BODIES OF KNOWLEDGE

CHILDREN AND CHILDHOODS
IN HEALTH AND AFFLICTION

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CHAPTER 2

BELONGING SOMEWHERE SAFE: CHILDREN REFLECT ON VIOLENCE IN SYMPHONY WAY TEMPORARY RELOCATION AREA IN CAPE TOWN, SOUTH AFRICA

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Introduction

Set approximately 30 kilometres from the Central Business District (CBD) of Cape Town is Symphony Temporary Relocation Area (TRA). Its boundaries are held in place by strict legislature (Ranslem, 2015) that work to control an oversaturated housing shortage in South African cities (Prah, 2015). Symphony Way TRA, locally known as Blikkiesdorp (Tin Can Town), is home to families, whose histories have cast them unwittingly into an often-violent movement across provinces in South Africa. Some of the residents are refugees, some are asylum seekers, some immigrants, and most are South Africans who have been evicted from public land as they wait for government subsidised housing.¹ All have been forcibly and violently removed and all are subject to the pressures of severe economic instability. The work discussed in this chapter is composite of a larger study carried out

1 In the years following the dismantling of apartheid, the newly elected African National Congress (ANC) had promoted and promised economic regeneration, social rehabilitation and land redistribution programmes to address the errors of the past. The Reconstruction and Development Program (RDP), Growth, Employment and Redistribution (GEAR) and the Accelerated and Shared Growth Initiative for South Africa (ASGISA) were all programmes that were initiated to create socioeconomic stability and prosperity. For a fuller exploration please see, Prah, E. (2015) 'Embodied urban health and illness in Cape Town: children's reflections on living in Symphony Way Temporary Relocation Area', *Anthropology Southern Africa*, 38(3-4):269-283.

over a three-year period from 2010-2013 that explored the lifeworld's² of children specific to this site, mapping out ideas about identity, concepts of belonging and philosophical reflections about space and place. The children I worked with were between the ages of 9 and 12 years at the beginning of our 3 year-long project together. What is discussed here provides the context, experiences, and socio-political environment of the movement of a population initially forcibly displaced by the apartheid laws of South Africa then by modern city by-laws. Thus, what is offered is an exploration into the pressures borne unto children through forced removal and the subsequent displacements that remain as ghosts, menacing any efforts to carve out a decent (Ross, 2010) future.

The chapter addresses two categorical groups that I worked with – internally displaced children who are South African citizens and refugee children from Somalia and the Democratic Republic of Congo (DRC). These categories are useful in that they help situate differing notions of belonging and identity. My aim in the presentation of this chapter is to highlight the importance of indexing the experiences of children who are subject to forced removals within South Africa's borders. Whilst the labelling of 'internal displacement' has no legal or policy traction, it is useful in highlighting the particularity of lived experience that diverges away from normative ideas of childhoods and children's experiences. What is of import is the nature of violence born from experiences of internal displacement, and so what is presented in this chapter is an exploration of the systemic patterns of violence that typify children/populations of internally displaced people.

I use Bourdieu's concept of *habitus* to further understand the ways in which space is set through a geography of violence and safety. The ways in which the children I worked with identified, engaged and described their waking lives lays bare the often-horrific layers of lived trauma that becomes etched into the fabric of what young Gabriel (one of the children I worked with) described as 'getting by'. Seemingly, at the centre of the housing shortage that is an indicator of South Africa's failed economic and development plan is the absence of legislature that would work to protect and rebuild millions of houses for those who in reality are internally displaced South Africans. The category of 'internal displacement' is

2 I use the term *lifeworld* to express the multiple and varied meanings that comprise our social understanding. It is reflective of Edmund Husserl's expression of the collective consciousness of experiential life and Jürgen Habermas' theoretical work on the interactive nature of social beings and how social and cultural referents are (re)produced to create patterns of rational thought.

an extremely complex phenomenon that is typically described as arising out of environmental changes, natural disasters, war and conflict. Less so does it explain the recurrence of state-led mass relocations around the world, despite the ubiquity of this reality. There is little international action and/or legislation being created on the issue. Although those living in Blikkiesdorp are not formally recognised as internally displaced people (IDPs), the working definition of IDPs provides a framework within which to begin discussions about how best to accommodate the many people displaced by forced removals in the post-apartheid climate. Rarely does internal displacement emerge out of the state policies of a previous government, as is the case for the many families in South Africa waiting for government subsidised housing. The case of South Africa, with its history of state legislated forced removals and subsequent displacement of millions of people during apartheid, created a social and economic disaster of epic proportions (Murray & O'Regan, 1990; Kester, 2000).

My first introduction into a site of mobility and temporality happened in July 2009 when I arrived on the wind-swept dunes of Bluewaters Refugee Camp Site C as part of my work with the Children's Institute. I was working on a project researching the experiences of refugees and asylum seekers in post-apartheid South Africa and was collecting a repertoire of stories about displacement, subsequent mobility, and the accessibility of resources available to refugees and asylum seekers (Newman & De Lannoy, 2014). On completion of this project, I spent a further six months interviewing and sharing afternoons with residents of the camp and particularly with one family of seven people – Kingston and Beauty Kwapenda and their children, Maurice, Marielle, Nanci, Petunia and Jackson – from the Democratic Republic of Congo (DRC). Primarily, I focussed on building relationships through informal interviewing and casual dialoguing, slowly getting a sense of how each child expressed their experience of frequent and forced mobility. For the most part, they repeated what they had been saying to me since I first started asking them questions – they wanted resettlement out of South Africa, out of Africa.

In our meetings, there was not an obvious sense of solemnity of their experience of displacement. They would give me the same measured answer – “We just want a safe country.” Their direct experience of movement was premised on their escape

from spaces of violence and unsafeness.³ This was an entry point for further inquiry. The children I worked with constantly remarked on the presence and proximity of violence in their everyday. Additionally, my visits to Bluewaters Site C occurred at an extremely tenuous and volatile time for the camp that further fuelled my interest in learning more about the ways children live in temporary relocation camps. The sudden disestablishment of the camp and the violent 'clean-up' (an expression that Beauty Kwapenda once used) of hundreds of people signalled a sharp focus in my research on children's experiences of movement – it added a new element for thinking about the impact of violence, marginality, and mobility on the experiences of 'displaced' children. What I became interested in tracking, were the multiple realities of living in temporality, forced removals and the subsequent violence that unravels within these spaces. Seemingly, every movement out of violence was a hoped-for movement into safety and hence into comparative health and well-being.

The Kwapenda's journey into Bluewaters began as a consequence of the xenophobic violence of 2008 that erupted in townships across South Africa, displacing approximately 20 000 'foreigners', refugees, and asylum seekers in the province of the Western Cape. Having been forced out of their homes, killed, their businesses looted, and some losing family members in the chaos of displacement, the Cape Town City Council and the United Nations High Commissioner for Refugees (UNHCR) set up temporary refugee shelters to accommodate those affected. By the end of 2008 a considerable number of those affected were either reintegrated or had taken voluntary repatriation, leaving approximately 400 people hoping for relocation out of South Africa to countries they perceived as safer, such as America, Australia, and Canada. These remaining 400 people were placed in Bluewaters Refugee Camp Site C and within a couple of weeks of its establishment the number was reduced to approximately 230 people (Human Sciences Research Council, 2008; Rossouw & Kharsany, 2008).

