picking up and going because the resources aren't available. The car may be issued out to someone else. A person who gets an immediate response is very lucky, let me put it that way. If you were to come in with a baby we would probably tell you to please keep the baby for a few more days until we can plan on this removal.

Goodness, the social worker who takes Tumelo's case, explains the process we will have to follow. First we will need to put an ad in the paper looking for his missing father. She cynically explains, "It would be better if the father didn't appear". She explains it will be easier to find Tumelo a placement in a children's home without the hassle from a wayward dad. Sometimes the father would show up, she told us, hoping to collect the child care grants with no intention of caring for the child, only to disappear again. The father's appearance, though, makes it hard to get a removal through the courts and it is the children that are often the ones who lose. My heart sank. Still, putting an advertisement looking for a "lost dad" is protocol, and we pay the 50R to place the ad in the local Zulu newspaper.

Meanwhile, Tumelo is very sick. He needs to be stabilized. Time is of the essence and waiting for the notice to be answered means waiting that much longer before he can find a stable home. I worry it will not be soon enough and we will lose this wisp of a boy who has already been through so much.

IV. Kennedy Road HIV drop-in center and Crèche

- Image by Delisile Goodness Gwala of Kennedy Road Crèche

Understanding up close the conflux of social and economic factors in the shacks where Tumelo was living helps paint a more clear picture of the situation around HIV, AIDS and children in the settlements. Here again, one is struck by the unbelievable perseverance and attempts to use life strategies, resistance and hard-work from people living in the shacks as they try to address the massive gaps in care. As one can imagine, the situation is dire for caregivers in Kennedy Road, yet volunteers have set up a HIV drop in center and a crèche in the hopes of easing some of the hardships on the community. The crèche was established for vulnerable children, HIV positive children and orphans. It is called Zamokuhli, meaning "We are doing our best".

There are 50 home-based caregivers in total to cover all the shack settlements in the Clare Estate area, which includes Foreman Road, Lacey Road, Burnwood, and the other large shack settlements in this area. In Kennedy Road with approximately 7000 residents there are only 6 home-based care workers. A family might wait 6 months to get to see a caregiver. Thandi and Lungiwe, two of the primary care-givers in the community, explain,

> We make calls based on the illness. Everyone is a volunteer…We have about 600 people living with AIDS who have come to us saying they need help. We have 180 orphans. We consider someone an orphan if they have no parents at all or no

> mother…. The orphans are living with other families, many are heading households.

I ask Thandi about how much time she spends taking care of sick people.

> Most of my time. If I'm not here at work, but even when I'm here at work, if I get a call that someone is seriously ill I'll just leave everything and go straight to that person…I mean, even now if someone was sick they will go straight to my room, and knock, they don't care, [laughing] that if it's 12:00 midnight they will ask me to call an ambulance, and stuff like that. Even children who are not having TBs, those that are experiencing labour pains, that are pregnant …
>
> *Do you have any supplies to do this work?*
>
> Not really. I just do what I can….one of the big problems is there are no home-based care kits. No bandages, no bed sheets, no gloves, no dressing, no condoms.

When we did our first interview in 2007, Thandi told me that the Department of Health was helping with a "food before school" project. They had three people working in the crèche and 32 children registered, though there were often 28 more in addition who would come each day, so they would often care for about 60 children. Their labour was unpaid. There were 12 home-based care workers in Clare Estate, six of whom were based in Kennedy Road. The stipend was R300 a month (approximately 40$ Canadian) from the Department of Social Welfare, though this money would often not arrive. In 2007, no stipends were paid in January, February or March. As Parker writes, "A chief failure of the system lies in the health department's late payments to NPOs. When the department fails to pay NPOs on time, the NPOs stop paying the care-givers," (Parker 2009:np) and this in turn makes it harder to retain the volunteers that are so necessary to basic health services in the shack settlements. In 2007, Lungi had already been there 4 years and Thandi had been working there for 3 years. I asked Thandi if she used her own money to do this work.

> Yes, because sometimes I call the ambulance and the ambulance doesn't come early and I have to take my own money and take a taxi with the patient, and take the patient to Palladian [hospital]. And even if the ambulance comes the person has no one to accompany him or her to hospital, I use to accompany them. And when I left them at the hospital, the ambulance doesn't bring those accompanying, you have to come back on your own way, so I am use to that. Sometimes you find that they don't have the relatives, you have to trace their relatives, make those phone calls, and sometimes the person doesn't even have food to eat and you have to take food from your own house. Yeah, it's a lot of sharing.

She estimates that she spends between 40 and 100R a month on caring for others.

> Sometimes even more because sometimes those people when you treat and find them, next you find that their relatives couldn't come and take them, and you have to take that person to the taxi rank of their homeland, and you have to put that person in the taxi and call their relatives to wait at the station.

In 2009 Thandi was quoted in the newspaper contesting the government's Slums Act. Soon after she reported to me that Department of Health officials came to the drop-in clinic and told her that if she was going to be speaking out about not voting, and speaking against ANC policies, they were going to cut her funding. Which they did. The small stipend the workers were getting of 300R a month has dried up, as did the food parcels they had been giving out on a monthly basis. In 2009 Thandi finally quit the job, not, she said, because she wasn't being paid, but because it was too hard to be there constantly telling people there was nothing she could do for them.

In the settlement rumours circulated that workers were hording food parcels, but in fact, there were none. While Thandi felt that they were cut off for political reasons, it is hard to say, as many volunteer workers across the country had also not been getting paid for months (Parker 2009:np). As S'khumbuzo Maphumulo, an attorney with the Aids Law

Project lamented, "Care-givers are exploited; you find that people are paid R500 or R600 a month. They call it a stipend but it's just a way for government to get cheap labour."

> Employed via government-funded non-profit organizations (NPOs) that operate as labour brokers, members of South Africa's corps of care-gives are considered "volunteers" and are paid a small monthly stipend….The Health Department has contracts with 1 636 NPOs. In the 2007-2008 financial year the department allocated R62-million to the support of national NPOs involved in the response to HIV/Aids and TB. (Parker 2009:np)

When you add in the person contributions in actual cash, time and labour, the contributions of the care-givers is enormous trying to keep the AIDS crisis that is unfolding in the shack settlements at bay. Of course this labour falls mainly on women and children. During our interviews Thandi said there was only one man at the time working as a home-based caregiver.

Back at the Children's Society, Razia does an inventory of possible children's homes where Tumelo could find a placement. None of the homes in Durban will take "sick kids" she tells me. They don't have the capacity, or, they don't have the beds. We are at a loss. There seems to be almost nowhere to place him. She comes up with a few Christian-run private homes where there might be room for him. With all the money and resources around AIDS work in South Africa it is a shock that this most basic service, homes for the thousands of orphans displaced by this AIDS crisis, has not been adequately provided for.

She calls a few homes. Everyone is full. There is one, Golden Mountains, that tell her might have a bed. They will get back to us.

A child orphaned by AIDS is one thing, but a child orphaned who *has* HIV is another.

Things are looking hopeless.

Every field worker we meet seems overwhelmed by the situations they are facing and are getting through on a day by day basis. At the Children's Society each field worker has between 150 and 190 cases each to deal with. They seem exhausted. The turn over of workers is incredible. Razia tells me that a few years ago they had a hundred percent turn over. Seventy social workers left. Under these kinds of conditions, she explains, they are hardly able to adequately train people.

When I first explain that I am doing research, the social workers implore me, "Please tell our story. We cannot deal with these cases. There are so many children we just can't help. We are waiting in queues backlogged in the court while children are going hungry or being abused at home. It is so hard to take."

Golden Mountains calls back. They have a bed. They will take Tumelo.
We are overjoyed.

There has been no response to the newspaper ad, Tumelo's father does not appear, so things can move forward. Now a removal order must be issued by the Children's Court. A final step and he can get into care. Goodness works on his dossier. At the midnight hour, standing in the court in front of the judge, she gets a call.

"Sorry, we were mistaken. We don't have a bed for the child."

"But where can we put him?"

"I don't know, everywhere is very full. I'm sorry. There is nothing we can do. Good luck."

Goodness takes it in stride. This happens often. She tells me we must just start again. There is no one to reproach, no repeal to be made; there is no one to appeal to. The ground has fallen from beneath us. There is no place for Tumelo in the shacks, no one at

the farm who can care for him, no one to care for him anywhere, and now, without remedy or explanation, the hope of a children's home is dashed too.

Goodness puts on a brave face and makes a flurry of calls. We are in the process of a formal removal, and once it is ordered we cannot even bring Tumelo back to the shacks.

In the nick of time, a private Christian Children's home, Sunny Skies, who deals specifically with HIV positive sick children, calls to say they have a place for Tumelo. The facility at Sunny Skies consists of a number of cottages installed with a housemother who lives with six children full time. They receive good nutrition, education, medication, nurturing and motherly care. Over 90% of the children at Sunny Skies test HIV positive on arrival.

The Sunny Skies Endeavor is a registered US non-profit and is linked to a Community Church in California. They receive funding from the Department of Welfare and the Department of Housing, as well as a number of corporations, trusts and private individuals. Over 60 children are sponsored by groups and individuals, mainly in the US, who give 80$ per month, per child.

We could cry from relief that they will accept Tumelo.

The court order is issued and together we drive out along the winding road towards the home. Set on 50 acres in the hills of a rural area with a game reserve stretching off in the distance, Sunny Skies seems like paradise.

Pictures are taken and a shy, nervous Tumelo finds his new home and new siblings. Tearfully we leave him in the confident care of Sunny Skies. It took over two months for him to be clear of the TB and the pneumonia that had been chasing him. Already though, he was gaining strength.

Hi Shannon
I am the social auxiliary worker at Sunny Skies. You wanted information about Tumelo. As you know when you brought Tumelo to us he was very ill.

Since then he has gone from strength to strength. He has almost completed his T.B. medication and should be on ARV's very soon. He is able to move around and attends our pre - school. Tumelo is enjoying being at school though the children are much younger that him as he has never been to school before.

Tumelo at first was too scared to go outside with the older kids but now sits outside with them, even though he does not get involved in their games as I think they must be too rough for him. He is very attached to his house mother and he would help her in the house and tell of his day, what happened and what he has learnt at school.

His uncle has come to visit him and could not control his emotions, he just broke down and cried. He could not believe how well Tumelo is doing as he never expected the child to recover so soon and so well.

Nikolas Rose (2007) builds on an idea of how hope functions in relation to biological citizenship which resonates in the current AIDS orphan crisis in South Africa. Rose cites Mary-Jo Delvecchio Good, Byron Good, and their colleagues who described a "political economy of hope" in which,

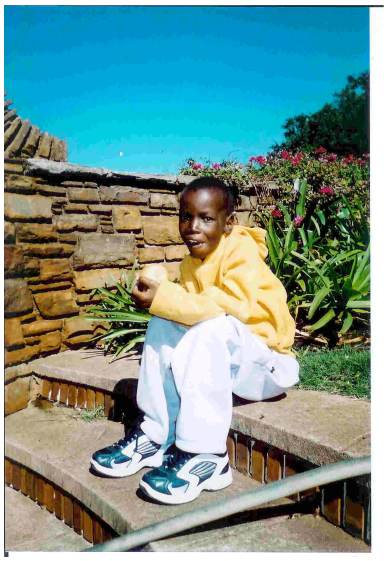
> In American treatment practices for cancer, physicians sought to instill and maintain the hope of their patients in the possibility of cure or remission as a therapeutic tool, but also the way in which physicians maintained their own hopefulness through commitment to the progressive efficacy of biomedical therapeutics. (Good et al. 1990, cited in N. Rose 2007:135)

In Tumelo's case, a small photo album of photos of his recovery at the children's home circulated in the hospital for weeks and even made a special appearance at a weekly staff meeting of VCT councilors and doctors. These politics of hope become even clearer in chapter 5, where physicians and medical staff were often making harsh life and death decisions and trying to hold on to hope both for themselves and for their patients.

As I saw with the medical staff and doctors at the Hospital, and the social workers and home-based care-givers, hope was an important component of the work. "Hope, as Brown points out, is not merely as set of beliefs, but is infused with affects that structure the actions of many of those involved in working situations where illness, and the fear of illness, can generate despair, desperation, and terror in the face of the future". (Brown 1998, cited in Rose 2007:136)

When Tumelo was finally able to start ARVs, the results were astounding. He became a healthy young boy in what seemed like overnight. On one of my subsequent visits to the home I drove up to the cottage to find him. A young boy came dashing across the lawn to greet me. I assumed it was a friend of his, coming to tell me where I could find Tumelo. But no, this was Tumelo. He was almost unrecognizable he had regained his health so much. He could run. I was astounded. He introduced me to his new 'girlfriend', Amanda, an they posed for a photo. Life was possible. And it was worth every effort to try to attain it.

Tumelo before and after ARVs



It has been an absolute joy to see how much Tumelo has changed since coming to Sunny Skies. He is a strong and stocky little boy, who has filled out wonderfully. His health is very good at the moment and he is such a bubbly happy child who has a really beautiful smile.

He is really blossoming in all areas of his life. At homework club his teacher says he has improved so much in a few weeks in his maths and English and as a result so has his confidence!!! He has a very good attitude towards his work and gets so focussed that he will not budge his eyes from his work!!!
-Director, Sunny Skies

Tumelo was able to find a life again. To be a child. To live. While his story has a happy ending, it speaks to the enormous gaps in providing care for orphans, children and others living with HIV in the shacks.

NOT LONG ENOUGH:

WOMEN & AIDS IN THE SETTLEMENT

5

The doctor who had seen to Tumelo sent me a text message early one morning directing me to some passages in Psalm and Isaiah: "Without Christ we would lose focus." I flip through the bible and find one of the passages he asked me to read.

I am poured out like water,
and all my bones are out of joint.
my heart has turned to wax;
it has melted away within me.

my strength is dried up like a potsherd,
and my tongue sticks to the roof of my mouth;
you lay me in the dust of death.

Dogs have surrounded me;
a band of evil men has encircled me,
they have pierced my hands and my feet.

I may tell all my bones: they
look and stare upon me.

They divide my garments among them
and cast lots for my clothing.

(Psalm 22)

Everyone had thought that the little skeleton boy, brought to the shacks from the rural areas, was going to meet his death there. No one wanted to say it out loud, but it hung in the silence between us all. When he lived, and turned back into a child again from his corpse-like state, a flicker of hope was born that flew around the neighborhood, as family and friends in the settlement learned about his transformation. A buzz in the community around his life countered the fatality that hangs in clouds over the settlement, as sense that what you have been dealt is what you must live with.

Making health visible, the possibility of "becoming well" apparent, encouraged others to seek help, to ask questions and to go to the clinic. The accessibility of ARVs in South Africa, for example, that gave people a new lease on life, and had more positive impacts on prevention efforts than can properly be quantified. Hope was a commodity with more value at times than education. Hope reverberated through the settlement as Tumelo's story was recounted in hushed voices, and spun through the corridors of the hospital, as doctors, nurses, and VCT councilors poured over a little photo album I made of Tumelo, finally well again and on ARVs, running through the grass at the children's home. Their work, the anguish and toil of it, had results. It mattered.

Once I'd made the decision to engage in the daily lives of people living in the settlement, women and children began to almost exclusively occupy my time. This was not because there weren't men around, there were many men out of work who were around during the daytime, but there were stark separations between the activities of men and women. These gender divisions were often the most obvious ones: while men filled the *shabeens*, washed cars, sat in small groups talking in the shade, read books, worked in the community hall office, the women hauled the water, did the child care, stayed inside the home, cooked, cared for ill people, went to hospital and to town to do shopping and other administrative work, and chatted in small groups with one another. Once I was admitted to the world of women, I realized what a distinct domain it was in this community. I was markedly a woman here. A white woman, yes, but still a woman. I was ushered around to

sit in this shack or that as the women chatted in Zulu, laughed with me, shared stories and sometimes ignored me altogether as we sat quietly together.

One of the male community leaders, high in the ranks of the social movement asked me one day, "Have you become a social worker now?" It was as though the amount of time and work I was now doing in people's daily lives forced a radical shift in the perception of my 'political' role in the community. If I was not ferrying people around to meetings, taking notes, or writing memorandums, but rather working closely with community members on social and health issues, the work was feminized and therefore diminished. A pat on the back for the grueling day-to-day work that was far less integral than the 'real' work of politicking. Visiting women in their homes and in the hospital. Laughing and being silent. Spending time and sharing stories. Making the real, affective connections that somehow never seemed to hold in the coldness of the political rally, the march, or the organizing meeting.

In Kennedy Road, the weeks after news that Tumelo was "going from strength to strength" were followed by constant inquiries around how he was doing. Looks of shock and surprise, but also softness, thankfulness, and hope passed over people's faces as they filled buckets of water, or stopped on the muddy alleyways to inquire about "the small boy". At the same time, I seemed to acquire a new identity as someone who "knew what to do". I became the *mulungu* who talked about HIV and AIDS, and may be able to give advice on what to do, where to go -- secretly if need be. Someone who could be turned to for help. It was because of this mounting identity that I had my first encounter with Mandisa.

I. Mandisa

Mandisa Pridiar Mthembu. Born 14 September, 1976. She was 30 years old when we first met. Mother of Chris and Thaba, sister of Gcina and Nomalanga. Aunt of little Lwazi.

Mandisa lived in Kennedy Road not far from the home of Nomvula, whose shack floor had briefly been my home. She was the sole breadwinner for six children: Her sons, Thaba, 12 and Chris, 8, her adopted daughter, the frail 11-year-old Nomalanga, and her adopted 4 year old son, Lwazi. The children were bright, loving, respectful and inquisitive. Lwazi was the son of Mandisa's sister who had died a few years before. He was playful and rambunctious, a favorite of the neighbourhood women, unaware of the tragedies that had been happening around him. In addition to these four was Mandisa's 19-year-old sister, Gcina and Gcina's baby Loulou. A beautiful, loving family.

