




BUILDING HOUSES BIT-BY-BIT

THE STORIES OF HAZELDEAN-EKUPUMLENI















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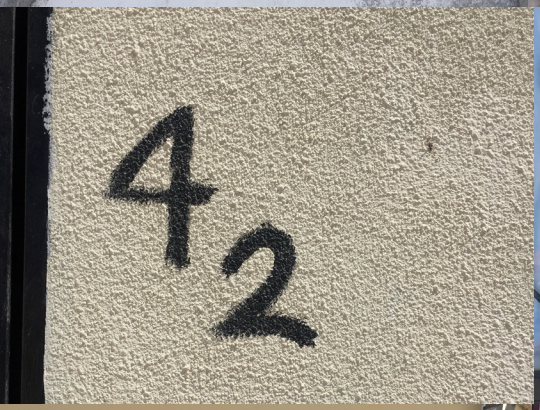
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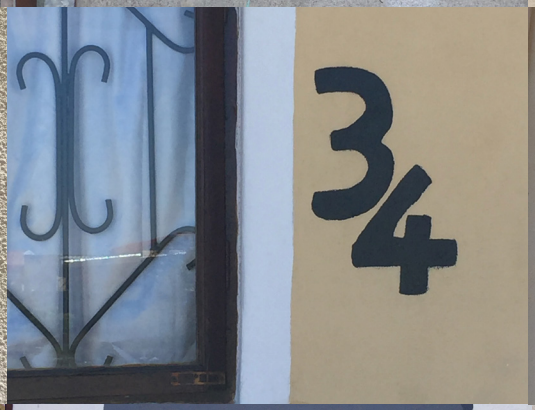
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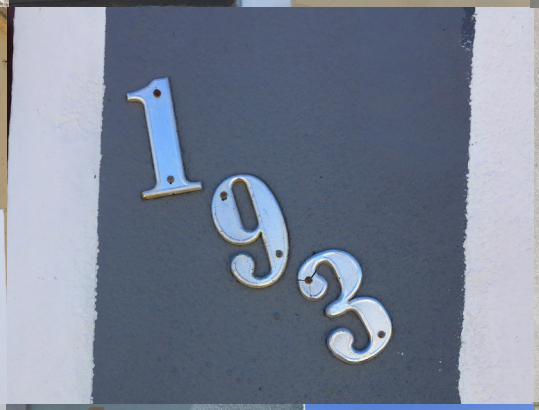
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INTRODUCTION

BY SOPHIE OLDFIELD

This book shares the experiences of Hazeldean-Ekphumeleni, a neighbourhood built by women and their families linked to savings schemes in the South African Homeless Peoples Federation (SAHPF), assisted by People's Dialogue on Land and Shelter and later by Peoples Environmental Planning (PEP). It shares twenty years of struggle and consistent hard work. With the support of the Homeless People's Federation and the uTshani Fund, the community sourced a piece of land in Philippi. With assistance and advice from PEP and from the Federation, the first 90 families designed and self-built homes progressively from 2000. In 2006, PEP assisted an additional 100 families by building 100 starter 'key' homes in 100 days. After fourteen years of struggle and hardship, the City agreed to install services in 2014, with full servicing of water, toilets and roads completed in 2015. This was one of the first times the City provided services after (instead of before) housing construction, setting an important precedent for future developments. Yet, in 2019, two problems remain outstanding. Families who have built homes do not yet have title deeds. They are owners of their land and have invested in their homes in many ways, yet technically, they do not hold the title. And, as urgently, approximately 90 families have been allocated plots but have not yet been able to build homes on their plots.

We hope the stories and experiences shared in *Building Bit-by-Bit* give insight into families' experiences, the homes they have built, and why some families feel secure and others worrying about the insecurity. In this book some stories share the building of a comfortable and secure home. For others, this house is a foothold in the city – a place to be proud of. For some families, their houses are a disappointment; unable to afford renovations, they struggle with life in these conditions. For many Hazeldean–Ekupumleni is their neighbourhood, a place they organised, a place they protect. For some who have yet to build homes – known as 'landless' families – they still hope and wait.

The narratives in the book were produced from interviews with families. They share experiences moving to this neighbourhood and building it up. They show the ways families helped themselves, through saving, and working together, and working with the Homeless People's Federation and then with PEP to build homes. They share how families makes sense of these experiences.

The narratives give insight into the lived experience of policy and political debate about building homes, securing title, and questions of land ownership. In sum, these stories document and reflect on this community's long history and struggle, its challenges and successes.

The book is a product of a collaborative research project coordinated by PEP and the African Centre for Cities, through which students affiliated to the MPhil in Southern Urbanism and the University of Basel Masters in Critical Urbanisms worked with the Hazeldean-Ekupumleni community.

In sharing these experiences in book form, we hope the research will support for the crucial steps necessary to build the final homes and to secure title for all the families of the neighbourhood.

THE PROJECT AND ITS HISTORY[1]

The project evolved out of the South African Homeless People's Federation (SAHPF), a nationwide federation of women's savings schemes, initiated in 1991. Federation projects built on savings groups, formed autonomously, where landless women and their families could save incrementally for homes. In small cohorts women joined schemes – through church, in settlements, in a variety of organisations across the Cape Flats. They united in SAHFP, which supported by two affiliated non-governmental organisations, Peoples' Dialogue on Land and Shelter, which facilitated project development and organising work with women's groups, and the uTshani Fund, which coordinated housing finance. Both organisations later formed a partnership with the Federation of the Urban Poor (FedUp). SAHFP (and later FedUp) offered an alternative way to build homes, built on a philosophy that the homeless could drive the design and building process with limited support from professionals.

PHOTOS: Draftswomen being trained by PEP & Trainee draftswomen practicing their skills.

SAHPF aimed to work around the extensive bureaucratic requirements and red tape of state-driven housing projects.

The SAHPF Hazeldean Project was intended for the benefit of the Ekupumleni Housing Saving Scheme (HSS) formed 1997. Many Savings groups nominated families to join the Ekupumleni project, for instance, Nompulelo, Noxolo, Masizakhe, which formed part of the SAHPF.

Their main principle was to ensure that women fully participated in regular savings activity. The savings schemes were set up like stokvels, each member contributed only what they could afford from small amounts of money, saving on a daily basis. These small amounts were recorded in a savings book by a bookkeeper appointed by the group. Each group held bi-monthly meetings at Victoria Mxenge, another SAHPF development situated nearby. As a Federation project, the original groups worked on basic financial management including the collection of daily savings; the members had to be active in building themselves, and they had to participate in exchange and training programs for constructions skills . They also participated in house modelling and design exercises including costing of the houses facilitated by PEP.

SECURING THE LAND

The Hazeldean farm was identified – the original farmer, Mr Bootsma, was bought out, the last of four or five generations of his family who had worked this land. Farming as a viable enterprise was essentially squeezed out with the development of surrounding residential areas in the Philippi area of Cape Town. The uTshani Fund purchased the land, which consisted of the original farm house, now known as the Derek Hanekom Resource Centre (DHRC), and a large piece of land, which was largely wetland. This area was set aside for housing development. The purchase also included an additional building, what is now known as the school site.

While original plans included converting this second building into a school, it was dismantled by surrounding residents piece by piece: first the roof tiles, then the windows, and eventually brick-by-brick.

WE NEED HOUSES, NOT TOILETS: THE FIRST HOUSES ARE BUILT

The building of homes started in 1999 with the first 90 families completing their homes and moving in from 2000. Each participating savings scheme selected 20 to 25 women for the project from informal settlements and backyard shacks in Khayelitsha, Gulgulethu,

Hanover Park and elsewhere across the Cape Flats.

Peoples Environmental Planning (PEP), Shawn Cuff specifically, worked directly to assist the first set of Hazeldean-Ekupumleni women builders.

[1] The introduction draws on interviews completed with Nontando Fana , interview by D. Mzdanga (PEP), August 20, 2019; Shawn Cuff, PEP, interview by S. Oldfield (ACC, UCT) – March 22 2019; and Nomayenzeke Sipele and Charlotte Adams, interview by S. Oldfield, 27 March 2019.

They prepared a layout, after meeting with engineers and town planners. There was no permission or funding to install bulk services. The women pushed instead for building homes. They argued that: 'We need houses, not toilets,' that their home building should not be delayed by prioritizing toilets. With PEP, a layout was designed and they worked with a land surveyor to put in the requisite surveyor three pegs, which were triangulated 50 meters apart. From this starting point, the women with PEP's assistance, literally laid out plots with a tape measure and rope. Shawn Cuff recalled that the process "It was very imperfect, but it worked and cost virtually nothing." Demarcated plots were then allocated to families.

The initial group of women took loans from the uTshani Fund and immediately started building their houses. PEP worked with them to design their houses. Some houses were similar; many were unique, quite different from each other. What Cuff recalled was the beauty of the process and the neighbourhood's development. 'We did not just create rows and rows of RDP housing. There was an individual needs assessment and design requirement and choice.'

Families built the homes themselves. They were given the money and with the support of SAHPF and each savings group, it was up to them to build. Some people built larger, 70 square meter houses, and got to roof level and ran out of funds. Others fully built very nice homes. Thereafter, slowly, incrementally women invested in these homes. As the stories in this book share, they designed them with care, they thought carefully about how they could and should be built. In this manner, the first 90 houses

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PHOTOS: 1 The entrance to the Derek Hanekom Recreation Centre prior to renovation. 2 The original building on the "school site" – intended for a school. 3-5 The "school" being gradually dismantled by local scavengers. Eventually very little of the structure remained before collapsing.

were built, albeit without services.

In 2006, to push to accelerate the servicing of the settlement and to speed up the process of building for other families in the project, PEP and the community agreed to build a next set of homes. PEP built 100 houses, what residents call 'key houses', a starter house, a basic structure which families hoped to extend later. Cuff explained. PEP aimed to build 100 houses in 100 days, to get houses built for those who desperately needed them, and to put pressure on the City to deliver services to the neighbourhood.

But the neighbourhood remained without services. The homes had kitchens but no water. They had spaces for toilets but no access to sanitation services, or electricity. Roads were marked out but remained un-built.

THE STRUGGLE FOR SERVICES

Hazeldean-Ekupumleni families lived in their homes from 2000 to 2014 without services. It took fourteen long years for services to be funded and built, organised with the assistance of NGOs, and much mobilising and meeting, engaging with the city and with provincial and national government.

The City refused to service the neighborhood because the land was privately owned, transferred from Mr Bootsma to uTshani Fund, but not yet to the individual landowners themselves. Without a rates base, the City argued they couldn't use taxpayers money to finance services that were not individually titled and part of the rates base.

Interim plans were made. In 2006, after completing the 100 key houses, PEP built a communal washhouse. Cuff described the washhouse as inspired by communal ablutions buildings in Indian cities built by the Homeless Peoples Federation. The washhouse had separate male and female showers and toilets, with a courtyard in front. It had proper flush toilets because it was hooked into infrastructure linked to the formal development adjacent to the neighbourhood. Use cost ten cents and cleaning was organised collectively.

Unlike in India, the communal ablutions did not become the social hub as envisioned by PEP and the SAHPF.

In 2010, after many meetings and organizing and the persistence of community leaders, a local Councillor organised existing homes to have access to portable toilets, locally known as 'mshengus'. These blue portable toilets are still in many back -

PHOTOS THIS PAGE: The first, self-built houses during construction
PHOTOS OPPOSSITE PAGE: Beginning of the installation of bulk infrastructure.

and some front yards, an alternative to formal toilets now installed in homes.

The community leadership worked across this period to ensure that the landless families' plots were not encroached. As Charlotte Adams, the current chairperson explained, they did not allow any informal building on these plots to prevent the area becoming informal. Coming from backyards and informal settlements, their dream and goal was formal proper housing, in her words, 'a brick house or nothing.'

Across this long period, community leaders with NGO assistance continued to work to petition and organise for the formal delivery of bulk water and sanitation services. After two years of consistent meetings and discussion, a Land Availability Agreement (LAA) was signed and the City finally committed to delivering infrastructure with the commitment that the process of transferring title deeds to residents would be completed, the basis on which they would then have a rates base. In the interim, following this agreement, the City installed communal standpipes and brought in additional portable toilets. After an investment of close to 16 million rand, the bulk services were installed in 2014-15.

kitchens could become functional and the neighbourhood had formal roads.

BUILDING THE LAST 90 HOMES AND SECURING LEGAL TITLES

There are two remaining challenges to complete the Hazeldean-Ekupumleni project.

90 families "own" a plot in Hazeldean-Ekupumleni but have not yet built homes. The neighbourhood Committee in March 2018 contacted PEP to ask for assistance with the buiilding.

Meetings with the community leadership, landless families, and PEP, have commenced. Cuff emphasised, 'the roads are there, the connections to every site are there. I would love to, in my time, get those 90 women and their families into a house quickly.'

Key to this process is the establishment of an up-to-date beneficiary list and a clear consultative process to go forward in order to start the process of applying for individual subsidies from Provincial Government for these families.

Second, the transfer of the title from uTshani Fund to each individual homeowner requires completion.

the ownership of the Derek Hanekom Resource Centre. A way forward, suggested by the NGOs involved, would be to exclude the Derek Hanekom Centre from the area and to focus on resolving the individual titles, so that the remaining houses could be built. To move forward on this matter, discussion with the community and its leadership structures are in progress.

The finalisation of individual titles will, Cuff expects, also require surveying work. Although the area has an approved general plan, it will need to be brought up to date to reflect existing buildings. This process will require a land surveyor to put the pegs in again as these boundary pegs are reflected in the national land registry. To do this work, PEP expects to need to re-peg the site.

Strong community leadership is key to build on these positive developments and to go forward effectively. Across the project's twenty years, the neighbourhood has had a long history of organising. The neighbourhood is divided into three sections, each with six street committees. Each street committee manages street-level issues, checks any building, and works to ensure the stability of the area. A new leadership has been elected, the sixth across the two decades. This committee's mandate and aim is to finish this project in full: To work with PEP to organise the building of the final 90 homes, to implement the agreement that title is handed over, and to continue the long-term work of maintaining Hazeldean-Ekupumleni as a tight-knit community.












Reflecting on stories of house building and home making

BY RAZAZ BASHEIR

In *The Poetics of Space*, Bachelard (1964/1958, p.4) says, "For our house is our corner of the world… it's our first universe". A house is indeed a universe. It is the place where we can manage all our life necessities in material and non-material forms. Starting by our subsistence needs such as food, water, bed, shelter and security up to the more abstract senses of belonging and rootedness. Not only to manage them when they are there, but also to manage without. The routinized nature of dwelling in a house can allow even further survival manoeuvres, from food preservation to street committees and organising credit and finances. But what does it mean not to have a house? What does it take to get one? And what does it take to make it home?

These questions shaped my thinking in Hazeldean. Our interviewees' stories were filled with waiting; waiting for the land to be allocated, for the construction to start, to finish, for the services to be delivered and for the land ownership to be transferred. A waiting made possible by vision, patience and often a lack of options. Waiting made of life's most precious element, time. Three years of Luleka's life were spent with the saving group before she got her land, one year for the construction to finish, nine years for the house to be serviced and today it's nineteen years and she is still waiting for the title deed to call it her house.

Each interviewee shared a different context, trajectory and set of resources, but their stories converged around the house, the project of securing it and a livelihood. The long and sometimes frustrating waiting paid off for Luleka and many others in Hazeldean, but others are still waiting. It took Siya 18 years before he was able to just secure his plot, while he is still waiting for a subsidy or to get employed to finance its construction. Enduring lengthy waiting guided by a vision and armed by resistance, they transformed their lives, their family lives and those of the community to which they already belonged before building the house. Understanding these aspirations and frustrations sheds light on the importance of housing and home making.

Sixov' udaka Sibek' istena Zenzele Zenzele

INTERVIEWEE: NONTUTHUZELO MAZALENI
INTERVIEWERS: PATRICK SCHUSTER & OLIVA ANDEREGGEN
HAZELDEAN PARTNER: AKHONA MDAKA

One of the first things we notice in the house, as we sit down in her living room, is a picture of Nontuthuzelo and her grandson. The picture portrays her grandson when he graduated from grade 12. Nontuthuzelo is wearing the traditional Xhosa dress in the picture next to it. In the living room are several pictures of other family members as well as a certificate from a health course that she attended. She is the grandmother of 8 grandchildren and has 6 children, one of whom has passed away. Two of her sons live with her in the house, one lives in Khayelitsha and one in the Eastern Cape. Her grandchildren stay in Khayelitsha and Dunoon and in the Eastern Cape. Throughout the interview we get to know Nontuthuzelo and the energy she has brought into making Ekupumleni the place it is today.

Nontuthuzelo was born in Cape Town. She left to the Eastern Cape in 1974, coming back to Cape Town to Phola Park, Gugulethu in 1993. She joined the project in 1996, as she walked past a gathering in Victoria Mxenge. "I just saw people gathering in Victoria Mxenge. I asked, 'what's happening there?' and that's how I found out about [the project]. The organization taught us how to do things in a group [and] how many people had to be in the group. We were all women. But some of the group are still waiting [for a house]". Nontuthuzelo joined the Federation for the same reason as many others: she did not have the money to achieve her home on her own. "We were not judging each other. We were all in the same boat." Thus, Nontuthuzelo decided to round up some people for the project. Her group totaled 15 people with Nontuthuzelo the person who collected and recorded the daily savings. At first it was 50c which later increased to R1 per day. The group then opened a bank account to start depositing their savings. Nontuthuzelo kept a book, where she would write down the savings and who gave how much. "We had our books, where we would write the name of the person and what they gave".

All of the members were women. One of them happened to be a bricklayer and they started building houses themselves.

Nontuthuzelo breaks into a song talking about these memories:

Sinxov' udaka
Sibek' istena
Zenzele Zenzele
Thina Siyazenzela
Asifuni Mavila
We are mixing the sand and cement
We are putting bricks, we are building
We do it for ourselves
Us, we are doing it for ourselves
We don't want lazy people

Nontuthuzelo explains that she and the other women of the group sang this song when they were building the houses. "We were excited about doing this job. We built the first houses in Victoria Mxenge" says Nontuthuzelo full of enthusiasm. We realize this song means a lot to her and start noting it down as Akhona translates the lyrics for us. The song was something that was built as they were working and kept them going. At the same time it also represented the pride that they felt in building the houses. In particular there is the emphasis on doing it for yourself, "Zenzele, Zenzele, Thina Siyazenzela". Building and crafting ones independence, building houses in a city like Cape Town, where such an occurrence could not have happened only ten years prior.

The group had already started building houses in 1994 in Victoria Mxenge, but not all the women could be accommodated there as space was limited. After having built a few

houses the group hired men to finish the remaining houses. "We only built a few [houses] to show that we can do it". Nontuthuzelo doesn't live in Victoria Mxenge instead she lives in Hazeldean Ekupumleni. "I don't live in Victoria Mxenge, because the space was limited there, so we came here to build the houses". Part of their engagement with the Federation and buying the land in Hazeldean was that the soon to be residents had to sleep at the Derek Hanekom Resource Centre. Her group took it in turns in who would sleep in the centre to keep it safe.

The house Nontuthuzelo lives in was built by Shawn from PEP. From the original group there are still some households waiting for houses. To this day none of the women have a title deed to their properties.

"I am stressed about the title deed, because now I don't have the house. Other people have passed away without having their title deed. My older son is also one of the people who don't have a house, he's still waiting to get a house since [1999]."

This is the only time in the interview we feel Nontuthuzelo is stressed about something. This is out of her control and does not fit her determined, self-reliant personality. Furthermore, the houses need to be payed off to Shawn (PEP), some residents have already started paying back the R10, 000 for the houses. Nontuthuzelo says that she is worried the price might increase, indicating a sense of confusion about the process.

The house has been extended from its original structure. "My sons did the work to extend the house." Two bedrooms were added in the back, and a wooden structure built to the side of the house where the tenant is living. The house has no toilet inside yet; Nontuthuzelo, her two sons and the tenant are using the mshengu (chemical toilets) in the yard. Nontuthuzelo used to rent out her bedroom inside the house too for R1000 including electricity, but she does not do so anymore, "I need my own room". The house does not have a ceiling yet and Nontuthuzelo adds that it gets cold in winter due to the lack of insulation. They also wish for an enclosed yard. Akhona explains that this would provide better safety for Nontuthuzelo. That way if robbers come by the house they cannot directly access the front door or break it down as there is a barrier between the house and street giving residents time to call the police if need be.

