




THE WISER TRANSCRIPTS

Compiled by Tinashe Mushakavanhu



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*In this batch of transcripts WISER scholars and fellows share research inspired by images, photographic, historical, fictional and almost illusory.

INTRODUCING THE WISER TRANSCRIPTS

In 2020, WiSER launched The WiSER Podcast, with great success. The series profiled the work of academics, writers and artists based at the Institute in engaging, nuanced and highly listenable ways. Born of the historic nature of the Covid-19 pandemic, The WiSER Podcast took the work of the seminar room and gave it a more fully public life. It reached listeners across the African continent and in numerous parts of the world. By the end of the year we had reached more than 10 000 people—how many seminars would that have taken!

As a result of the reception of The WiSER Podcast last year, we have decided to release a series called *The WiSER Transcripts* which makes the released podcasts available in text, for ease of reference and citation. Each several weeks, we will release a batch of 4-5 transcripts. These will arrive alongside our new series of The WiSER Podcast for 2021, which will be a thematic series based on WiSER's work and its collaborative networks and institutions across many contexts.

Thank you to everyone and enormous thanks too to all at WiSER who have contributed to The WiSER Podcast and made it such a pleasure to produce, so precious an archive and so good to listen to. Enjoy reading these short, sharp, incisive and cutting edge texts drawn from lively, committed, critical thinkers in Southern Humanities research.

Professor Sarah Nuttall, Director, WiSER



**TWO PHOTOGRAPHS ABOUT DEATH
A WORKING METHODOLOGY
TERRY KURGAN**

TWO PHOTOGRAPHS ABOUT DEATH: A WORKING METHODOLOGY¹

TERRY KURGAN

I've just begun working on a new book project that will largely, but not entirely, circulate around a collection of my father's 1948 Arab/Israeli war photographs that were taken by him.

I tend to work—across media—in a largely process-orientated way. And here too, I don't have my project's structure clearly mapped out ahead of time. I have broad themes, but I don't have a plot or a sense of the book's form. Working in this way means that I begin with a starting point and a more-or-less sense of direction, but I'm working from an uncomfortable place of self-doubt and uncertainty, hoping to find coherence and an understanding of what I am working about and towards as I go along.

I think it's a little bit like the process of psychoanalysis and trying to find a way through to the subconscious. You can only get there by talking about what is directly in front of you. And at a certain point, allowing the work itself to make or to reveal its subject. I don't find this working methodology easy, and I often wish I worked in a different and more certain way, with mind-maps and diagrams and notes; a much more soothing form of planning.

I love to read writers on the work of writing, and in "Why I Write", an essay by Joan Didion first published in 1976, she says:

Had I been blessed with even limited access to my own mind, there would have been no reason to write. I write entirely to find out what I'm thinking, what I'm looking at, what I see and what it means.

This resonates and beautifully sums up my own approach to my new book project. To give you an idea, let me start—as I do—by skirting around the periphery. I have a sense that to begin with I have to start with my father, and a short and incomplete piece I wrote some years ago when I first began to think about working with these photographs. It's provisionally—and probably much too dramatically—titled Blood.

My father was sixty-five years old when his heart exploded in the air between Amsterdam and Nairobi. He was on his way from a disintegrating life in Los Angeles—where his business was failing and my mother had just divorced him—to visit me in Cape Town; a city he had left some ten years prior but that he still longed for and considered to be his true home. I found him eighteen hours later in the Intensive Care Unit of The Nairobi Hospital, looking ash-grey, reduced, wired up, and humiliated by all of this and the fact that he had just lost control of his bowels.

(1) This was broadcast as Episode 2, Season 2 on 3 September 2020. Kurgan discusses two photographs, each found in her father's possession, and both taken on the edge of graves, one in Ein al-Beida, Palestine and the other in a forest just outside the town of Panevėžys in Lithuania. She considers the two photographs as entry points to a new book she has just begun that will traverse perhaps the darkest period of mid-twentieth century European and Middle Eastern History.

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Averting any sort of emotional expression on my part, he ordered me straight back out onto the street to buy him a pair of clean underpants while the poker-faced nurse drew the curtains around his bed and then directed me to the closest men's clothing store. The task felt awkward. I mulled over the range of styles, fabric and colour combinations. And I bought him a packet of three black, one hundred percent cotton Y-fronts. Size Large.

He's all cleaned up and calmer now, and I sit at the window alongside the bed holding his hand as the unfamiliar Nairobi sky grows thick and pink with dusk. The blue lights of his monitor flutter and beep. He looks very tired.

"What happened, Dad?" I ask him.

He answers me in a small voice.

"All I remember is that I was sitting on the plane, drinking a double whiskey and the young woman next to me was emptying the contents of her handbag onto the pullout tray-table in front of her. She sorted her makeup, her wallet, her documents and then her medication. I remember wondering why there were so many pills. Four separate piles. It was all very neat. I was writing in my notebook and I worried that she would bump her table and all of these things would fly off and roll under the seats, and that I might have to help her. I noticed that I had broken into a cold sweat and then the most unbearable pain knocked me out."

The cardiologist walked in just then, and after examining him and checking his charts, told me how narrow the margin had been. This was the third heart attack that my father had survived.

I kissed him goodnight, missing him in a visceral sort of way even as he held me close. I waved goodbye as I turned left into the long corridor from the end of the ward, but his blanket was drawn up to cover his mouth and his eyes were already tightly closed.

Upon the advice of a doctor on board, he'd been emergency landed—the airplane had not been scheduled to stop in Nairobi—and the next morning I went to retrieve his luggage from the office at the airport where in the rush and urgency it had been offloaded and stored. His carryon bag—which if my father had packed it would have been very ordered and tidy—must have been scrambled back together in haste by an airline attendant. I found the covered notebook he'd been writing in, bent back upon itself and wedged in-between his unzipped travel wallet, his cosmetics bag, and a sad change of clothes.

I opened it to find—tucked into the cover sleeve—his boarding pass, a photograph of himself and my mother in the first year of their marriage, and an open envelope addressed to Migdal Teperson, an old friend in Israel. Within that envelope was another smaller envelope labeled: 'H. Kurgan: My War. Notes and Photographs'.

Later that day I asked my father about these envelopes. He said that he'd been asked to contribute towards a book that was being compiled by some of his former comrades documenting the story of South African Volunteers in the 1948 war. He urged me to examine the contents.

There was a short cover note.

Dear Henry,

I'm not much of a writer but here are some of my notes and recollections. I must apologize for my sketchy account of certain things but 40 years is a long time and my memory needs some props. I've enclosed some of my own photographs. You'll recognize everybody in them and are welcome to use them in the book.

Warmest Regards,

Hyman Kurgan.