When I met Mandisa she was already very sick. The residents and community leaders in Kennedy Road shack settlement know the situation they face with HIV and TB very well. In the early 2000s they had organized to provide HIV and AIDS home-based care services to the community through the Clare Estate Drop-In Centre I describe briefly in Chapter 4. It was this central hub of activity that was the backbone of what would later become *Abahlali baseMjondolo*. Government and some NGOs had been providing small patches of funding and training over the years. Recently the home-based care volunteers had become few and far between as the drop-in centre could only provide a meager amount of funds to do the heavy, emotionally difficult job of caring for the very sick: three hundred rand per month stipend was available for only 6 volunteers in a community of nearly 7000, 70% of which were HIV infected or affected. Mandla and Anele told me about those early days when he and Thandi, Nohlanhla and Anele wanted to put together an HIV drop-in centre. "It was so difficult", Anele said, "because we didn't have toilets. People with diarrhea were lining up". But they persisted.

Mandisa had been one of the home-based care workers. Ironically, perhaps because of the ongoing stigma associated with being positive, she had decided to hide the results of her HIV results test from her family and the larger community, continuing to work in a factory in the industrial zone across the highway from Kennedy Road until her health became too poor and she was unable to hide her condition any longer. Tumelo's aunt, Linda Ngcobo, urged me to go see Mandisa, to try to convince her to go to hospital. Mandisa was caring for all of the children in her one room shack.

When I met her, Mandisa was in what Thandi, a community health care worker, explained as "Stage Four". Thandi explained that this was a stage where a person has become very ill and finally must accept their status. Thandi lamented that it was often too late, at this point, to make significant change. But there was always hope.

A first few visits to the treatment center began, and the possibility of care both for Mandisa and the children looked possible. But things would not be that easy.

> March 7th
>
> The social worker from McCord hospital made a visit today to Mandisa's shack. She is very sick. She has done only the first ARV training with Dudu, the home-based care worker from Kennedy who is helping her. The TB meds are making her sick. She has been given vitamins and other meds and she is confused about the function of all the drugs. Margaret brings a food parcel with her which is received thankfully as there is no food in the house. Last Wednesday Mandisa stopped the TB treatment because she found it was too hard on her body.

Mandisa became very weak and needed to be admitted to the hospital. While she was there, Thaba and Nomalanga had to run the household alone, doing the cooking and making sure everyone went to school everyday. Gcina took her baby to the farm, so while Mandisa was in hospital it was only the four small children running the household, two of whom had already been orphaned once before. With a force that erupts from traumatic situations, they attempted to maintain a normal life.

Thaba was direct when I asked him what they needed, "Food. There is nothing in the house." Food parcels had been keeping them afloat since their mother had had to leave her job. Mandisa regaining her health was so important, if just to ensure these children didn't fall through the cracks.

If you have no money you have no treatment

Mandisa's condition continued to fluctuate. What started out to be a straight-forward process of admission into hospital to regain a baseline of health before starting ARV training and treatment, quickly turned into a roller coaster. She was ferried in and out of hospital, to various social workers and training sessions. With no decent and affordable public system the waits for ARVs can be so long that many die before they get treatment. Trying to get Mandisa well was expensive, taxing and complicated. Barriers to accessing health care are intensified if you are poor, and one needs to push at every step of the way to access treatment and adequate medical attention. There is hope, real hope to get well and to live a healthy life, but navigating and paying for the system excludes more than it helps. Life in the settlements intensifies the chances you will not get well. Thandi explains the situation in the shacks and what it means for people's health,

> …the toilets that's our main, main, problem. Like, there on the surface only this one toilet is better, but every corner has a toilet they have to share, including the children. Even if a child is 2 years, the child must share the toilet with a sick or old person only to find that person might be infected with a diarrhea, or something, so it's easy for a child to pick up on those. So it's very unhealthy, very unhygienic. And besides that, we are, like, staying in small houses, as I think you know, only to find that when one member of the family is infected with TB, then most of the family are going to be infected. There's no windows…they are living in a tin house.

While access to ARVs may be getting somewhat easier for some South Africans than it has been in the past, for people like Mandisa, getting treatment continues to be extremely complicated. Thandi explains the barriers to accessing ARVs as a combination of factors,

> On the side of the ARVs….there is still a huge problem because like, according to my experience, they are not allowed to access ARVs until they reach a CD4 under 200 or low hundreds, but the problem is that the person gets sick and weak only to

find out his or her CD4 count is still above 500, but this person is bedridden, he could not do anything for himself, but because his or her CD4 is still over 200 he couldn't access this. And even if his CD4 is below 200 the particular person has to undergo these certain trainings before he or she be given these ARVs and as the time goes by the virus is still is consuming the particular person.

What is the problem with the trainings? Why do you think that's a problem?

Uh, some of the people wait too long till they, like, they accept the reality that they are infected and they have to visit the clinic. That's when they tend realize they have to get this, but by that time they still have to undergo this training process, cause they have to be told how to take ARVs, but according to my opinion, I think that people must be willing, if they are serious, people must be given ARVs and they must call a home-based carer to come with that particular person, instead of teaching that sick patient, they can teach the home-based carers how to take care of that particular person. Cause when you are sick you have … no, you have no feeling to talk, you become short tempered, you know. …Starting the training becomes another problem that is gonna make you sicker.

Mandisa, with a volunteer home-based caregiver from Kennedy Road, started the ARV trainings, hoping she would make it long enough to be able to access medication. She too had started looking for treatment very late when she was already very ill. The CD4 count cut off means that for people in already poor health due to poverty, the chances are likely that you will be very sick by the time medication becomes accessibly. At this point, Mandisa's CD4 count was 74. Luckily, she was recommended for admittance into a step-down clinic attached to the hospital that gives intensive, fast trainings along with keeping patients under constant observation and working with family members to ensure once treatment started it would continue to be successful. A ray of hope appeared for her, though the clinic wasn't free and bills were quickly piling up. I offered to help pay the fees so that she could get well enough to access the treatment. Her life meant the lives of six others who were impatiently waiting for her in the shacks.

The appearance of a white woman moving through hospital corridors, counseling offices and clinics with a black woman often caused a ruffle. "Is she your employee?" I was continually asked. People stared and made inquiries about our relationship. Often I would say I was a 'friend' and they would quickly joke in Zulu how lucky Mandisa was to have a *mulungu* friend. The divisions of race and class are so deep that it seemed most people felt it was impossible that people might even just *care* for each other. Yet maybe the ladies who giggled at us were right, and Mandisa was lucky to have a *mulungu* friend. Would she already have been left to die without the funds to pay the hospital admission fees? The answer is searing, shameful.

Due to a miscommunication with the step-down clinic about her ability to pay for medical services, Mandisa was discharged at the height of her sickness, now in seriously critical condition.

> March 22nd
>
> Mandisa was wrongfully discharged from the step-down clinic. It's Thursday and I'm still traveling. I don't find this out till Monday. My heart is breaking. I'm livid and spend the morning with the councilor Terry who tries to explain what happened. There was some mix up and they thought her bill was in arrears and discharged her when it seemed it wasn't going to be paid. I don't find out till Tuesday that she's gone back to the farm, presumable to die there. She had to be taken to the taxi rank in a wheelbarrow. She can't walk, can't talk. Home to Mfekane near Mtubatuba.

"Should I bring her back?" I ask her brother Sipho, the other gathered family, and home-based care workers in Kennedy road. "Yes, bring her, go fetch her," they all agree. Gcina pulls me aside, "They called to say there is no food at the farm." They had to wheelbarrow her to the taxi because she couldn't walk, assuming that this was her last chance to get to the family burial grounds. Death seemed immanent. But the family in

Mfekane was unable to do anything for her. Gcina was worried that Mandisa was starving to death. It seemed that precious food could hardly go to someone so close to death.

I jumped in the car and drove the five hours to fetch her.

It was a rainy, cool day. The highway between Durban and Mfekane stretched on and on. The grey skies hung low and cold, tracing our journey.

We arrived to find Mandisa wrapped in blankets on a small bed in the mud hut. Her eyes rolled in her head. She was gaunt, skeletal. The picture of death. She looked much worse than I had expected. I tried to hide my shock. The family, almost all older women and children here, huddled around, watching her. It was a horrific scene. The family was left with nothing to do but crouch around and helplessly watch her die. One of the older aunties was tearful at our arrival that we might be able to bring her somewhere to be helped. I spoke to Anele, "Are you sure we should take her? Is it alright? Perhaps she should stay here?" Seeing her so close to death I wondered if bringing her back into the city would be right, if anyone there be able to help her. But I thought of the children. She so longed to see the children. "Chris? Thaba?" she questioned through her haze. To see the children and for them to say good-bye – at least to have that.

I was afraid she would die in the car before we reached Durban. Tears burned in my eyes for the injustice of what had happened. Her wrongful discharge, combined with this deep poverty, life in the shacks, all of these factors, had brought her to this brink.

The smell of the ocean pressed against the smell of her skin
Deathly sunlight dapples
Soiled sheets and eyes that scream
for something I don't know how to give
I look away
Her children wince her brow
I look

Mandisa

That day the clouds followed us to the farm
and rained on us the whole way back
My windshield wipers weren't fast enough
To quell the silence which fell between us
Squished together in a car
Your ambulance, your bed, your carriage
I hoped not your hearse

Mandisa

I daydream about how you once looked
only a few weeks ago
Shockingly gaunt, disabled by illness
but still womanly, strong and focused
I long for the closeness to health you held then
such a short time ago.

My sister of the same year:
1976.
How the years have unfolded for the two of us so differently
If only we had the time, the ability, to compare notes

to recall a Monday in May 1982 when we were both children
or the edges of 1999,
me watching snow fall
you feeling the heat of impending summer.

I look at you and I see myself
Another self I could have been.
Another life
Three children.
A marathon runner, handsome and fit
by your side.
His picture still pinned to your small dresser
One of the few items decorating your shack

He left too.
Lost in the remains of your life
The tragedies fallen around you
Autumn leaves
Things you couldn't hold onto.

Mandisa,

You whisper through me
A ghost living with me, by me
So alive
You touch me.

How your eyes shone yesterday when you saw me
It cut me to pieces.
Was perhaps the worst thing that has happened
between us since I've known you.

Your happiness at my coming, your hope
A knife

Dear Mandisa, I am, also, no one to you

There are no magic powers in my backpack
My skin holds no secrets of health
My money holds no sway against death

I can just be here with you.

Keep the rain clouds at bay
long enough for you
to hold each small hand
of each of your small children
not long enough.

It's not long enough Mandisa.

Mandisa was immediately readmitted to the hospital, but at this point she was too ill for the step-down clinic. They wouldn't accept her in this poor health. Sipho had to carry her in his arms up the steps of the hospital. She was sent back to the general ward, once more to start the process of bringing her towards a bare minimum of health. Her story, unfortunately, is not uncommon. Thandi explains how a combination of stigma and poor service from the clinic hinders people from accessing treatment,

> *It's the stigma…. because most people know that they need to access these medications but they are afraid to, like, come out and say yes I'm sick, if you can take me to the clinic, if you can help me, because some of the people, especially those who are open about their status, when they have problem with the clinic, they come straight to us and tell us, hey I have a problem with the clinic, we just call the clinic straightaway and ask them, what's the problem with this patient so and so, she came here and she said that you didn't attend to her accordingly, and when the clinic has been called by an NGO they tend to feel sorry, they tend to apologize and take more care of the health of the people.*

Meanwhile, things were not looking good for Mandisa.

> March 27th
>
> The TB treatment at Siyapila didn't settle her temperature. They don't know why her temperature is still high. It could be TB, in which case they'll reinstate the TB treatment when they get the culture results. It might also by lymphoma, but they would have to do a biopsy. To find other causes for this persistent temperature they would need to do some tissue samples.
>
> Legally, they say she cannot be discharged from the hospital now since she is not well enough to go home. In other words, they cannot release her to die. She could move to a state hospital. She could go back to Siyapila, but she'll need another 2 weeks in the hospital for sure. There is a danger of starting ARVs when she is not ready for them. We must wait for her temperature to settle.

In the small office off the ward the doctor discreetly told me that they were only keeping her alive now. That it would be a "waste of money" to keep her a semi-private hospital, and as soon as she was well enough to move to the public hospital she should be moved. There she would line up on a cot in the busy ward, to wait for her death, the ocean lapping the coast below the towering Palladian hospital. She had a collection of illnesses that the doctor didn't feel he could adequately deal with in time. He felt that if they tried, not only would it be expensive, in his opinion it would be too late. I could see the hardness in him. These types of decisions were being made all the time in hospitals filled over capacity.

Mandisa needed two more pints of blood. She was very weak. Each pint would cost 700R. "Will you pay for it?" the nurse asked me curtly. Mandisa's time away from the hospital had weakened her immensely, even though it had only been a few days.

Back at the step-down clinic the nurses and the doctor were apologetic. "We have so many patients," the Indian female doctor told me, "who need these beds, and if they can't pay, we just can't keep them." She looked sorry, but she too was hardened. She saw the centre as having an excellent recovery rate, partially because they only accept patients who really have a chance of turning around based on a variety of criteria from family support to health status. Mandisa had not been one of them. I imagine a single white mother of five who is too ill to clearly speak about her payment options, being discharged for a late bill, to her own death. It seemed unfathomable. The injustice compounded by the fact that her bill would have been paid. She was pushed out only because of the stink of poverty around her, the hopelessness of her situation, the fact that the health care workers knew she lived in the shacks. By the time she was readmitted she was too sick to go to one of the many empty beds at the step-down clinic and now was wedged between seven other women on the ward.

Death approached. Mandisa seemed to know it now. She pulled me close and whispered, "Please make sure the children will be ok. Please."

I'm not here. This isn't happening.

April 6th. Good Friday

Mandisa is dead. She died yesterday in Palladian public hospital, in ward 10A. I had gone to see her earlier in the day. I met up with Sipho in the ward. It was about noon. Sunlight bounced off the ocean and onto the dirty white ceiling. Mandisa had been hooked up to an oxygen machine. She cut a shocking form. She was so thin, looking barely like a real person anymore. She was an image, a hologram of a woman. Her eyes were only slits, half asleep and half struggling to keep them open.

The doctor said that she had put Mandisa on oxygen because she was having so much trouble breathing, that the oxygen would just relieve some pressure, make her feel a bit more comfortable. Sipho was mumbling to himself, talking about God, about Jesus maybe still being able to save her. The nurse told me that Mandisa could hear me, that it would be nice to speak to her, that she would hear it.

I bent down beside her bed, put my hand on her skeleton-like arm. Her eyes were shut, but as I started speaking, she opened her eyes, struggled to turn her face towards me. I could tell she heard me, she was responding, blinking her eyes here and there. I felt like I was whispering into the void, into death, to some other dimension. I spoke to her about her Chris and Thaba, the blue sky outside, I tried to assure here that the children were taken care of, that they were playing today because it was Good Friday, that they loved her and missed her, that Sipho was here with me and we were going to make sure the kids would be ok, that she shouldn't worry, that she shouldn't, couldn't worry after them. That we hadn't forgotten her and we were here, even if she didn't always know it. We were here.

Sipho and I drove back to Kennedy Road and spoke of what would happen to the children. He said he'd watch them. He still hoped she would get better. He wondered about God. We listened to the radio and made our way silently around the beachfront from the hospital up to the desolation of Kennedy Road. When we arrived the children were playing "Donkey" in the street. We made a plan to go see Mandisa on Tuesday. We also make a plan to go to the beach together – Thaba told me they hadn't been since the first of January. In fact, even though the beach is so close by, they almost never have a chance to go because the bus fare is too costly. I had a feeling that Tuesday, only a few days away, might be too late, but I held my breath. I wasn't sure I wanted to encourage the children to see Mandisa in the state she was now in.

The last time we had gone to the hospital to see her Chris had a very hard time. Mandisa was terrible, sleeping and awake, in and out of consciousness and not very aware of their presence. It felt hopeless and we were all very sad leaving the ward. When we got to the car Thaba told me that Chris would not get in. I looked back. The poor boy, only 8 years old, totally irrationally and almost out of control would not, could not, pull his body into the car, tears welling up in his eyes. He didn't want to leave her. He knew that this was it. Thaba pulled on him to come. He looked shocked at the misbehaviour of his own body. Quietly resisting this leaving. A final parting.

It was to be the last time he saw her.

At about 6pm the doctor called me from Palladian. Mandisa had died. I was thankful I had that last talk with her. Perhaps she'd been able to let go with some amount of peace.

Four "call-me" text messages in a row. It's Thaba.

"Have you heard the news?" he asked.

"Yes, I've heard, I'm coming. Should I come?"

"Yes, please come."

> ***The kids lie on the little bed in the shack. Thaba lies on his back staring at the tin roof. Light rain patters outside. The tiny shack is lit with one candle. The children's small bodies come in and out of focus in the low light. Sipho looks shaken. We are all quiet. Chris reaches out for me, comes up on my lap. He holds my hands, leans his head against me. He has fat tears in his eyes. He holds me, holds me, holds me. I hold him back. Thaba puts on a brave face, but he's not feeling brave. I ask Nomalanga if she's worried. "Yes" she says in a small voice. "About what's going to happen to you?" "Yes," she nods vigorously. She has just been orphaned for the second time in her short 11 years.***

I learn more about Mandisa after her death. The way she had tried to keep her documents straight, her life insurance plan that expired because she had to leave work after she got too sick to go in anymore, the funeral insurance she took out from the bank, leaving just enough to pay for the journey back to Mtubatuba and the burial. I learned also of her shame about her illness. Not wanting anyone to know. Leaving her job mysteriously when she could have otherwise had medical coverage, and death insurance for the children. Refusing to acknowledge what was happening and to go and get treatment till she was so weak she didn't have a choice. By the time we met I think she knew she could not go on any longer like that. Perhaps because I was an outsider, or perhaps because I am white, she was able to resign herself to navigate the medical establishment with me. Mandisa had just taken in two more children after watching her sister die such a short time ago.

> I am angry, and the anger is not enough. Something in me is changing. All I have been doing here so far is wrong. No

> more papers need to be written. The smell of hunger. The smell of garbage. The smell of kerosene. The smell of death. The smell of sorrow, the smell of dust. The beating loud sound of my heart with fear.