As the conversation develops we get to know Nontuthuzelo better and come to realize she is a very active woman. Every morning she rises at 5am and trains. "There is a park in Hazeldean where we have gym equipment, [I go there] to relax my body", she says. Once one of three she now goes by herself despite the sun not having fully risen yet. To keep herself busy she goes to church every day, either in the morning or in the afternoon, she works twice a week in a garden in Ekupumleni from 10am until 12pm. "There is a wholesaler by the main road. It only takes 5 min to get there," from whom she buys crisps and cool drinks to sell from her house. She works with the Community Work Program (CWP), and occasionally works as a brick layer.

Additionally, Nontuthuzelo has a garden at the back of her house. The ground belongs to her neighbor, but was unused. Since the owners of the house don't live there she started a vegetable garden. As we found out from a previous interview with the Mdaka household, any extensions, changes to the property, and the like need to be reported to a committee. Such changes would then be discussed with the committee as well as the neighbour it concerns. We asked Nontuthuzelo about this regarding the garden. "I didn't report it to the committee at the time, I [just] decided to do the garden, there was open space, so I decided to do the garden. The space belongs to the neighbour, but the owner doesn't stay here, they live in Gugulethu." The garden seems to be important to her and is a way of sustaining herself and the other household members. She used to sell fruit and vegetables from her garden in addition to her other wares, but does not do so anymore as she has diabetes and has not been feeling well of late. Nontuthuzelo receives a grant from the government as she is above 60. She is the sole provider in the household; neither of her sons are working.

To get her grant Nontuthuzelo goes to either Wynberg or Claremont. She can pick up the grant at the bank, withdrawing all of it, so she can pay for any outstanding bills, loans, and food. Her shopping she usually does in Wynberg getting there on a minibus taxi which costs her R8 one way. To get to Claremont or Wynberg she pays R12. She always keeps her money safe when doing

so. When asked if she has ever been robbed or if she has concerns about this she just shrugs and says, "No, I keep the money safe".

Nontuthuzelo says "I am happy that I am living here. It's nicer than in the informal settlement, there was a lot of fire [in the informal settlement]". Nonetheless, not having the title dead puts a certain amount of stress on her: the house does not belong to her. She hopes Shawn can "make things happen" before she passes away. As we leave, her warm and determined look further impresses the sheer force of Nontuthuzelo's will. Her story surely sums up the hard work and determination needed to bring a vision like Ekupumleni to fruition.

The pioneer and mobiliser of the Hazeldean project

INTERVIEWEE: NOTHANDUXOLO LIZZIE MGEDEZI
INTERVIEW BY: ODUETSE MONTSHO & SWANN CHERPILLOD
HAZELDEAN PARTNER: SIPHOKAZI NDINISA

"This is my house, my dream house, I am so gratified as this house communicates my own plan, I made the sketch plan myself then I took R10 000 loan from uTshani Trust Fund and I topped up with my personal savings to build this house and I am happy as I did all my best to come up with this unique and beautiful structure for myself and my loved ones".

Those were the delightful words from Ms. Lizzie Mgedeze (78 years) when she related the pleasure and joy of her hard work which resulted in her owning a house in Hazeldean. Her face was filled with glamour, confidence and honor as she narrated her 'dream come true' story. She told us of a meeting where during the break she made a draft sketch of how she would want her house to appear. Lucky enough, there was a lady who took her sketch and gave it to a professional architect to help Mama Lizzie's house plan and model. For Mama Lizzie, this journey was coupled with lots of emotions. It made her so strong and kept her cool throughout because she knew what she had signed up for as a woman. Mum Lizzie is one of the few pioneers of the South African Federation of Homeless People (SAHPF) who can confidently narrate all that happened from "A to Z".

All that Mama Lizzie recalls is that she was staying in a backyard shack made of corrugated iron in a congested Khayelitsha Site C since 1985. She then relocated to Hazeldean in 2000 where she is currently staying with her grandchild (32) and greatgrandchild (7). This gradual change of location started when she read an announcement in the newspaper about the launch of SAHPF in 1994. Intrigued, she decided to come and listen to what the mandate of the Federation was and check if it aligned to her dreams.

The presentation during the launch grabbed Mama Lizzie's attention and she joined the association with immediate effect.

> "I liked their concept, they said they want the poor people to take a lead in building their own houses, women were encouraged to welcome, develop this initiative and own it themselves"

Since then, Mama Lizzie became an active member of the Federation. Due to strong desire and hard work which manifested within few days, she was elected as the first chairperson. She is now one the only pioneers of this project who is still alive. Hence, if someone wants comprehensive details of what transpired Lizzie is the person to visit. She explained to us that she became the first leader engaged in finding land which could be bought through the uTshani fund. Realising Mama Lizzie's dedication to the project, more especially that she had to travel from Khayelitsha to Hazeldean on daily basis, SAHPF allowed her to stay in the then farmhouse which was later converted to the Derek Hanekom Resource Centre (DHRC). In this position, she monitored the area.

"This was a demanding responsibility as I was always traveling around the country mobilizing people to start the same initiative across South Africa. My sewing business in Khayelitsha was affected. I had to close it down and sell my car so that I could actively be involved in this new housing initiative. I believed in this project and I had to do all the best to materialize all the concepts we subscribed to. I even went to the Union Building to advocate for housing rights for the poor, and I am happy I did that because that what I loved most", explained Mama Lizzie with a glowing face which showed her satisfaction as she spoke. Even though she was not paid for her new responsibilities, all that mattered to her was seeing poor people having

their chances to get land, build their houses and escape the deteriorating state of living in shacks.

After the land in Hazeldean was legally claimed from the owner, it was further subdivided into 208 plots. People then sought assistance from uTshani to get loans (R10 000) to build their houses. This loan was however insufficient, and people had to top it up with their savings to build the houses they wanted. MamaLizzie noted that when they started building their own houses, it was an enjoyable exercise as they helped each other without expecting payment in return. She said; "we wanted to show the sponsors of this initiative that we are serious, we want to build these houses ourselves, It was such a grateful moment, we were united and we always looked out for each other. We helped each other in the construction of our houses. UTshani was also very supportive. They helped us develope the DHRC which served as the Bed and Breakfast and we made a lot of money from renting the center up until uTshani decided to abandon the business in 2006".

This transformation in the management of DHRC became the root cause of issues prevailing in the Hazeldean community. Indeed, uTshani transferred responsibility to the community but they took the keys of the DHRC making it difficult for the center to be accessed. This consequently led to vandalizing of the property with some properties stolen because the building did not have someone to take care of it nor guard it. Mama Lizzie suddenly showed a sad face, this transition brought grief and anger to her.

"After some endless efforts contacting uTshani to give us back the keys, I took it upon myself to visit Cape Town and get the keys from uTshani. When I got to their office, they had moved from Observatory, and I did not know where to go to. I kept on asking and I received information that they had relocated to Mowbray. I then went there and successfully came back with the keys so we could manage the damages and revert the center back to business".

The collection of keys obviously marked one of the achievements of the community through Mama Lizzie, and it brought some hope that things will be reverted to normal.

Tables, however, turned when members of the community did not want to take responsibility for the keys, and Mama Lizzie decided to take the keys. A few days later, leaders of Victoria Mxenge came to her to ask for the keys so that they could use the DHRC.

But she refused to give the keys to them. The leaders proceeded to tell the community behind the Hazeldean committee's back that Mama Lizzie was being selfish and she did not have the interests of the community at heart. Hence they urged the community to mobilise themselves and collect the keys from Mama Lizzie.

"The community came to my house, chanting 'we want our keys'. I was so scared, I thought I was going to be killed. I was with my daughter, and she asked me to stay in my bedroom. She addressed the angry community telling them I was not around but she will make sure she convey the message to me and the keys will be in their hands by end of the day". The keys were then given to Victoria Mxenge leaders. They stilll have them, a fact which still hurts.

This whole situation shattered Mama Lizzie's dreamof building the community of Hazeldean as a developed and calm neighborhood, well sustained and connected to other areas surrounding it. This conflict also made it difficult for the ownership of the land to be transferred to the community without the center which she considers 'illegally' occupied. The development delayed transfer of ownership, which means the community cannot be given title deeds to their land and their individual plots.

However, Mama Lizzie is hopeful that all will be fine and they will get title deeds so that finally they can be assured of their ownership of the plots and houses. "We had plans for this community, we wanted to use the proceeds from the center to build a beautiful gated community, we wouldn't be bothered by the Ramaphosa residents who are terrorizing us and stealing everything from us".

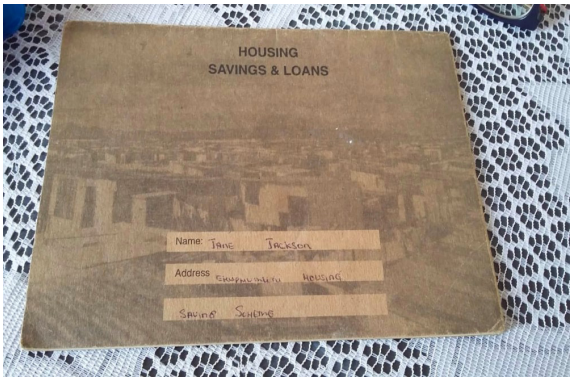
Mama Lizzie still loves her community and prays that one day all will be brought back to normal. She would also love her community to empower themselves with basic skills that will assist them to make money for themselves, and most importantly, she would love the youth to be capacitated with horticultural skills so that they can grow some vegetables in the neighbourhood garden which, she explained used to make money.

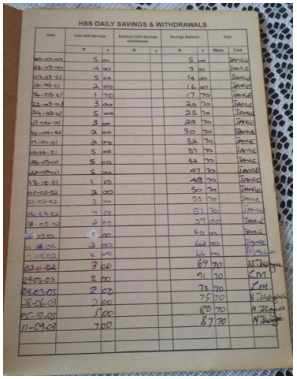
Die huis vir een rand vyftig sent

INTERVIEWEE: JANEY JACKSON
INTERVIEWERS: CARLA CRUZ & DEIRDRE PRINS-SOLANI
HAZELDEAN PARTNER: APHIWE FANA

Mama Janey Jackson was born in 1944. When she first arrived in Cape Town looking for work, she lived in KTC. She lost all of her possessions during the attacks of the witdoeke[1] and moved to Site C in Khayelitsha. She became a member of the Association when she heard about the "house for R1,50". She signed up and became an active member. She was responsible for collecting monies at some stage too. She shows us her savings book (kept in the display cabinet in the lounge among precious photographs and certificates) and points out the plastering of the house was made possible due to her savings. She raises her late sister's daughter, Siphokazi, as her own. Siphokazi's other siblings were old enough at the time of her death to remain living in her sister's house in Khayelitsha. Siphokazi has been living with her since the of age of ten. Her son, Bontisile, lives with her too. Siphokazi sleeps with her in the same room. She is now in her early twenties, and Mama wishes there were another room in the house to give them both some privacy. Meanwhile, Mama's last-born lives in Fort Beaufort with another of her sisters. He is sick, but has been back on medication since his home visit to her in December.

She worked as a domestic worker for most of her life. She is now retired and receives the state social grant.





PHOTOS ABOVE: Mama's savings book

She wishes to die in her house. She loves her house. She feels that it is good. She loves it because of how smartly and tidily she has kept it. She has her own space and place, unlike the many years when she had to share with friends.

There are unfinished things which she would love to repair and renovate. She showed us the back door that was becoming unhinged and windows in the kitchen and living room that were temporarily repaired. The social grant is too small and so she is forced to prioritise food and groceries. She wonders aloud (and has shared the idea with others), that as so many of them were now retired and had very little income, they should restart the savings club to help each other upgrade their houses and do maintenance work. As for the neighbourhood, she generally likes the changes in the last few years – there were streets, there was water, there was electricity. At least there were some changes, she says.

Ma Janey is an active, long-standing member of the old Apostolic Faith Church. She has sung in the choir for many years. Her faith is an important source of hope and inspiration to her. She glows when speaking about the choir and her pastor, and proudly speaks about the photograph of herself with the choir that is displayed in her living room.

[1] Vigilante men wearing white scarves on their heads who attacked people living in the KTC informal settlement at behest of the apartheid state. Homes and goods were lost through deliberate fires.


1
7

A south-east Asian doorway to Hazeldean

INTERVIEWEE: PUMLA NDINISA
INTERVIEWERS: MARCO MORGAN & ALINE SUTER
HAZELDEAN PARTNER:RENEILWE TSOTETSI

The Balinese-inspired decorative wood-carved door is not a common feature when entering a community dubbed for low income families from a housing subsidy scheme, but there it is, the first house on your left as you enter the Hazeldean. The door centrally located and surrounded by a grey face-brick façade. Historically in the South East of Asia these doors were built for protection from intruders and evil spirits, but they were also used as a status symbol, indicating a family's wealth or social rank. Pumla Ndinisa, the owner of this Hazeldean house shed some light how she acquired the door and why this particular feature is so important to her home.

We met Pumla on our second visit to Hazeldean and because of the state of construction taking place in the house, we entered through the what looks to be a recent southern extension of her home, which housed a small spaza shop selling buy-in-bulk products like chips and sweets. Stepping through the padlocked entrance we were met by a young and passive pitbull that reared its head before retreating with no sign of threat. Her home seemed to be in a state of renovation with most of its spaces reflecting different stages of both renewal and repair. She tells of her door that was acquired from a construction site in the affluent area of Hout Bay.

> The beautiful door that she did not intend on getting for her home, that she did not have transportation or installation plans for, was acquired with Pumla's non-transferable currency of charm and determination.

She loved the door and knew immediately it would separate her home from the rest adding uniqueness and a sense of exclusivity to her home, and also establishing level of status that has so often been attached to respect and admiration

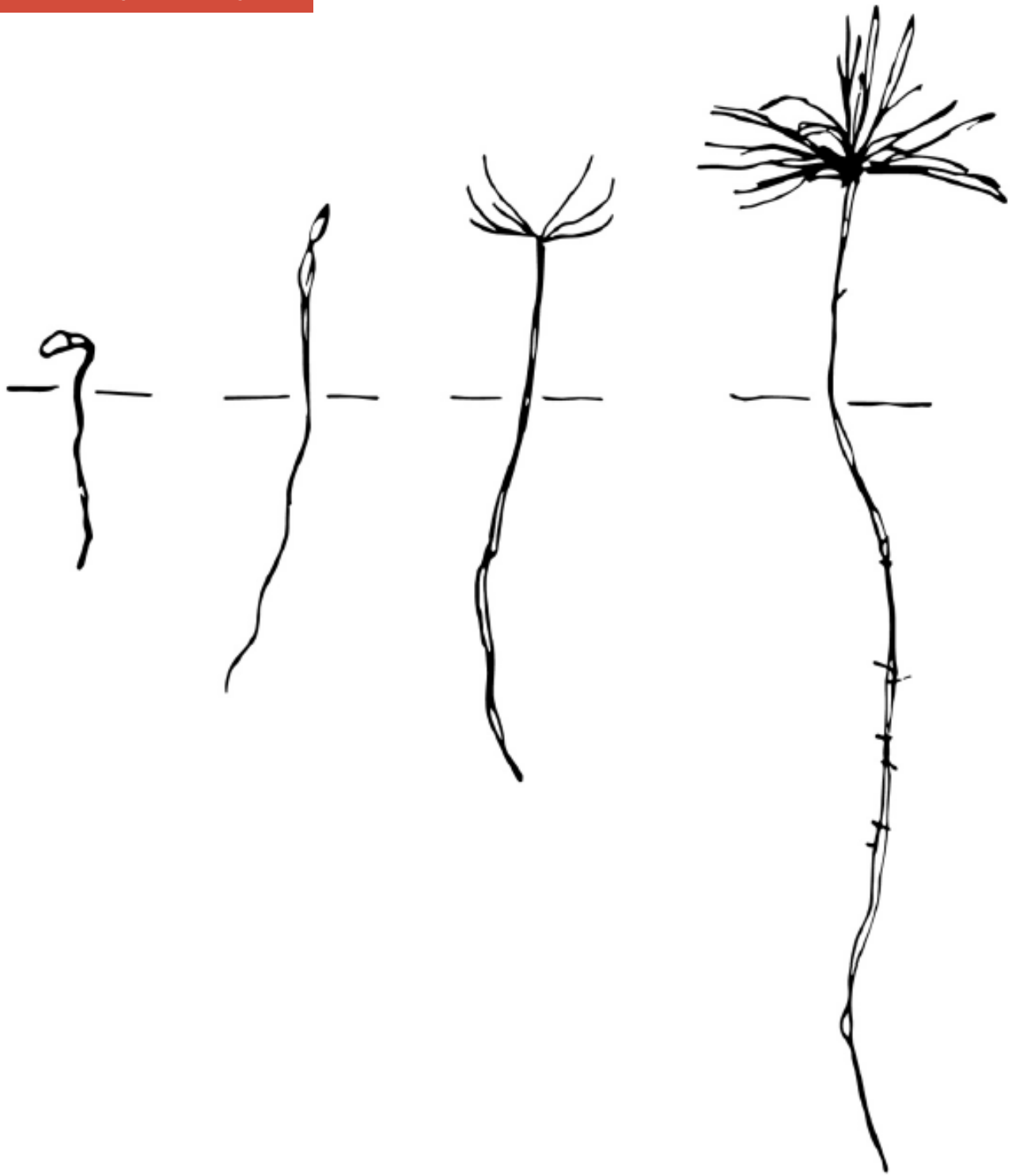
Much like the story of Pumla's Hazeldean home, her aspirations were pursued by her determination. Before moving to Hazeldean, Pumla, her husband and her young son were living in a "bungalow" in the backyard of her husband's family home in Nyanga. She recalls the constant state of dispute and argument about the use of electricity with her husband's family. "We were always fighting, especially over electricity. Always fighting over electricity." Their move to Hazeldean in 2001 was the best thing that happened for the family. It wasn't easy she explains, money wasn't readily available and as a family they made many concessions to save every cent. As the savings grew, they were able to purchase building materials and slowly started building a basic house.

Despite the modest nature of the initial structure, Pumla was happy and appreciated the opportunity and experience in building a home which could be incrementally altered to suit her needs and that of her growing family. She valued this option over the RDP state-provided homes, which were criticized by many for the small, rigid and poorly constructed structures that reflected no dreams or aspirations. "This Federation one, they give you the square meters. You can have a bigger house than the government ones. And I don't have the money to pay the government every month for the house. The house is mine now. The only thing I pay now is to pay for the electricity." Pumla has three children, two girls and one boy. Her home provides abundant space in accommodating her and her kids.

When her husband passed away in 2014, Pumla started to extend her home and build what she refers to as a her "dream house". She explained her process of renovation much to our amazement, as we could barely map out the original home from the extensions. But it all began with 50 bags of cement and building materials that she purchased on lay-buy from the nearby hardware store, upon receiving the plot. With no funds to construct, and no place to store the equipment, Pumla arranged for short term storage at the hardware.

Three years passed before she picked up the materials and equipment, again using her charm and creativity and her ability to call on methods of everyday resistance in the pursuit of her dream home. Her vision for her home, clearly imprinted in her mind and even though the process was slow and the lack of credit for any upgrades was evident, Pumla persisted in ensuring that her dream home, was perfectly implemented to her standard and expectation.

Today, Pumla's home is twice the size of the original structure built with the 50 bags of cement. Despite her house being in a state of repair she was able to take us on an imaginative tour of her prospective home, shedding light on the renovations done thus far and renovations that we can expect to see the near future. Her home remains the envy of many in Hazeldean and beyond and her doorway that tells a story of innovation, status, and empowerment. Slowly but surely, Pumla is turning these dreams in to a reality.



Rooted and flourishing

BY DIANA VAZQUEZ MARTINEZ

What have women sowed through their work, through their home building? Their work and effort is reflected in homes and the neighborhood. They have participated in the process of material and ideological renewal, through their repairs, improvements, growth, the design of their homes, the touches of individuality of the houses and in the community and its networks. The stories in the research reflect subtly on the role of women in building and contributing substantially to the shaping of the community, to its foundation. They are agents, aiming to build the house and the neighbourhood of their dreams, agents in the struggle to improve their houses and the area over time.

Could Hazeldean be visualized as a place full of trees, some stronger, leafy and big, and others not so much? But what is important is not its greatness- the beauty of a home or the area itself - but the work it has taken to get it. Each woman, coming from different parts of the city, not many years ago planted the seed of her own future life, and with many illusions and with much effort they tried to water and care for it so that the fragile branches grew every day stronger, reflecting the roots that supported them and gave them a voice. These trees are still watered every day. They will be much stronger than yesterday and one day more seeds can be planted and more trees, flowers and fruits will grow, shaping the forest women dreamed.