My father's phlegmatic account, in his uniform and tidy cursive handwriting, covered ten sheets of faint-ruled writing paper. And, amongst the handful of photographs—largely group shots of men in Israeli Defence Force uniform performing their camaraderie and affiliation in front of his camera, I found this one: Seven men in two rows. In the back row four men are standing and in the front row three men are crouching on their haunches. It looks hot and dry and they're in a field or the desert. Each of them is holding a pick or a shovel. But, at odds with everything else about this photograph and its affect, the soldier at the front centre of the photograph is rather shockingly holding up, trophy-like, a human skull.

I'll come back to this.

In May 2016, my father died in the Intensive Care Unit of St. John's Hospital in Los Angeles. He was ninety-three years old, and had been anticipating and preparing for his own sudden death—and doing everything in his power to ward it off—for more than half the years of his long life. He was terrified. He often recounted the deals he made every five years with a God I'm certain he did not believe in, and he specialised in what he called cemetery humour, the most terrible jokes about death and dying.

At the age of twenty-three, he was one of 800 soldiers in a unit of largely Jewish South Africans who volunteered to fight in the 1948 Arab/Israeli war, which many Jews and Israelis call 'The War of Independence' and which Palestinians describe as 'The Nakba.' In Arabic, the words Al Nakba mean The Catastrophe.

Many of the men and women in his group, like himself, had come to South Africa from Eastern Europe as young children, fleeing the pogroms and racism of the inter-war years.

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By 1945 they'd discovered that their families in Europe had been murdered, and the extent to which their past homes and former communities had been destroyed. While my father's recounting of the impetus to volunteer, and his experiences during the 1948 to 1949 year, reveals it to have been one of the most meaningful and fulfilling years of his life, it is for me, one of the enigmas of my father's personal history. It just doesn't make sense in terms of the values and morality that governed the rest of his life. But this is not something he would—even remotely—have agreed with me about.

His brave act, offering to risk his own young life to create a safe place that might protect Jewish people, meant that he became an agent of violence and destruction against another people, who for decades now have been engaged in a resistance of their own. I think for him, and many of his cohort in this volunteer army, the war against the Arabs was an extension of the war against the Nazis. Many of his fellow soldiers were concentration camp survivors and had made their way to Palestine via various DP camps in Europe. They were filled to the brink with post-extermiation existential anxiety, and like so many others then, and still today, would never acknowledge the forced migration of Arabs from Palestine, but only the miracle of the foundation of the State of Israel.

My father, who had very little interest in objects or photographs with their roots in the past was nonetheless immensely attached to a maroon leather album that contained about 150 small black-and-white photographs documenting the war and that year in his life. They were neatly attached to the page with photo-corners, and luckily for me, each photograph is briefly captioned on the back.

I want to look at, research and write about these photographs, and others that I found amongst his personal effects when I packed up his home office after his death. I want to reel backwards through time, and through the darkest period of mid-twentieth century European and Middle Eastern History, using my father's war and family photographs as both portal and evidence. When I think about the work ahead, I know that on the one hand it will involve trying to understand the entangled histories, trauma and injuries resulting from the catastrophic impact of both the Holocaust and the Nakba. On the other, it will involve trying to come to terms with a complicated and enigmatic man, and the tension between the machinations of history, which is beyond one's control, and an individual's moral choice.

But for now I need to find a starting point.

I'm both attracted to and repelled by beginning in what is probably the most difficult and controversial place; by looking at and thinking about two historically intimate but very different photographs. They're inextricably linked by more than the acts of violence that they signify.

Of significance to begin with is that they were both shot in 1948.

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The first photograph is of a group of about fourteen adults and two young children gathered at the site of a lime-covered, partially opened mass grave in the Pajouste Forest, about eight kilometres east of the city of Panevezh in Lithuania. This is the city where my father was born in 1924, and where generations of his extended family had lived until Saturday the twenty-third of August 1941. On that day the Germans and their Lithuanian collaborators killed 8,837 people, 99% of whom were Jews, comprising a third of Panevezh's population. The group of people assembled there represents the small number of survivors and they appear to be in the process of arranging themselves for a group photograph because not all of them are yet looking directly at the photographer. They are largely very solemn, and some of them are staring into the gaping hole that has been dug into the raw earth in front of them. The photograph might be seen to be about the witnessing of death and genocide, but it also engages, it seems to me, with ideas about mortality and what it is to be alive. According to my father's sister, the man on the right with his hands visible at his sides is their only surviving relative, and it was him who sent this photograph to my grandparents in Cape Town. As someone born after this event, I am haunted by this photograph and its implications. But also, what I can see in this photograph is relatively little in relation to everything that I know about it.

Which is by contrast with photograph number two, the photograph I first came across in my father's bag in Nairobi, where everything I see is much more than I know. To my enormous regret, we never discussed it at the time; there was too much else to consider, and my father's fragile state of health. The photograph is almost all the evidence that I have to go on.

Looking at it again now: A hollowed head, more than any other bodily remnant, symbolizes death's totality but there is nothing else about this photograph that makes me think that this group of men are contemplating life's transience or their own mortality. The group holding the skull, is shaped by a very particular institutional gaze, that of the army. The pose is contrived and theatrical and its fascination resides, in large part, in its mystery and inscrutability, in all that is concealed by all that it reveals.

The photographer is my father so he too has something to do with their gaze. The photo is captioned *Ein Al Beida*, but nothing more than that. Google tells me that Ein Al Beida is still today a Palestinian village, in the Tubas Governate in the northeastern West Bank. It has a 2020 population of 1050 people.

Bones and human remains, just like photographs are indexical; physical objects that point towards life that was. They are about life and death and presence and absence. I need to give more thought to that relationship and to the fact that these images remind me of the reemergence of racism and fascism in the world.

I think the problem of attempting to read these two photographs in relation to each other is emblematic of the difficult questions my book project will explore as a whole. Juxtaposing them like this is risky.

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I'm aware from the outset that I am entering into a minefield; territory that is fraught and complex, and contains positions about the Middle East conflict to which or in which there is barely any scope for dialogue or representation. But, I am coming to this as a visual artist, and my objectives are also quite personal. I want to try and unravel something about that time in the world, and something about this man, my father. I also want to understand something about the thorny relationship between The Holocaust and The Nakba, which are incomparable events that collide in one place and are the foundational traumatic pasts in the national narrative of Israeli Jews and Palestinian Arabs.

Human remains and photographs ask for interpreters. Stories must be told about them, and that's the place where I would like to come in.

Terry Kurgan is a visual artist and writer based in Johannesburg. Her recent publication, *Everyone is Present*, written while she was a Writing Fellow and Artist in Residence at WiSER, and won South Africa's premier literary prize, the 2019 Sunday Times Alan Paton Award. It was also shortlisted for the 2019 Photo Arles Book Prize, and selected as a Finalist for the 2019 New York based National Jewish Book Awards. Terry is currently a Research Associate at WiSER, working on a new book project, and co-director of the independent publishing project, Fourthwall Books. www.terrykurgan.com



**FRONTIER DANDIES IN
COLONIAL SOUTH AFRICA
HLONIPHA MOKOENA**

FRONTIER DANDIES IN COLONIAL SOUTH AFRICA² HLONIPHA MOKOENA

For a picture of the average Zulu Policeman at Johannesburg, I would depict this: A creature giant-like and large as to proportions, ferocious and forbidding of aspect, most callously brutal of action and irredeemably ignorant. The knowledge that it is but necessary to call attention of the higher police officials to this matter to obtain remedy induces me to devote a short chapter to this subject in the sincere belief and hope that it will not be in vain.