The site was situated about three kilometres from Strandfontein beach on the northern shore of the False Bay coastline in the Western Cape. It was spread out on a dune landscape dotted with low Cape shrubbery, on the outskirts of the small

3 Within this chapter, ideas of safety are used interchangeably with ideas of health and well-being. The collapsing of these two concepts is done in efforts to highlight the relationship between overall well-being and one sense of cohabiting within environments that pose little to no threat of violence. I place it here in this chapter as a provocation that considers the interlocking continuities of violence, health and ideas of safety

seaside community of Strandfontein. White UNHCR tented shelters, which were barely able to withstand the force of the wind became home to the approximately 230 people. In Site C people grappled to forge a make-shift way of life. They ate what they could forage from the surrounding bush – bush rats and mice – and fish caught from the sea, which were hung along wire fencing to dry in the sun. This diet was supplemented by bread and maize-meal, which were bought with money earned from temporary employment or hand-outs from sympathetic residents living in nearby Strandfontein, Muizenberg, and greater Cape Town.

Living conditions were harsh and often unbearable. Residents of the Camp complained that the shelter provided by the UNHCR was inadequate as it did not prevent the rain from hammering its way inside, dampening blankets and clothes. Beauty Kwapenda said that ever since living in the Camp she had not been fully well. Her back had been giving her problems and she said her head was constantly aching. She went on to remark about how the health of her children was a major concern. Being exposed to the elements meant that, on windy days, cooking was a problem. The wind would blow sand into their make-shift shelter, into the cooking pots and onto the plates. Removing the sand from eating implements was such a difficult task that they inevitably ended up eating sand. She said that this caused digestive problems. The children also spoke of having painful stomachs and headaches and Marielle worried that she often had ear infections that remained untreated. These experiences of illness were central to the lives of people living in the Camp. It seemed that Kingston, Beauty and their children measured the quality of life experienced directly with their sense of health and well-being. They had developed a vocabulary of suffering in relation to the body and used this knowledge as an effective expression of dissatisfaction with their quality of living.

For the Kwapenda family, finding a home was central to their health and well-being. Their life on the move had been pock-marked with violence, instability and displacement. After one year of living at the Camp they were forced to pack up their possessions and move to Symphony Way TRA. The space that once felt like a permanent site for approximately 230 people soon became a windswept wasteland, a ghost town. The remaining 230 people were issued with a court ordered eviction notice after it was claimed “they refused to vacate Bluewaters, based on the fact that they were a particularly vulnerable group and it would be impossible to be reintegrated or resettled” (Judgment Handed Down in the High Court of

South Africa; Case Number: 5083/09; 24 February 2010). The City of Cape Town's director of communications, Pieter Cronje as documented in the Cape Times on Monday, 12 April, said that while many migrants have been repatriated or reintegrated into local communities, all attempts to relocate those who remained at Bluewaters were unsuccessful. Their refusal to be reintegrated or resettled into surrounding communities resulted in the unlawful occupation of Bluewaters Site C since October 2008. (Joubert, 2009; Kardas-Nelson, 2009). Bluewaters Site C has since ceased to exist as a residential site. Most of the families categorised as 'vulnerable' (meaning that they had more than four children) were moved to Symphony Way TRA. This forced removal of approximately 230 people marked my arrival into a new space of temporary living. I followed the family as they continued their journey, a family endlessly on the move.

None of the Bluewaters temporary residents had visited Blikkiesdorp. It was rumoured to be a violent, unsafe place, so Kingston, Maurice and I made a quick decision a few days before eviction day arrived to drive to Blikkiesdorp to see the viability of living there. On arrival, Blikkiesdorp etched a freakishly dream-like experience into my lifeworld. Kingston and Maurice instantly decided Blikkiesdorp was not an adequate space to make a home in. They instead chose alternate accommodation – police stations, garages, backyards and eventually a tin shelter in an informal settlement near Mitchells Plain. Keeping on route with the Kwapenda family was a challenge. Over the next few months, somewhere between Blikkiesdorp and Mitchells Plain, our communication faltered. The distance between our worlds increased. Since arriving in Blikkiesdorp, I had established relationships with residents there and the Kwapenda family had continued their pursuit to find a safe home elsewhere. The splintering of our relationship offers a stinging remark on the fragility of relationships forged on the move.

Finding home in Blikkiesdorp

My almost immediate insertion into the lives of residents in Blikkiesdorp manifested possible hypotheses about identity, belonging and spatial socio-historical politics. I began carefully picking through the crumbled remains of years of displacement, the debris of abandoned struggles and lost battles continuously figuring as gritty comments on South Africa's housing backlog. Although some ground has been covered, there is still a long journey home. At the time of my arrival in June 2010,

Blikkiesdorp was only approximately 2 years in existence (Prah, 2013; 2015). Each tin shelter is approximately six metres long and three metres wide. These shelters offer no insulation and are made out of corrugated iron sheets. They house up to six people (sometimes more), and four of these shelters share one toilet that is often blocked. There are no public bathing facilities and so people collect water and wash in buckets in their one-roomed shelters.

On one of my visits there, I had the pleasure of meeting Aunty Martha, an elderly woman whose presence in Blikkiesdorp echoed her original displacement as a child forced out of her birth home in Fishoek in the late 60s under the divisive Group Areas Act. She welcomed me into her silver shelter and from the entrance I squinted into the darkness of her home. The precariously fitted kitchen flanked the left wall. A tiny sitting area separated the kitchen from the bedroom and had a bright pink couch that punched some lively colour into the darkness. To the right of the entrance were two wardrobes that separated the sitting area from the bedroom. She had used every possible space to fit life into a shiny silver box. Above her door hung a dried cutting of a bush, "for good luck...to chase away the bad things, the spirits" she said, smiling. I took a seat next to her and she began telling me the story of her arrival in Blikkiesdorp:

In 2006 they started to build the N2 Gate Way project here. Phase 1 and Phase 2 people are living here in Delft. We were evicted and moved here. When Phase 1 was finished they did put people in the newly built houses, the subsidised housing. People was waiting because they filled in the forms for the subsidy and they were on the waiting list. But nothing happened for the Coloured people. It was only Black people moving into the houses. And the councilor Frank Martin saw it like, 'listen here, you won't get a house.' He was keeping meetings with the people. And one night, on a Thursday night, then he said, '240 people are going to get houses.' And he dished out letters. And after that there was no more letters but 240 people did get those letters. Then he decided to say words to the people: 'If you want a house,' – and people who really want a house are going to do it – he said, 'go and take the house.' Then people started to run and everyone take the houses. And people just moved in, no doors, no windows...unfinished houses. There wasn't even toilets. I said to him, 'you are the councillor, you have a code of conduct! Why you tell these people to take houses?' He said to me, 'Our Coloured people are not going to get a house. If they want houses, they must go and take it.' So, that is how people got to be living there. The first eviction was on the 19 February.