Strong women

INTERVIEWEE: ANDISWA FANA
INTERVIEW: MALTE STEIN & LINDA WERMUTH
HAZELDEAN PARTNER: ANELISA FANA

Andiswa Fana lives with her family in a burgundy-colored house. Narrow lavender coloured lines frame the windows on the outside. Two lush green bushes mark the entry to her home. However, the yard is not paved nor greened. It is a simple yard with sand and gravel on the ground. It is clean and the two youngest children of the family play outside with a plastic scooter. Behind the main entry door is a small but well arranged living room. A flat screen is positioned in the middle of a big wall combination. The sound has been turned off but the TV show still flickers across the screen. The room is quadratic. The sofa and armchairs are arranged in a U-shaped form in front of the wall combination. A persian-like rug covers the white floor tiles. Everything is clean and nicely positioned. The white ceiling is framed by beautiful stucco work. In the middle of the ceiling one can recognise another stucco work where a chandelier is supposed to hang. It is empty now. Four round spotlights brighten the room which might have replaced the former lamp. Different landscape and family pictures hang on the wall in the living room.

Andiswa is very quiet and warmly welcomes us with a smile and a handshake. She sits down and invites us to take a seat as well. Anelise is busy looking after her two younger sisters who are in the mood for a game and a lot of attention. The younger one visibly enjoys licking on a little pink candybar. Andiswa starts to tell her story:

"Before I moved to Hazeldean I lived in a shack in Khayelitsha. In a temporary and not permanent structure," she tells us. Together with other women she started to pay money into a saving scheme. The women there wanted to show the government that they were capable of doing the same things as men. "We don't need men. We got the power." From that money they bought building materials and later on they could build their houses. For her it was important to stand up for your rights as a woman. She says, that it is important to pass this mindset this to your kids then they can learn from you and later do the same. "The rights of woman have been undermined for a long time now and the woman is supposed to be a housewife and do the household. When the kids see that their mother gets abused by their father they think it is normal." She thinks that the community of Hazeldean appreciates the fact that she is a strong woman.

In 1999 she was able to move to Hazeldean with her family. But she explains her house is too small for the whole family it only has two rooms and it's a journey to get another subsidy to extend and renovate the house. "You are inside while your feet are still outside." That's how she describes the cramped feeling inside the house. Her husband, unfortunately, is currently unemployed. It is a challenge for him and men in general to find work. It is common for them to stand at a traffic junction to look for a day job. They hold a board where their skills are written down. But the truth is that they have to take whichever job they can get and the employer for the day pays whatever he wants to pay them. But he helps and supports her wherever he can. Also with raising the kids. At the moment Andiswa is still working but her contract expires by the end of March. "I used to work as a counsellor and was the only one working in my family over the past 20 years. Now I am trying to find another job and despite my age of 46 years I am full of energy and hope to find another employment.

> Her feelings for Hazeldean are mixed. "It is a quiet place to live. But now crime has increased and slowly enters the community."

Even during the day there are robberies now, she says. With crime comes also the issue with drugs. Diseases can spread easily and just recently six children in the community were diagnosed with tuberculosis. Luckily they all get medication, she adds.

When we asked her about the

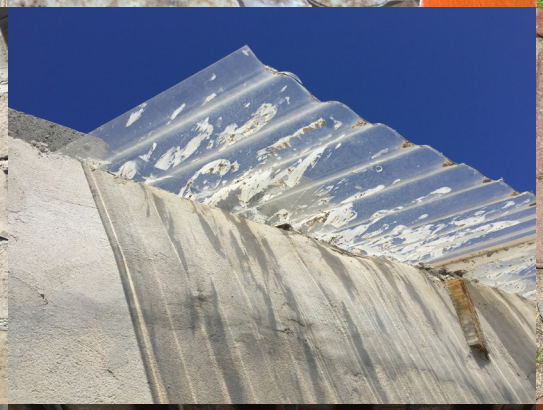
landscape pictures on her wall in the living room, her daughter tells as that it's just a picture. But her mother corrects her and says she likes the big house in the picture, the big yard and all the plants. Now she thinks to add a fence or a wall to her house so she can have a garden herself. And it would in addition protect her family from being robbed.

In the end of the interview Andiswa kindly agrees to be in a photograph in front of her house. Before taking the picture, though, we talk a bit about the colours of her house. Andiswa doesn't like the burgundy colour at the moment. It is too dark she tells us before she positions herself for the photograph.

Her daughter Anelisa tells us later that it was and still is good for her to have a strong woman as a mother. She always tried to give Anelisa everything she needed especially when it comes to education. She is more bonded to her mother than her father and she can talk about everything with her. Anelise is currently looking for a job to support her family as her mother is just able to work where she does at the moment until the end of March.












Mom we must build our own house!

INTERVIEWEE: PRIMROSE BULA
INTERVIEWERS: RUTH BRAIN & SHAHIN HAGHINAVAND
HAZELDEAN PARTNERS: NOMSITHO ZONO & ZIMASA FUTSHANE

When we arrive to meet Mama Primrose, there are extensive renovations happening at the front of the house, with workmen pouring and mixing cement across the pavement outside her regal peach-coloured home. We walk past the ornate pillars in the entrance way to find that the interior is similarly very tastefully and decadently decorated, painted mint green with heavy dark wood furnishings, and lots of plants and brassware on display. Primrose (61 years old) lives here with her elderly mother, Florence (88 years old), in one of the fanciest houses in Hazeldean. Her daughters, Nothemba (33 years old) and Khululwa (29 years old), live in Johannesburg and visit regularly. It was her daughters that inspired her to take on building her own home in Hazeldean.

Primrose's family is from Willowvale, Eastern Cape. Her parents married in 1946, but her father continued to work in Cape Town. After a few years, 'because of the [apartheid] laws', they were sent to Kensington. Primrose and her five brothers were born in Kensington, but once they reached 6 or 7 years of age, they were sent to school in the Eastern Cape. The housing laws changed again in Cape Town, and in 1963, her parents moved to Gugulethu.

The house where Primrose's family lived in Gugulethu was a four-roomed house, typical of the initial housing built for black South Africans during the 1960s in Cape Town. There were two bedrooms, a dining room and a kitchen. They liked the house, despite it not being in very good condition. Although she did not live there as a child, she remembers the stories of how her parents had to finish the house themselves (plaster and paint) and how her siblings who were living there were always sick because of the poorly insulated house.

Her eldest brother now lives in that house, and Primrose moved to Hazeldean to have her own space. Florence came to live with Primrose in Hazeldean, because she was the daughter, "the one responsible for looking after the mother". Primrose was part of a savings group, Mzam'omhle, the savings group that Zimasa's mother Luleka (Lulu to Primrose) ran. Primrose knew Lulu well from the heyday of their youth, singing in a choir together. From 1990, she saved some money from her job as a factory worker and received her plot in Hazeldean. But it was really when she came to visit the neighbourhood and saw that there were no houses available for sale, that her daughter told her "Mom we must build our own house!". With her savings, and her daughter's training stipend from the South African National Defence Force, she was able to build her house over the next two years.

She remembers moving in December 2007, and celebrating the new year in her home. She was very excited! Primrose's favourite item of furniture in her home is her bed, she tells us "because at the end of the day I can rest after a busy day." She feels that her house in Hazeldean is her home, because

> "home is a place that when you have any problems and you get home, you forget it. I can do everything that I want to do."

Primrose love cooking and cleaning her home and Zimasa tells us that she is an excellent cook! She often makes her daughters' favourite meals - chicken and umleqwa - and bakes homemade steam bread.

In terms of renovations, Primrose built fencing around her property in 2010, both to show the periphery of her property and for safety. This was following a violent robbery where Primrose was badly hurt (her arm broken) while Florence was sleeping. She is clearly anxious about feeling safe in her home, but stresses that at least the house was mostly empty (they only stole her granddaughter's computer). Since then, they have converted her beloved dining room into a garage, for her daughters' cars when they come to visit. She would love her daughters to come home, but doubts that they will as they have jobs in Johannesburg. Currently, they are building a storage room at the front of the house.

Not having a title deed is frustrating for Primrose, because she has heard that having a title deed will allow for the release of the long-awaited government housing subsidies. She has not however, applied for a title deed. She feels that she has lost touch with the community committee and doesn't know what is happening anymore. She does still attend community meetings occasionally, but caring for her mother can make attending difficult. If she was to give future housing projects advice, she would advise them to "collect money and then start building their own houses".

Another reason she wants the title deed is to fulfil her dream of having a postal address. This requires that the government name the streets in Hazeldean, which they will not do until residents receive their title deeds. She is not fussed about the name of the streets. Primrose feels that she has lost out on opportunities because she has not received her post. She says "It is my dream to have a full address so that the postman can come here".

Nobody's happy until everybody's happy

INTERVIEWEE: LULEKA FUTSHANE
INTERVIEWERS: LEE WOLF & RAZAZ BASHEIR
HAZELDEAN PARTNER: DUDUZILE JANGE

Razaz: *Is there anything that you would like to change in the area or the house?*

Luleka: *You see there are spaces here for the people who are still waiting, if this people can get their houses like us, I will be very happy.*

This spirit of community and concern for the lot of fellow members is what animates Luleka's story. She is a cheerful lady in her mid-60s, for whom securing this house made many things possible in her life. Luleka has a roof to protect her with her two children from the uncontrollable conditions of the informal settlements. She has a place to receive her family visiting from the Eastern Cape for holidays or seeking medical help in the city. But what is of great importance for Luleka are the activities that she is able to organise with the other community members: the vegetable garden, the Khoikhoi (rotating saving association or Stokvel), the sport clubs that she attends three days a week and the street committees that reinforce security at night especially during weekends.

Luleka's journey with this housing project started in 1996 by her joining "Mzamomhle" saving group, they used to meet twice a week where everyone would contribute something to their saving books e.g. R2, 20 cents or whatever was available. In 1999, she was allocated a plot and started the construction works with the help of a R10 000 loan. The loan covered the cost for the bricks, timber and tiles, but as she wanted to extend the house (compared to the smaller standard houses built by the NGO), she had to make arrangements for windows, door frames and so on.

Before coming to Hazeldean, Luleka lived in Khikhi hostels in Gugulethu. She lived there for twenty years in what she describes as "bad conditions". She moved in 2000 with her two children in their three-bedroom house. She describes her experience of moving here as follows:

> "We were very happy to come here, really. Just you leave your money here (pointing to the table), you go, you come back and your money is still here, nobody taking your money, but there..."

Today, it's eight of them in the house: her daughter has two children, her son has two children and his girlfriend. That is why Luleka wishes for some means to extend the house and have a second storey for the kids to have their own rooms.

Luleka and ten other women from the area are making use of the community garden space where they grow spinach, cabbage, potatoes and other vegetables. The garden is big and they wish other neighbours would also join, especially the young people. They can get additional financial support from some donors if they have younger participants.

In general, Luleka is of the opinion that young people are the ones who should actively participate and lead community activities; she thinks that she is old to keep moving from one meeting to another. Also, she thinks that time has changed and the knowledge she has is from the old days, that's why she has encouraged her daughter to be part of the Hazeldean committee.

Luleka has such a dynamic and disciplined approach to her days: Mondays she goes to Gugulethu to exercise. Tuesdays she goes for a two-hour sport club session here in Hazeldean. Wednesdays she must wake up early to go swimming in the pool in Gugulethu except when she doesn't have the R8 for the taxi fare, then she doesn't go. Thursdays she works around the house; cooks for her children, cleans and washes. Fridays she goes to Gugulethu again for exercising. Saturdays she makes some visits or has visitors coming. Sometimes she also just stays in the house:

"Just relax, listening to the noise of my grandchildren, they like to open the cartoons, I can't listen to my news."

On Sundays, her son drives her to church in Langa, she is used to going there and she likes it despite the fact that the same church exists in Philippi nearby and she has to pay double the price for the membership fees.

Luleka wishes her son could install a fence around the house so she could feel safer. She complains about the people who walk around late at night making noise in the streets, she thinks their intention is to rob houses. She also doesn't like the way which the residents of the new informal settlement (Ramaphosa, established in 2018) are threatening their peace:

"Aaah, now they come here, and they take our electricity from our Danger Box, I really don't know, they rob people who pass, the way to go to the buses pass by Ramaphosa, but the people get robbed. I am not worried that the prices of our houses are low because of the shacks, I am worried about the way they behave."

Residents of the two areas have been fighting on several occasions especially over electricity theft. Luleka thinks that they should wait to get services as she waited for almost nine years before she had electricity at home, she was relying on paraffin stoves and lamps.

Living in peace with her children is what Luleka likes most about her house, and her favourite corner in the house is her room, which she calls "the big room". Yet, she is still concerned about the title deed issue, she explains:

"I am worried very much because the house is not ours. If I have one I will own the house, not uTshani."












A conversation near Paulina's empty plot

BY KAGISO TSHUKUDU

We chatted with Paulina under a beautiful shade tree in Hazeldean, just across the road from her empty plot. Her current shack house was also not far from Hazeldean, across the rail line in Gugulethu. At the beginning of our conversation, Paulina was a bit reserved. It was hard for her to discuss a topic that obviously caused her pain, frustration and maybe even embarrassment. Our Hazeldean partners Zimasa and Nomsitho eased her tension by passing jokes in isiXhosa to relax her nerves. They engaged in a bit of a conversation about her background and shared a bit about theirs too. Soon Paulina saw a bit of her in them and the conversation creatively blended us as researchers into the discussion to carry on with our questions. This was a very successful interview technique, which our partners facilitated, as members of the community, as specialists of their own environment. The power of our collaboration with them was clearly evident at this point.

Paulina explained that she occasionally visited the empty plot with some of her children to inspect it, to clear litter and the bushes. Most of her neighbours whom she knew well from the time of plot allocations have since made good progress with their houses. It saddened her to talk about her failure to build her house. It had been her main project for a long time and it had not yielded results. When she talked about how far behind she felt, her sadness was written all over her face and body language. Waiting for such a fundamental thing as a house, for such a long time, while living under difficult conditions in a derelict shack, with a growing family year by year, we saw how this must be a really painful weight to carry.

We took a walk around the neighbourhood to visit Paulina's empty plot. We passed by Nomsitho's house where her father was busy watering the garden. 'Wow, this is exactly what I want' Paulina said pointing to Nomsitho's brightly painted and shiny front stoep, widely spanning across the front door. I observed as Paulina paused, took a deep breath and paced across Nomsitho's front stoep in admiration. When we got to Paulina's plot, she stopped to look at her empty stand. I could only imagine that she must have been envisioning the picture of her completed house towering in that landscape: Her front stoep, thriving vegetable garden and beautiful grandchildren running around. We all reassured each other that she would get her house one way or the other. She seemed to believe it too.

Love for family gives strength in waiting

INTERVIEWEE: ZOLISWA PAULINA DULA
INTERVIEWERS: RUTH BRAIN & KAGISO TSHUKUDU
HAZELDEAN PARTNERS: ZIMASA FUTSHANE & NOMSITHO ZONO

Love for family is at the heart of Paulina's attitude and approach to life. She and her husband, Lucas have five children and six grandchildren. She adores all of them and as a stay-home mum, has always had the responsibility of being the homemaker. Since 1991 with her first born, she has stayed home to raise all her children and continues to raise grandchildren to this day, the youngest grandchild being only a year old. When Paulina talks of the love for her husband and her family, her face beams with happiness and contentment. She softens her voice, almost shy but self-assured. Family is all she does and with it comes the responsibility to provide a safe and stable home.

The family currently lives in a four-roomed shack in Gugulethu, where they have lived since 1991 when she first moved to Cape Town from Willowvale, Eastern Cape. Her first impressions about life in Cape Town then was that the city was more efficient and best suited to raise a family, so they decided to stay. As the family grew in size, the house had become very small to accommodate a large family, but they made it work as best as they can. Spending time watching cartoons with her grandchildren is her favourite pass time.

She heard about the women's saving scheme for a housing project while in Gugulethu and joined. It was hard because she was not working but they were committed to the financial contributions for the sake of the family. She was allocated her Hazeldean plot around 2007. She remembers how women volunteers from the saving scheme took it upon themselves to demarcate plots and allocate it among themselves. It was an empowering experience by a very strong-willed community of women. The excitement of finally stepping on to her own piece of land, knowing that she was about to build her dream house was very satisfying.

However the project to build the family house that she longed for, has been a very difficult long wait for Paulina. They have failed to raise money to build the house, because Lucas is the only breadwinner in the family and can not afford to fund building of the house. All their children have not had decent jobs yet and are therefore not able to help contribute towards the project. She hopes to get a housing subsidy to finally build her house. It saddens Paulina to talk about her failure to build. It has been her main project for a long time and it has not yielded results. She occasionally visits the empty plot with some of her children to inspect the plot, debush, clear litter and keep the dream alive. Most of her neighbours, whom she knew well from the time of plot allocations, have since made good progress with their houses.

Waiting for the house has been a difficult phase for Paulina's family, but they are sustained by hope and belief that they will manage.

> One can see that hope in Paulina's eyes when her face brightens up as she envisions her completed house.

It will be a five-roomed house, she says, with three bedrooms, furnished dining room and kitchen in addition to separate bathroom and toilet. There are two additional elements that will complete this dream house. First is the vegetable garden, where the love of life and family will thrive. The vegetable garden fulfils her soul and she believes in growing her own vegetables to nourish her family. As she describes this garden, she closes her eyes beaming with a smile, and shares how she sees herself walking out of the kitchen door with a watering can to water the plants, in the morning, lunch and evening. The second element about her dream home is the front stoep. She loves front stoeps!.

We then take a walk around the neighbourhood to visit her empty plot. She will get her house one way or another. She has the strength of family to pull through.


Akhona
PEP
Pole's Environmental Planning

The struggle for stability

INTERVIEWEES: XOLISWA MDAKA, HEAD OF HOUSEHOLD & AKHONA MDAKA, TRANSLATOR AND DAUGHTER OF XOLISWA
INTERVIEWERS: OLIVA ANDEREGGEN & PATRICK SCHUSTER

As we drive to Hazeldean, we follow a road and see the Derek Hanekom Resource Centre on the right, and a smaller building on the left. We all go inside the building on the left and the women who would be our translators are already sitting there. We are the first ones to enter and within the first moments of awkwardness we slowly move towards the women as they start waving at us, inviting us to sit next to them. The woman who does so the most, who then sat next to us, immediately starts chatting with us and making us feel welcome. The woman turns out to be Akhona, with whom we would build a relationship throughout the coming weeks that we visit Ekupumleni. Her welcoming of us, already putting her arms around us, makes us feel very comfortable. It is a great start to the day and the weeks to come.

Thus, the first household we visit is where Akhona lives along with her mother, daughter, and older brother. As we walk in and greet Xoliswa we are seated in the living room on 3 couches with a television set playing softly in the background. The room is painted pink as Akhona says, "my mother is very good with painting". Above the television is a photo of Xoliswa from when she was a part of her son's initiation in the Eastern Cape, flanked by sets of bows and arrows bought by her son. Nearby hangs a picture of Akhona on the occasion of her matric ball, and of Akhona's younger sister both inserted into faraway worlds of bright fantastical imagery.

Xoliswa is currently unemployed. She last had work as a domestic worker elsewhere in the city. When asked about her age, she tells us she is 54. We start talking about how old our mothers are. Xoliswa then asks Oliva, "does your mother need a domestic worker?". Oliva explains, that her mother lives in Switzerland and domestic workers are very unusual there. Akhona, completed her diploma in hospitality at Northlink College (Tygerberg) and is short of a six month stint in industry to qualify for her diploma. She is working as a teaching assistant at a primary school assisting children with skills in using a computer, with literacy in the library and as a substitute teacher when required. There is uncertainty about what she will do when her contract ends at the end of February and she must look for work again. Akhona says she would "see about" doing a teaching course through a college to find employment as a teacher. The fourth member of the house, Xoliswa's son, works as a taxi driver and is the main source of income for the household. As Akhona is still working until the end of February, she and her brother are the ones providing for the household. Jobs and unemployment are present worries here, they determine whether a household can pay their bills, buy food, or save up for extensions on the house.

When asked about work opportunities in the area, Akhona says "Hell no. Most of the youth don't work here, they loose hope, they do drugs, alcohol to keep themselves occupied. They do gap year after gap year. There is a lot of criminality here. Most of the time it is the boys, they don't have someone to encourage them. They give up in life, they don't have hope. They just sit around doing nothing". We wonder whether Akhona and her mother are worried about her brothers/sons regarding this situation for young men. Akhona answers no, as her older brother is already a taxi driver, and her younger brother is still in school. At the moment they are not concerned. Jobs seem to be the very factor between "sitting around doing nothing", drifting towards habits that might harm oneself or others, and being able to provide for oneself and others.