These are the words of Sol Plaatje, one of the leading lights of the literati of the 19th Century, published in 1911 in the newspaper, Pretoria News. His chagrin at the ineptitude of the Zulu policemen to deal with gang violence was not the first nor the last instance in which a member of the African elite objected to the presence of Zulu policemen in urban areas. Plaatje's words were the initial starting point of my project since I wanted to explore and understand this obvious antipathy between the African elite and African policemen. Soon enough I discovered that this would be a singularly one-sided research project since the African elite were voluble, literate and had access to newspapers in which to publish their opinions. The African policemen on the other hand, were mostly silent, illiterate and more often than not, anonymous. Based on a hunch and a handful of black and white images, I went in search of the visual archives of African policemen to supplement what I viewed as a skewed historical record that amplified the complaints of the elite while ignoring the lives and opinions of African policemen.

The first disappointment was my discovery that the military and the police didn't in fact have an already existing archive of African men in service. The 'Zulu Policeman', I soon found out, was a genre that was created mostly by photographers, not by the military or the police. Secondly, I discovered the contours of what I am calling 'intimate colonialism' since many of the images of African policemen that I was finding and continued to find were in the albums of white families, rather than in the records of the military and the police. This sense of the Zulu policeman as a *carte de visite* who could be inserted into the intimate space of a family album opened a whole vein of sentiment and valorisation which I had not expected. Military officers, colonial officials, magistrates and the occasional housewife could be found giving vivid and animated accounts of what African men inside and outside the military and the police wore in the place of a 'uniform'. This podcast is about this alternative textural archive of African men in military and police dress. However, I should also add that many of these descriptions contain the racial pejoratives that were used at the time to refer to people of colour and the sensitive listener may be offended by these terms.

The first photograph is of a group of about fourteen adults and two young children gathered at the site of a lime-covered, partially opened mass grave in the Pajouste Forest, about eight kilometres east of the city of Panevezh in Lithuania. This is the city where my father was born in 1924, and where generations of his extended family had lived until Saturday the twenty-third of August 1941. On that day the Germans and their Lithuanian collaborators killed 8,837 people, 99% of whom were Jews, comprising a third of Panevezh's population. The group of people assembled there represents the small number of survivors and they appear to be in the process of arranging themselves for a group photograph because not all of them are yet looking directly at the photographer. They are largely very solemn, and some of them are staring into the gaping hole that has been dug into the raw earth in front of them. The photograph might be seen to be about the witnessing of death and genocide, but it also engages, it seems to me, with ideas about mortality and what it is to be alive. According to my father's sister, the man on the right with his hands visible at his sides is their only surviving relative, and it was him who sent this photograph to my grandparents in Cape Town. As someone born after this event, I am haunted by this photograph and its implications. But also, what I can see in this photograph is relatively little in relation to everything that I know about it.

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First, the line between policing and criminality was always blurred. In the Cape Colony for instance, the work of firemen was at first done by convicted prisoners. From the beginning there was little distinction between fireman, watchman, soldier and policeman. The police and the military have therefore always had a recruitment problem. Secondly, there was always uncertainty about the appropriate name for the men of colour who were performing the duties of war work, surveillance and law enforcement. The fudged categories created by this uncertainty mean that terms such as commando, levy, irregular and agterryer are often masks that hide the racial, ethnic and class foundations of war work in colonial South Africa. I should emphasise that in this podcast I will repeatedly use the term 'war work' since it highlights the careering aspect of colonial warfare while also hinting at the many occupations that often accompany the military expansion and reach of colonial domination.

My third discovery was that as a matter of policy and practice, these fighting men were not granted the same privileges as their white counterparts. From diet to dress, men of colour were regarded as soldiers of fortune, even while they exposed themselves to the same dangers as their white colleagues. I discovered that what separates the 'irregular' from the 'officer' is mainly class status. Officers are salaried, irregulars are not; officers have rank, irregulars do not; officers wear uniforms, irregulars do not. War work was therefore work that was done for bounty, booty and hard cash.

The fourth surprise that awaited me in the archives was that the military and the police were indistinguishable, at least from the perspective of conscripted African men and, many of the duties that they were expected to carry out, were just plain plunder and pillage, masquerading as law enforcement.

The fifth surprise was that the public has never warmed to the idea of policing. At its creation, the corps that became the Mounted Police of Natal couldn't find enough suitable candidates to recruit and the uniform chosen smelled so bad that these men were nicknamed the 'Snuffs'. This public relations problem is one of the reasons why the African elite resented any physical contact with policemen, especially the Zulu ones.

Reconstructing the lives of African soldiers and policemen has been one of the main challenges I have faced in my attempts to interpret the images that they have left behind. One of the useful sources I've relied on, are the memoirs of white officers who seem to have been fascinated by the sartorial choices of their black and brown underlings. The character sketches drawn from these sources point to a bevy of charismatic and colourful personalities whom I have described as 'frontier dandies'.

For this podcast I have chosen to give brief biographies of two such fighting men. Neither of these two was photographed and so the only accounts we have of each come from the officers' memoirs. The first character is introduced by a British officer and mercenary called Stephen Bartlett Lakeman. He wrote,

Johnny Fingo,³ in his haste to shoot these poor devils, whom we had stealthily crept upon (having seen their camp-fire a long way off), forgot to put a cap on his rifle, and as the gun only snapped fire as he pulled the trigger, some three or four feet from the head of one of the disputing marauders, he received in return a lounge from an assegai through his thigh. The rest jumped suddenly up, and an indiscriminate mêlée took place. Poor Dix received a fearful crack on the skull from a knobkerrie (he was never perfectly right afterwards); Johnny Fingo got another stab in the legs, and, what affected him still more, his beautiful 'Westley-Richards' double-barrelled rifle, which he had obtained, Heaven knows how, was irretrievably damaged.⁴

The main reason for Lakeman's admiration of Johnny Fingo is that despite his injuries and despite his witnessing the use of the knobkerrie on his fellow soldiers, his only concern is with his bent rifle. Lakeman stated,

...although badly wounded and unable to stand, [he] was bemoaning his broken rifle as it lay across his knees...he repeatedly asked me as to the possibility of getting the indented barrels of his rifle rebent to their original shape.