In the end I still ask myself whether Mandisa would have lived if she had not been discharged from the hospital for not paying her bills. Could she have gotten well? I know that the clinic would have been more likely to keep treating her if, for example, she had a home to go back to that was not in a shack settlement, where the chances of getting TB would be less prevalent, or if she had other material support, from money to friends and family that would have helped her get well. Most certainly if she lived somewhere where there was running water, functioning toilets, a roof that didn't leak. The irony is that it is those already the hardest done by who will be continue to suffer most, ultimately to be left to die, because of the structure of a system that can not adequately cope with the challenge of AIDS and which prioritizes money over life itself.

Mandisa's death was an ending, it first seemed, but in fact, it was only a beginning of an unraveling story of the affects of AIDS on a family and a community. With the four children orphaned, the Mthembu family was thrust again into a system poised against them. Their only choice was to depend on Gcina, still nearly a child herself, to care for them all.

> In the face of increasing economic and biomedical inequality and the breakdown of the family, human bodies are routinely separated from their normal political status and abandoned to the most extreme misfortune, death-in-life. (Biehl: 38)

The real hurdles of getting treatment are about more than accepting your status. Disability is created within the shack settlements, it is what brings people there. It becomes a self-perpetuating zone of abandonment. The underside of the enclaves of capital in which suffering, economics of the body and ability, become as much a part of who is cast in, who is deemed a citizen, and who is not.

II. Gcina

April

Almost immediately we are once again thrust into the bureaucratic cobwebs of the South African government.

The drama started right away as we tried to sift through Mandisa's documents after she died. First of all we had no funds to bury her or to get her back to the family land in Mtubatuba.

Gcina had a stack of Mandisa's personal documents, which included some information about an account and a Funeral Plan at Standard Bank. There was also information about a life insurance policy that had come from Human Resources at her former job, Multi-Pick.

When I called Multi-Pick they were cagey: "She resigned. Been gone for more than a year. We know nothing about her illness". The manager said that he didn't know that she was sick, but he had her letter of resignation in his hand. She took a small payout from the company when she left, which, he assumed, she'd been living on. It was about 3000R. It couldn't have lasted long.

Mandisa. You could have stayed on, got the 50,000R death insurance. But maybe the 3000R to cash out your insurance policy was more immediately necessary with no money coming in to feed the kids. You didn't think you'd die. You didn't tell anyone till it was too damn late.

To find out if she had any insurance policies to pay for the funeral, Standard Bank said Gcina would need to get a number of documents together: Mandisa's death certificate, the letter of burial, and a letter of authority from the magistrate's court.

Sipho and Gcina and I go to the morgue. Sipho signs for Mandisa's belongings and her body, and we get her personal things which contain her ID book. Palladian hospital's morgue says they can keep her body till we can organize money for the burial. Mandisa died on Friday and it's already Tuesday. It seems a long time to be held in the morgue. We are told that if she is held much longer swelling can begin.

Private undertakers hang around in the parking lot outside the morgue like vultures in the hot sun. We are approached by one of them, Desmond, who has converted his station wagon into a hearse. He tells us it will be 3200R to clean her body, dress her and take her to Mtubatuba. It's good business in Durban and there are lots of independent entrepreneurs who are picking up the slack, building coffins, converting cars into hearses, and carving gravestones. Over three thousand rand is a lot of money and they have no money right now. I am also already in debt from the hospital bills. Desmond tells us we'll need a signed quote for the funeral and the hearse to be able to get Mandisa's body out of the morgue. I'm sure we can find something cheaper, but we take his card.

Our first stop is Home Affairs to get Mandisa's death certificate. This is an all day affair. Home Affairs is notorious for its long waits, inefficient bureaucracy and enormous lines. The queues snake around the building in every which way. The first line seems like it won't be too bad. They stamp Mandisa's ID book 'deceased'. Her cause of death is listed as "natural". The forms we had received from Palladian Hospital listed her cause of death as TB, but somehow they have considered that "natural". One more AIDS related death disappears under the gloss of statistics and un-communicated information. Unrecorded. With the burial order in hand Gcina joins another queue, this time to get a death certificate. This is also a two-part queue; first she hands over the series of documents and then she joins another line to wait for a print out of the death certificate.

The hot, muggy afternoon feels oppressive in the overcrowded waiting room at Home Affairs. It takes up almost a full day to just get this first series of forms processed. In late afternoon we hope we can make one last stop. We quickly rush to make photocopies of

the new documents and the ID books, so we can make it to the Magistrate's Court before the day is done. We arrive. The place is busy and very confusing. There are no indications of where we should go or where we are meant to wait. We are pointed in the direction of an office marked 'Estates'. The office is empty except for an older mama sitting patiently on a chair, apparently also waiting for an officer to return. The sounds of electric fans buzz in the background. We stand awkwardly in the hallway between the office space of two people. I wonder to myself how people working here cope with the crowed disorganization. Finally the officer returns from tea, bits of crumbs still sticking to his lips. He tells us to wait for him outside in the outer foyer. Luckily I've brought a book with me and I read as the time ticks by. Gcina is devastatingly bored. She plays with her cell phone. Sipho doesn't really know what to do. It's hot and none of us feel like talking.

Finally we are seen. We are at the wrong place. Because Mandisa had minors under her care the Magistrate cannot make a Letter of Authority for her. We must rather go to the Master of the High Court, on Smith Street. Gcina will have to take official charge of the children. We are feeling defeated, but again we set out.

The officer at the Magistrate's Court tells us they will want all the ID documents for the children. We have left the children's documents in the shack, so we must return to Clare Estate to fetch them. It is lucky I am helping with my car, as we have already been across town three times. We return to Kennedy Road and get the ID books. On the way we take Sipho to Multi-Pick to find Mandisa's brother who doesn't know yet that she is dead and who Sipho hopes will help with the funeral expenses. Apparently it seems the men in the family had all but abandoned Mandisa until news of her death began to spread. Her younger brother is nowhere to be found and it doesn't seem likely he will be able to come up with any money for the funeral.

Master of High Court. After running this way and that we finally find the building and slip into the cold, over air-conditioned offices and join another long queue. Business hours are almost over. After an hour long wait, and likely because Gcina is with a white woman, we are able to see an agent who tells us what documents we will need in order to

get a Letter of Authority to put Mandisa's estate under Gcina's charge. We need photocopies of the children's IDs, the death certificate and Gcina's ID all to be stamped, dated and endorsed by the police. The police will also need to sign an affidavit. There are also literally 10 or more documents that Gcina needs to sign. I help her fill in most of the information, as she struggles with understanding the questions, what she needs to do. The weight of the technological, bureaucratic process is yet another part of this family's exclusion. Gcina has barely been to school. It's a dizzying amount of writing and Gcina is overwhelmed by even just having to sign her name. Making it through the maze of questions is like passing an exam that she most certainly would have failed, if she had made it even this far. And it is a test: a test designed rather cynically to see who will get help from the state and who will not.

You fail. Do not pass Go.

I keep thinking of Mandisa's body in the morgue. We need to bury her as soon as possible. We are racing against the clock. The office is about to close. I explain to the agent that we are just trying to get information about any funds left in Mandisa's account to pay for the funeral. The agent gives us a letter to take back to Standard Bank indicating that we will need a quote on the value of the outstanding accounts to bring back to the High Court before they will issue the Letter of Authority. The agent tells us we must come back tomorrow with all the documents endorsed by the police, the affidavit, a quote from an undertaker that is signed and stamped, and the statement from the bank indicating the approximate value of the estate.

It's exhausting.

No chance of a funeral today or getting Mandisa's body out of the morgue.

There is efficiency to our constant quest, moving from one bureau to another through a maze of forms and wrong queues. We are like soldiers, Gcina and I, skipping through this hoop and that, feeling the urgency of each next move forward. We are practical, even in

the heat, in our tiredness, in the sadness we don't speak of. We spend a lot of this time quiet together. At times she looks at me with a little crinkle in her brow, and I see her for the child that she is. A typo in her ID book gives her 24 years, but she's still a girl of 19. At the moment the typo is fortunate, otherwise the children may all be separated, taken away from her, scattered from school, from home, from each other. She knows what she has to do and she is scared, but she is ready too. She glows with fear and determination and sadness. She knows that all these little pushes of the pen, document after document, seals her fate in this life in the shacks, with these children, whom she loves, but who will now have no one but her to depend on. And her? Who will she have? I try not to think about it.

Early the next morning I go on my own to get a quote from a funeral home on Moore Road for the costs of transporting Mandisa's body back to Mtubatuba. Their quote is slightly higher than the private undertaker, Desmond, who we met outside the morgue. They ask 3500R for the most basic arrangement.

I fetch Gcina from Kennedy Road. We go to the Sydnham police station in Clare Estate, not far from Lacey Road. I have a strong desire to find another station to go to, since this Sgt Nayager's precinct (who we hear more about in Chapter 6) and the police here are well known to harass shack dwellers. But, it doesn't make sense with the hot day looming ahead to be also going out of our way to find another office. Inside the station the police are all busy stamping documents, which seems a ridiculous waste of their time given the extreme levels of crime in the country. The longest queue is for stamping documents. The prison of bureaucracy. Finally, we get all the children's documents, Gcina's, Mandisa's ID and death certificate, and the death certificates of both her deceased parents stamped by the police.

From Clare Estate we make our way through the city to the bank. Another, new set of queues. We meet with a Standard bank representative who provides us with a sealed envelope containing a form stating the Mandisa's approximate assets. We cannot open it, but rather, must take it straight to the Court.

In our hurry to get everything stamped by the police, we realize we forgot to ask them to do an affidavit. We head out into the midday sun to the Workshop Market to go to the police station again. The queue here is enormous, almost all the people are waiting to get stamps on photocopies. Signing affidavits is less common, or so it seems. I'm the only white person in the place and we get seen to immediately. I keep doing mental calculations of how impossibly long this would have taken Gcina if she had tried to do it on her own. In fact, I don't think there is much chance she would have done this at all. Just the fees for transportation here and there, photocopies, time, would have been too much.

Finally back to the High Court where we are lucky to be remembered, we are whisked through to the officer who will make us the letter. He is impossibly slow. Cheesy music plays on his computer as he aimlessly chats on the phone. *Mandisa is swelling in the morgue*. He fastidiously straightens documents on his desk. Slowly, slowly he strings together all of our documents into a new folder, and types up the letter. Finally he gets it written and disappears for 20 minutes to get it stamped. The banks are closing. All the same we are feeling good about getting this far.

In the meantime Gcina is trying to keep the information about the money away from Sipho. He's hovering and it seems like he is anxious to know if there is any money available, and not just for the funeral. At times he seems really concerned about the funeral and his inability to pay for it, at other times he seems to be on his own mission with respect to all of this, interested in how much there may be, how much keeping the children might be worth in social grants. Gcina guards her privacy. She tells me how he never came around when Mandisa was sick. How no one wanted to help them then.

The bank needs to wait for confirmation from the High Court tomorrow. There will be one more day before this will be resolved. Gcina also needs to open a bank account in order to be able to receive whatever is left of the estate. The pleasant bank teller asks this child, a 19-year old girl, as she opens the account "Would you like to pay 55R a month

for a funeral plan?" Gcina pauses, thinks about it. She looks at me imploringly. I can see her thinking, "What would happen if I died? What would happen to the kids?" It's the 55R cost of the plan that's holding her back. She's thinking of the children. She's thinking of the body in the morgue for almost a week and how hard it has been to find a way to get Mandisa into a hearse and off to Mtubatuba. She's thinking that she has lost two sisters already to AIDS. She hesitates. She keeps the leaflet. God. It breaks my heart, this sense of death so close to life.

It's another kind of death for her. Now Gcina has five children under her care. Five. It's outrageous, but there is no other obvious solution. Mandisa had told Gcina that she wanted her to take care of the children. She's only finished grade 4. The only job she has ever had was as a domestic worker. She has a boyfriend in Mtubatuba, who often takes care of their daughter Louisa, and is trying to earn some money for them.

After all the efforts, unsurprisingly, we find there is no money in Mandisa's account, but, her funeral plan is worth 10,000R plus 2,500R for her dependents to be paid over the next few months. We almost cry with joy.

It will take two or three days for the funds to go into Gcina's new account.

I front the money for the funeral on my credit card. We call Desmond and arrange to pick up Mandisa's body the following day, a Friday. I give Gcina 300R for transport to Mtubatuba with the kids. Sipho will go with Desmond in the hearse.

I'm exhausted. Really spent with all this bureaucracy. The strain of it all.

I'm also broke, sad and feeling emotionally spent. I'm really at the end of my own rope.

On Friday night I get a call that I'm to come to Mthubatuba the next morning. They will bury her on Saturday, not Sunday as was planned. I'm taking System and Nomvula from

Kennedy Road, and the priest from the Zionist church in the shack settlement with me. We must leave at 6 am, as the burial will happen by noon.

That morning I wake up to find my car has been broken into. There is blood all over the inside of the car, the stereo is gone, and the window is smashed. I'm slow to clean out the car. I take it to a car wash and slowly wash the blood away. I feel terrible and sad, not up for the long drive. Slowly the congealed blood washes away.

We go, a plastic bag rattling in the wind where the window once was.

At the farm I am approached by a number of women in the family. System translates from Zulu. The women say Sipho is abusive and we must keep him away from Kennedy Road, the children and from Gcina. He has hit Gcina for trying to buy food for the house with the little money she had left from Mandisa.

The small family lot is hot and dusty. A hole has been dug for Mandisa in the back garden, behind the house beneath a big tree. The sun is scorching. Chris is scared, keeping close to me and holding my hand. Tears stand in his eyes, and in Thaba's eyes, but they are being Men. They try to be strong. We make a procession from the small tent erected in the middle of a clearing to the burial ground behind the house. Women wail as the Zionist minister from Kennedy Road leads songs with Nomvula and System. Each man in the family takes turns covering Mandisa's casket with the hot white sand until it is all covered over.

She is gone.

May 3rd

We go to see the social worker, Nohlanhla, at the hospital. Nohlanhla takes down information from Gcina about her case.

"No! You are a child raising 5 children? How are you coping?"

Gcina puts on a strong face and a weak smile. She has tears in her eyes. Social grants, if we start now, won't come for at least 3 months. Everyone is panicking.

Nohlanhla, looking worried, looks at me kindly and says, "Can't you just continue to help?"

Research? This is no longer research. I won't watch the family fall through the cracks to see how they land. All the lines have become blurred. The field is continuous. Like Ferguson, I feel like we share this world,

> The ethnographer's still familiar tropes of entry to and exit from "the field," the images of "heading out to" or "coming back from" the field, powerfully suggest two separate worlds, bridged only at the initiative of the intrepid anthropologist. Such images, of course, push to the margins of the anthropological picture precisely those connections that link the two places and situate them within a common, shared world. (Ferguson 2006:69)

Everything is fraught with contradiction. I feel I am inside a massive struggle. I don't want to turn my actions, my ability to act, to perceive, to learn about the world, into research. My actions were not motivated out of that desire to begin with, and now, as I try to package it into something, it rings false. My feelings around solidarity, alliance, are crumbling and reforming. We understand the statistics about 'the situation' but we are blind to what lies behind them, what they mean. What they mean for our actions in the world. Perhaps the most poignant was that moment when the Children's Society intake worker told me, "We don't keep stats on how much AIDS there is, we know there are more orphans, and that's all we need to know, that's enough".

Yes. That is enough. So then what?

Later I am in Kennedy road in the shack with Gcina and I open my question set and I look them over, sitting with her, and I know I could answer all these questions myself about how much she pays for this and that, what her life is like. And if I write it all up will it tell us anything? Ironically, I suppose, perhaps it will. It will help complete the puzzle for those who don't get this close to people's lives, who don't know what it means to live like this. But what will it do for Gcina, and others like her? I struggle to understand. We are all so alone. They are all so alone. Education seems impossible in these conditions, and politics equally impossible.

Gender is the invisible specter of the AIDS pandemic. The statistics hang there, like clothes drying on the line; how many more women are infected, their particular vulnerabilities, the forces of medicine and science that are stacked against them, their burdens as primary care givers, the inequality of sexual relationships that make condom use far from obvious. The physical risks, the violence. Yet up-close on the ground we hardly need the statistics. The gendered dynamics of how AIDS plays out and on whose bodies is so achingly clear.

I am sick with the contradictions. Gazing at poverty, looking away, living it, breathing it, living off it, sucking off it, writing about it, making careers out of it, all of 'us' in that camp. I don't want to interview another single person. I want to run away from it all. In fact I'd like to scrap the whole research project, though I know there are so few people who would understand, other than those who would see it as a typical crisis of 'the Phd' and not one of the world we live in, of existence itself, of this whole farce, of why South Africa has terrorized me, of how living, spending too much time in the communities has actually terrorized my sense of things, how I know too much now about people's lives to even ask them questions, to do anything but spend time with those I like and avoid those I don't.

Again, yesterday two people were shot and killed in the settlement. I'm drawn back to my little block in the shacks, watching it change and grow with all the bullshit politics and bullshit social life endlessly unfolding. There is no neat story to tell here.

It's easier to deceive oneself than to try to do something real. If I write about something smaller, something less deep, less contradictory, perhaps it would be easier.

I don't know how to write these fieldnotes because the field has gone blurry.

The field loses its definition. Our lives trickle together, form and reform. Each one of us a link in the chain of events, part of the circulation of knowledge, of wealth, of health. There is no space to be unbiased. The question is to act. To hold onto the scream of horror and anger that wells from our engagement as researchers. To not let the academy neutralize our passion, to allow us to believe that to write is enough. I can't help but agree with Ida Susser (2009) who writes,

> *In my research on HIV/AIDS, I have seen myself as an advocate and activist trying to work with people to better conditions. Ethnography and participant observation require personal relations and the establishment of trust and attendant, ongoing human responsibilities. Under these conditions, it is practically impossible to study a place where people are becoming infected from a preventable disease without advocating for preventive resources. It is equally untenable to conduct ethnography among people who are dying for lack of an available treatment without joining the struggle for treatment.*
> *(Susser 2009:15)*

Anne Oakley (1981) talks about the difficulty she also had separating herself as a woman and as a mother from the women she was interviewing in a maternity ward, and the way the individual and collective gets fuzzy. She felt that rather that distancing oneself, it was better to be "immersed" as a participant to understand our own subjectivity within the process: why do we ask certain questions and have no need to ask others? How are our interpretations of the answers shaped by our own experiences? Michelle Fine (2001) also writes about the blurring roles in her work as a feminist researcher and also as an activist working with women who are victims of domestic violence. How, she asks, can she study

women's experiences and not do something about them? The same kinds of questions are posed by Moletsane and Lesko in "Overcoming paralysis: AIDS education-in-action" which explores the dilemma of academics as activists (2004).