Akhona's stepfather, sister and daughter, and brother live in Gugulethu. Akhona and her brother had been born in the Eastern Cape. Akhona and her mother both used to live in Gugulethu, but are originally from the Eastern Cape. Akhona was born there and then lived with her grandparents, when her mother came to the Western Cape and settled in Gugulethu. Akhona joined her mother a few years later, but she did not like it in Gugulethu. "I was too scared living in the shack, I wanted to go back

to live with my grandparents". Akhona returned to the Eastern Cape to live with her grandparents and only came back to Cape Town in 2006 when her mother had already been living in the house in Ekupumleni for several years.

Xoliswa had met Shawn from PEP a very long time ago when "we were looking for the land". That was in 1999 having joined the Pakamisa in 1998. Her sister, who lives in Victoria Mxenge, had convinced her to join a SAHPF meeting and her journey to her Ekupumleni home had begun there. Xoliswa explains that they first met in individual groups within the areas that they lived in. Then they came together through PEP and got to know the other smaller groups.

Xoliswa's house was built by Sean. She says that at the time she was not working and thus she got a smaller house. Other members that had work at the time got bigger houses. "If you are working you have a big house."

In 2001 she had moved to Ekupumleni under difficult circumstances. "I was 5 months pregnant then and no one helped me move here" she explains. It was in the cold winter month of June then and it would be 3 years until the household had electricity.

At the time there was a single tap on the site, located at the Derek Hanekom Resource Centre, which serviced the residents of the settlement. In 2006 three or four taps were added, one near the house, making the fetching and carrying of water easier.

"But since 2015 life is better". Once the roads had started to be built in 2014-2015 the houses in Ekupumleni got toilets and running water inside. Asked why it took so long for the infrastructure to arrive in Ekupumleni, Xoliswa explains "this land is private, so for a long time [the] government didn't want to do things". The roads are not the last of the infrastructural struggles the community has to fight for - there is still the matter of title deeds.

Before 2015 none of the houses had toilets inside. Residents would share a limited number of toilets, outside *mshengus* (chemical toilets). At night, they would not go outside to go to the toilet, because it was too dangerous and they were too afraid. Thus they all had to do their business in buckets and then empty them in the toilets the next morning. This had been a shameful activity for them, as Charlotte Adams, the community chairperson had described earlier when we were introduced to the residents in Ekupumleni, even though everyone had to do it. They would try to make sure that no one would see them emptying their buckets. As soon as the sun sets, it becomes dangerous outside. Akhona explains "it would be better to have streetlights, you will never go outside at night."

The two relay a harrowing account of how crime had affected them two years prior to the interview. Akhona, her daughter Liyabona, brother and his girlfriend had been home when they heard a knocking at the front door. Shortly thereafter they heard the sound of the door being kicked, eventually giving way to the force when 3 men had entered the home, two of them wearing balaclavas. One of the men had instructed the family to sit down and to be silent, aiming the gun at Liyabona to reinforce the threat. The assailants took their cellphones, cash, shoes, jacket, clothes and even their toiletry bag. Then attention was turned to finding a gun in the house. Says Akhona, "they must have been told that my brother was a taxi driver, because many taxi drivers carry guns". When the family insisted there was no gun in the house the armed assailant told them that he would shoot Liyabona if the gun was not produced after counting to 3, loading 2 rounds into his weapon. Suddenly one of the men outside the house signaled that it was time for them to go. "If he had counted and gotten to 2 I was going to run to shield my daughter from the bullet" says Akhona. Just the previous week, the family had gathered in the Eastern Cape to bury a cousin. "What must we do? Life must go on" concludes Xoliswa.

Despite suspicions that they had been targeted for her son's supposed weapon and that "someone must have given them the intelligence that [he] was a taxi driver" Xoliswa tells us trust among the neighbors is still strong. "We are good to each other", she says about her neighbors, "we even communicate over Whatsapp about things happening outside in the street at night" when danger is suspected. "We usually trust everyone in the community, but now we can't trust the boys round here, there is less trust now. There is some people who will inform criminals what a specific household owns. But we can't identify them".

Xoliswa had served on the committee for the area between 2013-2015. At the time they had been preoccupied with building infrastructure, particularly the tar road running through the settlement. More general functions of the committee include mediating disagreements between residents. In addition to the larger structures, street committees take up immediate issues in their immediate surrounds. For example, overseeing that

parties are kept safe by informing the police, mediating issues of loud music over weekends and the measurement of land in cases where additions to houses are being added. She adds, "if you don't go to the committee first [to resolve one's grievances] and go to the police, [the police] will refer you back to the committee". In extreme cases "the committee will even take you out of your house. You can keep the property, but you will have to rent it out", says Xoliswa. Akhona tells us, that there is also a head of the street, Mr. Zono. If anything is wrong one goes to talk to him. He is the one setting the code of conduct. In addition if they were to extend their house, they would have to talk to him first and their neighbour(s). Mr. Zono would then measure their land and how far they could extend it. Everyone is subject to these rules. If one does not do so and something were to happen to their extension or similar project they would be left to their own devices. If they were to contact the police or an organisation like SANCO, they would be told to refer back to the head of the community and settle it with them. Akhona says they were given the contact number of a police officer and are free to call him anytime should something happen.

Police presence in the community helps guard against electricity theft. Some members of the community even stand by the dangers (electricity boxes) all night and take down any illegal wiring. "We are surrounded by the shacks of the informal settlement." Sweet Home Farm, another settlement bordering Ekupumleni, does not give them any problems. "It is only Ramaphosa that harass us". They explain, "that shacks mean a lot of crime is going on". The people in the shacks "they don't do nothing (sic), but they have a lot of skills"although they have a lot of "illegal skills" like opening dangers and getting electricity. They add, "we need to close the spaces at openings into the community" to limit access into the area. Most importantly though they stress the need for title deeds for their home.

Xoliswa reports that only about 10-15 households in the area are married, and that women are in the majority. She goes on to say that it was the women who joined the federations and struggled for the land. It was all women that organized themselves, to find land, build houses, and through this process they already became a community.

Originally from the Eastern Cape, Xoliswa moved from Gugulethu to her house. The house was built by the uTshani fund to support families who could not afford to build their houses from their incomes. "It's different here", she says, "in Gugs we were staying in a shack, now we have a house. Here things are different: it's safer from fire, crime and robbery, we are nearer to taxis and we have better access to shops".

She explains that they had made various adjustments to the house to make it more livable. These changes include the replacement of the five steel windows and door frames with aluminum windows and the outside doors with wooden ones, not unlike many similar houses in the area. "They rusted and let water into the house", she says gesturing to the windows. These had been replaced by a Zimbabwean builder and from the household's purse. Pointing to other houses in the street who have done the same, she tells us how the front door was moved to the street side of the house.

Xoliswa and Akhona take us on a tour of their house. There are 2 bedrooms and a bathroom adjoining the lounge as well as a kitchen. The living room and kitchen are furnished with white tiles, another alteration made to the house, where the other rooms floors are of vinyl flooring. One room is occupied by Akhona and her daughter and the other by her mother. In the bathroom they tell us how the size of the kitchen and bathroom are very small and would ideally be enlarged, and that a geyser to warm water would be a most welcome. To the rear of the property a room has been added, in which the son lives.

In future, the two add that they would like to enclose the yard, primarily for safety. Xoliswa adds that she would add two rooms for her son and daughter to the rear of the property, a garage to the street and an enlarged kitchen to the front.

The envisioned extensions seem to bring together the several dimensions of security which have run throughout the interview. As we leave the house and its unbounded yard we are reminded of the uncertainty looming large: where are the title deeds?

What shall happen to my house when I die?

INTERVIEWEE: SILVIA JAS
INTERVIEWER: WILFRED JANA & LEANDRA CHOFFAT
HAZELDEAN PARTNER: NELISWA SIPELE

Silvia was not meant to be our interview partner that day. But as our initial interviewee was not home, she spontaneously agreed to do an interview with us. In her living room we were told to sit on chairs which have been nicely arranged into a circle. Silvia's house is really spacious, maybe this impression also results from the fact that most of the rooms are only separated by curtains and there are only a few actual doors. Some of the walls are partly covered with plastic sheets and the floor has been coated with synthetic, beautifully patterned linolium. When you look up you can see the roof tiles which are made water proof with plastic. When she first moved in to her house it was raining inside the house. She had to catch the water with a bucket. The walls of the living room we are sitting in, are painted in different warm colors. In the background we could hear the sound of a TV, which was calmly accompanying our conversation.

After introducing ourselves we started with the interview. Silvia is talking in her mother tongue, isiXhosa, and Neliswa is translating it to English.

Silvia is living with two tenants from Zimbabwe, as she is currently not working and needed to rent out her rooms as a source of income. But her house only has three rooms and this arrangement starts to get a little tight. They have been living with her for nine years, but she told them now to move out. "Now I want to start fixing my house and do not want tenants anymore." She has a plan to start her own business. A shop where she will be selling drinks, meat and a lot more.

When we ask her where she lived before moving to Hazeldean, Silvia leans back. We can see that it is quite emotional for her, to talk about her past. She lived in Site B in Khayelitsha before moving here and it was bad, she said. She was living in a shack with her brother and her mother. During the night they were often lying awake, crossing fingers that no one would break in. Or that a drunk person would not fall into their shack. In order to get water, they had to knock at the doors of people who had a toilet in their shack. This was so, they did not have to go too far, and it was free of charge.

In 1999 she moved to Hazeldean alone. Silvia had two children but they both passed away. She had already joined the Homeless People's Federation of South Africa in Khayelitsha. The Federation had a project in Site B and built houses there. She joined them mostly because she was fed up of living in a shack. An amount of about R20 served as a member contribution and she attended their meetings regularly. Silvia has a very high opinion of the Federation because they were able to keep their promises and build her dream house."They told me they would build a house for me and they actually did it."

In order to get the building process of her house going, she had to buy a lot of equipment. She bought windows, doors, tiles and some other equipment and the Federation started to build the house. She had to buy the materials one after another, because it is really expensive. She got the money to buy the material from her mother's boss, where she used to work part-time as a domestic worker. Her boss, Leslie, is a lecturer at UCT and paid her R3 500 a month. Silvia says that she paid her so much because she knew that there was no money around at their house. Leslie was a really generous woman with a good heart, who treated her like a sister.

Her feelings were quite ambiguous when she first arrived in Hazeldean. She felt good and happy because she didn't have to worry about living in a shack anymore. As her family are her only friends it was not too hard to move to Hazeldean emotionally. The downside of the newly acquired home was its general condition. There was only the structure of the house with a roof. It was not plastered, there were no windows and no doors. At this time there was no electricity in Hazeldean, so they had to use candles and paraffin lamps. Only in later was electricity and running water installed in the area. Up to that point they had to go fetch water at a place that

was meant to be the toilet of the whole community. Nowadays she pays around R400 for electricity a month.

Even though she thinks very highly of the Federation there were also promises that were not kept. At a general meeting it was promised that they would provide money or cheques for the inhabitants of Hazeldean to be able to buy new windows or doors. In the end there was no money, no explanation and no change.

With the monetary assistance of her brother and her uncle, Silvia was able to do some renovations. She first hired someone to plaster the house and make sure the roof is waterproof. She installed burglar bars and did the tubing. She renovated her veranda. Even if she did not manage to fully fix her house yet, she really likes it here. The biggest issue she sees is not having the title deed. The fallow area in front of her window is supposed to be a park where children can play. There should be more areas for the kids, so they can play outside and feel safe. But nothing happens and that is really sad. Beyond the stagnation there is another issue about not having a title deed that really bothers Silvia.

"Maybe I die and who is going to take over the house then? My niece and my nephew would be the ones to get it. But who knows if the community or other people would not just come and steal it? I have no security."

When we start talking about the notion of home, of this place, Silvia's her home. Even though there is a huge insecurity about her land tenure she says, "I am happy, and I accepted this place. It belongs to me now and I feel secure here. It is really how I wanted it to be."

There are different notions of security that reveal themselves during the conversation. When we start to talk about the area of Hazeldean in general, Silvia says that for her it is okay because she mostly stays inside of her house. But outside there is a lot of crime. There are the Ramaphosa and the Sweet Home settlements, situated around Hazeldean. And according to Silvia they increased the crime rate in the area. People are scared now and cannot walk on the streets anymore because there are too many *skollies* (thieves). Talking about the occupied Derek Hanekom Center she describes it as a bed and breakfast. When says that this B&B should be situated in the city center. Because the kids in the area see the husbands who are stealing the wives from other men and kids should not be growing up in an environment like this. Even if she never calls it by its name, one can tell that Silvia is not okay at all with a brothel being established in her neighbourhood.

As a final thought Silvia adds that she hopes that there will soon be more and better jobs. She finally wants to work again, fix her house and then everything would be okay.

In (Between) Hazeldean realities

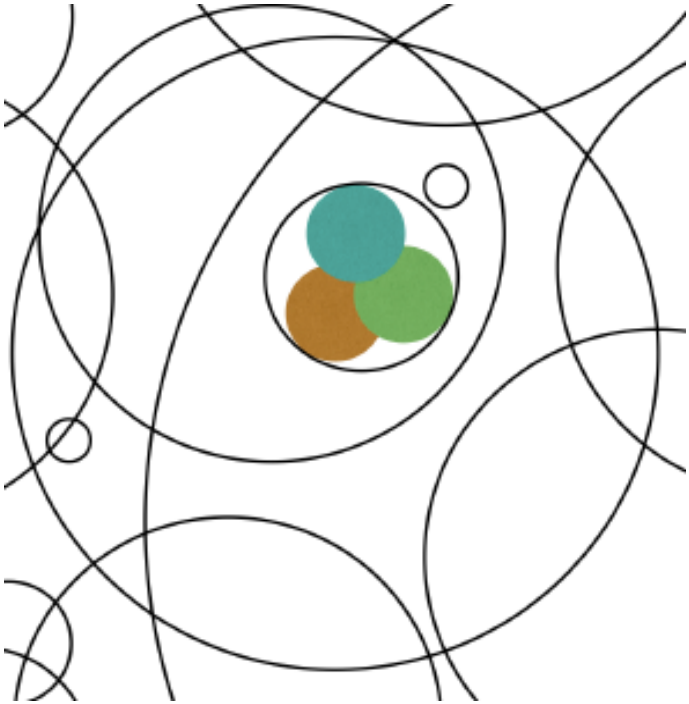
BY SWANN CHERPILLOD

As soon as we started to ask about her house design, a smile appeared on Lizzies face. She pointed at her shelves on our right and the model of the house that was made around fifteen years ago. 'You see the form? I chose it. Suddenly her dream house made sense to me. I understood its story, its origin and its originality. Lizzie was proud of it and we could sense her joy. Every time I think about Hazeldean, I see her house, her dream house. And maybe because of the color of the walls, when I think about Lizzie and her house, I see the color brick, a brick coloured circle.

Nomanditini's house was full of plants and her garden beautifully arranged with trees. So naturally, we asked her about all this greenery surrounding her. Her expression changed. 'I love plants' she said. She explained the story of one of her trees that stands proudly in the garden. 'This tree was planted in Khayelitsha, where I used to live before moving here to Hazeldean.' This very short story about her tree enabled her to remember her past. Suddenly, her house had a new meaning. I understood how plants were part of her life and how they transformed her house into her home. When I think of Hazeldean, I see Nomanditini surrounded by her beautiful plants. Unsurprisingly when I think of Nomanditini, I see a green circle.

Eric took me to see the land and home that he has now been allocated. Standing in front of the house that he never received, he started to open up, and become more expressive and talkative. Eric told me he had attended a meeting recently with PEP, and he is hoping to have his house built before end of year… I could finally understand concretely the struggle that he is going through. Albeit not complete, his story gave me a strong insight into his life. When I think about Hazeldean, I see Eric in front of his plot suddenly opening himself to me. I decided to illustrate this specific moment with a light blue circle.

These texts share very special moments, where I could suddenly feel emotions. The tones of the interviewees changed. Arms were moving. Faces were more expressive. The people I interviewed opened up themselves, moments in which I thought I could hear and see their experiences.



A dream deferred

INTERVIEWEES: BHUTI SAMPI & MAMA MONICA
INTERVIEWERS: CARLA CRUZ, DEIRDRE PRINS-SOLANI
HAZELDEAN PARTNER: APHIWE FANA

Outside Bhuti Sampi and Mama Monica's front door are maize Tata Bhuti planted. He has been largely responsible for the small changes in their house that were possible with the little resources they have. But he has dreams of a proper pitch roof, more bedrooms, an indoor toilet, a garden and a proper fence.

Bhuti Sampi and Mama Monica live in the converted public toilets of the settlement. Bhuti Sampi had moved to Cape Town from Cofimvaba, Eastern Cape, looking for work. They had two children. Their daughter died and their son lives in Khayelitsha. Since 1980, he had been living in a shack in Site C, Khayelitsha. Tata Bhuti briefly describes the life there as a particularly difficult one. The threat of fire, rains and flooding are a daily part of his reality. But, as Aphiwe, our translator, explains: "He said it's better [in] Khayelitsha than here. Because here there's a lot of crime." Today in Hazeldean, he worries about the *skollies* stealing his car, as he points to the garage he made himself.

His wife Mama Monica became a part of the savings scheme and Association. But it was only in 2012 they finally moved to Hazeldean, as earlier there was no plot allocation for them. They moved here on their own – their children by then had already grown up and had homes for themselves.

Tata Bhuti and Mama Monica are still waiting for the subsidy. It has been

PHOTOS ABOVE: Bhuti and Mama's bedroom and lounge

twenty years of waiting. They are not happy. They have no electricity; they had to set up electricity themselves. Cable wires are exposed in the kitchen and strewn across the room. There is no access to water inside the house, so they use an outdoor tap and an outdoor drop toilet. He and his wife are deeply disillusioned and "very tired". Tata Bhuti says, "I'm still like an animal." Meanwhile, Mama Monica describes how she is often referred to as "the mama who lives in the toilet." She finds this deeply offensive and insulting.

Looking around the house, Mama Monica indicates that there is nothing she likes about it. She stresses that she feels very bad about living under such terrible conditions. "I want a house here," she says firmly. She wants the plot, but she wants a new house. Like her husband, she dreams of a new house – at the very least she is thankful for the roof over her head, but she wants a "normal" house. By normal, she means a roof that doesn't leak, a house with bedrooms and a proper toilet.

However, they are both unemployed, and too old for work. They have no financial capacity to build a new house at this point. Mama Monica shares her anxieties: "Don't know what's happening. Don't know what I can do. Getting old. Sometimes, I don't know… where can I die. Like this."

The roof has been leaking again by our second visit. Mama wasn't ready for visitors on our arrival and takes some time to get done. This is because they didn't have water for two days and so everything takes longer than usual. But they warmly receive us into their living room, wherein we invite them to describe their dream home in rich detail.

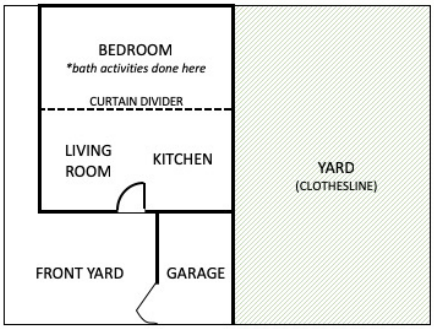
The couple clearly has had discussions about what they wish to have, and have delineated their responsibilities between each other

– Tata, the actual built structure, and Mama, the fittings, embellishments and colours. Tata and Mama point out where they want the toilet to be (near the front of the house), and in which direction they want to extend the house. Tata tells us which wall to tear down and where the new kitchen and living room will be. We draw out the plan, which we show Tata; he instead draws a pitched roof, over and over again. He also draws windows that look out into the front yard. "This house must be like this," he says as he traces the roof and the windows on the sketch again. Tata also confesses that he would love to have a vegetable garden outside.

Mama, meanwhile, tells us of the colours she wants to paint the house. The palette of colours are vibrant; somewhere between olive and bottle green; mustard yellow for the outside.

"But inside," she says, "Inside, I want pink." If not pink, then she is fine with beige – so long as the colour matches her curtains. Tata leaves the colour up to her, shrugging as we ask him if he likes the colours Mama has selected.