Therefore, one can conclude that in his physical prowess in his lamentations over his damaged Westley Richards, Johnny Fingo was an archetype of the characteristics of an African mercenary the British preferred—hardy, indestructible and vaguely mysterious. In another description of Johnny Fingo, Lakeman makes the following statement:

Johnny Fingo once presented himself before me in so calm and dignified a manner that he quite surprised me; and upon my asking him the nature of the business he came upon, he replied that he was the bearer of a communication from Sandilli [sic]. No Roman presenting himself on the part of the senate, bringing an offer of peace or war to a foreign potentate, could have done so with more calm assurance of the mighty import of his mission.

The second fighting man whose compelling warring life is introduced to readers by William Ross King, a British officer who served on the Eastern Cape frontier in the 1850s, is Willem Uithaolder. King wrote,

We could distinctly see through our glasses each part of their dress and accoutrements. Uithaolder wore the braided surtout of a British staff-officer, with the red stripe down trousers, a red morocco and gold sword belt, a cavalry sword, and a straw hat, with black crape around it. His horse was held by an attendant a little in rear, and his Secretary was seen busy writing in a little notebook. They were presently joined by several Totties, wearing the redcoats of the unfortunate Sappers killed on the Koonap Hill.

(3) The OED gives the following definition of Johnny: '...slang. A policeman. Also Johnny Darby, Johnny Hop.' ('Johnny | Johnnie, n.'. OED Online. September 2012. Oxford University Press. <http://www.oed.com/view/Entry/101516?redirectedFrom=Johnny> (accessed November 06, 2012)).

(4) S. B. Lakeman, *What I Saw in Kaffir-land* (Edinburgh; London: W. Blackwood and Sons, 1880), 74.

The main difference between Johnny Fingo and Willem Uithaalder is that while the first could be identified as a 'Fingo', the latter was a creole fighting man whose ambitions to create a 'nation' would define his career as a charismatic and mercurial leader. Secondly, Uithaalder had some experience as an ally of the British and his prominence in the politics of Khoi nationalism reached its climax during the fifth 'frontier war' of 1850–1853 when Khoi riflemen and fighters were called upon to hunt, not just the combatants but their kinfolk. Also, unlike Johnny Fingo, Uithaalder was clearly identifiable as a product of Christian conversion and the mission station. His story is that of many Khoi and creole men who found themselves landless despite either being the scions of landed men or being granted land by British and then losing it.

This deepened communal, agrarian anxieties and led to untenable animosity that divided the Xhosa against the Mfengu, the Khoi-khoi against the Xhosa and Mfengu, and each group against its own. These cross-cutting lines of bad blood profited the British and made it possible for them to unscrupulously wage war, confiscate cattle and reward their allies. As a frontier dandy, Willem Uithaalder's life brings into intensely sharp focus the extent and tragedy of the confluence of multiple religious loyalties, and how they shaped, not just the private lives of converts but the public image which they attempted to control in part through dress and self-curation.

Not far behind the idea of self-making and the public performance of selfhood was the notion of 'manliness' which Uithaalder explicitly expressed in a letter written to the Griqua leader, Adam Kok. To Kok, he addressed the following words:

Beloved, rise manfully and unanimously as a nation and children of one house to engage yourself in this important work, a work which concerns your mother country for not a single person of colour, wherever he may be, will escape this law.

This appeal to nationhood mingled with ideas of manliness to produce the ideological justification that Uithaalder needed to create a charismatic persona which also involved grandiose rituals of power and authority—Uithaalder is reported to have had his dinner served by servants wearing white gloves and he used an amanuensis who recorded his words in the codified laws that governed his followers. In the eyes of the settler historian, George McCall Theal, Uithaalder was not only a turncoat, and Theal is at pains to point out that he had begun his career in the Cape Mounted corps:

Among the pensioners from the Cape Mounted Riflemen there was a man named WILLEM UITHAALDER, who was possessed of considerable ability and great ambition...He had no wrongs to avenge, but he had conceived an idea of the formation of an independent Hottentot nation, with himself as its head. Such a result could only be attained by rebellion and alliance with the Kaffirs. This man was chosen as their leader by the rebel Hottentots, and round him soon rallied over a thousand of those people, all of whom were accustomed to the use of firearms.

Although I have more sources on Uithaalder than on Johnny Fingo, both men represent the three or so themes of this podcast. Firstly, both men represent the argument that war work was a career, and that black and brown men were recruited to fight as soldiers of fortune. Secondly, in the place of a uniform, these men curated their own images using the decommissioned uniforms and weapons that drifted to South Africa from other parts of the world. Thirdly, that for creole men like Uithaalder, religion, especially a militant version of Christian theology, inspired not just their lives as mercenaries, but also their decision to betray their loyalties to the British.

As contemporary debates on policing and police brutality take centre stage, it is important to remember the first point made in this podcast, namely that the line between policing and criminality has always been blurred. In the case of South Africa two contemporary examples will suffice to reinforce the point: André Stander was the son of a policeman and he himself became a policeman. Between 1977 and 1980, Stander became a bank robber and gang leader. His criminal career ended in 1984 when he was shot while on the run in Florida, USA. The second example is Nongoloza Mathebula, who was the founding father of the 19th Century bandits who were known as 'The Regiments of the Hill' (Umkhosi Wezintaba). He organised his criminal gang using military discipline and military ranks. His members also established themselves in prisons and thus were born to South Africa's prison gangs which are still in existence. At some point in his criminal career, Mathebula turned and became a prison warden and was also given the task of crushing the very prison gangs he was responsible for creating.

To conclude, the careers of black and brown men in the police and the military, reveal the contradictory nature of war work. While these men were clearly recruited to kill and plunder, their sartorial choices show that they were often aware of their status and therefore dressed for the jobs that they wanted, rather than the ones that they had. Clothing, therefore, functions as an apt metaphor for the vivid and intriguing personalities that they created out of their fighting careers and the improvised manner in which the military and the police tried to harness their masculinity and swagger.

DECOLONISING VISUALITY⁵

PAMILA GUPTA & DREW THOMPSON

PAMILA GUPTA: Ricardo Rangel offers a photographic version of the beautiful and ugly of Portuguese Mozambique as they sit uneasily side-by-side. Born in 1924, in Lourenco Marques to parents of mixed Greek, African and Chinese descent, he was raised by his grandmother during a generation wherein Portuguese colonial racism was the norm. Rangel soon moved up the coloured ranks to become the nation's leading photojournalist, and his work spanned six decades from 1950 to 2009. He was the first black photographer to be employed by many of Mozambique's major newspapers in Lourenco Marques and Beira, before founding a political weekly magazine called Tempo in 1970 alongside four other photojournalists. Tempo was Mozambique's first magazine to include colour images and the only publication that stood in opposition to the propaganda of the Portuguese colonial state. Rangel contributed some of Mozambique's most iconic images of high colonial society, prostitutes on the streets of Beira, interracial dancing between South African white men and black Mozambican women at dark smoke-filled jazz nightclubs. The first picture is of Samora Machel and his momentous march into then Lourenco Marques to take up the presidency in 1975. Even as many of these images were banned or destroyed by Portuguese censors, it was his photographs in particular that brought the attention of the censor to the image itself as opposed to the text for the first time, according to Luís Bernardo Honwana—writer, close friend and biographer of Rangel.