When Auntie Martha talks about Phase 1 and Phase 2 she is referring to the implementation process of the N2 Gateway Project, a highly ambitious housing settlement plan operationalized in 2005 by the Department of Human Settlements, the provincial government of South Africa, the Cape Town City Council and the Housing Development Agency, an independent “implementing agent playing a facilitative role” (N2 Gateway update, 2011). From the outset, the R2,2 billion N2 Gateway Housing project has been compromised by muddled legal wrangles, controversial eviction and messy protests. In 2004, Minister of Housing Lindiwe Sisulu introduced the Comprehensive Plan on Sustainable Human Settlements, known as Breaking New Ground (BNG). The BNG was an answer to the defects in previous state housing programmes, which have typically been characterised by corruption, mismanagement and poor workmanship. In efforts to minimise bureaucratic hurdles that were characteristic of the Reconstruction and Development Programme (RDP) and the Accelerated and Shared Growth Initiative for South Africa (AsgiSA) programmes, the BNG invoked the cooperative strength amongst national, provincial and local government ensuring faster delivery (Tissington, 2011). It was estimated that at its completion, approximately 25 000 units would be built in three phases, “70% of which will be allocated to shack-dwellers, and 30% to backyard dwellers on the municipal housing waiting lists” (Chance, 2008).

In 2006, to begin the building process, mass evictions were initiated with the promise that those evicted would be allowed to return when the units were completed. As part of Phase 1, approximately 1 000 of 20 000 residents living in an informal settlement called Joe Slovo, located within the larger township of Langa, were moved to one of the TRAs in Delft called Thubelisha or Tsunami as it is locally known. It was planned that 12 000 units would be built as part of Phase 1. Beset with structural problems from the beginning – adequate geotechnical assessment would have discovered much earlier on that the Joe Slovo settlement was both built on a landfill unsuitable for high-density housing and stands on a 50-year floodplain (Mail and Guardian, 30 June 2006) – only 705 units were constructed as part of Phase 1, and only one resident of those evicted was relocated (Thamm, 2006). Despite the major structural problems of Phase 1, the remaining 20,000 shack dwellers were removed from Joe Slovo to reside in TRAs in Delft in preparation for Phase 2 that would extend in situ in Delft. In 2007,

backyard dwellers⁴ from Delft, Belhar, Elsie's River and Bonteheuwel, moved into these unfinished homes. Many of those occupying these homes claimed they had been on the housing waiting list for years without reprieve. After a two-month, drawn-out court battle involving the backyard dwellers and key governmental operatives, those occupying the unfinished units of Phase 2 were evicted.

On the morning of 19 February 2008, as Aunty Martha told me:

People were evicted very badly. The trucks came and the police came, and they threw the stuff on the trucks. Even if you had a baby they didn't even care about the baby in the house, they just throw your stuff onto the truck. If you didn't want to take your stuff out, they put it on the pavement, on the field there. A lot of people lost their things there. Their stuff! They was shooting rubber bullets against the people. A lot of people got hurt in that eviction when it took place. Some of them went to jail, two or three guys went to jail. Then half of the people all moved to the field and some of the police men were nice Coloured police men. They told us, don't put your things here in the streets. It's still part of Thubelisha. Don't try to take your stuff over to the field. Move it to the pavement. We stayed there and that night we decided we are going to stay on the pavement. Whatever happens we are going to stay on the pavement. Then people started to build shacks on the pavements with blankets and stuff. There on the pavement we was living there. We lived there for nearly two years. Then the DA [Democratic Alliance] started to take us to court. They decided to take us to court because we didn't want to move. We went to court. And again we lose the case. The court ordered us to come to Blikkiesdorp. They did say it was a nice place. They said we can't live like this. But we was happy on the road. People was happy!

Later that year, in 2008, Blikkiesdorp opened its gates and became the third TRA in Delft, providing emergency shelter to all those displaced by province-wide government evictions and those affected by the xenophobic violence of 2008 (Mail and Guardian, 2009).

At the time of research (2010-2013), the N2 Gateway project comprised six semi-autonomous projects, namely Boystown, Delft Symphony, Delft 7-9, Joe Slovo, New Rest and two TRAs (Tsunami and Symphony Way TRA). After years of challenges that have involved Cape Town's residents, policy-makers, stakeholders, project leaders and after years of court battles, expressed racial perceptions,

4 Backyard dwelling refers to people renting out small wooden houses or informal shelters made from scraps of tin, wood and plastic sheeting in home owners' back yards. People often rent out these shelters as a source of monthly income. One can pay anything from R400 to R2 000 for a backyard shelter.

invasions, community protests, and allegations of corruption, the completion of the project is in sight, under the stewardship of the Housing Development Agency (HDA) (HDA, 2013).⁵ Over the past 13 years (2008-2021), thousands of people have been allocated shelters on the two square kilometres of hard soil that characterises Blikkiesdorp (Villette, 2016). Amongst these thousands, I know six children – Faizah, Laelyn, Jafari, Aalif, Gabriel and Sameerah who, over two years of closely working together, articulated their experiences of life in a TRA. For children living in Blikkiesdorp, this transit space crudely disguises the permanence of a life on the move. When asked how they felt about being evicted, they simply shrugged their shoulders and said, “I don’t know.” The conversations would always return to a recurring sentiment: “We don’t want to live here anymore. I just want a house.” The roughness and messiness of life in this TRA reveals the slippages in governmental housing plans since 1994, incongruences in legal actions and harsh complexities in the redressing of apartheid laws.

Internal displacement in South Africa

The current working definition of internal displacement according to the United Nation (UN) is “persons or groups of persons who have been forced or obliged to flee or to leave their homes or places of habitual residence, in particular as a result of or in order to avoid the effects of armed conflict, situations of generalized violence, violations of human rights or natural or human-made disasters, and who have not crossed an internationally recognized State border” (United Nations, 1998). Imbricating the Norwegian Refugee Council’s (NRC) description of internal displacement onto this definition, the people living in Blikkiesdorp could be categorised as IDPs as they have been forced and obliged to leave their previous residence, they live in “situations of internal tensions and disturbances...which refer to situations which fall short of armed conflict, but involve the use of force and other repressive measures by government agents to maintain or restore public order” (Training on the Protection of IDPs:1-2). The usefulness of such a category creates a visibility of their lifeworlds and presents a database of meanings from which we may begin to locate and make sense of the reality Blikkiesdorp represents.

5 See also Tissington, K. (2011) *A Resource Guide to Housing in South Africa 1994-2010*. Legislation, Policy, Programmes and Practice February 2011: Socio-economic rights Institute of South Africa (SERI). This resource guide provides a comprehensive and thorough overview of the key institutions, policies and programmes operating within the South African housing landscape.