In 1999, Paula Treichler asked, *How to have theory in an epidemic?* It is a question that still has no easy answers. "AIDS is a nexus where multiple meanings, stories, and discourses intersect and overlap, reinforce, and subvert one another." (Treichler, 1988) Practical knowledge emerging out of lived experience seems more important than ever, as the pandemic grows unabated in many contexts. This knowledge can unlodge some of the political, social and economic factors that continue to allow the virus to flourish in communities and individual bodies. Yet theory cannot exist without action. As Stephen Lewis insists, "an argument can plausibly be made that the reports [on an end to primary school fees] have become a kind of Machiavellian delaying tactic. You want action? Wait –there's something else to read". (2005:88) Writing must be born from "grappling with those real, immediate questions that emerge from a transformative project" (Graeber 2004:9), and not forget that it has a role to play in igniting action, in making change.

Ikusasa Elibi **(Bad Future)**

COLLABORATIVE VIDEO,

KNOWLEDGE PRODUCTION &

SEXUAL VIOLENCE

6

> When I use "passion of experience", it encompasses many feelings but particularly suffering, for there is a particular knowledge that comes from suffering. It is a way of knowing that is often expressed through the body, what it knows, what has been deeply inscribed on it through experience. (hooks 1994:91)

One of the ways I tried to deal with those "real, immediate questions that emerge from a transformative project," (Graeber 2004:9) was by involving people living in the shacks in engaged pedagogical practices using video, photography and writing. As I discussed in Chapter 1, *ethnography-in-motion* places emphasis on knowledge born from lived experience, everyday practice and social movement knowledge.

In this chapter I explore in more depth the issues and knowledge that emerged through video workshops with youth in the Lacey Road shack settlement, a few kilometers from Kennedy Road, in Clare Estate, Durban. Unlike in previous chapters where I focused more on in-field observation and formal interviews, here I use visual methodologies that involved participants in engaged pedagogical research, what I describe in Chapter Two as part of an *ethnography-in-motion*. I have used visual methodologies in a number of previous research settings, and have found their application has a complimentary role with an ethnographic process, and allows people to get involved in shaping the research agenda. Visual methods allow for an uncovering of the "passion of experience" that bell hooks talks about, that is born on the body.

Members of the Lacey Road youth group had been working with the *Abahlali baseMjondolo* social movement around land and housing issues since 2005. One of the youth group leaders, Mandla, was the secretary of Abahlali at the time, and so our paths often crossed at events and meetings. The youth group was aware of the photography project we had done with women in Kennedy road, which was presented in the community and the university and eventually published in a collection by the Center for Civil Society at the University of KwaZulu Natal. I had also talked to a few different youth about the video work I had previously done in Khayelitsha, Cape Town, and Montreal. At the time I was in the midst of making a few short documentaries about post-apartheid social movements in Durban, so, in a very natural way because I was the 'video maker', a few of the young people from the Lacey Road group approached me to ask if I would be willing to run video workshops in their community. We discussed the fact that I was also doing research and that the workshops would be an excellent way for us to share and exchange knowledge with each other. I developed a six-week critical pedagogy video course including readings on the current situation in South Africa, video literacy and trainings, and a series of discussion and brainstorming sessions. In February 2007 we began. What evolved from that course -- the videos they produced, and our discussion -- forms the basis for this chapter.

But first, a bit of background on Lacey Road.

I. Lacey Road

The black man's alienation is not an individual question.

-Franz Fanon

Lacey Road shack settlement, Clare Estate. There are about 1000 people living in this settlement.

Lacey Road is a small shack settlement in the Clare Estate suburb of Durban. Clare Estate is home to eight other large shack settlements, including Kennedy Road, Cato Manor, Jadhu Place, Foreman Road, Palimet, Burnside and others. The settlement is tucked at the dead end of Lacey Road (hence the name), and is otherwise surrounded by a mix of low-income housing, high rises, middle-class single family dwellings, shops, fast food joints, a medical center, a few mosques and churches. Close to a major intersection, the neighbourhood is a hustle and bustle of all kinds of different people catching buses, grocery shopping, coming from school, heading to the call to prayer, and shopping in busy Sparks Road, just adjacent to the settlement. Unlike some of the other settlements in the area, there is a diverse racial mix in Lacey Road with whites, Indians and blacks living together, though tensions often runs high with the surrounding urban population that is entangled in complex contradictions of class, race, religion and culture.

As an example of the dynamics at play in this urban geography, *The Post* newspaper ran a story in January 2006, titled: "It's all smiles again in Clare Estate: Property values up after informal residents leave". At about the same time as the story ran, the shack dwellers movement was active throughout the eThekwini (Durban) municipality and were often marching on the city and in communication with councilors, the City Manager, and the Mayor. The property owners quoted in *The Post* exemplify the deep divisions that exist in such close geographic proximity. Clare Estate was on a small scale what David Harvey (2006) would call a space of uneven geographic development. *The Post* article relates how,

> Property owners in Clare Estate, Durban, who for many years battled to sell their homes because informal settlements had turned buyers away, are smiling. The recent moving of scores of people from the informal settlement in Clare Road, Clare Estate, to low-cost homes in Welbedacht, Chatsworth, has restored the confidence of property owners in the suburb. (Sewchurran 2006)

Mohammed Motala, quoted in the article, claimed he was "relieved". He told the paper he had moved to Clare Estate because of ill health, but was "a bit concerned about the safety issue. There were numbers muggings and assaults. After committing the crimes, the thugs often fled into the informal settlements. Fear has been reduced. This is a nice area." (Sewchurran 2006) Others homeowners interviewed had an ironic awareness of the police presence.

> Derrick Naidoo, 33, said there were two rival camps on either end of Clare Road and when there was trouble, the army had to be dispatched. "It used to resemble a Beirut battlefield. We lived in fear. Things have changed for the better," he said. (Sewchurran 2006)

Naidoo is right, the settlements in Clare Estate are a battlefield, but not for the reasons he might have assumed. While I've set out the context of shack settlements in earlier

chapters, we must not lose the geographic and political dimension that rests behind the video work done by the Lacey Road youth group. In fact, life in the settlements is a critical and undeniable backdrop to the shape and form of pedagogical practice, and the way in which young people who live in the settlements form their self-identity.

While property owners cheer that the slums in Clare Estate would be removed (which by 2009 still has not happened), settlement residents themselves, including many of the young people I worked with, were also desperately trying to get homes, and were actively involved in petitioning the government for land and housing. While it may seem there is a confluence of desires between homeowners and shack dwellers in terms of 'eradicating the shacks', the friction between the ways these desires play out has serious repercussion on people living in the settlements, especially young people.

In December of 2008, 800 shacks in Foreman Road burned to the ground. Three thousand residents were left homeless and one person died (Maluleka, The Daily News, Dec 24, 2008) [48]. Earlier in January of the same year, an 8-year-old boy was killed in Clare Estate trying to illegally connect electricity. Only a month before a middle-aged man was also killed trying to do the same thing. Superintendent Glen Nayager of the Sydenham branch of the South African Police which operates in Clear Estate, and whom we are about to meet again, maintained "the circumstances of the 8-year-old boy's death were unclear. He was in a tree when he died and appeared to have been electrocuted by an illegal connection." (Gerretsen 2008:np) Senior Superintendent Nayager was on the scene not long after to arrest eight people with stun grenades and rubber bullets in Bonela, after people chanting 'we want houses' invaded newly built flats that had been promised to local shack dwellers by councilors. People had been protesting for five days.

> Snr Supt Nayager urged the protestors to disperse but they became more agitated and began taunting police. Snr Supt Nayager, the Sydenham Crime Prevention

[48] Through a joint venture between eThekwini housing department and Al-Imdaad Foundation, a Muslim NGO, 100 tin houses were constructed for residents after this particular fire, something that is very rare to happen (Maluleka 2008) and likely due to the fact that people in Foreman Road are politically active.

> Unit, the Cato Manor Crime Prevention Unit and Metro Police Officers retaliated and dispersed the crowds. Bonela nightlife came alive with the sounds of people screaming and stun grenades exploding. The aftermath was that of shoes, some trampled protestors and an empty street except for Police. (Aberdeen 2009:np)

Bringing the situation back to Lacey Road, Mandla, one of the youth participants in this project, was also arrested after a violent assault by police led by Nayager, as shack dwellers were preparing to march on the city with demands for housing. My notes from the events of his arrest, only a month after the article quoted from homeowners in Clare Estate was printed, paints a different picture of what this "Beirut battlefield" looks like for those living in shacks.

> *2006. Monday February 27th began early. We arrive at Foreman Road just after 6 a.m. Police have already moved into the settlements in anticipation of the march planned by the Abahlali movement. At Foreman Road police vehicles and armed officers block all exits to the settlement, including a distant footpath. At least 10 police cars and armored trucks crowd the road. Some residents sing and toyi-toyi beside the large, armed police presence. The police wrongly insist the march is illegal so by 7am, activists rush to the Durban high court to get an injunction to allow the march to go forward.*

In the meantime, police tell residents they must clear the road, which everyone duly obeys by crowding tightly onto the small sidewalk between the road and shacks. The police demands are clearly meant to intimidate the residents. The 'clearing' of the road is completely unnecessary as the large convoy of police cars totally block the roadway making it impossible for traffic or people to get through.

Still, resident's spirits remain high. There is singing, dancing, joking and laughter from the crowded sidelines. Philani uses his loud speaker to create a siren as he shoos people back from the road, mimicking and poking fun at the police. Children of all ages are part of this mass, dancing and singing. Weaving through the police line were children and mothers heading to school, and people on their way to work. Any day in Foreman Road you would see a similar mix of people talking and hanging around on the street.

By 8 a.m., riot police are called in to disperse the remaining residents from this small area on the road. The riot cops form a front line followed by reinforcements with batons and guns along Foreman road. After orders from Superintendent Nayagar, police charge the residents, who are standing on their own street, in their own community.

Their charge quickly becomes an exercise in futility, as the street itself is almost empty. Most people who are pushed up against their shacks rush into the nearby alleyways. Nagayar yells at the police to arrest anyone in sight, even those on the pathways leading down into the settlement, directing police towards women standing on the sidelines near their shacks. People run in all directions into the alleyways leading to their homes. Nayagar insists they be followed into the settlements and orders a small group of riot cops to chase people down the alleyways. Residents are slipping and sliding on the muddy and sewage-laden stairwells and alleyways.

There are, of course, many small children amidst this mayhem, including a baby wailing in the arms of her father less than a meter away from the heavily armed police. One cop emerges from a doorway grasping a resident forcibly by the shirt. He pleads with the cop: "I stay here!" pointing at the shack he is being pulled from.

After backing a group of men and women into a corner the police demand they get out of the streets and return to their homes. Frantically the residents point to their homes, above them on the hill, which the police have chased them away from. After some threatening remarks, the police ascend and again storm the streets. This time, under orders by Superintendent Nayagar, a small group of officers go directly to the home of Philani. Nayagar orders, "In there! The brown door there! Go inside there!" They push open the door with their batons and drag Philani from his home into the armored police truck. Luvuyo is also pulled from his home. Neither Luvuyo or Philani resist arrest. Ludumo is also arrested after being dispersed by police.

The police joke to each other, "These people come and shit in my yard. They have no respect," "They want to leave their mark like dogs." "They're waiting for a court order to be able to march, but now they'll be too late," they snicker.

Later we discover Mandla from Lacey Road, 26 at the time, is also arrested on the street where he is waiting for a taxi to take him to Kennedy Road.

The four arrested men are taken to Sydenham community police station.

Mandla, who manages to keep his cell phone on him in jail, gives an interview on Lotus Radio reporting from his cell how police had beaten him and the three others after having been denied toilet facilities in the cell.

By 1 p.m. the Durban High Court finds the march legal. The interdict states clearly that, "the march organised by (Abahlali baseMjondolo Movement) from Botha Park to the City Hall in Durban on 27 February 2006 to highlight issues of landlessness and lack of housing is not prohibited or illegal…the [the city and the police] are interdicted and restrained from preventing or prohibiting the march". The men are released from prison, and charges against them are later dropped.

To understand the realities that Mandla and the other young people from Lacey Road are living, it is important to give space to stories like these from both local homeowners and the state, which treat shack dwellers as a sub-stratum of the population to be 'removed' or heavily controlled and policed. Here, bare life is all that is allowable. The situation is not only one that includes extreme poverty, high rates of HIV infection and other issues, but it is also one where the people are constantly reminded by the rest of the public, the police, the State, and their neighbours, that shack-dwellers can be justifiably treated like garbage; that they are less than human. This psychological onslaught itself becomes a serious barrier to developing critical consciousness. At the same time, part of what was important about working with these youth was that they had already been in the process of politicization through their lives, environments, and experiences, and were actively involved in trying to make change in their communities. I knew I had a lot to learn from them.

Their invitation to build a workshop using video was also an invitation to develop a praxis together and to carve out the space for serious reflection. As Freire writes, *conscientization*, "cannot be purely intellectual but must involve action; nor can it be limited to mere activism, but must include serious reflection: only then will it be a praxis" (Freire 1970:65). Of course we realized that the idea that critical consciousness is an individual process and not a product of social, political, and economic forces would miss the very heart of the matter: As Franz Fanon writes,

> It is apparent to me that the effective disalienation of the black man entails an immediate recognition of social and economic realities. If there is an inferiority

> complex, it is the outcome of a double process:
> -primarily, economic;
> -subsequently, the internalization- or, better, the epi-dermalization – of this inferiority. (Fanon 1967:13)

Fanon discusses the *collective catharsis* that is the effect of colonialism and ongoing systemic racism. This has certainly been the reality of Mandla, who was been wrongfully arrested twice during the course of my research. His first arrest was during the march described above where he was beaten by police. He was arrested again about a year later after being wrongly accused by police of car theft. Those charges were later dropped after spinning through the courts for nearly two years, and at great economic and psychological stress to Mandla and his family. Poverty, gender and race combined to articulate a system pointed directly against him. And Mandla is an exceptional young man who has really struggled against the odds. With the help of a dedicated mother who works as a domestic worker, he qualified for university, got the bursaries to help with the fees and passed all the qualifying exams. He has been a volunteer for years and was instrumental in setting up an HIV drop-in center at Kennedy Road, worked as the voluntary secretary of the Abahlali social movement, participated doing home-based HIV care in Lacey Road, and ran the youth group in his community, amongst other activities. But Mandla is living in a space of social abandonment; enclaves created by the expansion of neoliberal capitalism, in which residents are denied the fundamentals of dignity.

In places like Kennedy Road and Lacey Road, the structural violence inflicted on residents on a daily level must be included into any reading of the broader situation they face. To look at pedagogical work, especially with oppressed communities such as Lacey Road, outside of collective analysis of oppression would be grossly misleading. The work will necessarily fail if a one sided individualist, behavioural-change model is taken, as participants inevitably get captured back into the structural conditions, both economic and psychological, that are part of what has made the issues they face so pressing. As Fanon reminds us "man is what brings society into being," and thus, "the black man must

wage his war on both levels: since historically they influence each other, any unilateral liberation is incomplete, and the gravest mistake would be to believe in their automatic interdependence." (Fanon 1967:13) People must change, but so must the structures that people have built that reinforce oppression. An analysis of power is inherently necessary.

> To deny the importance of subjectivity in the process of transforming the world and history is naïve and simplistic. It is to admit the impossible: a world without people. This objectivistic position is as ingenuous as that of subjectivism, which postulates people without a world. World and human beings do not exist apart form each other, they exist in constant interaction. (Freire 1970:50)

Shifting between individual and structural change, in the way Freire proposes, is difficult and has radical implications. Yet these must not be left aside.

With an eye to developing spaces for knowledge production that would come from those involved in social movements such as the Lacey Youth group, as well as keeping the 'world and people' in interaction, we developed the protocol for the video workshops.

In the end, two videos emerged, a fiction short made by an all-girls group titled *Bad Future*, which I will discuss in greater detail below, and *Shack-Talk*, a talk show set in the shack settlement made by a mixed-group of boys and girls.

II. "Passion of Experience": Visual Methodologies & Knowledge Production

> Political action on the side of the oppressed must be pedagogical action in the authentic sense of the word, and, therefore, action *with* the oppressed. (Freire 1970:66)

Although discussed briefly in Chapter Two, it was in this phase of the research that I used visual methods and engaged pedagogical practices. Here, I shared the tools of research with the research participants themselves, positioning them as producers of knowledge

about their own lives. These methods aimed at disentangling the relation between power and knowledge: asking questions about who holds knowledge, what it means, and how it is used. Bringing knowledge back to the streets and the neighbourhoods where people live, as well as recognizing and developing the forms of knowledge production that already exists in community spaces and in social movements that are based on lived experience.

Theorists such as Paulo Friere, bell hooks, Steve Biko, and Franz Fanon have provided examples of how social struggle manifests through critical consciousness raising and knowledge grounded in lived experience. I draw on writers and educators such as Henry A. Giroux (1997, 1993, 1991, 1991a), Paulo Freire (1970), Michelle Fine (1994), bell hooks (1994), and others who have explored theories of critical pedagogy, empowerment, feminist discourses and race theory. Collaborative video is part of an *ethnography-in-motion* in which young people are incited to develop deeper analysis and challenge each other around issues relevant to their lives.

Sarah Pink's (2001) anthropological work with photography during her research on female bullfighters in Spain uncovers how the process of making and looking at visual images can transform meaning, employing a "reflexive approach to ethnography that focuses on subjectivity, creativity and self-consciousness" (Pink 2001:14). Images, she argues, carry a certain amount of cultural and social weight and are part of the way people describe the world around them. In *Doing Visual Ethnography*, she argues that traditional hierarchies between visual and textual data are not relevant to a reflexive approach to research that acknowledges the details, subjectivities, power-dynamics and politics at play in any ethnographic project. Pink, along with others (Prosser 2001; Lomax and Casey 1998), argues that video ethnography can deepen our understandings of our research and provide another level of entry into understanding: our own position as researchers, the subject's position, and the complex layers of intersections that occur between representation, reality, culture and meaning. As Schratz and Walker (1995) remind us, "research itself is essentially a social activity, not somehow removed from and

outside social life…[theory's] concern is not simply to say why the world is as it is but to provide us with space to think how it could be different" (125).