DREW THOMPSON: Pamila, I was wondering if you could speak about how you were introduced to the life and work of Rangel. Rangel is one of Mozambique's most famous photojournalists and relatively less known outside of the Lusophone world, which is surprising when considering the breadth of his work.

GUPTA: I first came across Rangel's images in Johannesburg, the city where I have lived and worked for the past 15 years at the Afro Nova Gallery, which was then located in Newtown. It was April 2008, and his images were included in an exhibit entitled 'Photographs by Ricardo Rangel and Mauro Pinto.' I remember coming across an image dated December 19th, 1961—the day the Portuguese left India and Goa became integrated into the Indian nation state. And I still remember looking at this image for a long time to try to make sense of it. It's a beautiful photograph with regard to composition, light and depth of field and consists of a group of mostly white Portuguese men in what was then Lourenco Marques, the capital of Portuguese Mozambique. One can see a sea of faces, craned necks and starched shirt collars. I fathomed looks of concern, transmitted through peering eyes and in turn through a number of eyeglasses and sunglasses. The crowd which is clustered around a public plaque card, posted to a glass wall is absorbed in reading the proclamation scribbled in handwritten Portuguese that Goa has been lost and annexed by the recently independent Indian Government.

(5)This was broadcast as Episode 9, Season 1 on 2 July 2020. Gupta and Thompson discuss the visual archive of Ricardo Rangel, photographs that document the last days of Portuguese colonial rule in Mozambique.

As the writing is in reverse for the viewer of the photograph, it seems that the photograph has been taken from the inside of a building. There, it's glass front, perhaps from a preferred seat at a favorite café. Did Rangel happen to be there sipping a cup of coffee when the scene unfolded in front of his eyes? Or did he somehow know to be there at that moment? With this photograph, Rangel managed to capture the weight of the collapse of the Portuguese colonial empire with one click of the shutter. It was this image then that made such an impression on me that day. I knew I wanted to write about and through it, to articulate what I was trying to access ethnographically. I had just started a new project based in Mozambique tracing the larger Lusophone world through migration that connects Goa India to East Africa via the Indian Ocean. I went to Maputo in June of that same year, both to conduct fieldwork with a small Goan fishing community in nearby Catembe, and to meet with Rangel at the very vibrant Centro de Documentação e Formação Fotográfica to talk about him and his life in photography. It was the only conversation I would have with him, and which I still remember so vividly as he passed away the following June of 2009. Drew I know that the same photograph taken by Rangel equally made an impression on you; I wanted to ask you if you could talk through your ways of seeing this particular image.

THOMPSON: Thanks, Pamila. I think we first met actually in Maputo in June or July of 2010, which was also when you introduced me to Rangel's photograph of the announcement of Goa's independence. Rangel stands behind a patron as you mentioned in a glass window in order to show the men outside jockeying to read news of Goa's independence. For me what is interesting here is the ability for Rangel to photograph from inside which speaks to an element of transparency that characterised how populations in Mozambique, were able to view the affairs of other Portuguese colonies, as well as photography's ability to bring a type of transparency, or you might say, clarity to the historical moment. Decades after taking the photograph, Rangel explained how Goa's independence radicalised him to the point where he wanted to pick up a gun and fight against Portugal and, and the photograph makes a profound visual statement. At one level, the image I think reflects the importance of acts of reading and looking to the condition of colonialism and independence in Mozambique. And at another level, the photo literally depicts how processes of colonization in Africa unfolded alongside those of decolonisation. This leads me to my next question, Pamila, I was wondering if you could talk about how you think about city landscapes in Mozambique as archiving and performing histories of colonialism, liberation and socialism?

GUPTA: It's a great question and in answer to that I want to talk about the city of Beira located midway up the coast and central Mozambique about 700 kilometers away from Maputo. I first visited Beira in 2009 and I remember thinking that it's landscape felt so different from the capital city, a place I had come to know having spent longer periods of time there conducting fieldwork with the Goan community. And here in this city, I paused to watch a young Mozambican girl dive into a municipal swimming pool. And that became the start of an essay on colonial infrastructures and their layered repurposings. I became interested in Beira's architecture, specifically what had been built as a tourist dream city in the 1950s and 60s that never realised its aspirations. It was also during the 1960s that Rangel

lived and worked there as a photojournalist for several prominent newspapers. Beira was in some sense, a failed or forgotten city, leftover in the space of decolonization that was now experienced by a different set of inhabitants than the white Portuguese and Rhodesian populations that it had been exclusively built to house and entertain. With this project then I wanted to trace its multiple temporalities not only of colonialism, decolonization and socialism, but also civil war and post-colonial peace, and specifically how these embedded times were performed in sites of leisure: a swimming pool, movie theatre, hotel and a café. I then used a second visit to the city in 2016 as a way to look at the same infrastructural sites over a seven-year period of resilience. I want to think through small and innovative acts of renovation, as one of the ways of reflecting less on colonial ruination, but rather on post war repair. For example, the way a colonial era built Art Deco movie theatre became a thriving community center in 2016. I took lots of photographs as I walked through the cityscape, noticing small details, be it an azulejo tile, fresh coat of paint or polished fixture as a way to see the 'possibility of a city from inside the city' to quote Mozambican architecture José Forjaz. It was from a conversation we had together and his ideas framed very much the way I was trying to see not only Beira but Maputo as well, and the way the latter city archives performs its specific history through its infrastructures, be it at an early 20th Century French Beaux-Arts style train station that now houses a contemporary art gallery named Kulungwana, and which hosted my book launch last year (2019), or the renowned post-independence avenues named in honor of socialist leaders such as Vladimir Lenin, Julius Nyerere and Justina Machel (wife to Samora Machel), just to name a few.

THOMPSON: I think it's important also to point out *Díario de Moçambique*, a leading colonial-era newspaper actually was located in the same building of the cafe where Rangel photographed the image of the announcement of Goa's independence. I recall visiting Café Continental when I conducted research in Maputo. Also the Arquivo Histórico de Moçambique is located on Rua Araújo (the street where Rangel frequented the nightclubs to listen to jazz, socialize with his colleagues and to photograph one of his famous series of the nightlife called "Pão Nosso de Cada Noite" ("Our Nightly Bread"). I mention these spatialities because one is able to literally revisit many of the locations that Rangel photographed, and that were formative to the popularization and widespread use of photography in colonial and post-independence Mozambique. In fact, to this day, Maputo still houses many institutions important to photography, ranging from dark rooms to newsrooms to cinemas that date, to the colonial era. To give another example, the national photography which you mentioned, Pamila, the Centro de Documentação e Formação Fotográfica is in the same location that once housed a colonial-era film laboratory called Focus. It was at Focus that Rangel and another famous Mozambican photographer Kok Nam honed their technical skills before entering the press. Owners of colonial commercial photography studios, like Focus, would abandon Mozambique in advance of Mozambique's official independence in 1975 and the newly empowered political front Frelimo used the nationalisation of private industry in order to acquire control over these centres and the equipment they left behind. And here Pamila, I was wondering if you could give your thoughts on what's the role of photography, in the decolonisation of Mozambique? Another way to think about this is how do you think about photography in relation to the political process of decolonisation in Mozambique?