We return to the industrial sized black sewing thread we had seen in the living room on our last visit. "No, I stitch my trousers with that," Tata interjects. Tata points to his trousers, saying he fixes and sews his own clothes. His mother had taught him as a child and the work is so finely done. "It's Papa," Mama laughs, because we are so quick to assume the



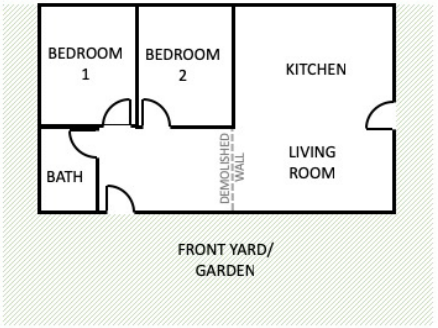


FIGURE ABOVE: The current layout of the house
FIGURE RIGHT: The layout of the dream house

thread belongs to Mama.

On Mama's prompting, we return to the subject of grocery shopping and where this is done, attempting to understand the networks. They catch an ***amaphela*** – a mini taxi – for R8 at the shop called Golden Striker to return to Hazeldean with all of their groceries. If they plan a big shopping spree – with all of the combos on offer – they will typically book a big taxi for R30 from the shop to deliver them and all their goods. But we soon discover that Mama and Tata are asking about the shops for a specific reason: Tata had a birthday the week before and so we promise to bring cake next time we visit Hazeldean.

Tata is a pastor in the Zion Church in Khayelitsha, which has 80 church members. He is immensely proud of his role in the church and obviously gains much joy from this identity. Mama Monica too shares the pride; she tells us repeatedly how important he is and how long he has been a member and leader in the church. The remaining photographs they keep in their bedroom, for example, are of Tata and the church; these photographs are framed beautifully and kept with care.

The house is neatly furbished. Great pride is taken in the objects on display and making the house liveable. The garden, for example, and the objects suggest an infusion of themselves and their identity into the space. The dialogue between what is visible and what is said may appear contradictory, but it rather illustrates complex human life. On the one hand, it is making do with what is there, and on the other, it is being dissatisfied with the slow progress of reality.

A pursuit of recognition

INTERVIEWEE: FLORENCE MAKALIMA
INTERVIEWERS: MARCO MORGAN & ALINE SUTER
HAZELDEAN PARTNER: RENEILWE TSOTETSI

Ma Florence's pleasant and welcoming smile was the perfect entrance to a convivial home situated on a street in Hazeldean that told a two-decade story of intermittent investment blanketed in fears of fleeting permanency and aspirations of calling Hazeldean a home. The Makalima's face-brick house and a newly-painted stoep leading to the wooden-embellished door tells unearthing narratives of a family who have responded to the Hazeldean's tenure-uncertainties with physical reflections of immovability.

In our introduction to Makalima's, it was established quite early in our conversation that Ma-Florence, like most of the women in the Hazeldean's households, was the initiator of the move. In the case of the Makalima's, the family moved from a backyard shack in Gugulethu to Hazeldean. Before moving to Hazeldean Ma-Florence travelled to and from Woodstock daily, working as a domestic worker. Tiresomely working to pay rent and travel-cost, Ma-Florence joined a savings group with the hopes of building and owning a home for her children.

Her children, one of which no longer lives in Hazeldean, were introduced through the framed graduation photographs that adorned the walls of the living room. Ma Florence and her husband's eyes lit up as they spoke of the children and grandchildren, but the light of their eyes slowly dimmed as the conversation asked what may become of this family home in the future, with no clear path to a title deed? The questioned loomed over us, as they explained the pursuit of recognition and the complex biography of their home.

We sat in the lounge area, separate from the dining room which was connected to the open-plan kitchen. Each space lined with elaborate floor and ceiling skirtings and wooden parkade tiles. The biography of the home was described as we were led down a short passage pass the bathroom to the main bedroom, where Ma-Florence's husband pointed to a wall decked out with strikingly decorative built-in-cupboards. In his few words, he boastingly explained that this was his work and that before retiring, he worked as carpenter building similar cupboards.

The Makalima's were of the first few to receive plots and had patiently designed and built their home brick by brick. Ma Florence's husband was a tradesmen and his carpentry skills and knowledge of construction enabled the build of their home within a six-month period only deferred though financial limitations. The family invested all their savings into their home and by the looks of the house they spared no expense in investing their life-savings into what now seemed to be wavering dreams of ownership.

Nearly twenty years ago, the Makalima's ventured from Gugulethu, one of the Cape Town's black African townships established by the oppressive state of the Apartheid Government to control and house the rapid influx from the homelands. The reluctance of the state to recognize its people was reflected in the delayed naming of the township and its disparaging approach to the naming of the streets.

Thus, the Makalima's venture has been in search of a better environment, a place to call home and a community that is acknowledged and acknowledges them. However, the increase in crime and the lack of response from police, the uncertainties of tenure, the anxiety of illegitimacy and lack of acknowledgement by the state has only reinforced this family's fears and caused pain and hurt. Twenty years later the Ma Florence and her husband, despite the circumstances that face them, are still hopeful and gallant in their approach of building and calling this place home.

Walking and walking

INTERVIEWEE: SYLVIA BALA
INTERVIEWERS: PATRICK SCHUSTER & OLIVA ANDEREGGEN
HAZELDEAN PARTNER: AKHONA MDAKA

We start the interview off with a walk through Ekupumleni's streets, the wind ushering us along. Walking to the plot where Sylvia's house should stand we ask how she imagines her house. Arriving there, a garbage truck struggles to mount the curb behind where her house will be, eventually making its way across the plot as we wait patiently. The roar of its engine gone, we ask Sylvia to point out specific houses and tell us which features she likes about them, which she can see in her own future home as we walk past houses already populating the direct surrounds of her barren plot. We ask her to imagine her house on the plot. Her expression tells us we have missed something saying only, "The house will be here".

It is clear Sylvia has walked a long road, but the story we hear is hardly what we expect – a weave of pasts, presents and futures. Eventually we find out a few details about her priorities for the house, but not in the neat order we had imagined. Sylvia would like her future house to be white, adding 4 bedrooms to the typical houses built by Shawn from PEP which have 2 bedrooms. She would have a garden and a yard around the house filled with roses and fruit trees. Perhaps most surprisingly, she adds that even if it were to have an inside toilet, she wants hers to be outside the house.

"Where did you grow up?" is answered succinctly: Eastern Cape. While she cannot collect her birth year "I can't tell you how old I am, I don't know", explaining why she couldn't recall her age she says "my parents died when I was very young". "Where did you go then?" we ask. Without her parents she had started primary school living with her grandparents. There is a light in her eye when she asks where we are from and Oliva reveals she is from Switzerland – there had been some people selling Swiss goods in her life.

In grade eight she had left school and started working at a hospital run by women who called each other "sisters", "White people who could speak isiXhosa". They had dressed "like Muslims" is the answer when we ask if this had been a convent. Oliva, by now excited, produces her phone and shows both Akhona and Sylvia images of Swiss nuns in white dresses. Sylvia responds "Yes!" they were the Swiss people that dressed like Muslims she referred to earlier. By now recalling the name of the hospital she says it was called "Bedford". While working there, she would only walk home on weekends, when she could be signed out. Working in the laundry at the hospital she would give the money she earned to her grandfather or buy items which they did not have in the home. She smiles as she tells us of the fond memories of the place. At least we can now see why the house will be white.

Her days at the hospital had come to an end when the state had taken over the hospital and she had been retrenched. She had built her own house on a plot which she had bought herself. Today, her son lives in the house and she rents out another in the area. Each December she takes to the road with her grandchildren back to the house in the Eastern Cape returning with the end of the school holidays.

Prompted by the hot sun we make our way to the vibracrete community meeting space to take the load off of our feet. As we melt into our chairs Sylvia tells us she used to be married, but this is no longer the case. She had been forced into marriage when the parents of her husband-to-be had come to 'fetch' her by the river to be taken to live with her new family. Akhona leans in to explain this is because of the cattle the marriage would bring into a woman's new family. Sylvia had born no children from this marriage, but she had worked all day cleaning and cooking for the entire family. The next three years had been lived in fear under someone else's roof. Everything would be left for her to do.

There is a long pause as we take in her journey thus far before we get to how she got to Cape Town. Akhona translates as the rest of us wait patiently. Later in life she would struggle to find employment in the Eastern Cape and decided to leave for Cape Town - finding a room in KTC, Gugulethu. Six months came and went when, frustrated by being unable to find work, she was about to return to the Eastern Cape. Through her host's involvement in a federation, leader

Patricia Matholengue had had helped her find employment. She smiles reflecting on her friends, but her face belies the hard work which lay ahead. Changing fortunes had changed her mind and she decided to stay in Cape Town and work toward establishing herself in the city. That was 1999.

Today she lives in Sweet Home Farm, a settlement neighbouring Ekupumleni, a walk of about 4-5 minutes. Her home in Sweet Home shares a flushing toilet and electricity with three other households with running stand-pipe taps all over the community supplied by the state. She is, "used to it", adding, "if the toilet has a blockage inside, I prefer for it to happen outside". The mystery of the outside toilet is solved.

Reflecting on our own homes we ask whether Sylvia would like a garden with her future home. She says that she would like to have one. She explains, that currently she does not, without a properly secure yard, "in Sweet Home, they steal". She recalls the garden at her home in the Eastern Cape. It had consisted of flowers and fruits, roses being her favourite as well as the peach tree, orange tree and avocado tree.

Today, Sylvia is still waiting on her house in Ekupumleni, and does not know when she will receive it. Matter-of-fact she tells us PEP used to say they would build houses for those who could not afford them, but today she is unsure if she is still going to get a house adding, "[we] must push Sean for miracles". She has waited for 20 years and no date has been set yet for when the next houses are going to be built. The last houses to be built in eKuphumleni by PEP were built 17 years ago; all houses built subsequently were built by their owners themselves as and when they were able to do so. We're surprised by her poise considering the long years of wait, so we ask whether she is homesick for the Eastern Cape. She replies immediately: "no".

She does not want to go back to the Eastern Cape, preferring her grandchildren to stay in the city with her, attributing this to access to better schools such as the ones her grandchildren attend in Hanover Park, despite transport alone consuming most of her child-grants. She wants them to go to a "Coloured" school saying, "Coloured schools have better English. The English is better there [than in 'Black schools']". She goes on, "When they have to work, they have to speak English. English is the common language that everyone should know". Even communicating with people from different language backgrounds, such as those from Zimbabwe with whom she goes to church, English is the common medium.

Hers is the sole income for the household – a social grant from the state. She tells us one of her children had worked at the airport, but that when her children are unemployed, she gives them money from her grant too.

Sylvia still comes to Ekupumleni for meetings which she is notified about through text messages, and to see her friend who she met through the federation and with whom she worked all those years ago. Syliva does not complain about her situation, neither did we sense much resentment for still having to wait for a house. It feels as though she will do her best in coming to meetings, but will also accept her fate even if her house is never realized.

"After all this struggle I am a strong woman. Even if I die now I'm fine because all my grandchildren are already in school".

On our final walk through the streets of Ekupumleni we ask her what a house here would mean to her. She replies she always wanted a house, but clearly this is not the only nor perhaps the biggest concern in her life. Talking to Sylvia has had a profound effect on our original vision of the finality of getting her house, the end of her wait.

"I think of the men in the bible that walk and walk. I will reach my destination once I receive my house".

A second storey

INTERVIEW: MALTE STEIN & LINDA WERMUTH
INTERVIEWEE: NOMAYENZEKE 'MAYA' SIPELE
HAZELDEAN PARTNER: YANELISA FANA

Maya is standing in her living room and is visibly weary from this day. It is midday and we are all standing around her – two researchers and two translators – gathered as if she had a story to tell. And indeed, she had.

Unlike many others in Hazeldean Maya didn't build her house by herself. She got her plot in 1999 and started building later that year, but it was only finished in 2006. Being one of the first 20 residents in Hazeldean, her house was built for her. She didn't have to pay for it, she was just handed the keys for her new home, she explains. She means that metaphorically. Because there were no keys on the day she got to move into her house, because her house didn't have a door. So, she had to fetch her own door, Maya said rolling her eyes.

"The place wasn't ready, it was not in a good condition. It was not plastered, had no toilet and when it was raining it was leaking through the roof. The conditions were dire when we arrived. There was nothing. No water, no electricity. To make light we were using paraffin candles. We were living like squatters!"

That roof is still leaking all those years later and Maya considers it one of the reasons why her grandson is suffering from pneumonia. The water was not only coming from above, but also from below, because of frequent flooding in the area. "I'm coughing because of this", she tells us. Standing in her living room one can smell the dampness, even on a hot summer day like this.

Then there are the rats coming through holes in between the walls and the roof, she tells us in a disgruntled tone, not even my door is closing properly. At one time one of those rats was falling onto her face while she was lying in bed. Maya has so many reasons to feel overwhelmed by this. There's simply not enough money to fix all these things, she claims. "I don't even have burglar bars and you need them in this neighbourhood!" But even if there was money, she wouldn't invest it, because she doesn't have a title deed for the plot of land her house is built upon. Without a title deed she could be evicted any time and then all her investments would be gone, she claims. But at least now she has a key, she says.

Maya has seen a lot in her life already. She has an almost intimidating presence and her voice is filling the whole room when she speaks. She's a preacher, she lets us know, and a mother and a father. She's the head of the household. That's her two adult kids, her grandkid and herself.

Before she came to Hazeldean in 2006 she was living in New Crossroads, not far away. There she lived in her parents' house. A beautiful facebrick house, she describes. They lived there with 24 people in one house. Maya describes the situation back then as hectic. Her mother was taking care of the grandchildren, because their mothers had no time for them. It was crowded. This was one reason why Maya decided to leave. There was just no space for her, and she wanted to make a better home for her own kids. Now there are at least less people in her household.

To get to Hazeldean she had to save. "We were saving Rand by Rand", she exclaims. It was fortunate Maya was working then, selling cloth. But she wonders where all that money went. She feels the bank was cheating them out of some of their savings. That's why they soon started their own Ekupumleni savings scheme. That name would later become the name of their community. And those same people from the saving scheme would be her neighbours in Hazeldean.

Maya does not seem happy in Hazeldean. She was working hard to make into her house. She attended many meetings of the South African Homeless People's Federation and was helping out in the community whenever she could. "But I never got any pay. We only got those free meals during the meetings. But then I would get home to my children and had nothing for them." She partially blames uTshani for her situation. They own the house, she says, and they could just come take it at any time. And then uTshani says she owes them money for the place she's living in, she exclaims. The outstanding debts amount to R25 000.

But the place she is living in is barely worth R1 000 and was built with leftover materials from other building sites, she tells us. The whole process is going on for years. In the meantime, some of the future residents have died without ever making it onto their plots.

"The leaders of the community have nice houses though, but not us. These houses built by Shawn are for the poorest of the poor. It's nothing compared to New Crossroads.", Maya says, "Maybe it was wrong to come here. Maybe we should've moved somewhere else."

She wishes uTshani would finally come to their senses and transfer all of the land to the community and not just parts of it. That is what the community demands. And if they will not take action anytime soon, they will take action, she says, and they will not like that. It's because Maya wants her title deed, so she could finally invest in her place. She really wants that second storey. She says, because her plot is so small, only 140 square meters, the only way to go is up.

The fifty cents house: spotted on a train…

INTERVIEWEE: NOMVUYO MAGARET MKHONWANA
INTERVIEWERS: CARLA CRUZ & DEIRDRE PRINS-SOLANI
HAZELDEAN PARTNER: APHIWE FANA

Ma Mkhonwana moved to Khayelitsha from Queenstown in 1988. She moved to Hazeldean in 2004. Traveling by train to work, she used to pass by a building which had a sign up about housing. With time she saw two houses built adjacent to this building. When she asked about the houses, one of the people living in it claimed that it was built by her employers. Her neighbour then told her this was incorrect, that the houses were built by a housing project.

Her neighbour in Site C, Khayelitsha, then told her about the Noxolo Organisation— that there were homes which could be built with fifty cents. A new group was then formed and she signed up. She had her house built by contractors, but gave them her requirements: two bedrooms, a dining room, a kitchen and a bathroom. She extended her house with a small sunken lounge and stoep area. She hopes one day to be able to build flats at the back of the house for her two grandsons. "…She wants to extend for her grandchildren... because they are growing up very fast," Aphiwe, our translator, says.

What she likes the most about living in her home is that there is shelter. The rains cannot come in through the roof or floor. Aphiwe translates Mama's words: "She likes the fact that she has a shelter above her… And she has no more worries that if it's raining, the house is gonna leak. Not like when she used to live in shacks." Her favourite place in the house is her bedroom. It is adorned with a recessed, decorated ceiling and beautifully furbished. She has a problem with damp in the room, however, especially when it rains. The decorative moulds on the ceiling appear to need some sealant. The rest of the house, such as the colors of the walls, were deliberately chosen.

Ma Mkhonwana had three daughters and one son. Two of her daughters have passed away and so has the son. Her surviving daughter and her grandson, Omiyo live with her. Her surviving daughter is a community healthcare worker/counsellor in Philippi. Her late daughter's sons; Indiphile (Grade Ten) and Inam (Grade Twelve) live with her too. Indiphile hopes to be a pilot one day. Inam, who is very clever and doing subjects like physics and accounting at high school, hopes to be a pharmacist. Both boys attend Rhodes High School in Mowbray. The children use school transport which picks them at their house and drops them off. They pay a monthly fee for this service provided by local (Philippi-based) drivers.

Inam has been given a study space in the house of a community member in the street parallel to theirs. The auntie there tries to help children who show an interest in schooling by giving them access to the quiet study space upstairs in her own home. "Most of the people from our community – like, even us, when we were doing high school, Grade Twelve especially – she would offer us a room 'cause she has a study room upstairs, for her children," Aphiwe explains. "But as a parent, she thought it would also be nice for other children from other families, which she knows they don't have enough space or they don't have no space to study. It's her own study room for her own children. But she decided to bring other outside children to go study as well." Aphiwe also goes on to explain that the small hall at the entrance to the settlement was formally

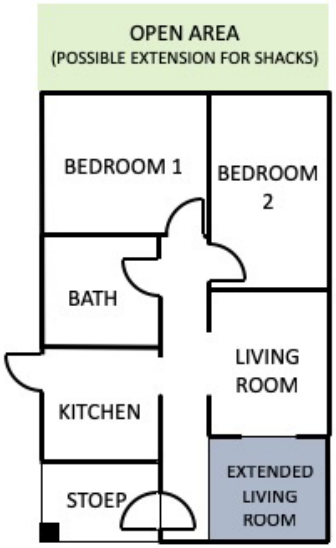


FIGURE ABOVE: The current layout of the house

used as a study/homework venue for children in Grade Twelve. However, the conditions there were not good. But an NGO called Bibo works with Grades 8 to 10 and Grade 12 learners in Hazeldean. They organise visits to universities and universities of technology, offer careers counselling services and facilitate camps. However, they have a lack of funds and space.

Ma Mkhonwana also explained that, as her home served as a post office for the community, there was too much noise and interruptions for quiet studying. The post office drops off the mail here in Ma's home "because we don't have a post office," Aphiwe says. "And the one that is I would say near to us, it's in Gugulethu. It's far for people to go there. So they rather bring it here. Everyone can collect it here." Most of the time she would ask her grandchildren to deliver the mail. Or maybe she sees you going, she will give it. People are working. So she was always around everyday.

So they decided to bring the letters here, 'cause she's no longer working. She's always around. And whenever people want their letters, they find her house open. Even though she isn't around. The house is always open."

She worked in Brackenfell when she lived in Khayelitsha, but in moving to Hazeldean could not pursue this due to transport issues. Aphiwe translates, "She said that at that time, employers were difficult because they didn't want her to use like the train, and be late to work… so it was difficult for them to get transport because there were lots of gangs at that time. Yeah, that's why she decided to quit her job. So when she arrived, she was no longer working."

Ma Mkhonwana travels to Queenstown every December until January. There are mini buses which know to pick people up from their doors in Hazeldean and drop them off at their front doors in various parts of the Eastern Cape. There is not a big farm in Queenstown. But there is a garden, and so Ma brings vegetables such as pumpkins and potatoes back to Hazeldean at the end of her holiday. At regular times, Ma does her groceries at Gold Supermarket and Striker butchery for meat. Aphiwe explained that Gold often sells combos at very reasonable rates. On days these could consist of oil, maize meal, butternut, potatoes, rice. But it changes over time.

The early years in Hazeldean are remembered and spoken about with longing. "It was very nice," Aphiwe translates. "Quiet, no gangsterism, no crime, but for now things have changed. She lived for almost six years without burglars… It was safe." It was only after six years of living in the house that she put in burglar bars. This followed a robbery when she travelled to Queenstown to bury her daughter in 2011. When she travels now, there is always someone who stays to look after the house.