With Freire's ideas of critical consciousness in mind, I prepared course packages for each participant that included a number of local texts (such as *We are the Poors* by Ashwin Desai, and *Voices of Protest* by Richard Ballard et al) as well as some documentary videos (*Struggle for Chatsworth*, *Fire & Hope*, *Inkani*), and a basic guide to film and video making, with information on editing, camera, storyboarding, shooting techniques, and lighting. The workshops were held on evenings and weekends in a local primary school that agreed to let us use their classrooms. Each session included discussion on aspects of the history of social struggles in Durban, HIV and AIDS, gender, land and housing, and issues important as defined by the participants. We also had ongoing trainings around the basics of video recording and editing. Throughout, I emphasized that the young people should see themselves as experts on the issues they have experienced in their own lives. We discussed their hopes and fears, and the everyday resistances around issues like health, access to water and electricity, poverty, AIDS, and housing. We also talked a lot about what research is, and how they could be involved in doing their own research in their community. A number of participants were really interested in doing their own research, and they began to construct questions to ask community members around life in the shacks that later formed the question set that was used in the *Shack-Talk* video. The sense of disempowerment and shame about living in the shacks and living in deep poverty was a resounding part of our discussions. The mental weight of the situation was clearly already taking a toll on these young lives.

The video process was simple, and involved a number of different steps: brainstorming issues important in participants lives and deciding by consensus which topics they would focus on; learning the camera and the aspects of putting a film together from storyboarding to visualization; choosing a format (fiction, doc, music video, etc); choosing the members of the production team; shooting the film and working as a team; editing and making subtitles; and finally, a public screening with reflection and feedback.

One of the most important steps in facilitating collaborative video revolves around the process of guided discussion, brainstorming, and a democratic/consensus-based approach to choosing the topics that would later be used in the video. This process not only allows for deep discussion *amongst the group* to happen about what each participant feels is critical in their lives, but it also allows them to autonomously choose what they personally feel is most important. In a facilitated, open discussion format, the group develops a list of topics together. After the discussion, each participant is given stickers to place next to the topics or issues they personally feel are the most important. Once everyone has done this, we come back together to see where the majority of stickers have ended up, and to narrow down through discussion and consensus a new selection of topics the group feels are important. From here we focus on brainstorming how some of the topics could be visualized.

The brainstorming and consensus process allows participants to take ownership of the topic and the video they are about to embark on. It also shifts the power dynamics from a dialogue with an educator or facilitator about what is most important in their lives, to a discussion *with* and *amongst* their own peers. This is a critical aspect in developing both agency in the process, but also the capacity for critical thinking and critical consciousness. Interestingly here, as in other experiences of collaborative video, the girls in the group overwhelmingly felt that to be able to express themselves and the issues they faced, they needed a single-sex group.

> *The girls ask me specifically after one of our classroom sessions if they can work on their own without boys in their group. When we had done some test shooting, it was true that the boys dominated the equipment and tried to push the girls' ideas, and technical know-how, out of the way. The girls were adamant that they needed their own space to be able to do what they wanted with the video. Of course I agreed and in our next session they split into an all-girls group and did the brainstorming, storyboarding and script without the boys.*

Once the girls broke off into their own group, they decided through the consensus and brainstorming process to fold a few different themes that they had identified into one video. Their themes were: pregnancy, rape, HIV and AIDS and drug and alcohol abuse.

III. **Ikusasa Elibi** ***(Bad Future)***

April 11, 2007

It has been a difficult day attempting to get the girls to come together around making their video. The majority of the group seems to feel very timid about whether they can do it. Boys from the other group keep offering to do the filming or help with this or that. This annoys Thandi, who responds, "We can do it ourselves", although some of the other girls seem less certain. I'm not sure now that all the instruction I had given on how to construct a shot, what to do with the camera, and how to make a scene has really gotten through to them.

The girls' timid behavior in the classroom really changed when we got into the field with cameras and scripts in hand. The girls came alive in the heat of production and took control of the set ups, the acting, the script, the locations, and actor directions. They don't put up with any technical bullying from the boys, and keep control of the technical and

directorial aspects. It was an interesting transition from the dynamics often at play in the classroom, where the girls were quieter than the boys, often with eyes trained on the floor. They would need to be prompted or pushed to take an active role in the discussion when we started. For the most part, I left them alone in production, although I was on-site for any questions they might have, and did in-field observation.

Although much of the visual methodology around collaborative video I used with the Lacey Road group was similar to what I had done in other contexts, these workshops had some very specific features. For example, the group really wanted to include people in their community in what they had been learning and doing. Filming was always done publicly in the open area that served as a throughway in the center of the settlement. Children, people coming back from work, old aunties, and people doing washing, would all gather around in doorways, under the few shady trees, or outside in the sun to watch the action. When the group filmed *Shack Talk* there were chairs brought in, some musicians preformed, and filming was organized for a Saturday so that everyone in the community could participate. Some of the boys had even gone door-to-door to let people know that there would be a discussion and filming that weekend.

Media culture was not very present in these young people's lives due to their living conditions. This made conceptualizing a video quite different than other groups I'd worked with. Here, theater and performative ideas made more sense, and also resonated with the group in terms of wanting to include a live 'audience' of their own community members. In a sense they were involved in creating their own pedagogical process, something I also observed and wrote about in video work with youth in Khayelitsha, where young people used the opportunity that video provided to bring an audience together and to teach keen onlookers about various social issues (Walsh 2007a). Still, making videos in Lacey Road was challenging.

> *This is probably the least media savvy group of youth I've ever worked with. Usually young people are oversaturated with film and television, but most of this group don't have television in their homes, and have never, or almost never, been*

to a cinema. They are much more comfortable with theater, and they perform in their community every once in awhile. They do know television shows that are popular in South Africa like Generations, but the idea of making something look 'real', not mimicked or imaginary – (the way you play dress-up when you are a child) is a bit foreign. We did discuss how it would look more realistic if they used real places and objects in the video (a real shabeen, a real classroom, props like beer bottles, etc) instead of imaginary ones, but in the end I left them to do as they pleased. It certainly puts into question Norman Denzin's notion of the post-modern self which is so constructed by the media. Not in Lacey Road.

Once able to construct their story, the girls set out storyboarding *Ikusasa Elibi*, (or *Bad Future*). The story of *Bad Future* starts something like this: A couple of friends ignore the lessons of their teacher on their emergent sexuality. Two boys in the class (one of whom is played by a girl) have decided that they want to 'pay back' a girl in the class named Mavis. The boys smoke 'buttons' (a common street drug in South Africa) and decide how they will catch Mavis. When Mavis and her friend pass by after school, the boys attack her. Her friend, Joyce, tries to call the police. Later, Mavis goes to see Joyce to tell her that she was raped and has discovered that she is HIV positive and pregnant. Joyce, at a

loss of what to do, suggests that they should go to the shabeen and drink. Time passes, the boys are not caught, and we visit Mavis again in the shabeen. She is now in her 60s. In a slur of drunkenness she retells the story of how she was raped at 14, lost the baby, dropped out of school and was HIV positive. She has become an alcoholic. The boys were never charged.

The implication of the film is that given such a harsh beginning, only a bad future can follow.

> ***Before the shoot gets started, there is a huge debate amongst the girls around who would play the rape victim, as none of the four girls wants to mimic being raped. Mandla steps in to give some alternative ideas and they seriously discuss how they will deal with this problem. Ultimately, they come to the conclusion that the rape can take place off-camera. First they try to have the girl dragged off behind a shack, but Zama decided that it doesn't look real enough. This combined with the fact that Thandi was laughing when she tried to act worried to call the police, meant it wouldn't do. Khwezi acts out how the rape should look for the others, screaming and falling into a dirty patch of grass. Khwezi is doing the camera work, so she is relying on the other girls to play their parts correctly. She really gets into the role of 'director' and engages the others passionately with directions on how they should act, what the best angles are, etc. There is something chilling about these rape demonstrations, and the girls' blasé attitude about it as they create their fiction.***

SCENE TWO

Two boys are walking through the shack settlement. They sit down and start crush up some drugs (buttons) in their hands. They are preparing to smoke.

They talk casually with each other.

BOY 1

What are we going to do with these girls?

BOY 2

Here is the mix, let's smoke…

They start smoking the drugs.

BOY 1

The girls started the game, they must finish it.

BOY 2

We will catch her and kick her down.

BOY 1

Straight.

BOY 2

We will catch them straight.

They continue smoking. In the distance the two girls start heading their way from within the shacks. The boys quickly jump up and run towards the girls.

[Inaudible swearing]

The boys attack the girls. MAVIS screams and is pushed out of sight by the boys. JOYCE runs away and calls the police on her cell phone

JOYCE

Hello, is this the police station?

My friend…I don't know if they are raping her or what!

We need help here.

In Sparks Road…

Still from attack scene in *Bad Future*.

FADE TO BLACK

TITLE CARD 1

Yesterday MAVIS was raped by her classmates when she was coming from school.

The boys raped her because they thought she fancied them.

TITLE CARD 2

The police arrested the boys.

MAVIS went to the hospital in an ambulance.

The girls' choice to define the principal action in their story as the rape of a 14-year-old girl coming home from school is distressing, but unfortunately not surprising. New

statistics that have emerged in South Africa paint a grim picture of how little the reality of sexual violence is improving. The rape trial of president Jacob Zuma in 2007 still casts a shadow on the country. Sandra Jewkes and colleagues reported in 2009 that,

> One in four men in South Africa have admitted to rape and many confess to attacking more than one victim, according to a study that exposes the country's endemic culture of sexual violence….Three out of four rapists first attacked while still in their teens. (D Smith 2009:np)

Increasingly it has been my experience that when girls lead research with the questions most relevant to their own lives, and with materials they feel comfortable with, they often choose to discuss rape and fear of sexual violence. The methodology itself seems to lend itself to discussions of a more personal, intimate nature, about fears and desires that may not get vented as easily in traditional discussion or interview formats. As Fiona Leach and Claudia Mitchell write in their edited volume *Combating Gender Violence in and Around Schools*,

> *Method and methodology are critical issues and… work of this type indicates the need to deepen our understanding of child-focused research tools for investigating power imbalances, abusive normative practices and human rights violations. (2006:12)*

Scenes of rape and sexual violence seem to be what young women define as critical issues in their lives. Perhaps this is not surprising given that,

> One in 20 men said they had raped a woman or girl in the last year… Almost half who said they had carried out a rape admitted they had done so more than once, with 73% saying they had carried out their first assault before the age of 20.
> (D Smith 2009:np)

Bad Future mirrors the workshops I ran in Cape Town in 2004 with a group of teenage girls from diverse racial and economic backgrounds who also produced a short video called *Street Fear* about their fears of rape and sexual violence. A mix of fiction and documentary, the seven-minute video begins with "a young woman being treated like a 'dog', to be hollered at and harassed on the street." (Mitchell, Walsh, Molestane 2006:109)

> We see Ann, a pretty black girl, strutting down the street in the sun. Two older guys lean against a car by the side of the road. As she passes them, they start hooting and hollering at her. She glances at them, out of the corner of her eye, but keeps walking.
>
> SCREET TEXT: "What I was really thinking…"
>
> The image shifts to black and white, and Ann imagines what she would have liked to do. She turns around and walks back to the two guys leaning against their car. When she reaches them she starts to gesture madly, telling them off, venting everything in her mind. We see Ann from the men's point of view. Finally, she punches out towards the guys, and we see she has a tattoo on her knuckles which reads S-T-O-P T-H-A-T. (Mitchell, Walsh, Molestane 2006:109)

While in *Street Fear* the girls were occupied by the fear of sexual violence and harassment, the tone of their video offered a lot of hope, and a powerful message that girls could stand up for themselves. The girls in Cape Town asserted space for each other's opinions, experiences and power. This same sense of power was not present in the video made by girls in Lacey Road.

Unfortunately the rape the starts *Bad Future* is just the beginning of Mavis' problems.

SCENE THREE

The scene opens on JOYCE who is singing to herself and tidying up and dusting her home, which is constructed outside a shack with a few plastic chairs.

MAVIS

Knock, Knock

JOYCE

Who is there?

MAVIS

It's me, your friend.

JOYCE

Come inside, my friend. You know I am alone here at home. How are you?

MAVIS

I'm fine. Last night I spent at the hospital

JOYCE

You slept at the hospital? Why didn't you phone me? What happened yesterday?

MAVIS

Don't ask me that question! You saw what happened.

JOYCE

I left and I phoned the police.

MAVIS

You know, they raped me. I went to the hospital and they told me I was HIV+ and I'm pregnant.

JOYCE

Do your parents know?

MAVIS

No they don't know. But I'm pregnant because of the rape.

JOYCE

I don't know what we'll do.

MAVIS

What do you think?

I don't know what I should do.

JOYCE

Let's go and buy something to drink.

MAVIS

What time is it?

JOYCE

It's one o'clock.

MAVIS

Ok, let's go.

FADE TO BLACK

TITLE CARD

MAVIS went to the shebeen because she was stressed about what happened. Her life changed.

She thought she had no future.

If it seems like *Bad Future* is heaping unfair hardship on Mavis, it is chilling to note that, "any woman raped by a man over the age of 25 has a one in four chance of her attacker being HIV-positive" (D Smith 2009). The threat of rape is very real, and coupled with rape, as the girls expressed in *Bad Future*, comes the threat not only of pregnancy, but of HIV.

As has been clear in previous chapters, shack settlements are extremely adversely affected by HIV. This is only exasperated in KwaZulu Natal which has one of the highest infection rates in the country which was registered as 40% in 2005. Informal settlements have HIV incidence rates twice as high as those in rural and urban areas, and nearly four times as many women as men aged 20-24 were HIV positive (23.9% compared to 6%), with many young women having older partners (HSRC 2005). New data on HIV incidence finds that a disproportionate amount of HIV infection takes place within these shack settlements (HSRC 2005). My own observation in various shack settlements from 2006-2009 confirmed that these rates are not overstated. Researchers estimate annual incidence rates in urban informal areas of 7% as compared to 1.8% in urban formal areas.

After the first frantic day of shooting we review the footage. When the girls see what they had been able to achieve they push even harder to improve the video. For example, they

felt the closing scene with Mavis and Joyce hadn't been filmed well enough because there were no costumes and there weren't stage props (they mimicked drinking beer in imaginary bottles, for example), so they decided to film the scene again. This time they went much further in getting costumes and props together, and working on the acting for the scene before they filmed.

SCENE FOUR

MAVIS and JOYCE sit in the shebeen drinking quarts of Black Label. The shebeen is built on a dusty patch of ground outside a tin shack.

MAVIS

Let's drink. Ok, let me tell you what happened to me long ago.

JOYCE

What happened?

MAVIS

At the age of 14…
I got raped coming home from school with my friends…
The boys took me to the bush.

JOYCE

What did they do to you?

MAVIS

You keep asking too many questions.

The women are really drunk, slurring their words and slapping each other on the knees and back.

JOYCE

What happened, where, when, why?

MAVIS

More why!? They raped me!!

JOYCE

You have no future!

MAVIS

I didn't explain everything yet. I never finished school. I only finished standard 6.

JOYCE

Only standard 6? They you are nothing! That's why you are sitting here at the shebeen.

MAVIS

I was going to finish but my mother told me to stay home.

JOYCE

Your mother doesn't know anything.

MAVIS

Don't say my mother doesn't know anything!

JOYCE

Mavis, you are making me stupid…. Let me go and buy my beer.

MAVIS

Don't go buy more beer, I'm still explaining.

JOYCE

You are full of HIV!

MAVIS

It started that day, then it killed the baby, and I don’t know where the guys went.

JOYCE tries to get up, but MAVIS holds her back.

MAVIS

I don't know what happened to those boys. I went to check with the police….They told me nothing.

JOYCE gets up.

MAVIS

Remember you are my friend JOYCE.

JOYCE

I'm going to buy another drink.

Even through the dark thematic of the video, there was a desire in the girls not only to be knowers, but also to use video as a tool to articulate where they found themselves. It laid bare and visible fears and concerns they had internalized. Much as Franz Fanon describes in *Black Skin, White Masks*, Paulo Freire (1970) describes how the often oppressed internalize their own oppression. For Freire, through the process of *conscientização, or conscientization,* the oppressed can gain the means to liberate themselves and their oppressors. While it would be dangerous to give too much significance to what this small collaborative project exposed for the girls, I think it is important to see it as part of the ongoing process of *conscientization* for them; a process that includes their active engagement with social movements and local struggles, as well as the processes of teaching each other their stories, sharing with their own community, and breaking the silence around their various levels of oppression they face as young women.

At the same time, *Bad Future* was not only about resistance; it also expressed a certain bounded-ness the girls felt. *Bad Future* was *their own* bad future. The politics of hope I talk about in Chapter 3 was not present here. In looking at how relationships and topographies of power play out in the conditions I have been investigating, I do not want to romanticize the girls' agency, or their resistance. Their experiences of power, oppression and struggle are complex topographies that do not offer us any easy answers.

These girls are not empty vessels waiting to be filled, but already have lived experiences, and desires, which well from the conditions of their own lives, which they build from. In the process of *conscientization*, we were learning together to trust each other, to build power, and to share knowledge, with a common goal of liberation. “In problem-posing education, men develop their power to perceive critically *the way they exist* in the world *with which* and *in which* they find themselves; they come to see the world not as a static reality, but as a reality in process, in transformation” (Freire 1970:71).