The IDP category does not carry any legal status because those that can be described as IDPs are still under the jurisdiction of their own government and may not claim any rights above and beyond what other citizens in their country have. Arguments suggest that, although IDPs share parallel realities of dislocation and diminished belonging compared with refugees (who in comparison are subject to strategic implementations of policies that seek to protect their rights), they cannot be merged into the category of refugee. Characteristic features that separate descriptions of IDPs from refugees are: the compulsion that drives their movement; their exposure and subjection to human rights abuses as a direct consequence of displacement; and the lack of state-legislated protection within the confines of their country (Brun – Norwegian University of Science and Technology – Research Group on Forced Migration). However, both refugees and IDPs can share similar realities of displacement. The majority of those displaced – refugees and IDPs alike – are poor and have all been forced to abandon habitual practices and familiar surroundings, often encountering violence and hostility along the way. In a few cases, IDPs or refugees “adopt an aggressively competitive attitude and may even be prepared to exploit other people in the same situation in order to guarantee their own security and prosperity. Displacement may throw up new and unexpected opportunities, which some are able to seize. But for the majority, displacement means not greater opportunity but greater impoverishment and insecurity” (Van Hear & Crisp, 1986:4).

From data collected for my research, it is clear that current mass removals and forced relocation programmes create an enormous amount of human suffering. “Recent experience suggests that basic human rights are inevitably violated during mass expulsions. The effects on those expelled are physically and psychologically traumatic. Expulsions occur in an atmosphere of panic, and often at a time when xenophobia, racism or ethnic rivalries have been heightened” (Ibid.:85). The violence that accompanies forced relocation then permeates the newly assigned temporary location, as people struggle to pick up what remains from countless other homes where possessions, social networks, cultural practices and identities were dislodged from their repertoires of meaning. This is the particular kind of violence that marks movement. It is a desperate violence that is an expression against movement, an outcry against internal displacement.

Nicholas Van Hear and Jeff Crisp in their book, *Refugees: dynamics of displacement. A report for the Independent Commission on International Humanitarian Issues* ask, "Are governments justified in moving people by force in an attempt to resolve economic or ecological problems?" (1986:4). The question is an interesting one to pose, especially in the case of South Africa. State-led forced removals during apartheid are widely accepted as morally and ethically dubious, causing severe social and economic dislocations. Although the political contexts of current forced removals in South Africa are infinitely different in their motivation from apartheid-led removals, the impact is not vastly different. Mr Gierdien, Sameera's father, in one of our initial conversations, related the impact forced removals of the apartheid era had on him as a child. He later drew parallels to his current reality of frequent forced removals:

Before Mitchells Plain, I came from District Six. I was born there. So, all of people staying in District Six were moved. They built us houses in Retreat [a suburb in the Western Cape]. They put all the people out of Cape Town and put us in Retreat, Lavender Hill and the Flats [suburbs in the Western Cape]. They throw down all the houses there in District Six. The government said they were going to use the spaces; that they needed them, and that we should go. That time we didn't move with trucks like now. You had to organise your own stuff and get out. I was still in school. I was in primary school. I am a member of nine kids. I have four brothers and four sisters. So we had to move from there to new places. And we still have to go to school that side in District Six and travel from Retreat or Muizenberg [a suburb along the coastal stretch of the Southern Peninsula] to town to get to school. Every day. I was at Moravian Primary. We had to travel like that.

That was for three years that I travelled like that, and then they built new schools in that place we were staying so we started going to school there. I was young. I didn't understand what was happening, but as I get older we started to ask questions to our parents. And they told us what happened and things like that. Like we learnt the history from our parents. Our house could fit 14 people, the one in District Six. As we grew up, we asked questions and then went back to where we used to stay and we saw only empty grounds. It's still empty there, but they said they wanted to use the land, but they didn't build anything there. I was eight when we first moved and I was 13 when I went to look again. My parents showed us where we used to stay. It was heart breaking. It is heart breaking, because they put us in a place where violence is growing and things like that, and that was not a place for us to grow up. Our family is not involved in things like that. They didn't bring us up in violence like that. So, from there, my parents chose to move from Retreat to Mitchells Plain [a suburb in the Cape Town]. We was the first family to move into Mitchells plain. That time it was not that big. As a place grows, it develops. It starts to have drugs and things like that.

His story poignantly situates the current narratives of displacement in South Africa as part of the interwoven legacy of apartheid. The physical dislocation of home results in the separation of people from their everyday practices and familiar environments, causing social disruption and material dispossession. Drawing parallels between his current situation and his childhood experience of forced removals, he added:

You don't have a choice to move. Our people don't have a choice. They [the government] choose where they going to put you. Say they go build there in Lansdowne [a suburb in Cape Town], then they say, Blikkiesdorp! You must go and live there. They decide. Not us. It's not our choice. You feel bad about it. Because now you're used to the Delft area [the area where Blikkiesdorp is located], to travelling and all that things, now they put you somewhere else. Peoples feel out of place. They must adapt to a new place. The kids must change the schools. It's very difficult.

My parents were on the waiting list. The waiting list is from apartheid time. In our communities Coloured people were put on a list. If you want a house you can buy one, but we didn't make that much money to be able to do so. We can't afford to buy a house. The government gives you a card. You go to the housing department, you give them your card and they check there on the computer system and then tell you, 'No its not your time yet.' Some people they did get houses. But the people from the 1988 waiting list, they are only busy with them now.

I think we will be here in Blikkiesdorp maybe another three or five years now. Every time we go there they [the department of housing] give us stories...they're busy with the project, but instead they are building roads. People in Delft don't get houses, only people outside. They put us in here and now they have forgotten about us.

Mr Gierdien's reflections show how the laws that displaced millions of South Africans, and that governed apartheid ideology, were the vehicles through which the current housing backlog of post-apartheid South Africa operates. Of the many oppressive laws enforced, the *Group Areas Act, Act No 41 of 1950*, physically forced people out of their homes. The areas that black, Indian and coloured (non-white) people had been living in for generations were deemed as 'white areas' and thus those categorised as 'non-white' were suddenly illegal occupants of white-owned land. The *Prevention of Illegal Squatting Act, Act No 52 of 1951* followed the Group Areas Act and effectively allowed the Minister of Native Affairs to remove black people from 'squatting' on what was now classified as public or privately owned land, and to send them to resettlement camps where these displaced people were housed. Later, the *Bantu Authorities Act, Act No 68 of 1951* legally established the

‘black homelands’ and ‘regional authorities’ (South African History Online, 2017). The geography of apartheid created socioeconomic repercussions that remain etched into the landscape of post-apartheid South Africa, resulting in millions of internally displaced people.