GUPTA: Thanks, Drew. I want to answer that question by returning to Rangel once again, only instead of honing in on one image that we've discussed in detail, it's a series of photographs taken during the last days of colonialism in then Lourenco Marques. Rangel produced a set of ten images entitled 'Fleeing Settlers', photographs of the crates that Portuguese citizens used to pack up their belongings when they left Mozambique prior to independence. Rangel wandered the near empty residential streets taking photographs of Portuguese soldiers in airport queues with trolleys, showing a port city on the move, of cranes and container ships. One remarkable image once again stands out. It's of a crate with a label consisting of the owner's name underneath which is a handwritten scribble in Portuguese that says, "Do not take anymore you have stolen enough. Thank you." These images perfectly represent the material aspects of dismantling a colonial enterprise, such that they remind us that colonialism itself is a form of possession and decolonisation one of dispossession. These crates filled with the stuff of their owners and ready to depart, stand in for the specter of decolonisation, a process of emptying out of people, ideas, and things. For those no longer in power, it is the escape of the colonialists as Rangel labelled another image included in the series. It shows how the majority of Portuguese people chose to leave at the end of colonialism for the metropole with certain belongings in hand, and which would prove to be markers of a rich past in an unknown future tense. While others less fortunate with regard to race and class were not given the same choice in the aftermath of Portugal's colonial demise. It is the hint of the chaos bubbling underneath the facade of the seemingly orderly fashion of these moments of colonial departure that Rangel captures that stay with me. It is a sort of questioning of the smoothness of decolonisation that the colonial state wants to project that Rangel so beautifully undermines with his attention to detail, upending an imperial gaze in his producing these photographs of departing white elites. In some ways, then this set of photographs points to a way of decolonising the visual as its very subject matter, but also reflects the possibility of conceptualising decolonisation through the visual itself. These images help us to think about the very material aspects alongside the perhaps more opaque, sensory and affective and personalised aspects of decolonisation as a complex political process. I am reminded of a description made by Patricia Hayes of Rangel's photographs, who says "by stretching the picture to include what is uncomfortable, he [Rangel] was stretching the emotions of those who looked". And just to follow along that same line of thinking, I want to pick up on another idea by Patricia Hayes and Rui Assubuji. And I know that you've spent time with both of them at the University of the Western Cape. It is their idea of photographs as history versus of history. In other words, can you say a little bit more about what kinds of history photographs are? Or rather what kind of meanings they have? Or what kind of histories can photographs potentially tell? So in an unrelated manner, can you also say more on your concept of 'filtering history' including the use of photographic materialities and metaphors to think about history and history writing, something that we're both engaged in as scholars of Mozambique.

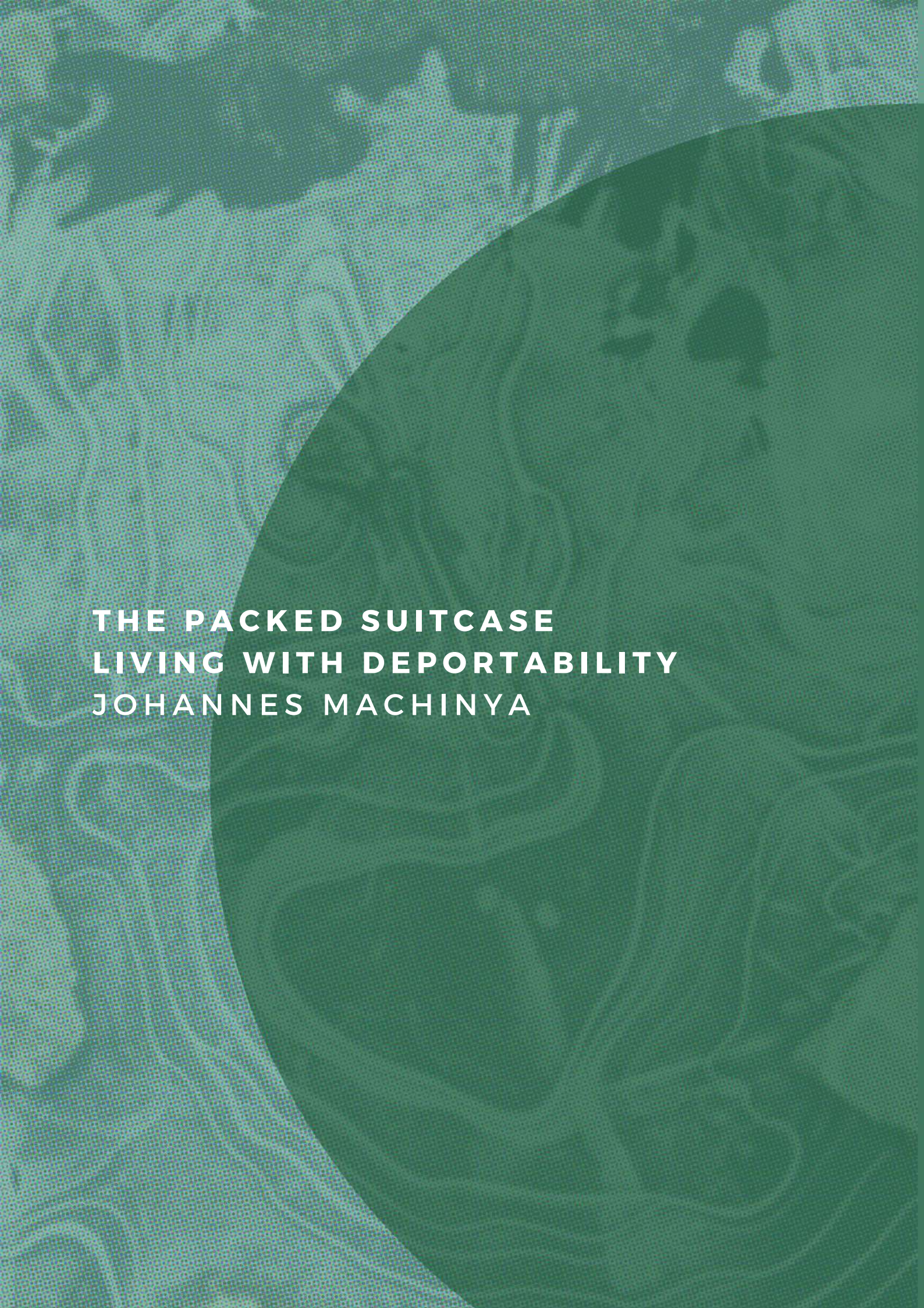
THOMPSON: I think it might be helpful for listeners to use Rangel's photograph of the announcement of Goa's independence to parse through this idea of photographs as history. As diplomatic communicators revealed, the Portuguese authoritarian state had no images of