At the same time, I think Saba Mahmood (2005) is correct when she asks if we miss deeper investigations of the workings of power when we are too quick to identify 'resistance', 'agency', the 'oppressed', and the 'oppressors'. Mahmood discusses the work

of Lila Abu-Lughod, a leading scholar on gender in the Middle East, who makes a critique of both her own, and other feminist scholars, tendency to romanticize resistance. Abu-Lughod argues that

> We should learn to read in various local and everyday resistance the existence of a range of specific strategies and structures of power…the problem has been that those of us who have sensed that there is something admirable about resistance have tended to look to it for hopeful confirmations of the failure – or partial failure – of systems of oppression. Yet it seems to me that we respect everyday resistance not just be arguing for the dignity or heroism of the resisters but by letting their practices teach us about complex interworkings of historically changing structures of power. (Abu-Lughod: 199; quoted in Mahmood 2005:9)

What were these girls expressing in their desire to band together and reflect outwards on the overwhelming sense of hopeless-ness they felt? The content of the video contrasted so starkly to the excitement, positivity, confidence, and energy the girls demonstrated during the process of making it. The sense that they were combating that which most scared them. These contradictions exist side by side.

CUT TO A CLOSE-UP OF MAVIS

MAVIS

(looking very sad)

I don't know what to do now. Let me take a sip. There is nobody here now. I'm always the last one here. The shabeen mom knows me. Enough of this drink.

I'm tired now but I can't risk my life again with these boys.

They'll do it again, and I'm sixty something years old.

Her voice fades drunkenly, then she jumps up, awake.

MAVIS

I have to sleep here…

Maybe the shebeen mom will wake me. I don't even know her name after five years drinking here…

MAVIS puts her scarf around herself as a blanket, and starts to lie down in the dirt.

MAVIS

Maybe JOYCE will wake me.

CUT to MAVIS lying on the ground, hiding her face in the scarf as she cries herself to sleep in the dirt.

FADE TO BLACK

Bad Future is a very dark film, offering little way out, even in terms of the message the film leaves with – a final dedication to Mavis and Joyce after we have left Mavis crying, drunk, and alone on the dirt floor of the shabeen. *Bad Future* cannot be separated from the fields of power, oppression and resistance that surround the girls who made it. The ongoing structural violence poised against the group was daunting. The boys and girls lives were also so intertwined, and could not be separated into neat gendered categories. They constantly affected each other.

Jan 2008

I go back to the settlement when I've returned to South Africa after having been away for some months. I can't find Mandla by calling him and eventually I go to

his house in Lacey road. He'd been doing a qualifying year at the university when I left in August and should be well through it. We'd kept in touch on email. I get to his mother's shack and she's happy to see me but the news isn't good. Over her little paraffin lamp she tells me Mandla has been arrested, wrongly accused of stealing a car when he tried to get to the farm to pay part of his lebola. Now he's in jail and has been since just before Christmas day and through all the holidays. He's easily been there for nearly a month already.

Zama is pregnant. She's laughing about it, but things seem serious. And Khwezi, the most together of the group, seems harder, edgier than before. She has put in a gold tooth. One of the boys, Lucky, seems to have become a bit of a drunk. Zama laughs and says, "there's things we didn't tell you Shannon…". She tells me she was pregnant even when we did the workshops. I wonder about the fact that she was the one who played Mavis, who was raped and became pregnant, while she was actually pregnant, but it didn't seem the time or place to ask about who was the father of her child.

Mandla eventually gets out of jail, and the charges are dropped, but there is another fire at Lacey Road and many people lose everything. The youth group takes charge of getting NGOs and other organizations together to provide food parcels, clothing and building material for the people who are now homeless and without possessions. Advancing an inch seems to take monumental effort. But the workshops remain in the girls' discussion about how far they have come. They become mingled with hopes about the future. Somewhere not so dark as their own fears, as they so radically portrayed in *Bad Future*. They continue to count the process as something that helped push them further.

IV. Fast-forward

About a year after we did the workshops, a German Master's student interviewed some of the group members about their experiences with Participatory Video. Some members of the group told her that when we had started the project they had been shy, but through the filming "the shyness was washed away". She reported that they felt,

> *Through Participatory Video information is put into a disk no matter how sad or good it is you keep it for the future. They always see actors on TV but when they acted and do everything they saw that they could be in TV as well. [Mandla] experienced editing and producing like for the series* Generations. *And then there is the career aspect: people learn about media. It had an impact on them because they did it themselves, they can do something, it has a future impact. The video was about the life in shacks, [Mandla] said they took the life to the DVD. Later they can look back where they come from and capture the past. The video is an expression of their situation.*

The group also discussed the screening where we presented *Bad Future* to the Crossmoor shack settlement in Chatsworth. The whole youth group got on a bus to the community of Chatsworth to present the video to a packed audience gathered in a local community hall. They told the researcher that they "enjoyed the expression of the people when watching their video, they were amazed. … They wished to show it to many communities and the president so that people see how people are living. They are proud that they have done something that never disappears. They got experiences with video and learnt from doing it together." (Raht 2009:134)

> [Mandla] said that if [Shannon] wants to show their video she has to ask them for permission. Before the [Chatsworth] showing they all discussed it together. I think that shows this strong sense of ownership and agency, which is great. It shows that youth from the shacks can do something good. They would like to make another film about youth issues like drugs, or no money for schooling or about problems in the shacks like poverty, fire, lack of access to water etc. [Mandla] is interested to use it for advocacy.
> (Raht 2009:134-135)

It is interesting to see how for the group, the video became an object in the world that they wanted to use in their own pedagogical and activist efforts. The ownership over the

process, the learning, and the development of knowledge was a significant outcome of this kind of research practice.

V. Participation, danger and discussion

Of course, the danger is to see these tools as empowering in themselves. In the end, they are tools, which have potential to create dynamic new community formations, mobilize resistance, teach and disseminate knowledge. They should be seen as one aspect in a broad strategy for social change. Visual representations have often been undervalued for over a reliance on written texts as the primary conveyor of meaning. A project like this, and the many others that mobilize movements through visual representations of struggles and repression, or that present alternative views of the world we live in and the spaces for participation and alliance building (such as the huge blossoming of independent media websites and forums worldwide) provide a few examples of how the terrain of the visual is increasingly a site of political praxis.

There is a danger in seeing *conscientization* as the only aspect of a radical social change project, not the least of which is the assumption that if the masses are educated about their own oppression they will rise up and defeat the system. This has not only been historically false, but can easily lead to a vangardist position that Freire himself cautioned against, or to a romanticization of the poor and oppressed that I tried to problematize in Chapter Three. Freire is clear that *conscientization* without action – without developing praxis – is not enough, and this cannot be understated. Exercises in collaborative video and other kinds of engaged pedagogy must be seen as part of a tool kit of tactics with which to challenge, deepen and broaden our ability to tackle oppression.

We must also be wary in Freire, as well as in Fanon, of an unabashed humanism that easily leads readers to hollow out the revolutionary quality to what both of them were calling for. The specter of liberalism haunts the edges of these texts, (and the kind of work that is inspired by them), in which utopic, harmonic world-to-come ideas, replace the very real antagonism which are part of healthy human relations, and that Chantal Mouffe discusses in depth in *The Return of the Political* (1993).

While the kind of work that involves young people as protagonists in developing strategies is crucial to HIV prevention, it is equally important to point out how participation, and the discourse that has developed around it since the 1990s, is in itself insufficient for the kind of change that needs to happen to adequately address the AIDS pandemic. Critics have noted how in the last two decades global institutions such as the World Bank and others have whole-heartedly pushed for mainstreaming a de-politicized "participation" model (World Bank 2001; Williams 2004; Ferguson 1990). Participation or collaboration is not necessarily political, as very often participation has come to be in the service of legitimizing the status quo of major development powers. Issues around the co-option of projects with a participatory focus have been discussed extensively over the last decade. Cooke and Kothari's seminal work *Participation: The New Tyranny* (2001) critically interrogated the role of participation used by development agencies and institutions that re-inscribes structures of domination. This kind of participation, they argue, lubricates a classic development paradigm by uncritically accepting 'local', 'authentic' knowledge, focusing on individualist models of social change that exclude an understanding of structural constraints, and ahistorically imagine social relationships to be mutually empowering for 'facilitators' and 'participants'.

Participation, in this view, becomes part of what James Ferguson has called the Anti-Politics machine (1990). In an article titled "Towards a Re-Politicisation of Participatory Development: political capabilities and spaces of empowerment", Glyn Williams (2003) looks over some of the critiques of participation, discussing how empowerment should not be entirely dismissed, even given the very clear co-option of "participation" by mainstream and corporatist development projects that embed people and communities into a process of unfettered modernism and capitalism. As Williams points out,

> Participatory development today stands accused of three inter-related crimes: of stressing personal reform over political struggle, of obscuring local power difference by uncritically celebrating 'the community', and of using a language of

> emancipation to incorporate marginalized populations of the Global South within an unreconstructed project of capitalist modernization. (Williams 2003:3)

Williams points out how in the Voices of the Poor research conducted by the World Bank in 2000/1, "participatory development appears to be wholly compatible with a liberalization agenda, and poor people's voices are carefully marshaled to provide support of the Bank's policy prescriptions." (2) In this kind of work 'voice' is highly tokenized, inserted as tantalizing glimpses inside the lives of the 'poor' in order to back up the legitimacy of a capitalist development endeavor. While I share a critical perspective on the role and adoption of participation within the development agenda, at the same time, some of the criticism of participation itself seems to be overvaluing the 'local', or 'authentic', painting participants as merely oppressed subjects of a tyrannical system they have no agency within. I am critical of an analysis that sees subjects as victims, with power flowing in only one direction rather than part of a more complex, malleable and changing grid of power relations and frictions.

As I have tried to show in this thesis, power is created and recreated by the everyday actions of people; from our own actions as facilitators and educators, to the practices of state agents and NGO workers, teachers and principles, parents and extended family members, and the young people participating in projects and active in their communities. I believe that valuing the knowledge produced by young people (not uncritically, yet genuinely), in combination with a more radical political analysis of power relations within the discussions and dialogues that happen within our group sessions, can lead out of the quagmire of 'participation' into something potentially useful and transformative. Williams argues as well, that even given its limitations, participation as an "ongoing process of building political projects at a range of social scales" can be politically meaningful. As Freire writes,

> True solidarity is found only in the plenitude of this act of love, in its existentiality, in its praxis. To affirm that men and women are persons and as

> persons should be free, and yet to do nothing tangible to make this affirmation a reality, is a farce. (Freire 1970:50)

How can approaches like collaborative video as research praxis alert researchers to disciplinary failings and shortsightedness, foregrounding particular viewpoints and stances as emerging from spaces of power and privilege, ignorance and uncertainty, as much as from their opposites? How can this in turn challenge 'us' to recognize who comprises of this hegemonic and homogenizing 'we' that is so often evoked, yet rarely challenged?

Claudia Mitchell builds on Janet Holland and her colleagues (Holland et al 1999) use of the term “unravelling” to describe the process of working with the variability in young women’s accounts of negotiating and decision-making in talking about condom use. Speaking specifically of young women in the UK, they apply practices of feminist methodology to the difficulty of relying solely on the personal accounts of respondents as a tool of interpretation, but at the same time, the need to start with the everyday. As they observe:

> … women's personal experiences are not a sufficient means to explain social practices and processes … there is a complex process of negotiation between data and analysis. Personal experience can be valid as a source of knowledge, but circumscribed by the limits of personal ideas and practices. (Holland et al 1999:466)

Unravelling also is a process of uncovering the 'available scripts' young women adopt around sexuality. How do the young women use, replicate and contest these scripts? As Jill Lewis (1998) points out, "prevailing sexual scripts" that are around us, from media, movies, novels etc, are silenced, omitted, and deemed an unnecessary appendage to HIV prevention, yet it is those very scripts which inform 'bodies-in-sex', much more so than dull and didactic prevention interventions.

> Available scripts prevail, and "directives" about safety and health are in another language, in another book, in another place - like a school classroom or an awkward parents' living room. And the prevailing scripts are deeply gendered ones, where notions of masculinity and femininity, agency, passivity and receptivity, sexiness and performance, "womanhood", and "manhood" desirabilities and arousals anxiously prevail and affect the possibilities and desirability of making the sexual interaction safer. (Lewis 1998:6)

How do young women's narratives help us makes sense of their realities, and enable us to pay closer attention to how those "prevailing scripts" play out amidst very localized realities?

"Sometimes I thought I was staying at the worst part of the earth"

THE POLITICS OF HOPE IN ZONES OF SOCIAL ABANDONMENT

7

The many shack settlements that dot the South African landscape function as *zones of social abandonment* (Biehl 2005), yet these are still places hope, of community building, of solidarity, and at times of power. These contradictions are ever present. When I asked Thandi in Kennedy Road what she dreamed of, how she saw her future, she told me that she hoped to have a decent tin house, with water and electricity; a place for her family, but, she said, she couldn't imagine leaving Kennedy Road. She told me,

> It's because, it's like yeah, I've got my second families here, who are not real family, but who tend to become my life. And if I am leaving them here and going to a better place I'd feel like I was betraying them. I'd love to stay in a better place, cause maybe I could like buy a better house for my family. I wouldn't like my children to suffer because of my commitment to others.

Her commitment to others runs strong. Thandi's morality is built on lived experience, on relationships, on commitments towards action. Hers are moral economies[49]. No matter how little she has herself. Of course, there are always contradictions. She is divided

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[49] Moral Economy is a term that has been widely used in sociology, economics and anthropology, from Durkheim, Malinowski, Corrigan, E.P. Thompson, Mauss and others to discuss a moral principal of reciprocity within human relations. James C. Scott (1976) further developed the idea to include resistances in *The Moral Economy of the Peasant: Subsistence and Rebellion in Southeast Asia*. Here I am interested in the way Nguyen (2004) uses the term, in which "individuals call on networks of obligation and reciprocity to negotiate access to therapeutic resources, thus drawing attention to the constraints that shape therapeutic itineraries" emphasizing "the link between therapies and wider economic and social relations" (126).

about what her choice would mean for others, for those she loves. In another interview, exasperated with the weight of it all, she told me, "Sometimes I thought I was staying at the worst part of the earth…"

This thesis has attempted to share local and global stories of resistance, constraint, cracks and exclusions around health in South Africa using an *ethnography-in-motion*. In conclusion, I'd like to share some final thoughts and observations that tie together the conflux of forces and stories in hand.

In the last six chapters, I have investigated some of the particular formations neo-liberalism has taken in post-apartheid South Africa around HIV and AIDS; stories of the medical, police, and welfare apparatus at work in the lives of shack dwellers. I have written about the policing of excluded bodies in various ways: through policy, government denial of decent wages for home-based care workers; psychological warfare from class and raced positions; the denial and suppression of means to adequate sanitation and housing; and, the physical policing of residents by officers, prisons, courts, and guns. Mandisa and Tumelo's stories have revealed trap doors, catches in the system, and complicities born from relations of race, gender, and class power; and the *politics of hope* in the corridors of courts, NGOs, hospitals, and the zones of abandonment in the shacks. Stories of death, of death-in-life, and the medicalization of life made possible once again with anti-retroviral drugs. Through the girls in Lacey road the interaction of hope and disillusionment becomes visible in the confines of the settlement, as does the delicate balance between political activism, and the soul-crushing everyday realities of violence, rape, and what often looks to young women as a depressingly bad future.

Throughout these chapters, the stories of those living in the shacks and those on the front lines of delivery and administration of services of health and welfare were at the forefront. At the same time I tried to clarify where the World Bank, the post-apartheid South African state, and the other international players position themselves in relation to why people are living without water, electricity, houses, and access to medication in such large numbers. I have briefly outlined how people living in such harsh conditions are

finding ways to reconnect water and electricity, to find political openings in the system in order to vie for small gains, and to build self-sustaining networks of care within their own communities. Strategies, and vertical topographies of power abound, as do the *uncomfortable collaborations* that are born from these encounters. I have tried to frame some of these problematics through a *politics of compassion*, as well as a politics of hope (Rose 2007). Ultimately the South African state has often side-stepped its role in relation to the material conditions of poverty and health, bestowing the responsibility and administration on the poor through self-care and under- (or un-) paid labour, ever increasing the work-load as kin, philanthropic, activist, and voluntary systems break down at various points under the stress and complexity of the AIDS crisis.

There are no easy things to say about the situation we are facing. The commitment and perseverance of people like Thandi give me faith that there is a common will, a common ethic, that transverses and cuts through the impositions that have been placed upon so many by the economic imperatives that have so often trumped human life.

I. Bio-politics & zones of social abandonment

I am not weeping, it weeps by itself.
-Life Exposed: Biological Citizens after Chernobyl

In Durban, the shack settlements capture the way that illness within the social body expresses a separation and exclusion, a death-in-life. Marcel Mauss (1979) described how in some primitive cultures, death was social in origin and linked to a person's position as part of the collective. "Once removed from society, people were left to think that they were inexorably headed for death, and many died primarily for this reason." (Briehl 2005:38) The zones of social abandonment in the shacks, I'd argue, are part of the conflux of forces from global capital, to local level neo-liberal policy, and a State balancing what it thinks it can achieve, and what is actually possible. We see various, overlapping topographies of power at work in these spaces, that have often deepened class and racial divisions and created new enclaves of both guarded wealth, and poverty under surveillance.

As I discussed briefly in Chapter 1, ideas around governmentality and bio-politics help frame the situation more broadly in terms of power. Foucalut's idea of governmentality, describes the ongoing intersection between thought and government: how we collectively think about governing and being governed in multiple and intersecting modes of being (Dean 1999) and how this manifests in tangible practices. To govern and to be governed in this formation is not only to be the dominated or the dominator, but it also implies the existence of the individual's freedom of possible action. An analytics of government 'examines the conditions under which regimes of practices operate and are transformed'. Through a process of making the governmentality of the state, liberal and social rule come into being. The origins of both neo-liberal thought and the "welfare state" are both part of a transformation of the state into a polymorphous, permanent instrument of critique, both for what forms of government rationality came before and those that will come after. Governmentality allows us to look at governing and how subjects are being governed through autonomous but reciprocal means, which Dean outlines as: *techne* (means, mechanisms, instruments and technologies), *episteme* (forms of thought, knowledge, expertise and rationalities), *ethos* (forming of subjectivities, actors, agents) and *visibilities* (ways of seeing and making visible). This conception was useful for an *ethnography-in-motion* that attempts to look at practices and processes up-close.