Stories of violence in temporary spaces

It is estimated that at the end of 2010, between 11.2 million and 13.7 million children across the world were internally displaced by armed conflict, human rights violations, and general violence (Internal Displacement Monitoring Centre and Norwegian Refugee Council, 2011). “In the turmoil of displacement, family and community structures are likely to break down while traditional and social norms... [disintegrate], which place displaced children at greater risk of infringements of their basic rights than other children... [They] are more readily exposed to malnutrition, illness, violence and violations of their physical integrity, psychosocial well-being and development... In protracted situations of displacement, internally displaced children may spend their entire childhood in camps or temporary shelters” (Training on the Protection of IDPs:1). The importance of addressing the increasing number of contexts of internal displacement requires a different lens through which a different scope of children’s needs can be addressed.

The Convention on the Rights of the Child (CRC), established in 1989, provides a comprehensive compilation of the international legal standards that are geared toward the protection of human rights pertaining to children. Amongst other clauses, the convention emphasizes “the right of children and adolescents to participate in all decisions concerning their lives” (Ibid.:3). This emphasis is crucial in developing a feasible policy through incisive listening to the multiple, often very challenging realities internally displaced children experience. Listening and responding to the needs of such populations, with an awareness of the agential role individuals have and their “capacity to process social experience and to invent new ways of coping with life, even under extreme[s]” (Norwegian University of Science and Technology – Research Group on Forced Migration:15) is the foundation upon which to build adequate responses to displacement.

Listening to the stories children tell was crucial in gathering an understanding of life in the TRA. Their stories always pointed to the prevalence of violence in their surroundings and how this violence determined their daily choices – where they

walked, with whom they spoke, etc. The description of violence as a feature of Blikkiesdorp, in so many of the conversations I had with the children, normalised its prevalence. They shared with me a vocabulary of casualness to violence that initially made me think that they were allowing the effects of the violence to wash over them like water off a duck's back. Later, I understood that the violence they experienced had found meaning in their configuration of the world. They had made loose identifications around what they witnessed and so had a repository where such scenes were stored and could begin to take on more meaning. From the plethora of violent narratives experienced they had figured violence into morally charged acts. The use of drugs, alcohol and the subsequent violence and carelessness that often follow it had taken on nuanced ethical meanings for them. In their stories they explained to me the clear moral order of their daily experience and showed where and how they made meaning of violence.

Figure 2.1 Our cleaned up temporary work space

I recall a story they shared in the shade of our recently cleaned but still broken shelter. We began with our usual sharing circle, the early morning sun promising another sweltering day. Two months had passed since our first sharing circle and each week the details shared described disturbing experiences with violence.

BODIES OF KNOWLEDGE: CHILDREN AND CHILDHOODS IN HEALTH AND AFFLICTION

- Efua How was your past week?
- Sameerah It was nice until yesterday. Because they robbed the people here at the back and they hit them. They were walking with knives and stuff like that. And the police they were so rough [Sameerah clenches her right fist and punches it into the air, simulating the roughness of the police]. And almost they bump us because we were playing in the street and we were playing with the rocks and they don't even hoot, they just ride. This happened at about 5 o'clock.
- Laelynn We were very scared for that. Because, what if they get rough and then we can also get hurt? Because we were playing here in the road yesterday. We were playing skip-rope there, because here there is not a pavement you can play on.

Later that day we chose to drive into the city for the afternoon. We had a swim in the Turkish baths on Long Street and ate under the clouded blue sky in the Company's Garden.

Our drive back into Blikkiesdorp was a quiet one. The children would occasionally talk about things they were seeing on the road as we drove by. As the car steered into the gates of the camp, Sameerah began reflecting on living in Blikkiesdorp:

There is a lot of violence here in this area. Especially here in Delft, because people here are drinking and they just want to fight. They want to hurt each other. And there are drug-addicts, like this lady here who wants to control the small ones, she's always a troublemaker. When she's drunk she want to come to you and she wants to hit you. Like this morning she came to Auntie Hilda, and she said, 'Yes, this lady and that lady' ...because she was looking for trouble so the [other] lady [the lady the 'troublemaker' was gossiping about] took a beer bottle and hit her on her arm.

Every time she wants trouble with the people. If she is drunk then she just wants to be violent.

The car was now parked in the narrow lanes of K Block. I sensed that there was more they wanted to share and so I rolled down the window a little to allow in some air, shifted into a more comfortable position and asked, "What else happens here?" Laelynn fiddled with her jacket zip and answered:

- Laelynn Like, this lady there, she was at my mommy's house a long time ago, so she was drunk so her husband hit her. So she came and cried to my mommy, and so my mommy had to give her children food because there was no food and she was drunk.
- Sameerah And she came to my mommy, she tell my mommy, she want to cook for her children then my mommy said she had to work for our food, so my mommy can't just give to her ... and anyway, if she has money then she wants to buy wine, she don't think of buying food. Now if my mommy has money then she first have to think about food. My mommy don't drink. My mommy can't just go buy wine because she must think of her children. Then my mommy tell her, 'You just want to think about wine, you don't think about your children who must first eat. So I can't just give you money.'
- Laelynn We were very scared for that. Because, what if they get rough and then we can also get hurt? Because we were playing here in the road yesterday. We were playing skip-rope there, because here there is not a pavement you can play on.
- No, my mother wasn't like that. My mother used to give, give, give, my mother used to give her stuff, stuff, stuff, but afterward she began to gossip about my mommy, our house and our family, so my father said my mother mustn't give again, but my mother don't want to listen. She always give, give, give. My mother said she didn't grow up like that... She believes that she must give someone who is in need. But my mommy don't want to listen because when she is in need, nobody has for her.
- Aalif It's not a good idea to have [this ideal] because, if we give them, when we need something they don't have something for us...
- Sameerah And it's not a good idea because when they had money they just want to buy wine. But, if someone else must give them money, then next time they think, "Aaahhh, I'm going to get by her. I'm going to buy me wine." Because if you have the money you must first sort out your children, let them first eat, then the little you can see what is left, then you can do your thing. Because my mommy can't just give. She must think about what her children can eat but she just want to think about wine. And it's wrong. It's not right.
- Aalif And every day she is looking for her baby child. She leave her baby, just so, and then the baby walk and then she is looking for the child. Yha, that child who was walking here now with the popo on here. It was her child, she wasn't even looking for the child. It's her child. It's her child [they reassure each other]. She leave her children in the house. Yes! [Everyone choruses]