the struggle that led to the declaration of independence in Goa. A representation of how events ricocheted across the colonies surfaced in Mozambique with Rangel's photograph. Thus, the image speaks to a certain capacity in the colonies and not in the metropole to mobilise and use photography as a mode of representation. Rangel's negatives and exhibition prints archived in his personal collection suggest that in the days after taking the image of people reading news of Goa's independence that Portuguese settlers vehemently protested Goa's independence, and that the colonial state had detained Indian nationals in concentration camps. In December 1961, when Rangel took these images, he worked as a press photographer at the progressive daily newspaper *A Tribuna*, and for reasons that still remain unknown, he elected not to publish any of his images of Goa's independence and its ramifications in Mozambique. Instead, in the late 1980s and early 1990s, as he participated in international exhibitions and produced photobooks, he reprinted these particular images. Part of photography, and in effect the documentation of history are negatives, contact sheets, and exhibition prints. Furthermore, Rangel's decision to revisit his unpublished images associated with Goa's independence suggests that certain images remain in negative form, and that it was only with independence that certain photographs were able to be printed. A concept like filtering then, is meant to complicate this idea of photography as history by thinking about the multiple exposures of decolonisation as well as colonisation while producing new ways to think about how photography informs historical processes and historical memory.

GUPTA: By way of a conclusion to this podcast, I want to return to Maputo, the city where Drew and I first met in 2010, and home to Ricardo Rangel and his rich photography archive. It is the power of his images both in the singular and multiple, that take us on visual journeys through landscapes of decolonisation, connecting slender threads across the Indian Ocean between Goa and Mozambique, of small infrastructural acts of post-colonial renovation and resilience, and finally disquieting moments of colonial departure that reveal relations between people and their things on the eve of independence. It is a way of seeing photographs as central to history-making and understanding. We both thought that a fitting tribute to Ricardo Rangel would be to leave our audience with a sound clip of jazz, since he was not only an enthusiast, but also a proud co-owner of the *Chez Nous Jazz Café* at the Maputo train station, which we both have visited on separate occasions. We could go as far as to say the jazz was a defining aesthetic of his photography.

Pamila Gupta is a Professor of historical anthropology at WISER. Her latest book is *Portuguese Decolonization in the Indian Ocean World: History and Ethnography* (2019).

Drew Thompson is a writer and visual historian who works as Associate Professor in Africana and Historical Studies and Director of Africana Studies at Bard College. He recently authored *Filtering Histories: The Photographic Bureaucracy in Mozambique, 1960 to Recent Times* (2021).



**THE PACKED SUITCASE
LIVING WITH DEPORTABILITY
JOHANNES MACHINYA**

THE PACKED SUITCASE: LIVING WITH DEPORTABILITY⁶

JOHANNES MACHINYA

In this podcast, I'm going to examine the experiences of migration control and the condition of migrant illegality and deportability among undocumented Zimbabwean migrants in Emalaheni in Mpumalanga Province, South Africa. The podcast looks at how intensified migration control shapes undocumented migrants' sense and use of time.

To situate this into a broader global context, I must highlight that intensified migration control and the consequent possibility or threat of deportation is not an exclusively South African phenomenon. Many countries around the world have been increasingly restrictive and tough in dealing with asylum seekers and undocumented migrants.

I want to tell this story through Beulah, my niece and the person who acted as my guide in Elandeni, which is an informal settlement in Emalaheni, where many undocumented Zimbabweans lived. Beulah was a happy and generous soul who opened her door for me and introduced me to the complexities of everyday life for undocumented migrants. She personifies the everyday struggles of living under the constant threat and fear of arrest and deportation. She was one of the deportable people.

But first, I want to talk about Operation Fiela, a nationwide crime fighting blitz that was launched in April 2015. Fiela in SeSotho means 'sweep away'. The goal of the operation was to sweep clean South Africa of crime. During this operation, the police accompanied by the military and immigration officials launched numerous raids across the country's neighbourhoods, taxi ranks and other places suspected of harboring criminals.

However, civil society groups condemned the operation as state-sponsored xenophobia. This was after they recorded numerous incidents of foreign nationals being rounded up in pre-dawn raids, being denied access to legal representation, or deported without due process. 'Illegal' foreign nationals were the prime targets of the operation, whom officials perceived as the most likely perpetrators of crime.

The numbers behind this operation actually support claims that Operation Fiela was indeed a form of state-sponsored xenophobia. Here are some of the statistics: almost half of the 2 900 people arrested on July 30, and 31, 2015 countrywide were migrants accused of not having documents. And between April and July the same year, the government had deported over 15 000 people who were in the country 'illegally'.

For the government, the statistics of those arrested and deported were a huge milestone in combating crime, particularly because there's an unwritten law that associates migrant 'illegality' with criminality. But my biggest concern in this podcast is people like Beulah, who are the prime targets of such migration control measures like Operation Fiela, because of their vulnerability to arrest and deportation. How do these people experience migration policing and how does it shape their sense and use of time in South Africa?

(6) This was broadcast as Episode 1, Season 2 on 20 August 2020. Machinya discusses the everyday experience of living with potential or imminent arrest and deportation for undocumented migrants in South Africa.

During the days of Operation Fiela, online and social media platforms were awash with images and videos of armed police and military officials, manhandling the 'criminals', most of whom were arrested for the mere 'crime' of not having the right papers to be in the country. Seeing those images and videos, I'd picture my niece Beulah. I worried a lot about her, about her safety. I'd call her regularly to enquire about the situation and in one of those regular call-ups, she answered my call in an audibly panic-stricken voice:

The situation is getting worse these days uncle. The soldiers and the police came here. They were arresting people with no papers. There was confusion. Some women with babies abandoned their children. There was confusion, I tell you. The babies were left crying while their mothers ran to hide in the bushes. There was no time to carry the babies.

On that day, Beulah said, the police and the soldiers only withdrew from Elandeni after members of the Community Policing Forum (CPF) intervened. The people who had gone into hiding returned when it was clear that the state officials had left.

Towards the end of June 2015, I told Beulah that I would be coming to Emalahleni for my fieldwork. We agreed that she would wait for me at the taxi rank in town. I arrived in Emalahleni on a Saturday afternoon. For me the place had the normal buzz of town life with people going about their everyday business. When I arrived, Beulah was not there. I called her and she told me that she couldn't come to town. Rather, she would direct me to a local taxi rank, where I would take another taxi to Elandeni. She had heard a rumor that, "Nhasi mapurisa arikuvhima vanhu vasina mapepa" which means, "Today the police are hunting for people with no papers; so to be safe, I decided to stay at home."