Techniques of governmentality over the last few centuries have shifted the relationship from one between the state and citizen/subjects, to one of control and administration of populations based on its biological, or bare, life. Bio-politics is this management and control of bare life through micro and macro apparatuses of power (Dean; Foucault; Agamben). As Nikolas Rose (2007) writes in *The Politics of Life Itself*,

> conceptions of 'biological citizenship' have taken shape that recode the duties, rights, and expectations of human beings in relation to their sickness, and also to their life itself, reorganize the relations between individuals and their biomedical authorities, and reshape the ways in which human beings relate to themselves as 'somatic individuals'. (2007:6)

Bio-politics administers and polices bodies as bare life – those forced to the shacks through illness because they had nowhere else to go, or those denied access to life-saving mediations in the ongoing genocide backed by the pharmaceutical industry and government mismanagement and neglect. The management of bodies and populations of millions of shack-dwellers is a function of an economic order that relies on this swell of cheap labour to be kept close-at-hand, just at the edges of destitution, yet still able to contribute to the means of production.

In thinking through how biological citizenship functions in South Africa, Adriana Petryna's *Life Exposed: Biological Citizens after Chernobyl* (2002), is helpful for its ethnographic study of the technical and rational frameworks that made Chernobyl and its effects knowable, transforming the political and social life of the Ukraine. Using ethnography to uncover its logics, Petryna looked at the distinctions and negotiations that blur lines of truth as citizens medicalize their lives in a neo-liberal, post-Soviet context. As I discussed in Chapter 5, being a 'sufferer' is financially rewarded, and thus positions health in a highly technical, political terrain. In that context, psychosocial interpretations supplant physical ailments, since having a diagnosis is valuable. The construction of collective and individual responses, contestations and interactions with this system is what Petryna calls *'biological citizenship'*. *Biological citizens* tool themselves with knowledge of medicine, science, technology, and *blat*, to negotiate with the state for their very existence.

In South Africa, this kind of *biological citizenship* is also a part of how people try to access services, using their HIV status to wield small gains such as social grants, food parcels, care in the community and access to social movements fighting for land, housing and other resources. Yet the system is poised against their huge numbers, and money still trumps access. Health, science, economics, politics, knowledge and power all become inextricably entangled in the lives of citizens and their environment. To be ill means to learn how to act, how to 'play' the system because diagnoses have material meaning. Disaster becomes transaction.

Vihn-Kim Nguyen's "Antiretroviral Globalism, Biopolitics and Therapeutic Citizenship" (2004) also provides a very useful reading to understand how bio-politics are at work in South Africa. Nguyen details the ways the AIDS industry coupled with a lack of access to antiretroviral treatment, has created a *therapeutic citizenship*, which uses health status to access medications and mobalize local and global networks of support. Internationally designed AIDS programs function in a dialectical with local political bargaining and therapeutic citizens, who use health status to mobilize resources and stake claims for treatment and care within global moral economies. He documents the irresponsibility of the global AIDS industry in adequately dealing with the pandemic, in fact even worsening the situation through ill-conceived projects, yet opening spaces for therapeutic citizenship in which what is at stake is life itself, to create political movement that becomes a force within bio-politics and 'bio-capital'.

While I have doubts in the South African context if therapeutic citizens pose a significant challenge to neo-liberalism to garner more than their bare life, and whether using 'citizen' as a definition traps us in a constant dynamic with the State, it is useful in terms of understanding the ways people can mobilize the system on their behalf when they need to. Certainly, the Treatment Action Campaign (TAC) has operated using a kind of therapeutic citizenship during their fight for access to treatment for all South Africans. A notable example was when Zackie Achmat refused AIDS treatment until it became available to all in South Africa's public sector. Achmat used his body as a terrain of struggle, his bare life, in attempting to provoke local and global 'moral economies' that would exert pressure both inside and outside of the country. In a sense he took moral hostage of the government's policies by using his body as a site of contestation.

So, while moves within an ideology of bare life are present, and therapeutic and biological claims are vaulted by those hoping to influence global moral economies, it is the use of an idea of 'citizenship' that I think obscures more than it reveals. Of course, the concept of citizenship is complex, linked to ideas about the nation-state, belonging, and recently in South Africa, underlying xenophobia. In the context of migrant populations at the very least, the concept of citizenship may gloss over some material and structural issues at play in the relationship between bodies and the state, which are heterogeneous. Gillian Hart (2007) makes a good argument for why a discourse around

'citizenship' has complex and conflicting significance in South Africa, including associations with the liberation movement, Zulu-nationalism, and xenophobia which may obscure as much as it reveals. The discourse of citizenship, while tactically used by people on the ground, might confuse a more nuanced analysis that goes beyond rights-based approaches to locate shifting sites of power. Nevertheless, both ideas of therapeutic and biological citizenship are helpful in understanding how people are finding ways to access treatment and health-enabling environments in the neo-liberal context of South Africa. Here bio-politics can take on a ruthless tone, such as in 2009 when incoming MEC's bought fleets of shiny new black Mercedes, while hospital after hospital turned people away because they did not have the budget to stock AIDS medications (Mckaizer 2009).

As people are forced to contend for limited resources, their bodies are their tools, their medical condition their power to access whatever small gains they can make against a system bent in quite another direction.

In her work on the cultural politics of AIDS in China, Sandra Hyde (2006) describes "everyday AIDS practices" at work in the "practices, thoughts, policies, words, and actions involved in a discussion of HIV/AIDS". In investigating how AIDS operates across a technical and personal fields inhabited by sex workers, AIDS industry capital, and levels of government, Hyde creates a fusion between the practice theory advanced by Bourdieu with Foucault's ideas of discursive practice and biopower. Influencing my own thinking about practice and "rationalities" of power, Hyde charts "a unique route for studying the cultural politics of transnational infectious diseases (14)" which posits that "one cannot keep either local practices or political structures as separate categories, as they are forever integrally intertwined."(13)

Hyde looks at *narratives of the state* within their *everyday AIDS practices* to trace out how actions of individuals agents, state institutions and international NGOs effect the way AIDS discourse is constructed. This implicates the way policies, studies, and HIV prevention programs are implemented. The actual and imagined conception of the borderlands, and cross-border migration, reveals the intricacies and prejudices involved in how power, policy and ideology bear themselves out in modern China. By looking at

the *everyday AIDS practices* one can see how ideas of sovereignty, surveillance, and security become conflated with protection and prevention[50].

Mandisa's death, and the millions of others who have died when their deaths might have been prevented, sits at the crux of the struggle to make understandable such cruel logics, and to reveal the relationship between power, health and inequality. As João Biel writes, "there continues to be a place for death in the contemporary city, which, like Mauss' "primitive" practices functions by exclusion, nonrecognition, and abandonment". (Biehl: 38)

In a chilling similarity to the experiences I recounted when Mandisa was discharged from the hospital to face her death, alone, in the shacks, Biehl recounts a story:

> *What makes these humans into animals not worthy of affection and care is their lack of money, added Luciano, another volunteer: The hospital's intervention is to throw the patient away. If they had sentiment, they would do more for them…so that there would not be such as waste of souls. Lack of love leaves these people abandoned. If you have money, then you have treatment; if no, you fall into Vita. (2005: 39)*

In my research it was not a 'lack of sentiment' in the structures of the health care system that was the problem; it was rather the cool and calculated understanding of what it takes to guard the scraps of hope that are so few and far between. When saving a life means deciding at the local level which body is strong enough, which has enough support

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[50] Similarly, in *The Biopolitics of Otherness*, (2001) Didier Fassin reveals how French self-perception and relation to the Other was radically exposed through the sans-papiers debate. He looks at how two phenomena – the awareness of undocumented foreigners and the recognition of racial discrimination in France both point to strategies of management of immigrant populations. The *suffering body* becomes the source of legitimacy by the state for immigrants above all else, while the *racialized body*, or the 'illegitimate object of social differentiation' is it's radical opposition. This inscription of the political on the body is what Fassin terms the *biopolitics of otherness*. Within this conception of biopolitics, the body itself is the supreme source of political legitimacy rather than an anti-politics, and can lead to a new understanding of contemporary politics in France.

around it, which will be *chosen* to have a chance to survive in the face of such meager resources of medications, hospital beds, staff, and infrastructure, these scraps of hope are essential. It is true, if you have money you are more likely to live, because the market has been chosen as the ultimate authority to make these impossible moral choices.

Hollowed of their human nature, a fee is a passive way to cut down on the numbers of patients. To choose, without moral imperative, who will be helped. In places such as Vita and the shack settlements blossoming throughout South Africa it is clear that "notions of universal human rights are socially and materially conditioned by medical and economic imperatives" (Biehl 2005:317). It is the medical and economic apparatuses of power that define our moral economies. Health-regimes guided by capitalist logics increasingly define who is in and who is out, who can afford health and who will be left to fend for themselves. As is the case with anti-retrovirals,

> Psychopharmaceuticals mediate abandonment both through the scientific truth-value such mediations bestow and the chemical alterations they occasion. They work as moral technologies through which families and local medical practitioners do the triage work of the state. Here, bodies, inner lives, and new forms of exclusion are entangled in large-scale processes and shifting grounds of knowledge and power, science and money. (316)

It this complex system almost every level is mediated by the values of freedom of trade, private capital, intellectual property, and the liberty to profit over the dignity and collective moral imperative to guard others against unnecessary suffering and illness, abandonment and exclusion, and finally, death. This system includes the multi-billion dollar pharmaceutical companies and their shareholders who make decisions about pricing, access, and research imperatives; it is the South African government's agencies and policy makers that decide on, and allocate budgets; it is the international development organizations and NGOs who choose what and where to put funding, pressure, and lobbying; it is the multinational AIDS programs, such as PEPFAR, that funnel monies in one direction or another; it is local level patriarchies that reproduce

violent gender relations that continue to put women at risk; it is the local health care system slowly closing viable public options; it is the international trade agreements that regulate, and legislate, what access and for how much, drugs will be available. It is the legislative and judicial mechanisms that permit, without reprimand, millions to live without adequate sanitation, water or housing, while billions of rands are spent on municipal infrastructure for tourism and sporting events. It is the constant forces of global (and local) capital pushing hard at the seams of good (and not-so-good) intentions. In the end, people like Mandisa, Tumelo and the girls of Lacey Road, are socially abandoned and excluded on multiple, overlapping levels, even as social movements, and people like Thandi in Kennedy Road through everyday practices, continue to push back against these (im)moral technologies on various levels and on multiple sites. These practices operate in the *habitus* (Mauss 1934; Bourdieu 1990) through a system of dispositions.

> The *habitus,* a product of history, produces individual and collective practices – more history – in accordance with schemes generated by history. It ensures the active presence of past experiences, which, deposited in each organism in the form of schemes of perception, though and action tend to guarantee the 'correctness' of practices and their constancy over time. (Bourdieu 1990:54)

In the settlements, residents are expected to self-manage through various mechanisms: kinship networks that retain links between city and country; the reinforcement and elaboration of home-based care and voluntarism; ongoing use of traditional cultural practices and remedies; legal and illegal strategies of accessing water and electricity, as well as houses built from the discards of the 'city'; maintaining community policing and management at the local level; advancing social movements who very often are mediators with State officials (local councilors, mayors, local police, courts), as well as NGOs, activists, researchers, and others in the 'helper' class.

The structures governing who can be accepted into treatment and care in the hospital, and who can participate in trainings with a home-based care worker, allows doctors, nurses and other medical workers a technically-mediated morality; a method to turn people

away. The waiting lists, trainings, support systems, and CD4 count limits are all technologies that make a grim situation of not being able to provide drugs, being understaffed and under-resourced, more manageable. And ironically, the coldness of this technical exclusion, a function of bio-politics, makes the target of anger oneself, ones inability to pay, to mobilize support networks, to have not gotten tested earlier.

It's your fault.

Many of the rights and citizenship-based strategies around HIV prevention have also reinforced this behavioral model of self-care, surveillance and responsibility. Even the Treatment Action Campaign, who are a minority in continuing to connect "structural conditions of poverty and inequality", as well as human agency, to the production HIV and AIDS, argue that "part of the task of AIDS activism is to create the conditions for production of 'responsiblised citizens'"(Robins 2008:115). Blame and agency remain at the individual level.

For certain, one of the starkest examples of technical-moralities at work is in relation to the access to ARVs. In South Africa you must have a CD4 count below 200 in order to access medications. I would argue that this limit, rather than a medical imperative, is a part of a management technology to keep the crisis at bay. While a CD4 count under 200 means you officially move from being HIV infected to having AIDS, starting treatment at much higher CD4 counts has proven to be very effective in the North (Centre for the AIDS Programme of Research in South Africa (CAPRISA) 2008; IRIN 2008). With so many people living in such harsh conditions who are not often eating adequately and who do not have access to clean water, who live in communities with high concentrations of tuberculosis and other viral illnesses, by the time a CD4 count dips below 200 an infected person is often very ill. As Thandi relates,

> On the side of the ARVs,… there is still a huge problem because like, according to my experience, they are not allowed to access ARVs until they reach a CD4 under 200 or low hundreds, but the problem is that the person gets very sick and weak

> only to find out his or her CD4 count is still above 500. But this person is bedridden, he could not do anything for himself, but because his or her CD4 is still over 200 he couldn't access [medications].

Yet increasing the official CD4 count whereby you could access treatment, would result in more people needing medication sooner; an impossible situation under the current priorities with the health care system already unable to keep pace with the need.

Even as these technologies of control are in flux, as we saw in Chapter 5, control goes further and deeper than just material and physical techniques of power. The self-blame that accompanies illness and lack of access to health care services is a question of sovereignty. As Fanon (1963) discusses in "Colonial Wars and Mental Disorders" control is internalized, and regimes-of-the-self reach deep into social and psychological spaces,

> From Fanon's perspective, the locus of imperial control is not necessarily the political and economic institutions of the colonizer but the consciousness and self-reflective capabilities of the colonized. Subjectivity is a material of politics, the platform where the agonistic struggle over being takes place. (Biehl 2005:16)

With these pressing issues of biological citizenship in mind, I want to take a step back to sketch in broad strokes the meaning of the settlements in a capitalist refiguring of South Africa. Building on the work of Harold Wolpe (1972) and James Ferguson (2006), I would like to describe the settlements as one location within a multiplicity of enclaves of capital in which walls, edges, and gates have come to define new geographic topographies *even within* the limits of the state. I argue that, while governmentality and bio-politics are very present in South Africa today, the geographic exclusions that were part of how capitalism functioned in relation to apartheid that Harold Wolpe (1972) described, are also still dominating structures of economic and social power under the ANC in a post-apartheid context.

II. The State of Exception & Cheap Labour power in South Africa

In his highly influential essay, *Capitalism and Cheap Labour Power in South Africa* (1972) Harold Wolpe describes the apartheid system as not only one of racial exclusion, but also a system of domination and control intrinsically bent on reproducing and elaborating capitalist relations by maximizing cheap labour with little financial burden on the state. Wolpe outlines how apartheid broke away from earlier forms of racial segregation in South Africa and "provided the specific mechanism for maintaining cheap labour-power through the elaboration of the entire system of domination and control and the transformation of the function of the pre-capitalist societies" (Wolpe 1972:425). Apartheid formalized a means by which to establish a supply of cheap African labour-power below its cost of reproduction through maintaining pre-capitalist modes of production. This was effectively done by creating geographic boundaries through the Bantustans in which a cheap labour pool of Africans would continue reproducing themselves and their communities by farming, kinship, trading, etc. and thus cheap labour could then be maximized with little burden on the state who would gain from the surplus.

> Thus apartheid was not simply an extension of the earlier system of segregation, as some radical critics had argued. Instead, he maintained, racial ideology in South Africa – and the political practices in which it was reflected –sustained and reproduced capitalist relations of production, although in complex, reciprocal (but asymmetrical) relationships with changing social and economic conditions.
> (Hart 2007:87)

Given this historical perspective, it is interesting to think about the "complex, reciprocal (but asymmetrical) relationships" that exist geographically, politically and socially in a place like Clare Estate. James Ferguson (2006) challenges us to think, not only about the fact that globalized capital 'hops' more than it 'flows' in terms of who is brought inside the rosy picture of a connected world. He also proposes that in fact, as the nation state loses some of its formalized, structured power because of transnational economic forces, more and more in Africa, we see the growth of enclaves of capital. He gives this example,

> African countries with on-shore [oil] production, where geologic fate makes it impossible to simply relocate production off-shore, the strategic goal seems to be to endeavor to make on-shore production as "off-shore-like" as possible. This effort (which does not go uncontested) involves the spatial enclaving of production sites with the use of foreign crews of skilled workers and private security forces. Such enclaves of economic investment are inevitably, as Watts (2004: 61) has noted, "saturated with all manner of actual and symbolic violence, and the stench of security and surveillance." They are typically tightly integrated with the head offices of multinational corporations and metropolitan centers but sharply walled off from their own national societies (often literally, with bricks and razor wire). Perhaps the most violent form of the project of separating oil production from the local population has been in Sudan, where oil concession have been advertised as existing on "uninhabited land"- land, that is, that paramilitaries have systematically *rendered* uninhabited by driving off its residents (Christian Aid 2001). (Ferguson 2006:203)

These sorts of enclaves of capital, are one topographic layer while the shack settlements become another. As the state becomes weaker in relation to the interests and power of transnational corporations and international agreements, it begs the question of whether capital will continue to create its' own enclaves for the wealthy -- protected by the military and whatever forms the state continues to hold -- while excluding the majority from the concrete material means to life itself. The displacement of people through forced economic migration, inside and outside of their citizen-states, creates this 'too human human' (Arendt 1963).

'Enclaves of capital' are very often carceral States – from the proliferation of heavily policed gated communities and fancy shopping malls on one scale, to shack settlements and migrant hostels on another. A carceral State wants to know everything about its inhabitants, while concealing its own agendas and knowledge, holding knowledge as power. The settlements are subject to *external* surveillance through police, health and welfare departments, researchers and middle-class activists collecting data, and *internal*

surveillance through community policing, self-management, home-based care and other locally administered medical apparatuses, as well as internal policing that in extresme cases can result in lynching and xenophobic attacks.