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- Laelynn One morning we were waiting for our friend by her house, next door. She is my friend's neighbour. Then she took the one child with her and the baby one she locked up in the house. And then the baby shout, "Waaa waaa". She don't care, she just go.
- Faizah The other day I see her, she got money. She comes to the shopkeeper and says her child is crying. She says she doesn't have money, but she has a lot of money and she buys cigarettes.
- Laelynn Like here by the shop, when she has money then she sommer [just] tell the aunty that she don't have any money. Then the aunt give the children stuff like luxuries – give bread, give milk. Like yesterday she had money because she went to go buy wine. I saw her at the back. I saw her here looking for a bottle. So she came here [and said], 'I don't have any money.' So that lady gave a packet of porridge, plus milk and sugar. So she went. But she had her wine. That's why she was controlling the children here, cuz she thought you were going to give her money. Yha! [they agree with each other]
- Sameerah Everywhere where she sees there is wine and people drinking, then she wants to go there. She wanted money by you, that's why she came to you. She thought you would give her something in her hand, so you must be clever. You mustn't give her. She's gonna break it. I would give her children or buy her children but not give her the money cash in her hand. Because she will buy...And don't buy like...if you also buy lots of food then she will also sell it for alcohol. Like, there's a man, here by our church, the madrasa, because we Moslims, we call it a madrasa. Then there comes a man who gives out cabbage. Then she go fetch the cabbage and she came back. Then she went to go fetch another cabbage and came back, then she went to fetch another cabbage. Then she came to my mommy. She think my mommy don't know about the cabbage they are giving out. Then she came to my mommy and she tell my mommy, "Hi, I am selling cabbage." Then my mommy said, don't lie, they are giving it out and now you want to sell it. And one lady then came to my mommy and said, 'you know what, this lady came to me now to sell this cabbage to me.' My mommy say, 'Why you buy it, because they are giving it out for free!' And, like, if you give her cans, like sweet corn, or you give her meat, she will go and say, 'This meat I bought it for me now, but I am not going to use it. Don't you want to buy it?' Just like that. Just to buy wine. She take all her old clothes in her cupboard then she sell it for wine. She take clothes out of the drum and sell it.
- Efua Which drum?

- Sameerah Here, the bin, here. Then she uses smaller children, not even her children, then they must get in there to go look for clothes. It's wrong. Because if you get something from someone, you must use it for what the person gave it to you for. If you have money buy something for your children to eat, don't think about wine.
- Laelynn Not yesterday, but the day before yesterday, her husband hit her with a pan on her head. And he hit her and he said, 'Every day you are drunk! You don't care about my children!' And then he left her and he walked. He don't care about her anymore. One day I saw him walking with his children to the shop then he bought his children something to eat. Chips and that...and then the lady of the shop ask him, don't you want to buy your wife something. Then he said, no, I don't care about her. She want to drink and she sell everything. I would rather buy for my children. Then he left her. He took the children out for the day. When he don't work then he clean the house, he wash the children, he look after himself, but she, she don't want to do that. She think, that 'if I smile a little like that, and a little, that then the people will feel sorry for me. And every day she come to my mommy she say she's turning out her house [spring-cleaning the house]. But when you go there, her house, it looks like a doghouse. You come to her house, the clothes is laying there, there is popo, it's her children kimbies [diapers], you go into the house, ooo there's a smell, there is clothes lying there, the bed is not yet made up, the dishes is standing just so high.
- We don't want to talk bad but it is wrong what she is doing. Like last week she wanted to invite you guys into her house. What would you have thought? Every day she comes to my mommy and my mommy talk to her and she says, 'It's wrong what you are doing. To do this to your children, it's wrong what you are doing.' But she don't care, she is still doing it.

This story poured out fast and with full emotion. More than the violence of knifings and gunfights was the everyday violence of alcohol-abuse described as neglect, manipulation and selfishness. The immorality they charged one of the residents as having, caused their faces to twist in disgust as this type of violence had no place for justifications. The neglect of children for selfish, drunken pursuits was for them the worst harm that one person could do. Their parents were brought into the story as the bearers of what was right and what was wrong. Their giving ways provided the relief in empathy that the children were not willing to extend. This idea of giving and gifting took on similar bearings to the 'forms and functions' that Marcel Mauss (1954) speaks about. Mauss talks about a specific type of bond that takes place between the giver and the receiver. This bond created is

essentially not about the 'thing' in transference, but more about a personal bond. The gift given is an extension of the person and hence, "to give something is to give a part of oneself" (Mauss, 1954:10). It follows too, (when Aalif says "It's not a good idea to have [this ideal] because, if we give them, when we need something they don't have something for us...") that when we receive a gift, or a part of someone's essence (Laelynn says her mother was brought up to be a giver, it is part of who she is, her essence), to not return the essence later, "is dangerous, not only because it is illicit to do so, but also because it comes morally, physically and spiritually from a person [seeking always] some equivalent to take its place" (Ibid.). Aalif found that there was a gap in the circle of giving. When his family was in need, there was never anything for them despite helping other families. For him, giving without this gift being returned was not ideal, not wrong or right, but rather, "not a good idea".

What was striking in this account shared is the translatability of the presence of violence in the everyday, and the durability of people to translate their experiences into the processes of the everyday. This translatability is richly explored in Veena Das's *Life and Words* (2006) where she uses the extreme violence experienced during the Partition of India in 1947 and the massacre of Sikhs in 1984 after the assassination of the then Prime Minister Indira Gandhi, asking and indeed showing how this violence has entered and become part of the ordinary. The violence experienced is not viewed as an interruption of daily life, but rather has been inculcated into the language of the everyday. She shows how the everyday is sometimes a space in which shattering violence occurs, and also a space in which persons that have lived this violence neither resist the people or institutions promulgating violence nor present the trauma associated with witnessing violence. Violence, it is explained, takes on a language of meaning that resonates and has commonplace in and with the everyday.

The nature of violence in Blikkiesdorp is very particular to this site. Its particularity is realised in reflection of its temporality. The varied types of violence present in a community that at the time of research that was only two years old, and characteristically temporary, is key to understanding the difficulties of life on the move. Blikkiesdorp, having been created in 2008 in response to an increase in forced removals and evictions around the Western Cape, is what Auntie Martha has called 'cursed'. Despite its newness and its temporary nature, there are women struggling with alcohol addiction who are subject to physical abuse, there are

toddlers tottering around neglected and hungry, game-shops where molestations and teenage prostitution occurs daily, 'whore-houses' that provide women with an income to feed families, and a tightly held drug economy in operation. The uncertainty of whether housing will be provided and the ambiguity of how long people will remain in Blikkiesdorp produces a world of explicit violence and unsafeness. The children clearly mapped out these sites, indicating for them what they perceived as 'not right' in Blikkiesdorp. The temporariness and the desperation for survival in a temporality that has lasted 13 years has somehow opened spaces that produce pockets of intense violence.

In a chapter written by Anthony Mehlwana in Glanz and Spiegel's book (1996), it is shown that the consequences of continued forced removals impact enormously on the production of violence. He says, "Individuals' lives and family relationships are shattered and people's every efforts to construct a sense of domestic continuity and stability are disrupted through their being forced into repeated residential moves" (Ibid.:4). Here we can see that the constant movement of families into different spaces orchestrates the frequency and volume of violence in a particular community. Mehlwana goes on to say, "Chances for stability and permanence to root [oneself], even as ideals to be striven towards, are constantly eroded. Given such circumstances, and despite the resilience – even innovativeness – of some individuals, we must ask whether it is possible to (re)create and sustain a culture of stable and caring family life so that young and old alike can be nurtured to become mature responsible citizens. Or do experienced precedents of violence and disruption merely reproduce themselves as cultural norms?" (Ibid.). What Mehlwana suggests is that arguably, where one finds communities of people who have been internally displaced for generations, the argument stands that violence in its full assault will be experienced and (re)produced – such is the case in Blikkiesdorp.