While I did not see any police cars in town that day, it is interesting how a mere rumor created an atmosphere of fear and Beulah couldn't take the risk to leave her house. I eventually took another taxi and found Beulah waiting for me at a bus stop in Elandeni. We went to her house, which was a single roomed shack, built on a cement slab with loosely joined and rusty corrugated iron sheets. The gaps in the walls were stuffed with rags to block wind and dust, which made the room poorly lit. Inside was a visibly old double bed on one side of the walls, and piled in a corner were two large suitcases. Beulah offered me a 20 litre plastic bucket to sit on and as she was doing this, she also desperately tried to make me understand why she was living under such conditions. She said:

Uncle, your niece doesn't have a chair in the house. You have to sit on this bucket. *Ko isu tiri vanaMugaradzakasungwaka* - it's because we are people who live with their bags packed. I don't know what can happen. Anytime things can escalate, and we will be chased out

Beulah told me that even after the end of Operation Fiela, police officials continued launching sporadic small scale raids searching for undocumented migrants. Sometimes the raids were dramatic, with the police descending unpredictably on Elandeni in convoys.

armed with guns and round up people suspected to be undocumented migrants. Other times the police would conduct arbitrary stop-and-search missions, stopping suspected migrants or foreign-looking people in the streets and other public spaces and demand to see their passports or permits. Such times are moments of acute deportability, moments during which undocumented migrants are made astutely aware of their 'illegal' and deportable condition. These are moments that produce lingering fears of arrest and deportation, even if one has papers. It is this fear that restrained Beulah from coming to meet me in Emalahleni town as we had agreed.

But how does this fear play out? As with Beulah, this fear draws undocumented migrants into a temporal experience where they live with the fear and possibility of arrest and deportation. The actual or imagined possibility of encountering the Police underwrite arrest and deportation as an ultimate eventuality, which reminds migrants, with papers or not, that their time is running out and that they will eventually be arrested and deported.

However, I found that this was also marked by a profound sense of uncertainty over *when* arrest and deportation will be effected. This makes deportability a condition with no temporal specificity, that is, a precise deadline for a promise of action. For me, this temporal paradox in which undocumented migrants imagine deportation as an inevitable prospect, but with no certain timeframe, generates an experience of waiting in which they apprehensively anticipate and wait for arrest and deportation to materialize.

This form of waiting plunges undocumented migrants into a state of anticipatory preparedness, which means they vigilantly calculate the risks and costs of remaining in South Africa. Only when such risks and costs reach a certain threshold beyond which they perceive life in South Africa is unbearable, then they would be prepared to leave.

Beulah lived in this state of waiting and anticipatory preparedness. Living in a poorly furnished shack in an informal settlement, and with bags packed, demonstrated her preparedness to leave. Leaving with bags packed is actually an important trope signifying the life of people who, when the situation becomes tense and life unbearable, are ever ready to just pick up their bags and leave. Beulah did not have many possessions, not even a chair. That's why she made me sit on a plastic bucket. Having a chair in such circumstances of acute deportability would signify a relaxed lifestyle, which was far from real for her and the other undocumented migrants in Elandeni Informal Settlement.

Beulah's readiness to leave made her tolerate a life of discomfort, taking this as a temporary lifestyle suitable for her present condition of 'illegality' and deportability. As she made the effort to justify her poor living conditions by pinning them to her being 'illegal' and deportable, I understood her struggle to lower my expectations of her lifestyle. It's because Zimbabwean migration to South Africa is hyped as migrating out of poverty. The migrants are aware that once one migrates from Zimbabwe, people would begin to make time-based expectations based on how long one has been away from Zimbabwe. People expect to see

some material and financial changes, and the longer the time one has migrated, the higher the expectations. Particularly for people left behind in Zimbabwe, it wouldn't make sense for one to migrate out of poverty, only for them to plunge into conditions almost similar to or even worse than the ones they ran away from.

But Beulah wanted to make me understand that her living in an informal settlement, in a shack, was not a benchmark for her migrant lifestyle. Neither did it mean that she didn't fancy living comfortably. Instead, she feared that in the event of deportation, she would lose everything. The fear of losing property or possessions in the inevitable, but unpredictable possibility of deportation caused Beulah to defer comfortable life to her probable return to Zimbabwe, and this made her life a life of waiting. She lived in the present, a life of discomfort while waiting for another life of comfort, back in Zimbabwe. Despite living in an informal settlement, and sleeping on an old bed, Beulah's eyes lit up as she boasted about her two-bedroom house she had built and furnished in Zimbabwe. So, the life she was living in Elandeni suited her condition of being deportable and she summed it by saying, "*Izvi ndezvekuno*," which is translated to mean, "This life of discomfort is just for the meantime while we are here."

Beulah did not envisage to live her entire life in South Africa as an 'illegal' and deportable person. She was building a home for herself - a comfortable home in Zimbabwe. She was investing for her future return to Zimbabwe and investing for the future of her three children. In the midst of all the predicament and uncertainty of deportability, Beulah was hoping to remain and work in South Africa long enough for her to be able to secure this future. However, her hopes and dreams were shattered in early 2017 when she was diagnosed with cancer. Though she was supposed to go for an operation, the hospital staff kept postponing her date of the operation until her health deteriorated. She couldn't work anymore; she left her job as a domestic worker. In one of her last text messages to me, she said, "*Sekuru, ndiri kurwadziwa. Regai zvangu ndiende ndinofira kumba ndichiona vana vangu* (I'm in pain. I'd rather go home and spend my last days with my children)." She left for Zimbabwe, and in a few months, she passed away.

Intensified immigration control and deportability continuously remind undocumented migrants that their time in South Africa is in fact ephemeral and can be terminated anytime. This evokes a temporal experience in which the undocumented migrants anxiously wait and anticipate arrest and deportation as an inevitable but indeterminate prospect.

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FACING A YEAR OF CANCELLED WORKSHOPS AND SEMINARS, THE WITS INSTITUTE FOR SOCIAL AND ECONOMIC RESEARCH (WISER) TURNED TO PODCASTING. THE MAGIC OF THIS PODCAST IS HOW IT FACILITATES THE SHARING OF ACADEMIC KNOWLEDGE BEYOND THE BOUNDARIES OF THE IVORY TOWER. ITS FORMAT IS SIMPLE WITH ONLY ONE OR TWO GUESTS PER EPISODE KEEPING EACH SHORT AND FOCUSED. THIS ALLOWS FOR DENSE ACADEMIC TOPICS TO REMAIN DIGESTIBLE. WITH SOME OF SOUTH AFRICA'S FINEST MINDS TALKING ON TOPICS RANGING FROM HYDROCOLONIALISM TO MELANCHOLY, YOU'RE ABLE TO DIP IN AND OUT OF DIGITAL LECTURE HALLS AT YOUR OWN PACE.

DAILY MAVERICK