Ultimately the shack settlements emerge as part of a broader, complex construction of global capital with its particular South African contours. These spaces are not exceptional outcropping of mislaid policies or misguided liberal principals. There is a complicity with the fact that for a neo-liberal system to effectively function in South Africa, there must be this invisible zone, a place where the 'excess' poor African population (but not their cheap labour power) must be quarantined for surplus capital to be created. This structure for the elite is oddly reminiscent of apartheid spatial and economic logics and function as part of an exclusionary apparatus that makes late capitalism possible in South Africa.

The growing cheap labour pool of migrants and refugees further complicates the case of those *without* rights *within* a cheap labour pool of black South Africans who have (increasingly flimsy) rights. As in apartheid, some members of society are denied rights, without recourse to the state, subjected to bare life, and policed through violence *both* by the state *and* by other poor South Africans who see themselves as bearers (and possible beneficiaries) of certain rights and concessions through the ANC. At the same time rights-language is a very limited recourse to the needs articulated, although still the primary discourse of NGOs and social movements and the Left more generally. Many continue to feel a deep commitment to the liberation movement and to the ANC, even as there have been tangible gains through rights-based discourse (such as the TAC's tactics discussed earlier), so a nationalist, citizen-based petitioning of government for rights will likely continue to be a norm in South Africa for some time to come (Hart 2007; Robins 2008) if more recent violent uprisings do not their place.

In this way the *state of exception* operates in terms of shack dwellers, migrants and so-called 'illegal' people, existing outside the legal safety ostensibly provided by the State, yet maintaining status as pseudo-citizens integral to the cheap labour pool. In the

continuing demand for recognition by the state, the *state of exception* functions to create a 'being-outside, yet belonging' on those very bodies (Agamben 2005).

> …as Walter Benjamin suggests; it is the language of a revolutionary awareness that 'the state of emergency in which we live is not the exception but the rule. We must attain to a concept of history that is in keeping with this insight.' And the state of emergency is also always a state of *emergence*.
> (Homi Baba in preface to Fanon 1952/1986: xi)

III. Rights, Liberalism & Commodifying Health

Half of what goes in the name of revolt these days is lobbying.
– A friend

The "deserving citizen" discourse that shapes contemporary social movements in South Africa has tended to obscure the nature of the political, as many post-apartheid mobilizations have focused on service-delivery as the main object of protest, and mix tactics between courts, councilors, and the streets with a human rights discourse. Ultimately this has often translated as requests for concessions from the state rather than as a challenge to the foundations of capitalism and neoliberalism at work in South Africa. Articulations towards nationalism and citizenship, as Gillian Hart (2007) notes, are not cynical projections emanating from a state attempting to reinforce its power, but are in fact are deeply rooted in the liberation movement, invoking a collective struggle history both from the current Zuma-led ANC government and other state apparatuses, and within social movements and other everyday practices. It is a sad irony that it is the evocation of a history of racial oppression that may just be an aspect in solidifying a nationalist project so full of exclusions. A developmentalist, teleological approach does not significantly challenge the ANC's neo-liberal project and the conditions that cause both AIDS, and the wealth of other issues around housing and basic needs. As Luke Sinwell (2009) writes in his analysis of the politics and class consciousness of the Anti-Privatization Forum (APF)

> …community-based movements which base their critique of development on claims of corruption are faced with serious limitations in terms of their ability to create an alternative to the ANC's neoliberal or class-based project. … The local critique does not seek to alter the underlying structures of social change that bind people into a state of poverty in the first place. (Sinwell 2009:5)

Sinwell, quoting Cooke and Kothari (2001) goes on to argue development critiques limited to the local level can "obscure, and indeed sustain, broader macro level inequalities and injustice" (2001:140).

The challenge posed by the commodification of basic services, health care, and proper housing has created radical subjectivities within South African social movements that are contesting the threats to bare life. But these subjectivities and the movements that have emerged have often used a language of 'rights' to assert their basic claims on bare life. The particular set of liberal democratic tendencies in South Africa has in part facilitated some of these "neo" liberal moves. As Hannah Arendt pointed out "rights based on the supposed existence of a human being as such" withers when "confronted... with people who have really lost every quality and every specific relation except for the pure fact of being human." (Agamben 1996:18.9) The broad adoption of liberalism post-apartheid is at the heart of this problematic. Ultimately, liberalism is the set of theories that posit individual freedom or liberty as the ultimate political goal, and therefore its emphasis is on rights and equal opportunities. While there are many different strains of Liberal political thought that I don't have room to develop here, most liberals support the right to life, liberty, and property[51].

> Liberalism is a critique of state reason, a doctrine of limitation, designed to mature and educate government by displaying to it the intrinsic limits of its power

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[51] A discussion of what consitutes liberalism is an extensive one, which I write about elsewhere. Here I would just like to place the general ideas of liberalism in the background of my discussion of human rights language, and of the encroachment of neo-liberal State policy.

> to know. Liberalism advocates an "economic government" – a government, in other words, that economizes on the use of resources and effort to achieve its ends, and, more particularly, accepts that to govern well is to govern less. (Gordon in preface to Foucault 2000: xxviii)

There is an essential aspect in which power devolves from the directions of the omniscient, parental state, to the self-maintenance of the individual: use less water, take care of your sick, monitor your electricity, 'stay' in the shacks, administer to children and orphans in unsafe, sometimes abusive environments, insist that old and young women fill in the gap of childcare and care for the ill: essentially fend for yourself. As Foucault reminds us, "'civil society' served as a bridge between what had been found to be the discordant orders of political obedience and economic interest; it was a vehicle for 'the common interplay of relations of power and all those things that ceaselessly escape their grasp.'" (Gordon 2000:xxix) Civilizing society to make it understandable and also to transfer to the individual and local the role of self-governing. Rights language is deeply entrenched in this interplay of power. As David Harvey (2005) writes, human rights,

> corresponds exactly with the trajectory of neo-liberalism and the two movements are deeply implicated in each other. Undoubtedly, the neo-liberal insistence upon the individual as the foundational and essentialist element in political-economic life does open the door to extensive individual rights activism. But by focusing on those rights rather than on the creation and re-creation of substantive and open democratic governance structures, the opposition cultivates methods that cannot escape the neo-liberal trap. …The frequent appeal to legal action, for example, accepts the neo-liberal shift form parliamentary to judicial and executive powers….Law replaces politics as the vehicle for articulating needs in the public setting. (2005: 51)

Foucault was also critical of using the language of rights and justice to describe and articulate resistance. As Gordon points out in relation to Foucault's work in *Discipline and Punish*, "of the more provocative implications of that book was that carceral order

might be the underside, or the unacknowledged truth, of liberal societies characterized by individual rights, constitutional government, and the rule of law" and his "recognition of the original and durable impact of liberalism, considered precisely as an innovation in the history of governmental rationality." (xvii) Liberal and the neo-liberalism are different but reciprocal apparatuses for power and government rationalities.

Paternalist at its root, rights language sucks out the power to think emancipation differently. Instead we urge the most oppressed to wait in line, sign a petition, go to court, rely on the executive and the judicial systems to make change[52]. The 'service-delivery' syndrome identified across the country in 2009 is part of this mentality– ask and you shall receive -- which always leaves those in power in the position to choose what 'rights' will be given and which will not be. Tactically, rights discourse has made some gains for people's everyday lives, of course, yet we all know that a good part of international rights legislation, and the many documents and reports on human rights abuses, do more to gather dust than to transform relationships of oppression. By leading us into this dull, intensity-less technocratic submission to the 'faith' or 'promise' of judicial human rights,

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[52] It is unsetting to look at how long the Phiri water case tied up the procurement of the allocation of water in the court, to later not have much to show for it. Even with the most liberal constitution in the world, the most basic allocation of services stumbles and retreats. In my experience in the Crossmoor settlement in Chatsworth, Durban, their court case around the right to occupy land, for example, also relied on a well known and precedent setting case (Grootboom vs. SA) that has almost never been actullay cited legally since its original judgement, though many in housing and land claims movement still feel encouraged by the case as an important indication of progressive SA law. In August 2009, in a disturbing enactment of the limites to liberalism and rights legislation, one of the Consitutional Court Judge Ngoepe in a very conservative editorial to *The Sunday Times*, wrote that perhaps the Constitution was too far away from the 'realities' on the ground and wondered whether "judges have not usurped executive authority, particularly by substituting their decisions for those of officials". Responses in the following week's *Mail & Guardian* commented that,

> There is a good reason why we settled for constitutional supremacy over executive sovereignty. We did so to ensure that social justice can be achieved. It is a safeguard against executive arrogance. A victory such as that achieved by the Treatment Action Campaign, through the court, would not have been possible if the exercise of "executive authority" could not be reviewed legally. (McKaizer 2009:np)

we allow a million injustices to creep in the door, including many of the forms of neo-liberal policies I have outlined in this thesis. The state will, if it feels like it, destroy liberal gains in any case if its sovereignty is threatened. The gains that are made are not sealed, and are always in flux, based on the whims of political power and the population at any given particular moment. The repeal of *habeus corpus* in the 'greatest' of liberal democracies is just one example of what Georgio Agamben (2005) describes as *the state of exception*. Tolstoy saw this over a century ago:

> People who take part in government, or work under its direction, may deceive themselves or their sympathizers by making a show of struggling; but those against whom they struggle — the government — know quite well, by the strength of the resistance experienced, that these people are not really pulling, but are only pretending to. And our government knows this with respect to the Liberals, and constantly tests the quality of the opposition, and finding that genuine resistance is practically non-existent, it continues its course in full assurance that it can do what it likes with such opponents. (Tolstoy 1896:188)

If liberalism is the sleeping monster inside of neo-liberalism, it is also involved in its own *maintenance of power* that the Left seems impotent in critiquing. Liberalism is the moral educator for the State, and in so doing holds a special relationship with absolute power, therefore maintaining its own power within the existing hegemonic structures. It is the velvet glove, so to speak, of power. Thus the institutions, from NGOs, non-profits, and formal social movements, all align themselves as the responsible moral branch of governmentality, separate, but necessary to it. It is here that Polyani's double movement begins to become blurry, as both those hoping to exercise the free movement of capital, and those wishing to maintain a social-welfare state, become captured together in an inter-related and intersecting structure of power relations at the service, most prominently, in maintaining capitalism.

As an brief example, I'd like to digress for a moment into how the employment of rights language as a tactical decision to get water to people, has actually helped entrench the

privitisation and commodification of water, and in the end, done very little to improve people's access to it. I quote Radha D'Souza's dead-on analysis at length:

> What is missed by political theorists canvassing for human rights as a means of mitigating the problems of privatisation in the wake of 'globalisation' is the fact that the struggle for new rights come with recognition of new market prerogatives. The human right to water arises *because* water is brought into a private property regime in which it was not included before. What is at stake here is the entrenchment of water as part of a property regime. The history of 'rights' as we understand it today begins with property as 'natural right', and the transformation of labour, a natural endowment, into property for sale in the labour market, themes extensively traversed in the literature on capitalism and class. … Should not the question for politics then be: do we really need to add water to the list of property rights, and must communities in the Third World first concede to property rights in water within the new WTO regime so that they may struggle for human rights to water in the new economic context of neo-liberalism? (D'Souza 2007:17-18)

As rights language leads towards the judicial terrain, it rarely (if ever) is able to question the underlying economic imperatives on which the injustices, such as the denial of essentials like water or health services, rest. In the end, not only do people still not have access to water, but the tactical moves made by civil society effectively sanctions the positioning of water into the commodity realm as we saw very well in the struggles around the installation of pre-paid water meters in South Africa discussed in Chapter 2. Rights language abandons the political for the judicial and executive as sites for action, leaving market imperatives to rule.

As movements and resistances are named, described and engaged, they become part of an apparatus of governmentality slipping beyond the place of 'revolt' where they might have begun. The romanticization of revolt by the Left becomes as hum-drum story only ever half told, and rarely effective. Foucault stated the problematic well,

> Is one right to revolt, or not? Let us leave the question open. People do revolt; that is a fact. And that is how subjectivity (not that of great men, but that of anyone) is brought into history, breathing life into it. A convict risks his life to protest unjust punishments; a madman can no longer bear being confined and humiliated; a people refuses the regime that oppresses it. That doesn't make the first innocent, doesn't cure the second, and doesn't ensure for the third the tomorrow it was promised. Moreover, no one is obliged to support them. No one is obliged to find that these confused voices sing better than the others and speak the truth itself. It is enough that they exist and that they have against them everything that is dead set on shutting them up for there to be a sense in listening to them and in seeing what they mean to say. (Foucault 2000:452)

And what is that they mean to say?

IV. Conclusions: The Politics of Hope

Of course, there have been gains made. Houses have been built. Drugs are now becoming more accessible. The AIDS denialism that marked the Mbeki era seems to be behind us. Some, like Tumelo, are still alive. But as Mark Hunter (2005) writes,

> It is vital to note that post-apartheid economic policy has had an—at best—ambiguous affect on the trajectory of the Aids pandemic: on the one hand, some interventions, including the building of houses and the introduction of a child support grant, may have worked to lessen the scale of the pandemic; but on the other hand, the extreme poverty caused by rises in social inequalities and unemployment may have served to propel the pandemic. (145).

At the same time rights language has been useful, and gains have been made, it has posed as many problems as it has answered. Looking at the micro and macro logics of power there are no easy answers, but it is sure that any revolutionary strategy must both understand how power operates, and at the same time, resist the trap of romanticizing the

poor or social movements that often recreate the very structures of power at play. At the same time, a politics of hope is present in many of the spaces and places I investigated, even if it is part of a bio-political realm and confronted with many uncomfortable collaborations.

The apparatus of neoliberalism is very present in the governing of health, creating permanent states of exception, disposable populations, and social exclusions. What is at stake is the disruption of the maintenance of liberalism, and in turn, neo-liberalism, through the collaborative tensions in global movements. The tacit endorsement of liberalism by the left through 'civil' society, pacifist urgings, and reformist entireties towards a 'less inhumane' world, is one target.

While South Africa's adoption of neoliberalism is by no means a textbook case, and I have only been able to partially touch upon the geographies of power that have enacted and maintained it, neoliberal policy is an important part of the post-apartheid geography. I hope this research will contribute to better understanding the complex links between health, the market and everyday practice, as well as contributing insights into the limitations and successes of the international and national approaches to AIDS. The ethnographies indicate both the breakdowns and agencies in the implementation of programs of prevention and treatment.

Most importantly I hope that the approaches of *ethnography-in-motion* and research as social change have both directly benefited project participants. I have tried to provide some depth of thinking around praxis in areas such as anthropology, education and political science, as well as giving some reflective space for activist practices. Finally, I'd like to conclude with a few final reflections:

1) Firstly, we must continue to unravel the role of development in facilitating contexts for this increasingly perilous situation of so many people around the world. Poverty is not something you 'fall into' but caused by a complex mix of social and economic constraints that are of a political nature. Tackling the causes of these inequalities (such as the International Financial Institutions (IFIs), trade agreements, unequal development based

on economic interests) must be part of any serious strategy for social justice, and any commitment to adequately dealing with AIDS.

2) If there is a serious commitment to addressing the AIDS pandemic, we must first start with a radical refusal of the tenets of neoliberal ideology. As the few examples in South Africa show, markets do not provide for the poor, instead, those who cannot pay will be increasingly forced out into deeper, more precarious poverty, living more and more as 'illegal' non-citizens.

On a small scale, there have been significant positive results with engaged pedagogies around HIV prevention using visual methodologies. But these methods must be combined with a challenge to the political and economic underpinnings of neoliberalism.

It is a farce to attempt to educate people around HIV prevention when they do not know if their home will be torn down later that day, or whether it may burn up as fires ravage settlements where people are forced to use paraffin and candles for cooking and lighting. It is a farce to attempt to provide medications when there is not water to drink them down with, or where the water is too expensive to buy, where there is no food to line the belly, no sustainable access to medicines which are priced out of reach, no toilet for even the most basic human dignity. The denial of these fundamentals in exchange for a world turned into a commodity to be bought and sold, is one in which we are being asked to become consumers of life itself. We must refuse.

3) Finally, and most importantly, in order to grapple with the adaptations of global capitalism we must take seriously knowledge developed by people living through the impacts of this system, including our own knowledge. What do people most effected by AIDS, water-cut offs, patent legislation, homelessness, trade liberalisation, and other aspects of neoliberalism have to say about their experiences, their refusals, and their solutions? A perspective that comes from actually living in and through the system is critical to understanding and changing it. As Mashumi Figlan from Abahlali BaseMjondolo writes,

> It is like they think that they were born to just know all the sufferings of the poor. But how can they predict what I feel and think about being poor and how can they predict my analysis of how the system that they are favouring has affected my future?
>
> When we remind them of their promises they say that we are the traitors to the new liberalism! They can break their promises but we must not remind them of the broken promises! Is this the new liberalism? They all say that we are included to their freedom. But if this is true then why are they silencing us with violent police when we try to say that we are dissatisfied?
>
> Now we have passed nicely asking to be heard. Now we are all shouting to try and let them know how their new liberalism affects us. We are trying to shout that it is ruining our lives. But they still don't want to listen. (Figlan 2007:np)

As Figlan writes so eloquently, the time has come to shout. We are all part of this shouting: both in our complicities and our solutions. "In the beginning is the scream," says John Holloway, "faced with the mutilation of human lives by capitalism, a scream of sadness, a scream of horror, a scream of anger, a scream of refusal: NO" (Holloway 2002: 1).

Yet this scream is of 'horror-and-hope', it is full of aspirations, collectivity, and recognition in and of each other. The documenting and studying of the manifestations of global capitalisms and its destructions must not rob us our scream of recognition, despair and hope.

> …They urge us (and we feel the need) to study society, and to study social and political theory. And a strange thing happens. The more we study society, the more our negativity is dissipated or sidelined as being irrelevant. There is no room for the scream in academic discourse. More than that: academic study provides us

> with a language and a way of thinking that makes it very difficult for us to express our scream. The scream, if it appears at all, appears as something to be explained, not as something to be articulated. The scream, from being the subject of our questions about society, becomes the object of analysis. (Holloway 2002:3)

Finally, and perhaps most importantly, the emergence of lived spaces against, within, and beyond capitalism that are being created throughout the world are growing simultaneously with strategies of resistance, precisely in order to secure such spaces. It is from this understanding that answers, new subjectivities and new hopes, will blossom.

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APPENDIX I

Ethics Review