Her day begins with cleaning the house and preparing for the children to go to school. She also cares for her two-year old grandson, Omiyo. She visits her friends in the neighbourhood, and named mama Gedezi as one she visits often. She belonged to a seniors group, but it has gone quiet since so many members died in 2018. With this group, they visit places such as Kleinmond Gardens and other places outside of the settlement. She belongs to the Oasis Redemption Church and attends church every Sunday with the entire family.

Omiyo's umbilical cord is buried at the house. Her daughters are buried in the Eastern Cape. Inam will go to initiation school in the Eastern Cape as his father's family will take care of the arrangements there. Most of the photographs hanging on the wall in the extended lounge are evidence of Mama's affection for her grandchildren. When asked if she would leave anything to

her daughter, her words are translated simply: “She said she doesn’t think she will leave anything to her daughter. Only for her grandchildren.”

When Mama moved to Hazeldean, Aphiwe translates, “She was very happy, and she slept peacefully. She says that she was happy moving here, because when she was living in Khayelitsha, it was not her own house. ‘Cause it was not nice being in someone’s house, ‘cause you were not sure whether the next month, or in the next day, that person comes in, and says, “I want my house back.” So when she got her own house, she was very happy.”

PHOTOS ABOVE: Scenes from Hazeldean

All about privacy

INTERVIEWEE: LUTHANDO SHEPPERD KWEZI
INTERVIEW: MALTE STEIN & LINDA WERMUTH
HAZELDEAN PARTNER: YANELISA FANA

"I don't really consider my house nice. Not a hundred percent. I'm trying to fix it for a while, but I'm missing money. My neighbourhood is totally fine. I have a lot of connections here and my neighbours and me are going to church together frequently. We really understand each other. So that's good. I'm getting along with everyone – even the bad ones. You just salute them and go. Don't ever catch their attention."

Luthando is 50 years old, but he looks a lot younger as he is sitting on a green plastic chair next to the community centre in Hazeldean. He has been waiting for housing in Hazeldean since more than 20 years.

Luthando and his family are staying in Gugulethu, not far from here. His three children and his girlfriend are staying in, what he calls, a backyard shack. In this shack there is a dining room and one other bigger room, but he isn't happy with that. He wants to raise money for an additional room for his kids. But he doesn't have money for that dream, he repeats. "At the moment we are taking electricity from our neighbour but that's also just causing problems." They have a deal and Luthando pays his neighbour an agreed upon amount for electricity. But because he doesn't have his own meter sometimes his neighbour uses up all the prepaid electricity. "It's hard", he says, "because I don't really have a say in it." The water supply in Gugulethu isn't much better. There is running water, but it might also cut out without warning sometimes, because people are overusing or wasting it. And then the taps get switched off for everybody. His family does not have their own toilet and there is only one municipal toilet for the two shacks for him and his neighbour.

Crime is a problem for him. Especially in the neighbouring squatter camps, because it's hard to identify the perpetrators, he tells us. You don't know where they are coming from or where they live, he adds.

"The crime especially affects the younger members of our community. My children have to go to school by taxi every day and sometimes it gets very late before they're coming back. And walking around in this neighbourhood isn't safe at all. But not only that. Also diseases. Other people are just leaving their mess everywhere and then you have to clean up after them. There is a lot of rubbish on the streets and this is a large cause of diseases. Especially for our younger ones. That's why it's very important to get housing. Because me and my family are suffering!"

Luthando is visibly annoyed. "Since I've lost my old job my whole day is just about finding work." He is spending his day handing in CVs and waiting for calls. When he comes home in the evening, he cleans his place. But he's bored. He would rather work, but there's just no work around here at all. His girlfriend is working though he tells us. She is travelling to Claremont during the week to do domestic work. Even though she has been doing this for the last two years, Luthando says, it's nothing permanent. And that bothers him, because he is worried about the future of his three children. How is he supposed to support and provide for him without a steady income?

> "We've been waiting for 22 years now. 22 years we've been waiting for a place to live. I've had a plot since 1996. I can show you! I just can't afford to build on it", Luthando tells us.

It is a complicated process and he admits, he also does not have all the information he needs. Even if he wanted to apply for a loan, he admits, he wouldn't know where to start. But Shawn, a member of PEP, has told him that the process is picking up speed again. They will soon be able to move into their house, Luthando tells us confidently. There is always a very hopeful undertone in his voice when he's talking about the future. He tells us, that only recently Shawn, other future residents and he

were looking at houses in Hazeldean to decide which floor plans would be suitable for their own home. There are first- and second-generation houses, he tells us, the older ones have flat roofs and there are quite a few problems with that. If he had to choose, he'd take the new design with the gable roof. But first and foremost, he wants electricity and an indoor toilet. Then he wants a fancy roof.

Asked about how he feels about his home, Luthando states he doesn't consider it a home. A home for him would be a place with a lot of space where every family member has their own place to sleep. He's longing for his own place to be his own boss. He wants to be able to just close the door and have privacy. It's all about privacy. And he doesn't have that at the moment. But once they all build houses, and by that he means him and the other members that didn't move to Hazeldean yet, they will form a big community. Then things will get better, he says.

At this point we decided to go for a short walk to his plot in Hazeldean. The streets were rather quiet and Luthando was gazing into the distance. There was a young boy walking down the streets and someone was doing the dishes in front of her house. Luthando seemed content and started talking:

"For 22 years I've known my plot. It's a nice plot on the corner of the street. The plot is not as small as the ones on the other side of the street, you know. There is a lot of space around it, for a garden maybe. The good thing here is that everything is already there: the plumbing, electricity and water. I just have to build my house here and I'm all set. And the roads are also there. I think they've built these around three years ago. I was actually part of the construction crew back then. I've worked for EXEO. That's also why I know my way around here. You know, I'm really looking forward to moving here. I'm quite positive that this will happen soon. I mean Shawn promised us a lot and I'm sure it will happen. Then I will move here with my girlfriend and my children – my family."

So close but so far

INTERVIEWEE: ERIC MADELA
INTERVIEWERS: ODUETSE MONTSHO & SWANN CHERPILLOD
HAZELDEAN PARTNER: SIPHOKAZI NDINISA

"Money is the issue. I don't have money" is what Eric told us in a very low tone while asking him why he does not have his house built yet. "But I have hope that someone will build the house for me, and will help me with money. I have hope in the new committee."

Eric is 52 years old and has lived with his mother in Hazeldean for the past year. He is not there by choice but because he is still waiting for his house he was supposed to receive more than twenty years ago. He used to live in Khayelitsha with his ex-wife, but they separated and Eric had to move into his mother's house. Even though Hazeldean is nicer and more peaceful than Khayelitsha, living with his mother "is not easy", Eric said. "There are some rules with my mother. It is not an easy situation".

Unemployed, he seems to have no choice other than to wait for someone to help him financially to build his house. But he is tired of waiting. During the interview, we walked toward the plot he owns now, as he was happy to show it to us. But he can't build anything on it yet. In the meantime, people have started to squat on his property. Two shacks have been built on his plot. "I'm not afraid because I know that as soon as I will start to build my house, they will have to go". Eric pointed to a house next to his actual plot.

"Initially, I was supposed to live in this brown house. But there were some tensions between a member of the committee and my mother. So the committee decided to give the house to somebody else".

Eric then turned to face the other direction in the road and pointed at another house a bit further away. "The committee decided to give me this house over there, instead of the former house. But I did not accept it". Why I asked, surprised by his refusal. "The house was smaller there. I wanted a house as big as the initial one," he answered. "This is why I wanted my new plot to be next to my initial house because they all have the same size here. And they finally gave it to me."

But since then, Eric waited, patiently. And he is still waiting. He hopes to see his house built before the end of the year. "We recently had a meeting with people from PEP" he said. "We will soon have to choose the design we desire for our future house".

But Eric knows that nothing is sure. Physically very close to his dream house, he is aware of the path that still needs to be done.

Finding a home here and there

INTERVIEWEE: LUKAS NYANYATSI
INTERVIEWERS: OLIVA ANDEREGGEN & PATRICK SCHUSTER
HAZELDEAN PARTNER: AKHONA MDAKA

Lukas invites us into his home from a sheltered veranda facing the street. Inside, we are seated in the living room of the house in front of a fine cabinet bearing fineries of all kinds. Aside from the room we are seated in, the rest of the house is a construction site; sand and stone occupy the front yard, other construction materials have found refuge across the house. Extensive renovations are transforming the once typical house built for those who could not afford to build their own in Ekupumleni. Somewhere else in the house a radio plays gentle tunes down the corridor to our seats. The house has more than doubled the original and is expanding in all directions; renovations seem to be approaching the limit of what can be built in the allotted land, but that is only one part of an even bigger home.

It was in 1998 that Lukas had joined a saving scheme federation after hearing about them from his uncle who resides in Victoria Mxenge. Lukas joined the federation himself being one of only a few males among a 29 strong saving scheme in KTC, Gugulethu. "It wasn't nice to stay in KTC because I was staying in someone else's house" Akhona translates. "I would save R1 a day, [then] we meet on Saturday, [and] we would count the money" this is where he had met many of his future neighbors. Earlier, when we met Lukas he was sitting with one of his neighbours outside, who happened to be the son of one of our previous interviewees.

It was with among these neighbors that he had helped connect houses in Ekupumleni to the sewage system when the infrastructure had been provided years after their moving into the house. "I never worked as a plumber before", he says, "I did the work for free because I would also benefit from it". Since then he had fallen ill with meningitis and had had to leave his job, spending an extended period at Groote Schuur hospital. "While I was there my eyesight got worse", he answered briefly, clearly still suffering the consequences of the long period of illness which had taken away his work and forced him into early retirement, "I'm still trying to get my retirement money". The slow trauma has taken a visible toll on him and his struggle for his pension is an ongoing reminder.

Though Lukas is the only member of the household present, he lives together with his wife Grace and their younger children; boys both still at school age. The children are at school, while his wife is away at work in another part of the city. "I have two older daughters too", who live closer to their one sister's job at Mowbray Maternity Hospital. As we speak about Lukas's children Akhona softly nudges Lukas, "tell them about your daughter born in 1995". With a smile and a shy sense of pride he says "the one born in 1995 is a nurse now", as it is translated from isiXhosa and back to English.

Atop the cabinet is a miniature hat which Patrick recognises as a Sotho symbol. When asked about it he lightens up, and starts to elaborate more on his stories. He explains he is indeed Sotho, having been born in Matatiele in the Eastern Cape, a town close to the border between South Africa and Lesotho. "Ah I was in Matatiele last year", Patrick chimes in excitedly, recalling the distinct landscape at the bottom of the mountain kingdom. "Is that where you met your wife?", we ask. A smile escapes as he tells us how they had met when she had been visiting home (in Matatiele) only two kilometers from where he was staying. She had been born in the Western Cape, but had still had connection to a familial home there. They had been married in 1991, and he had followed her to Cape Town in 1994. Grace moved to Cape Town for a computer course he happily tells, when he came to visit her, he found employment easily and they decided to stay.

He takes us on a tour of the house, most of which has been radically altered. Furthest from the street, two new bedrooms cap a central passageway; on the left the master suite, to the right the two boys' room. A narrow room now occupies the space of a previous bedroom across from another half-built wall which will enclose a relocated and enlarged bathroom. Lukas tell us the old bathroom will be demolished to enlarge the kitchen which has already seen extension toward

the street. In the process of construction is another room with an en suite bathroom for his daughters when they visit, and a garage. Outside, in front of the plaster grey house and out of earshot of Oliva and Akhona, Patrick asks what colour the unpainted house will be. A broad smile accompanies, "The women choose the colours, it's better that way".

All of the radical transformation has taken place in the last 2 months; even as we speak to him he is dressed in overalls. Not having a job to go to, he helps the hired hands in the construction, pointing to the single remaining rusted metal window to be replaced with an aluminum one as with so many of the windows on the street. When asked how the family have managed such an intervention, he explains his daughter has done it for them. "We still have to pay for school fees", he explains, "but my daughter has said to us 'I want to do this for you'". Part of this project is a walled enclosure to the front of the house for security purposes. "We have been robbed twice [inside] this house before", he adds, "it's necessary".

Back in the lounge, seated behind the glass of the living room cabinet is a golden trophy dressed in red ribbon which we ask about. Happy about us noticing the trophy, he says "I'm the priest (sic) of the Sunday school", Lukas beams, "the trophy is from a choir competition we won". "I sing too", he goes on in a gentle, hushed voice, "there's a C.D. here somewhere of my wife and I singing", craning his neck to check the open shelves of the cabinet for it. Music, it seems, is no stranger to this home. "I'm still the choir-master at the church in Gugulethu", he goes on. He and six others still go to the church in KTC where they had once lived at least 3 times a week for choir practice. They take the journey there on foot and after dark, leaving from their new homes in Ekupumleni – surprising as one of the first alterations to the house was security.

In relation to this we ask him about his feelings toward the newly established informal settlement, Ramaphosa, which sits on a previously open piece of ground to the north of the settlement. "The space should be used for a sports ground or for a school", alluding to the portion of the CPA's land reserved for one which is significantly smaller than the land now occupied by the residents of Ramaphosa. Lukas goes on to explain the road to the north of Ekupumleni, which we are now very familiar with, is filled with the new settlement's trash and is a hotspot for crime. "Some people sit there and wait", he says. Finally, he adds that Ramaphosa's arrival has reduced the value of his and others property in Ekupumleni.

The conversation moves on to the topic of title deeds, which residents of eKuphumleni are still waiting for despite having lived and invested in their homes for many years. "Some are paying Shawn back already", Lukas tells us in English. He longs for his title deed and the sense of ownership it will bring him. We look around at the investment which has already gone into the house – it is a strange misalignment of the distant legal processes and the immediacy of the family's establishment in the house. Not least he sees the title deed as an urgent matter as it is important for his will and to avoid conflict within in the family in the event of his death.

The miniature Sotho hat re-enters the conversation, this time with questions about what living in the city means in relation to his life at the foothills of the mountains of Lesotho. "I'll visit [there] again in July for 3 weeks", he proceeds to add, "there is someone there from Lesotho looking after my animals". There is a spatiality to the home which extends beyond Ekupumleni to Mowbray, criss-crosses the city and beyond into the mountains of Lesotho. It pokes the question, "what does the house [in Ekupumleni] mean?". In the city, "everything is close by", it's convenient for schooling purposes and other amenities. "Life is faster here", he says referring to the city, "but at the same time I still love the Eastern Cape". "When we get old I think I would like to move back to the Eastern Cape with my wife, have a garden, eat fresh and healthy food. The children can stay here", he chuckles.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From beer and chicken legs to entrepreneurial landlady

INTERVIEWEE: NIKI MAGEBE
INTERVIEWERS: ANNA THORSEN & DIANA VAZQUEZ MARTINEZ
HAZELDEAN PARTNER: ZANDILE FANA

Before coming to Hazeldean, Niki lived in different neighbourhoods of Cape Town, firstly in Crossroad, where she was born in 1975 and spent her childhood; and after in Grassford, Philippi where she completed high school. In both places she lived in a shack with her mother, her sister and brother; her relationship with the other members of the family was good, they didn't have any problems, and her mother was the head of the family. When Niki got older, she decided to look for her own house, because she didn't want to live with her mother anymore as many in the neighbourhood. "It is not very well seen" if an adult still lives with 'the mother'. She wanted to become independent and she joined the South African Homeless People Federation and became a member. This organisation was founded in 1994 and its main goal was to develop its members' capacity to conceive, control and implement their own poverty alleviation strategies via the development of their own communities.

Niki arrived to Hazeldean in October 2001. Her house was already built for her as she approached an NGO called PEP, which supported her endeavours of becoming independent. Niki obtained a loan of R10 000 from a national bank which she used to pay for the house.

Initially, she found the house very simple, it was a structure that contained four rooms, no plastered walls, no toilet, no water tap and electricity, only bricks, windows, and doors. For Niki, the house wasn't in the best condition, she imagined a nicer house,

> "This was not a dream house, but at least it was better than the shacks".

The fact of having her own space, and not living in a shack, made her happy: "I was sleeping well".

During the first years in Hazeldean, Niki didn't have the opportunity of finding formal employment, so she decided to use the structure of her own house for selling food and beer as an informal employment. Her cunning was demonstrated by cooking chicken legs in her kitchen and the people – most of them her neighbours – came to her house to buy these commodities; sometimes they took the food away and sometimes they ate in her dining room.

Her work paid off and Niki could not only pay for the house expenses, but also save for repairs and improvements to the house. In 2002, she started to make improvements: she repaired the roof (as it was leaking), plastered and painted the walls with her own hands. In 2005, she laid the tiles of the floor, and in 2016 she was able to afford to build her own toilet. Niki also realised her upgrading aspirations, she constructed a small flat, which was rented to six people that came from Mali to Hazeldean; two of them lived in one of the rooms inside the house, and the others lived in the flat. Rent money supported her income and positioned her as the primary breadwinner of the household, which she shares with her brother.

Once the police realised that she was selling beer in her house, they came to her place and confiscated all the beers she had in the fridge; Niki was very affected as the value and investment of the beers was very important for her. After that event, it was hard to get business going; sometimes Niki continued to selling chicken legs, but the profit was not the same.

Some years ago Niki even suffered an assault in her own house as the evident successful of her earnings and money attracted criminals. Apparently when it is evident that someone is doing well financially, it is easy to become a target for thieves. In Niki's words: "they come when you sell things". The thieves broke violently in her house and her flat with weapons and they took money from her, and a lot of things, like her television, and cell phones. After that event, she

stopped selling chicken legs out of fear that the assailants would return and her tenants, frightened, left the flat; currently since no one lives in the apartment she has no way to get money.

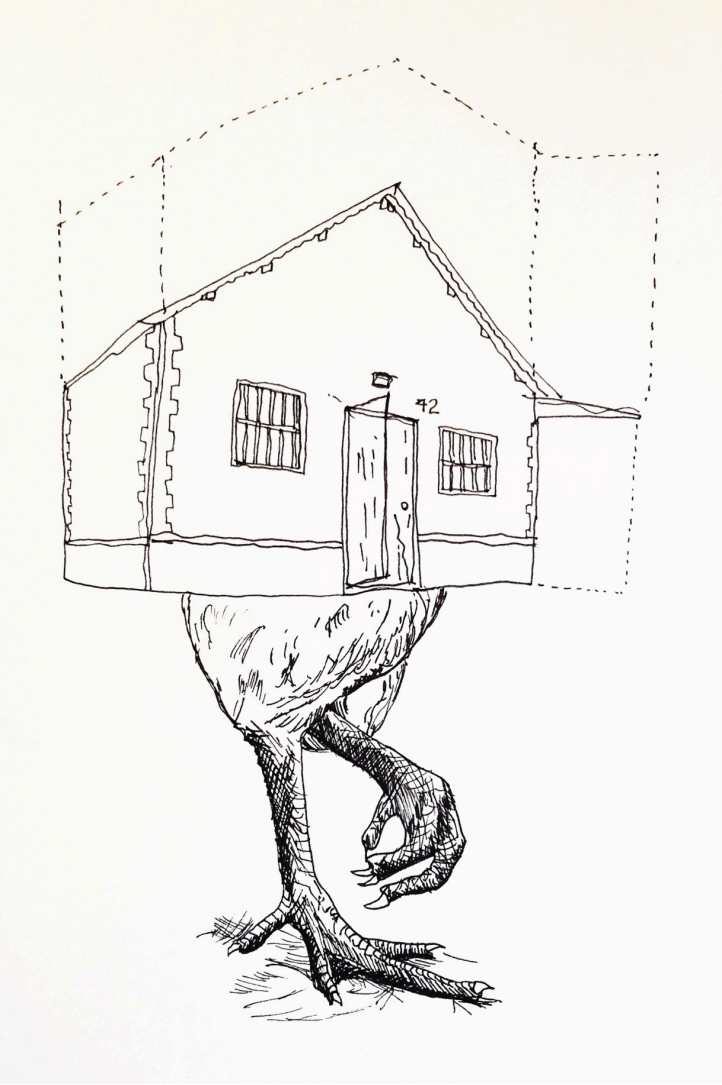
Niki overcame these circumstances, and now her main interest is to save money, to extend her house, and she dreams of a second-storey with many rooms. She also aspires to have the title deed of her house, should she decide to sell the house one day, although this is not in her life-planning. Although Niki has no children, she has formed her own family with her boyfriend, and both have found roots in the community and seek to grow their wealth. The expansion, initially a dream in Niki's life, has become something necessary that would give more sustenance to her home.