Furthermore, in Glanz and Speigel's book (1996), writing on the political, social and spatial determinants of violence in Phola Park, Gauteng, McKendrick and Senomad explain that, in sites of violence, children's sense of security and safety was offset by displacement, and that the looming possibility of always being harmed was a feature of the everyday. This imminent violence thus affected their psycho-social well-being (Ibid.:23). The children's interaction with violence that I have observed resonates with similar findings in Phola Park: "Children were born and reared, and have matured, married and died in violent situations. Some

children have become so immune to violent actions that they see violence as both an acceptable way of expression, and as a way of channeling their emotions" (Ibid.:38). The violence Glanz and Spiegel describe is a particular type that has permeated South Africa's "social and cultural life" (Ibid.:1), sourcing its roots in both colonial and apartheid legislature and practice. The diversity of the root causes makes violence in contemporary South African communities a quagmire of residual and historic trauma. What is apparent is that the relationship between lived violence in the everyday is extremely complex and simultaneously unsettling for families in terms of intradomestic (familial violence) and extradomestic (wider, public violence) relations. What is posited in the collection of research presented in Glanz and Spiegel's work is the interwoven relationship between private and public worlds; where intradomestic violence is described as 'the cradle of violence' (Ibid.:3). Contrary to this argument, the descriptions of violence provided by the children, is located in the field outside the home – the extradomestic field. Rather, for them, the family home was the 'safest' place to be.

Mapping out the violence in relation to space

More than the violent stories they shared candidly, the unbroken reality of experienced violence is also housed in carefully navigated spaces of safety and danger. The stories that they tell, their interactions with one another and their language reflect a lived knowledge of violence. In exploring how the children configured violence in relation to space, they created maps of Blikkiesdorp, indicating the areas that for them were violent and hence unsafe. They showed where the safe and unsafe places are in their area, carefully recording the geography of their movements and how they spatially make sense of violence in their environment. Through this map-making exercise, I sought to understand how children configured their surrounding space. In their explanations of what they had drawn on the map, they revealed a carefully constructed picture that indicated how they mapped out social interactions amongst one another and, by extension, amongst racial, political and economic groupings. Additional to the map-making project, they were also given disposable cameras with which to make visual commentary of their lives. Looking at how they framed and described each of the pictures allowed me to fill in the maps they had created about their neighbourhood. The pictures taken were of family and friends, and this reflects the immediate and influential role familial and convivial relationships play in their

lives. None of the children took landscape photographs; all took pictures of their families and friends, reflecting that for them these relationships are most important to them because it is where they feel most safe. Everything that operated outside the home was subject to the unfettered occurrence of extreme forms of violence.

I use Pierre Bourdieu's concept of "habitus" as an entry point to explore these ideas of space and identity as expressed by the children. In Jean Hillier and Emma Rooksby's edited collection of works on space, place and identity (2005), Bourdieu asks, "Could we use this concept to understand and explain situations of rapid change and to account for social transformation and for the tremendous changes we observe in contemporary societies, including at the level of daily life?" (Bourdieu in Hillier & Rooksby, 2005:43). Presumably yes, if habitus is used to describe a sense of one's place where place becomes a changeable, fluid site to which we ascribe meanings and adjoin contextual explanations for the existence and non-existence of one's place. In this way habitus, used as a concept to understand spaces of temporality, requires a reflection on space as purely constructed, carefully impregnated with meaning and deceptively able to shape-shift into new territories. It is a concept, as explained by Bourdieu, "very similar to what was traditionally called character, but with a very important difference: the habitus, as the Latin indicates, is something *non natural*, a set of *acquired* characteristics which are the product of social conditions and which, for that reason, may be totally or partially common to people who have been the product of similar social conditions" (Ibid.:45). In this way, it is constructed.

The construction of space is important in that it brings to light the process of infusing habit into spaces, thus transforming them into geographies of meaning. Michel de Certeau, in his development of a theory of territories of individualised translations through ritual and meaning-making, shares how spaces are places awakened through habit and narrative. Moving and speaking through space becomes essential in creating an understanding of how people make sense of place (De Certeau, 1984). This idea of constant motion is essential in understanding Bourdieu's concept of habitus. Habitus should not be considered as separate and complete in its explanation of place, space and identity. Habitus, used here, marks the field within which children living in temporary camps figure meaning. In Blikkiesdorp, the children's descriptions of violence in relation to safe and unsafe places mapped out their habitus or field of meaning. Their learned experience of what, who and where was safe within Blikkiesdorp – their habitus –was visibly

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described in the map-making exercise. Not only did they reflect a raw familiarity with abuse and violence, their accompanying stories as discussed previously produced what Bourdieu concisely explains as the “schemata...of perception, conception and action” (Bourdieu in Hillier & Rooksby, 2005:43).

The children’s spatial movement, and how they ‘walked’ through their space (De Certeau, 1984), is carefully articulated between what they perceive as violent and what they understand as safe. Their habitus is informed by the prevalence and nature of violence and, in this mapping exercise, they showed carefully plotted pathways of safety that took them from their houses, to the shops, to their friends’ houses, to the soccer field and back home. Their daily routine of movement avoided the unsafe places like the game shop and ‘whore house’ where they ‘never walk alone’.

Laelynn

My safe place for me in my neighbourhood is my house because it is safe and my parents are there to watch over me and my friends. My other safe place is my friend Sameerah’s house, Fousiah’s house and my aunt’s house which is next to mine. The unsafe place is the shebeen, the game shop, the whore-house and the park because there is children getting hurt and so on in these places. My favourite place is the soccer field because I like watching the children playing soccer there. I never go to places that are unsafe.

Figure 2.2 Aalif’s map

One of the areas the children talked about as being unsafe is the park area that is visible on entering the large barren football-pitch located in the centre of Blikkiesdorp. Aalif, as shown in the above picture, also indicates the park as an

unsafe place. In fact, in each of the maps drawn by the children, the play park was demarcated as an unsafe place to be in. In early 2011 workers were seen putting up a seesaw, slide and some swings. The poles were brightly coloured and even before it was finished a large crowd of children had begun clambering over the incomplete structures. The play area had been constructed over the hard, gritty sand, creating a space for future broken bones, scratches, bruises, aches and pains. Furthermore, this area was also where the huge industrial bin was kept. The community regularly deposited and burned their waste here.

Figure 2.3 The public bin set alight in the play-park

No attempt was made to remove the bin and it ominously figured as part of the play area. On some days, the contents in the bin were lit, turning child's play into a game of Russian roulette.