The absence of a title deed to verify the legitimacy of her house is a challenge in her life and she hopes the community will get the subsidies for buying the land and releasing the title deeds. Niki believes that Hazeldean will change, develop better and the crime can be solved when the members of the community have their tittle deeds. She also hopes that PEP will help more people that don't have a house to come to the area.

To have a house is very important for Niki, "my family can visit me" and "it is my own place". When she has her birthday, on 7 February, she celebrates it by making a party in her house, "sisters, brothers, friends, and neighbours come... I buy wine and make a braai. We listen to music and we dance". It is one of the most important days for her, as she feels very proud to be able to invite relatives to their own home.

This strong and entrepreneurial woman perfectly exemplifies her agency through her daily practices and endeavours, from finding a place to live by making herself a foothold in the city, to settling into an emerging community trying to build and upgrade her own home using the mediums she has at hand.

Illustration by Diana Vazquez Martinez representing Niki's enterprise to extend her home.




ELSAT

From optimism to hopelessness

INTERVIEWEE: KHOLISILE NDZELU
INTERVIEWERS: WILFRED JANA & LEANDRA CHOFFAT
HAZELDEAN PARTNERS: NAMHLA RACAZA & NELISWA SIPELE

"I do not have any more hopes for this place. I just pray my daughter completes her education, gets a good job, and buys a good house in Cape Town",

said Kholisile as he tried to express his sadness over the prolonged process of securing a title deed for his property in Hazeldean. Kholisile moved to Hazeldean in the year 2000, hoping for better living conditions and tenure security as compared to Gugulethu where he lived before.

He is a warm-hearted gentleman with a kind expression on his face, and full of life. He worked at the Cape Town Municipality until 2012 when he retired. He has an extended family comprised of his wife, daughter and four other dependants. His wife is currently working as a domestic worker in Wynberg and his daughter is a Financial Information Systems student at the Cape Peninsula University of Technology.

Remembering his life in Gugulethu, Kholisile could only smile for having made it to Hazeldean, a place which he describes as safe and peaceful. "I was renting a backyard shack in Gugulethu. It was very bad. We used common bathrooms on the plot and there were a lot of people… It was not safe for my child... I wanted to have my own house" Kholisile said. Searching for a house in the city was not an easy task for Kholisile. In the year 1998, his search for a new home led him into the hands of scammers, who promised to build houses for him and some of his colleagues. A few weeks later, Kholisile realised this was a scam and they had been robbed of money in the form of membership fees and administrative fees. After months of searching, he was finally led to the South African Homeless Peoples Federation (SAHPF) by one of his work mates. This is where he learnt about the housing project in Hazeldean. He immediately joined the federation with the hope of securing land to build a house for his family.

In the year 1999, Kholisile and other members of the SAHPF secured land for construction in Hazeldean. The journey was still rough for Kholisile and his colleagues as they met another hurdle in the quest for housing. This time around, the City of Cape Town stopped them from going ahead with the project as they had to wait for the area to be serviced with water and electricity. Kholisile and his team, however, proceeded with the project, going against the City's recommendations. "We were so desperate. Most of us were living in very bad conditions and locations. Secondly, services only came to this place in 2014. That means we could have waited for 14 years. We knew how government operated that is why we did not listen to them", said Kholisile in trying to justify their actions.

HOME-BUILDING

Kholisile built his house in the years 1999 and 2000. His main source of funds for the project was the salary he was getting from Cape Town Municipality where he worked. "I got my salary on the 27th of every month... I used that money to purchase construction materials and

hire a vehicle to transport the materials to my house", said Kholisile with a smile on his face as he remembered his good old working days. Moving to Hazeldean with his family was not easy for Kholisile. They moved into an incomplete house, the area was not serviced with water and electricity, and there were very few people in the area. In the first few years, the community used to fetch water at the Dereck Hanekom Resource Centre. The men in the community would stay up all night guarding their building materials. One could not go to the toilet at night in fear of being ambushed by thugs. Regularly Kholisile had to accompany his wife to the toilet and bring a stick to protect her from the thieves in the area. To Kholisile, all this was nothing compared to the joy of having his own house.

"We were motivated by the fact that this is our home now", said Kholisile.

Over the 19 years that Kholisile has lived in Hazeldean, he has undertaken some major renovation projects to improve his house. He started with plastering the house, installed tiles on his floor, burglar bars on his doors, windows and then finally painted the house. He spent money in excess of R70 000 for all these renovations. But he was not worried as he knew that it is his home, legally.

TITLE DEEDS

Nineteen years after building his house in Hazeldean, Kholisile does not have a title deed. One of the main reasons why he came to Hazeldean was to have tenure security. But with no title deeds, he does not feel secure anymore. He stopped doing renovations on his house as he feels it is not really his house in the absence of a title deed.

After nineteen years of waiting and pushing, Kholisile has lost all hope of ever having a title deed to his house. His prayer now is for his daughter to finish her education, get a job and buy a house in Cape Town where she can have tenure security.

Building a home together

INTERVIEWEE: MALLCOM HOLLAND & AUNTY FAZLIN
INTERVIEWERS: MARCO MORGAN & ALINE SUTER
HAZELDEAN PARTNERS: RENEILWE TSOTETSI

Mallcom Holland and Aunty Fazlin have been building a home together over the last few years. Their lives intersected in Hazeldean, a place which holds memories for Malcom Holland and aspirations of a home for Aunty Fazlin. This is their story as told by them.

Mallcom grew up in what is known as Hazeldean today, he recalls a time when it was all still a farm, a time before these agricultural lands of Cape Town became place of refuge during political unrest and rapid urban influx from the 'homelands' of South Africa; a time before the farms in Mitchell's Plain became home to the victims of spatial violence enacted by the Apartheid Government's Group Areas Act.

He was just a boy when his mother died and his father re-married and moved out of the area, but Mallcom remained on the farm, his home, and continued to live a 'rural life' with his Grandmother. No electricity and running water were common living conditions back when he was a boy, and he reminiscences about his duties of having to search for and collect firewood after school so that there was a fire to make food. The land he and his family farmed did not belong to his them, instead it belonged to the "boere family" whom his family worked for.

Hazeldean was his home, and even though we were fortunate to meet Mallcom in the autumn of his life back in Hazeldean where it all began, his boisterous life-story is mapped across South Africa, with a series of tumultuous relationships that would be hard to believe and even harder to track. His heart often led the way and his first move out of the farms and away from home, was to the then industrial-heart of Cape Town, Salt River, where his wife and her family lived. Mallcom's search for "fire-wood" never quite ceased and his entry to the surrounding industrial companies, like SASCO and Accolade Trading, led him to being an entrepreneur in the transport sector.

The roads traveled by Mallcom often extended beyond the borders of Cape Town and his life-story is scattered across the South African cities, like Johannesburg and Durban. Although these urban escapades are filled with stories of love, money and despair, Mallcom's roads led back to the dusty paths of Hazeldean in search of a simple, quiet life and the feeling of being home.

Somewhere along the winding roads of Mallcom's life-story he met Fazlin and her husband. A couple that moved from backyards of Cape Town's gang-riddled township of Hanover Park to a "starter house" in Hazeldean. The move from Hanover Park was not an easy one, as Aunty Fazlin recalls. It was clouded in hesitancy and reluctance from her husband and reservations from her family and friends about the area.

Aunty Fazlin grew up in Hanover Park, it was her home. When she married, as a newlywed couple, they remained at her grandmother's house where she grew up, erecting a small and badly constructed dwelling in the backyard. She tells of the exaggerated cold winters and leaking roof that motivated her decision to join the savings club in hope of having her very own home. She met Charlotte at the savings group, who proposition her to move to Hazeldean in 2000, along with other "homeless" people that were scattered across the city. "I grabbed it" Aunty Fazlin exclaims, and even though it was just a "starter-house", just a structure, it was hers.

She achingly recalls the struggle to gather money to pay the uTshani Fund and to pack her things, loading it in the truck and then having to convince her grudging husband to join her. Her husband was very talented and a resourceful tradesman that installed the toilet, sink and flooring in the house, but with limited funds, the house remained quite modest; the walls not plastered or painted and the ceiling merely covered by corrugated sheets of metal.

Unfortunately, the renovations of Aunty Fazlins home were halted due to the death of her husband. An ill-fated situation in which he was killed in the neighboring community of Sweet Home in 2004, being "in the wrong place at the wrong time". But this was not the only case of crime faced by Aunty Fazlin, as a break-in-and-entering situation not too long after, left Aunty Fazlin fearful and nearly financially-paralyzed. Crime in Hazeldean is an unsettling issue and the absence of police in dealing with incidents like that of Aunty Fazlin's husband murder has left many in the community disheartened but also prompted some to take proactive action. Aunty Fazlin's response to the circumstances has been to remain remarkably composed, but has also provoked renovations that speak directly to creating a safe space in her home as well as the surrounds.

"Yeah, that time I was really nervous about this place, because yoh! I moved here with him and now he had to die here. And his family was actually blaming me, because I was the one that forced him to move. Because he didn't want to, you see? […] I did feel animosity against this place that time. But then I just said to me, that I have to let go, because it happened and it's now so many years ago. I need to move on"

These safety-motivated renovations or interventions are noticeable, as the entrance of her home is cordoned off with steel gates and an industrial florescent light mounted over her front door. With no streets lights installed in Hazeldean and no neighbors on the opposite side of her home, the florescent light cast beyond her boundary wall, offers the only deterrent to criminals.

Regardless of the high steel gates, her home is welcoming with no expectation of visitors. Her kitchen-unit lines the entrance of home and leads to a modest vinyl-floored living room. Aged sofas and furniture fill up that space, with an exception of a modern tv-unit and mirror wearing remnants of its plastic packaging.

Aunty Fazlin tells us of how her furniture moved with her from Hanover Park and situated itself in Hazeldean nearly 19 years ago, and that of her few spaces in her home, the kitchen is her favorite. As a cook at a nearby old-age home, her passion and her livelihood are centered around the kitchen.

"Most of the time I'm in the kitchen, because even when I'm off […] I'm cooking here, you see? In the morning it's porridge, in the afternoon it's lunch, in the night it's supper. The same goes for at work. Porridge, lunch, supper"

Two doors lead out of the living-room; one of them to a dim-lighted bedroom, a small space overwhelming occupied by her bed, with tv-brackets mounted where her flat-screen television once was; the other door leads to an extension of her starter house, an attached dwelling which she currently rents out to a newly married couple. The two roomed dwelling came about after aunty Fazlin's aunty moved in with her and extended her home but unfortunately took ill and moved out to her daughter. Aunty Fazlin paid her aunty incrementally for the investment into the house and now has secured a second income by renting out the space. Although initially hesitant to rent out the space as it required minor work to make it livable, the couple's desperation for a shelter moved them in despite, and also invited them to fix up the space with the promise of being reimbursed.

Aunty Fazlin's quiet and unpretentious life and home has also welcomed Mallcom Holland back to Hazeldean. Since the passing of her husband, Aunty Fazlin and Mallcom have become a couple and companions in building a home together. The exact story of how the two came together is unknown to us, however the future of the two look promising and the efforts to building this future is reflected in the revived continuation of work of around the Aunty Fazlin's home.

A life-long dream realised, shared by the old through the young

INTERVIEWEE: PATRICIA SIJAJI
INTERVIEWERS: KAGISO TSHUKUDU, DIANA VAZQUEZ MARTINEZ & ANNA THORSEN
HAZELDEAN PARTNER: ZANDILE FANA

We knew there must have been a reason why Zandile chose *Makhulu* ('Granny' in isiXhoza) Patricia's house as the first home for our family conversations in Hazeldean for this research project. We realise once we get to the house that the two have a very special bond. They are neighbours and have a lot in common, separated only by a big age difference. Zandile, our community volunteer and interpreter is a young woman in her early twenties, while Patricia is almost eighty years old. Church is central to their lives and they go to the same local Old Apostolic Church in neighbouring Gugulethu. Patricia lives alone in her Hazeldean house, and not surprisingly Zandile is a close companion of hers, accompanies her on her daily walk to church and runs some local errands for her. Zandile explains that she persuaded Patricia to miss church today so that they could have this conversation with us about the Hazeldean housing project. How privileged we feel at this point. As we sit for our chat, one can only admire the affectionate relationship between them. There is obvious love, trust, some form of dependency and reassurance between these two. They resemble the best of social relations and community building.

Patricia's lounge is decorated in rich ornaments and collections from many years of her life's experiences. There is rich texture and colour in her home decor. From antique furniture items, a table cloth, seat cover sets and wall pictures, her lounge is full of character and timeless presence. She comes from a generation of African women who worked as domestic workers during apartheid South Africa. In her working life she worked for white families, none of which bring any pleasant memories. But, her exposure from that era has contributed to her eclectic sense of decor and aspiration for a bigger and more spacious house.

Patricia was born in the small village of Sembei in the Eastern Cape where she attained her primary education up to Grade six. She got married at the age of 21 and the young couple moved to Paarl in 1980 to seek job opportunities. She lived in Paarl until 1985, upon which the family moved to live in a shack in Site C, Khayelitsha, where they stayed as she continued her livelihood as a domestic worker in Newlands, Cape Town.

It was during her stay in Khayelitsha that Patricia heard about the women's saving association towards a housing project. It seemed like a far-fetched dream but given the very tough conditions of living in a shack, the initiative was worth her support and contribution. Life in a shack was very difficult especially in winter when raging fires were common, at times burning down the entire neighbourhood along with families' hard-earned belongings. Rainy seasons were not any better either because water would soak their households' possessions. Therefore, the weekly contribution of 50 cents towards the Hazeldean housing project was worth every cent to buy them passage to better housing.

> It was a big dream, sustained by unparalleled hope, that maybe, just maybe, that initiative could be their key to dignified family homes.

When she finally moved into her Hazeldean house, it was indeed a dream come true. Although the house was not fully habitable (the bathroom was incomplete), she was excited to finally be a proud homeowner. Back then there were very few developments in the proximity of Hazeldean. The community was a close-knit family, having known each other and shared a common purpose for many years as members of the saving scheme.

Fast forward to 2019, the community

has changed over the years in Patricia's eyes and she aged gracefully. Some of her neighbours that she knew well have since died, leaving their houses to children, relatives and tenants that she does not have relationships with. Safety and security concerns have also been on the increase in the community, something that disturbs her deeply. When she talks about these latest concerns, her demeanour resembles discomfort as she looks away, speaks with emphasis and wears a sad face.

Although life may not be rosy in Hazelden at present, Patricia acknowledges that the progression of the community from life in Khayelitsha shacks to current housing in Hazeldean is an amazing feat against all odds.

She hopes that more could be done to improve safety and security in the community. She is saddened by delays to give homeowners legal titles to their properties. Title deed would allow her to decide what to do with the house. She believes at some point in the future, she will move to her home village when she feels too old to live in the city.

Right now she prefers to live in Cape Town. Who could blame her, when she has her companion Zandile, with whom her wisdom is shared and reciprocated. As we depart, Patricia wears a wide beautiful smile, gives us her blessings, we pose for a group photo, and she has a quick chat with Zandile in the local vernacular. Maybe an appointment for tomorrow's chores? How beautiful.

Restoring a house that does not belong to you

INTERVIEWEE: PHOLISWA MAPHISA
INTERVIEWERS: WILFRED JANA & LEANDRA CHOFFAT
HAZELDEAN PARTNERS: NELISWA SIPELE & NAMHLA RACAZA

The living room we entered felt warm and welcoming. The walls are painted in a warm coral tone and the couches are covered with plastic. Our translators Neliswa and Namhla sat down and explained that the programme Pholiswa is watching on TV is the 'South African Budget 2019' and it is very important to them. Pholiswa was sitting on our left on one of the three couches. She is 40 years old and has beautifully made dreadlocks decorated with beads. During our conversation she mostly spoke English, only when the questions were a little longer or more complex, she switched to her mother tongue, isiXhosa. From the beginning, the interviewee refused to be recorded, which we obviously respected. When Neliswa explained to her what our interview is all about, Pholiswa said that interviewing her is not really worth it. Our interviewee claimed that she did not know a lot about the community and had not much to say about it. That soon turned out to be wrong – she does have a lot to say about Hazeldean.

Pholiswa lives in this five-bedroom house with her husband, Sikhumbuto, and her two children. Sikhumbuto works at the South African Police Service in Pinelands, which Pholiswa seems to be really proud of. Her daughter is twelve years old and currently attends Grade 7 in Audrey. She uses a certain school transport to get there, which takes her about 45 minutes each way. Her son, who is twenty years old, graduated from Grade 12 and is currently without employment.

Pholiswa moved from Khayelitsha to Hazeldean in the year 2000 because her husband had recently moved into this house. Speaking of Khayelitsha she says that she really liked growing up and living there and there was nothing wrong. Her husband moved from the Eastern Cape to Hazeldean because he was eager to find a job. Pholiswa does not really know where he got to know about the community of Hazeldean. Asking her how she felt about the topic of the missing title deeds, she says it is frustrating. She thinks it is dissatisfying restoring a house that does not really belong to you. What she really likes about Hazeldean is its diversity. "No one is trying to undermine each other, and they work well together as a community. Not like the Ramaphosa settlement", said Pholiswa. Suddenly, we switch topics. As we ask her what she thinks about the new Ramaphosa settlement, the discussion gets heated. Neliswa and Namhla are suddenly interjecting into the conversation, everyone has a strong opinion about it. There are a lot of factors that disturb the three women about their new neighbours. The rubbish that gets thrown on the streets, the stealing of their electricity and the noticeable increase in criminality since the settlement was built up. Pholiswa adds that the general location of Hazeldean raises many complications as well. The settlement is located between the areas of Ramaphosa, Phillipi and Sweet Home, another informal settlement. She says that the street committees of Hazeldean are trying to make amends, but she cannot really tell if it is working.

Wilfred and I are trying to shift the conversation back to her house. Pholiswa tells us that she has already done a ton of renovations here. She added a garage to their house, renovated the ceiling, the tiles, the door and the piping. New kitchen cupboards were installed and new stairs leading to her entrance were built. At this moment in time she thinks that her house is impeccable. Even though, a walk-in closet with fancy lights and a bathroom in it would be quite nice. Only later we realize that she hired a Zimbabwean employee to do the work.

Her feelings towards Hazeldean are mixed. When Pholiswa first arrived in the community she was very afraid. There were not many houses built up, the area was very quiet and there was no electricity. But then she got to make friends very quickly. Nowadays, she says, you cannot be free in Hazeldean. "Moving through Hazeldean you need to be careful and it is not really a comfortable place". Despite all of these factors, she says she feels at home here.

"The only thing missing is the title deed. This document would mean not being a tenant anymore. I want to be an owner and know that this house really belongs to me."

Money-wise Pholiswa only pays electricity bills now. But when she becomes an owner she also has to pay for water, which she is more than willing to do.

Asking her about improvements the neighborhood of Hazeldean needs, she first says that everything is fine. After a little bit of thinking she adds, that there should be activities for kids, a safer playground, a school and a community hall. The Derek Hanekom Resource Center was initially supposed to be the community center of Hazeldean. It has been occupied for about ten years now. Pholiswa says the people staying there are a threat to her community. "These people are too violent to go and talk to them and they are constantly observing us", she tells us.

Another neighbourhood, that has already been in existence when the Hazeldean community arrived in the area, is Hazeldean Suburbs.

"Initially we envied their lives", Pholiswa recalls. "But not anymore. This community does not even have a shop. Nowadays they have shacks in their backyards as well. In the beginning they said that the recently built up Hazeldean community smells bad and that we are disturbing their silence. But now they are in the same What's App group as we are", says Pholiswa.