The high turn-out of children diminished over the weeks, and within two weeks of being built, the entire playground had been stripped of its chains and rubber. I began asking the community what their thoughts were on the latest addition to Blikkiesdorp. Everyone that I spoke to said that it was in bad taste. Aunty Martha said that it was a "danger for the kids". She went on to say that there was already a lot of diarrhoea and stomach illnesses and that putting the play area so close to the bin was terrible and meant more visits to the hospital. In her opinion, instead of constructing a play area, they ought to have put down a bit of lawn for the kids to play on. Others had similar thoughts about the location and all had no idea who was behind its construction.

In Faizah's map, she includes larger social institutions (hospital, police-officers and school) in her map. The 'ticks' indicate the safe places and the cross indicates the unsafe place. She says, "The bush is not a safe place, because a lot of bad

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things is happening to children there.” For her, her house, the hospital, the police station, and her school are the safe places. Movement around Blikkiesdorp was similar to the other children in that she walked along ‘safe places’ to get to her friends’ houses. She did not indicate her friends’ houses as safe places because her particular narrative of friendship and conviviality differs starkly to that of the other children. Her exclusion of this space as safe tells yet another underlying story of her individual experience of living in Blikkiesdorp – her habitus of reference. It shows that for her, the friendships she keeps are, at best, networks she employs to get by from day to day, yet the level of trust and safety sought in convivial interactions is not apparent to her.

Figure 2.4 Faizah's map

Belonging somewhere safe

Faizah's experience of being a Somali refugee in Blikkiesdorp is undeniably part of her habitus and describes a differing set of schemata along which that habitus is constructed. On many occasions, we had discussions about 'othering,' difference and belonging. In one story related to me the children said "These children here now said that Faizah is Somalian and she doesn't belong here. And they say she is

a bushman. It's not right because they treat her like as if she doesn't belong here. These girls here is very rude." I asked Faizah how she felt about it and she shook her head and smiled. Aalif then said:

If it was me, I'll *sommer* [just] kill them. If someone makes me cross, I will kill them. Faizah is sitting there like nothing is happening, but inside she can feel it. It's not right. Sometimes, Faizah says she is ok but we can see in her face...but she is always laughing and always smiling. When somebody talk rude...it's not right.

For Faizah, not to 'belong' somewhere created a sense of uprootedness, a sense of being deterritorialised (Leach in Hillier & Rooksby, 2005:302). She was in essence an involuntary nomad of the post-modern description, at odds with the structures that she sought to gain territory within (Fox, 1999). Faizah would often pull me aside to tell me how she was soon going to go to America. The idea that some other land existed where she would belong remained with her, a talisman of her habitus where the daily experience of xenophobia, racism and violence were ever-present.

Similarly, Thomas, a young refugee from the Democratic Republic of Congo (DRC) who was 16-years-old at the time of our meeting in Bluewaters Refugee Camp, explains further the idea of the violence born out of difference and not belonging in South Africa. He now lives in Blikkiesdorp where he too longs for flight out of violence and into a place of safety. I met him the day before the mass eviction in Bluewaters happened. We were talking about the events that would follow, and he was remarking how for him life was getting worse and worse. I asked him why, and he replied that tomorrow everyone was being evicted to Delft. He said, "I don't like it but I don't have a choice..." Our conversation continued:

Efua	If the choice were up to you where would you go?
Thomas	Out of South Africa.
Efua	Where would you go out of South Africa?
Thomas	Anywhere that I feel like....
Efua	Where is anywhere?
Thomas	Anywhere that I find that is safe. A safe place. When I came into South Africa, I thought it was much safer [compared to the Democratic Republic of Congo], but it's not safe...
Efua	Why do you not feel safe here?

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- Thomas Almost I lost my life twice...
- Efua What do you mean?
- Thomas My own friends tried to take my life.
- Efua Your own friends? Can you tell me what happened?
- Thomas I thought it was a joke. The first time it was like this boys just came at school, [saying] 'hi kwere' [a derogatory term used to describe a 'black foreigner']. I was quiet myself. I was keeping myself quiet because something wasn't right. I was scared. They took a knife out, put it to my throat and asked me for money. I told them that I had none but they wouldn't believe me. So we fought. We were fighting hard and I did get away but unfortunately, they cut me in my arm. [He pulls back his jacket sleeve to reveal a deep scar where the knife penetrated.]
- Efua That happened in school?
- Thomas Yah....I was scared to go even to the teacher. In my mind, I thought if I report them [the teachers are] going to take him, they going to hit him, and then after that he is going to come back and kill me. So, I leave it.

Having since moved to Blikkiesdorp, Thomas has experienced further discrimination, violence and xenophobia. He does not feel like he belongs in South Africa. His and Faizah's story were not uncommon narrations I heard from children from other countries in Africa. Their reflections in this chapter serve to highlight the variability of lived violence that children experience and that for each child, their attending fields of identity throw into stark relief the violent motifs of life lived on the move.

In summary

I have used the expression 'internally displaced people' to describe the millions of inhabitants of South Africa that remain waiting for the long-promised government-subsidised housing. Although the category of IDPs has yet to find solid footing in global state legislature, I have found it useful in examining the realities of past and current, frequent forced removals in South Africa. Furthermore, children housed in TRAs include refugees, asylum seekers and black African foreigners. These dislocated trekkers navigate through a coarse terrain that is often replete with violence and instability. None know how long Blikkiesdorp will be around.

In an informal conversation I had with a friend who works closely with the Anti-Eviction Campaign, I was told that the city council had rented the section of land that Blikkiesdorp was built on. He told me that this lease would expire in 2014. It is 2021, and Blikkiesdorp still remains. Anti-Eviction Campaign leader Ashraf Cassiem says, "We don't know of any legal process, but from the start we rejected a temporary residential area. In [such] areas parents can't raise their children. [These areas] are unhealthy, unsafe and undignified. We are not of the impression that if people move to temporary residential areas they will get homes soon. At the Tsunami temporary residential area, people have been there for seven years and at Happy Valley, for 12 years. They were supposed to be temporary places, but seven and 12 years are in no way temporary" (Hartley, 2008).

The stories shared in this chapter reflect the repercussion of apartheid's divisive laws. Both adults and children revealed the challenges of surviving in spaces of violence and temporariness. For those children whose careful negotiations of safety extended further, touching on issues of difference and xenophobia, it is clear that expressions of displacement and a sense of not fitting in somewhere often accompany each other. For them, it becomes increasingly challenging to fit into garments of belonging and acceptance in realities that are subject to frequent forced mobility, where the social fabric has snagged. What remains is the uncertainty of what lies ahead and the certainty that movement is imminent. The habitus or "system of dispositions" (Bourdieu in Hillier & Rooksby, 2005:43) within which the children carefully mapped how to walk their surroundings, located their keen awareness of where violence was and also how they assigned a clear moral order of the type of violence present in temporary relocation camps. More movement becomes either a blessing or a sombre boon, where "the legacy of ... violence remains. The scars are deep and etched into the gutted and destroyed landscapes left by the apartheid state" (Scheper-Hughes, 1998:118) and so, in every move that is made, they take with them their albatross of lived violence, a reminder of what came before them and indeed what lies ahead.

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