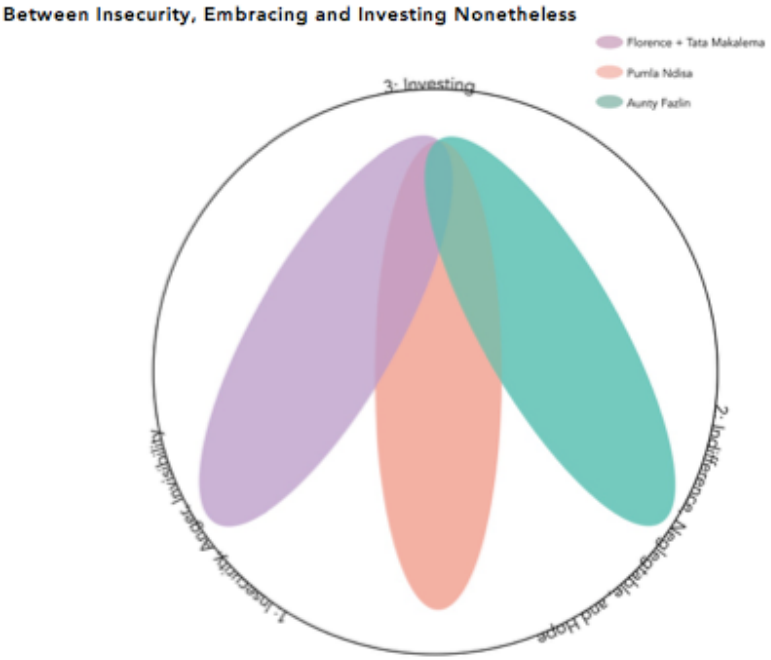
On the TV right in front of us, the government announces it will raise the grant money for disabled people. Namhla states that she wants to apply for insurance money as a disabled person. The other women start laughing. Namhla stays serious and explains that she really needs the money, and this might be all she can get. Neliswa turns to us and says that this is how the crime starts, with poverty. In the community of Hazeldean the neighbourhood watch does not exist anymore due to the fear of the inhabitants from the Ramaphosa settlement. "These people came with guns and stole our electricity", Neliswa explains. Even if they reported this to the police, nothing would happen. So, they have to get on top of this situation by themselves, in whatever possible way. Meanwhile in their neighbouring settlement they carry out a system of mob-justice, due to the lack of financial means to build up sufficient security systems. Only a few days ago, Neliswa tells us, four guys were doused in petrol and then set alight. Only because they were said to be thieves.

With this shocking story our interview ends. Pholiswa has nothing more to add when we ask her. She lets us take a couple of photographs of her newly renovated kitchen. To conclude we take a picture of her in front of her house.

Investing Nonetheless

BY ALINE SUTER

Despite different feelings in regard to the missing title deed and its influence on everyday life, all our interviewees invested a vast amount of time and money in making their house a home. This was especially interesting in the context of feeling insecure because legally the residents do not own the house; still, they invested at the same time. This could seem paradoxical: The fear and knowledge of the fact that someone could just take away their house and, in doing so, their vast investments in the house. But it is not a paradox; I argue it is a coping mechanism that helps secure your house without a title deed. The investment could in fact be a personal replica of the missing title deeds; in some lived senses, its equivalent. When Aunty Fazlin invested her loan in the creation of a gate and a wall in front of her house, it is, amongst other things (for instance, preventing crime), an equivalent of saying: 'This is my house and my home.' Investing can be understood as a coping strategy, part of the process of making something that is legally not yours, your own. My colleague asked Florence and Tata Makalema if the missing title deed had stopped them from investing into the house. They responded with 'it hasn't'. Similarly Pumla Ndisa, Florence and Tata Makalema and Aunty Fazlin are extending, renovating and adapting their houses to gain, what Sarah Charlton calls, the 'symbolic significance attached to ownership, recognition and permanence' (Charlton 2018: 111).







CA 232-826







The comfort of acquiring a liveable space called a home

INTERVIEWEE: NOMAXABIASO NGALWANA
INTERVIEW BY : ODUETSE MONTHSO AND SWANN CHERPILLOD
HAZELDEAN PARTNER: SIPHOKAZI NDISINA

"This is mother's house which she inherited from her late niece even though she does not have a title deed to assure her of ownership, she really loved my mother, and she did not like the condition that my mother was living in Gugulethu. The environment was a health hazard and she never stopped talking about how she would love to see my mother out of that situation," explains Nomaxabiaso Ngalwana (Noma), a young energetic, content and self-assured mother of one child who fluently told her story in English.

Noma started her life as an Administrator in a training company in Cape Town but later engaged in a partnership with her sister and opened a catering company after they realised there was a good market for such. It is for this reason that Noma decided to let her kid stay with her sister as the catering business is demanding a lot as she needs to prepare meals for their clients time and again. "This business needs a lot of time, so by taking my daughter to my sister's place I wanted to concentrate fully on the business as I am the one who is cooking, and of course with the help of my mum. But also because it is easier for transport when she stays at my sister's place".

Although Noma does not know clearly how her niece acquired the house, she is aware that it was through an initiative by homeless women who grouped themselves and acquired some plots in Hazeldean. Since they moved into the house in 2008, they did some renovations which include extending the house, painting, and adding a ceiling and a bathroom to make the house more comfortable and self-contained and they are happy about it.

Compared to Gugulethu where they were staying in their grandmother's house, which they shared with her aunts, uncles and their children, this is comfortable

> "It was a limited space for all of us, a four-roomed housed and some of us were staying in backyard sharks, but here we are now, living in a very comfortable house with a lot of space, I am so happy about my staying in Hazeldean despite that we left our loved ones and friends in Gugulethu, but we always make sure we check on them".

Noma loves her family, and she said that in order to keep in touch with her family, they always plan some come — together sessions where they will prepare some delicious meals and invite the family and friends from Gugulethu in order to make sure that they maintain good relations. She also made it clear that as much as they have good relations with their neighbors, she does not have friends in Hazeldean because they have not been so active in the community to get to be known or make friends. "My father is the one who used to attend community meetings, but ever since he passed away, no one from the family made an effort to attend these meetings and we really don't know the current situations and issues in Hazeldean."


HUAWEI

As long as the home is full of love, it does not matter where it stands

INTERVIEWERS: LEE WOLF & RAZAZ BASHEIR
INTERVIEWEE: DUDUZILE JANGE

Duduzile is many things. When we first meet her she is wearing blue jeans, black patent leather shoes and a white PEP shirt that contrasts nicely with the pink scarf she has artfully wrapped around her head. She greets us friendly but keeps a cool and reserved aura, later we are surprised to find out that she is only 23 years old. When we walk around the neighborhood in our small group of researchers, disturbing the quiet of Hazeldean, Dudu, as she tells us to call her, answers all our questions and shows a great knowledge about this place and the situation the people living here are facing. Whatever we ask her, Why is this house so big, Dudu? What is the problem with the electricity? Who owns that garden?, she answers nonchalantly and well informed. Early in our conversation she also makes sure to let us know that the community here does not call this place Hazeldean but gave it another name: Ekupumleni, which loosely translates to "resting".

After the first weird minutes of not knowing what to say to each other, Razaz, Dudu and I start to get along well and even find a way to ironically joke with each other. That is one of the beautiful things about Dudu: Below her earnest surface lies a humorous girl that is always up for a good time. She even lost her phone once at a party and only realized it three days later because she was having so much fun. One can also tell that she is full of joy and liveliness from the coy smile she sometimes sends your direction after you have asked a silly question.

Another significant fact about Duduzile is that she is the mother of a soon to be two-year-old boy Liwalam, which everyone simply calls Liwa. He is a jaunty little man who loves his mother very much. Whenever we walked towards Dudu's house, from far away we could already see him waiting on the street corner or stumbling towards us. Every time Dudu had to leave the house and him with it, he would follow her down the road and almost up until the community center if it weren't for a family member that came and fetched him. He usually was very shy towards us but on our last visit I had a moment with him. We sat on the couch for a last interview, eating leftover chicken that Dudu had prepared for the catering company she works for. Liwa, himself chewing on a sausage, climbed onto the couch I was sitting on, showed me his food and held it towards me as if he wanted me do a cheering motion with my chicken wing and his sausage. He smiled and then retreated back to rolling around on the floor.

Up until now, Liwa had been staying home all day, but since Dudu recently started to work and will be gone throughout the day from Monday to Friday, he is going to day care from 8:00 to 17:00 on working days, with his grandmother bringing and also fetching him there. Even though she has to work long hours, Dudu is excited to be working. She, along with the girlfriend of her boss, sells food from a little kiosk. The two women get along well, she says, she likes working with people in general, "you learn something new everyday". That Dudu is eager to learn is something we gather pretty quickly. The way in which she interacts with us and with her neighbors reveals that she wants to actively experience and be part of the world around her. As we walked around the neighborhood with her once, it was a treat to watch her ask her neighbors whether they wanted to talk to us for another interview. She naturally knocked on doors or yelled through fences and when she talked she had such an easy friendliness and natural charm about her that everyone that did not want to participate in an interview must have felt bad for rejecting her. From what we saw it seemed like she knew the people living in her close surroundings well and that she could always count on them and vice versa. Still Dudu does not like living here that much. The main reason

for that being that there is no life in the community and therefore nothing to do here. When she wants to go out she usually goes back to Khayelitsha, where she grew up. Although she does have friends among the other women translators for PEP, she usually goes out with her cousin instead of with them. In Hazeldean she lives with her mother, her son, three brothers and three tenants in a house her mother built when she came here as one of the first twenty who could start building a house here. The whole family likes the house but wishes for it to stand somewhere else, preferably in Khayelitsha, where they all still have their lives. They repeatedly say that there just are not many activities to do around Hazeldean, "It is quiet." The dancing group that Dudu was part of shut down and a community braai they organized in front of the Derek Hanekom Resource Center only angered the people living there which is why they did not take this idea further. Whenever they set up activities, her and her brother Ntsikelelo tell us, it either got taken away from them or forbidden. Therefore they are no longer motivated to start something new, "We don't do any activities with the other neighbours, nobody does it."

Talking about their house, they all agree that one important missing feature on their house is a fence around it. The family generally does not feel safe here. For Dudu and her family it is more an overall feeling of not feeling safe than any specific threat. Even if there had been some issues with the neighboring Ramaphosa settlement, her and her family are not particularly scared of them, "They are not posing further security risks, they mainly come here for services, especially electricity." Also walking to the nearest train station, which is thirty minutes away, is regarded as dangerous even during morning hours. If she wants to take the train, she asks one of the guys to accompany her or goes in a big group with other girls. She could take the taxi as well, but does not do so often because it is more expensive than the train.

After these stories one gets an idea of what Dudu's life looks like and that she is happy to be working and getting out of the house, no longer confined to the neighbourhood she does not feel comfortable in. When we ask her whether she calls this place home she straightforwardly tells us:

> "Yes, I call it home, but only because I have a roof over my head and because I live with my family which is full of love."

Green and social fingers

INTERVIEWEE: NOMANDITNI E. TEKETA
INTERVIEWERS : ODUETSE MONTHSO & SWANN CHERPILLOD
HAZELDEAN PARTNER: SIPHOKAZI NDINISA

Going to Nomanditini's house is similar to entering Kirstenbosch garden, in a smaller size of course. It is a real dive into the beauty of plants and trees. She is known to have the most beautiful garden in the community. Outside, various trees and shrubs stand proudly in front of the house and seem to protect it. Inside, in the living room, plants of different sizes and shapes decorate the shelves. All this greenery gives a very comfortable atmosphere and makes you feel right at home. Though superb, those plants are not only decorative. They are strongly embedded within Nomanditini's life. Indeed, outside, one of the trees, for example, has accompanied her since a little while now. It was already in front of her house back in Khayelitsha where she used to live before moving to Hazeldean. Hence it witnessed a long part of her life.

Albeit her house is smaller now in Hazeldean, Nomanditini showed her gratitude regarding moving out of Khayelitsha. "It was a very big shack, it was open and comfortable but I am happy to have moved into this place" she said. Indeed, she explains that Khayelitsha lacked some basic services like water but also that it was a dangerous place to live in. "There were many criminals who made life difficult at the time unlike in Hazeldean. I agree there are thugs here but this place cannot be compared to Khayelitsha". Hence, she is comfortable staying in Hazeldean. She can lock herself in her room, she also have a toilet inside the house so she doesn't need to go out so often unlike in Khayelitsha.

However, a few months after she moved into Hazeldean, the paranoia regarding dangerous neighbourhoods cought up with Nomanditini. Laughing out loud, she recalled a certain incident that happened in Hazeldean during Christmas: "It was Christmas night in December. All my grandchildren were outside in the neighbourhood to celebrate, but I didn't go out and instead went to sleep. After a little while, some heavy noise outside woke me up. In my confusion, I thought it was people from Ramaphosa coming to steal from us. I jumped out of my bed and tried to hide under it. But there was not enough space between the floor and the bed, hence I could not go under it. I then decided to run quickly to the bathroom and to lock the door. After a little while, I realised it was Christmas and that it was only people from the community celebrating outside."

But Nomanditini knows there is someone next door that will help her in times of need. And that is what she really likes about Hazeldean. She remembers when she arrived here,everybody was helping each other.

"When someone didn't know how to do something concerning their house, for example, neighbours would come and help". There is a real sense of community.

Never involved in the committee, she attended a lot of community meetings and really enjoyed this social part of Hazeldean. Today, Nomanditini does not have the energy anymore to participate in the development of the community, but by talking with her, we could feel and understand how her character has been shaped by the solidarity and community of Hazeldean.

Indeed, sharing and caring are two words characterizing Nomanditni. Be it with her plants or the community, she treats her environment with respect and care. This is strongly illustrated through a little issue she had with her neighbours, who have built their house partly on her plot and who are wanting to build a double story house and a new garage. "I never got into conflict, I didn't want to", she said. "I wanted to find a common solution. But they never came to talk to me. And they only talked with my daughter. So everything I knew is what my daughter told me. I wanted them and my daughter to come and talk to me". Hence, even though annoyed with the situation, Ms. Tekata knew how important it was not to get into arguments. She wants to resolve

issues peacefully which is crucial for the well being of the community. And her attitude proved right. A few weeks later, they succeeded to conclude a common arrangement. “We agreed that she, [her neighbour], would build a temporary garage. And that as soon as I need to build something on it. She will remove it. So I am happy with this situation”.

In the meanwhile, she has been thinking about a common project with her other neighbour, Mama Jane. They have moved into Hazeldean almost at the same time and have become very good friend ever since. Because she lacks space to extend her house, she would like to propose Mama Jane and she to build a common garage together in between their houses. She thinks they could share this garage when they have visitors. “But I still haven’t asked her”, she confessed. “I am not sure she is going to accept my idea”. However, this project reflects once again Nomanditini’s sense of community and her will to nourish solidarity-based relations as her plants and trees stand testimony to.

The materialization of a dream: what makes a home?

BY CARLA CRUZ

There are a multiplicity of meanings to a house. It may connote the resident's commitment to a concretized future; by physically building a house, one is less threatened by the fear of being chased out, one may think further ahead into the future and consider children and grandchildren in the physical planning of the house. Another meaning links to identity; the owner is the house and the house is the owner. In my interviews in Hazeldean, three concrete elements – the roof, a 'smart' home and a toilet - linked these meanings as essential to building a dream house.

The Roof - When the notion of 'home' was brought up, the connotation always involved or began with the roof. Mama N, one of the first twenty residents of Hazeldean, for example, expressed this through our translator: "She likes the fact that she has a shelter above her... And she has no more worries that if it's raining, the house is gonna leak. Not like when she used to live in shacks". Similarly, N, a younger resident who had grown up in Hazeldean since 2001 and had inherited the house that her mother had built, had this to say: "I'm just proud to have this house, no matter how it looks 'cause the house is a home, man. It feels like [it]. I have a roof over my head. See? I cannot point exactly what, 'cause I didn't even have this. So, the matter of it that I can come home and sleep, and I'm yeah, I'm at home..." Meanwhile, Mama M and Tata S, a couple who had been living in Hazeldean since 2012, consistently brought up the issue of a leaking roof in their current shelter in the two instances that the interviews were conducted.

Smart - Mama J, meanwhile, opined that she loved her house; what she liked about her house was that she kept it "smart" and tidy. The same could be said of the other interviewees' homes. Despite the expression of dissatisfaction, even an intense aversion to the current state of things, Mama M's and Tata S's home was observed to be neatly kept; the crimson curtains that divided the bedroom from the kitchen and living room matched the beddings, all suggesting the care and personal touch with which these had been selected. In Mama N's home, meanwhile, a broad discussion of the wall colours revealed the seemingly meticulous process of colour selection in the making of her home; the walls in the kitchen were meant to be pink to begin with, while the newly extended lounge had been planned to match the bedroom walls, though this plan had fallen through on account of the contractor's mistake.

A Toilet- In more practical terms, apart from the roof, for a house to be a house, it had to have a toilet. Certainly in the history of the Hazeldean community, this had hardly been the case when the residents first started moving in. There had been no electricity, no paved roads, no street lights and no sanitary facilities until their building in 2014.

Some aspirations for a home are met, and some are a continuing process. And, dreams may change in the process of building the house. As spaces are always in the making, so are the dreams which residents project onto these spaces. This is a continuing work in progress towards the 'ordinary.' But, because it is a feat achieved by some of the older residents, and still an elusive dream for others, ordinariness can also be a dream and, therefore, actually extraordinary.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Wouldn't do anything different

INTERVIEWEE: OLIVIA MAMADELA
INTERVIEW: MALTE STEIN & LINDA WERMUTH
HAZELDEAN PARTNER: YANELISA FANA

Olivia Mamadela's home is green; a discrete mint green. Gentle and soft. Like Olivia's character. The elderly woman opens the burglar gate and welcomes us in her home. She does not use many words. She communicates more with her facial expression and gestures. With a soft and simple hand movement she signals us to sit down. Two armchairs and two sofas around a wooden side table. The TV is still on. A telenovela flickers across the screen. As we sit down Olivia askes Anelisa our translator to turn off the TV. It is quiet in the living room. But the warm yellow colour of the walls, the plants and paintings of beautiful landscapes, create a cosy atmosphere.

Olivia is 79-years old and will turn 80 on 6 June, as she tells us, visibly proud of her age. She lives on her own and enjoys it. Her son lives in the adjacent community named Ramaphosa. Olivia keeps busy during the day by going to church and the 'Old Mother's Club' in Gugulethu. Unfortunately, Hazeldean does not offer enough for elderly people like her. However, the taxi rank is nearby.

The elderly woman's story starts in Khayelitsha where she moved in 1985. She shared a simple shack with three other people. The two men slept in one room the two women shared the other one. There was no kitchen nor a bathroom, running water or electricity. "We also lacked reliable public transport which meant that I would miss work on some days because the taxis were not running. This meant I was also not getting paid in the end of the day." As she explains to us. "I don't miss anything about Khayelitsha. It was not a safe place." That's why she started saving money in 1994 in order to move and build her own house. A small, brown booklet with the inscription 'Noxolo' - the name of her saving scheme - helped her keep records of her savings for about five years. Every payment was neatly and precisely written down in the booklet. Sometimes R1 sometimes R2. Small steps towards her own house. And with the help of PEP she finally managed to build her house and move to Hazeldean. "It took me way too long to come here. The whole process was not ending. But looking back I would not do anything differently." "I hired workers to help me with the construction of the house. At first, I did not have electricity nor running water in my house. Electricity I had to get from my neighbours and water from a nearby tap. My bathroom was only built in 2017. Before that I had a chemical toilet outside my house. We call it *mshengu*. I did not feel safe using it at night times due to the high crime rate in the area."

Olivia tells us that the appearance of Hazeldean has not changed much over the past years apart from the streets which were built in 2014. Sadly, the surrounding area has changed and now starts to influence the community. Crime has risen and on hot days the garbage smell of the neighbouring settlements spreads into Hazeldean. She tells us with a worried expression in her face. "But in general, I feel still safe in this area."

"The feeling of the community is very strong. We all go to church together and I have many friends here. "When her house was still under construction her neighbours watched her plot during the day when she was away at work so nobody could steal or damage something. "Now I would like to build a fence. Because then I could have my own garden around the house. But without a fence people might damage the plants." Her house gives the impression that she takes good care of it. And she does, indeed. Over the past years she has made many improvements and upgrades, she explains: "I have added a cupboard in the kitchen, I've built a new bathroom, I've replaced the old wooden windows with aluminium windows and I also added burglar bars to the windows. I repaint the rooms every year. Most of the work was done by skilled people from the neighbourhood. I also want to repaint the facade this year. I like it to look nice and clean." But sometimes she fears that without a title deed, which is apparently hard to get, someone could just come and take her house. Olivia, therefore, feels from time to time that she is not the owner of her house. Nevertheless, with all the difficulties, she found her calling in the community of Hazeldean. "I consider Hazeldean my home." She tells us in the interview with a content nod.

I wish to go back to school…

INTERVIEWEE: NOSIMPHIWE TSWANE
INTERVIEWERS: CARLA CRUZ & DEIRDRE PRINS-SOLANI
HAZELDEAN PARTNER: APHIWE FANA

Nosimphiwe has family roots in Mount Frere and though her mother had visited there often, she had never taken them along with her. She always left them behind in Cape Town, and so they became alienated from family there. The last time Nosimphiwe went to Mount Frere, it was to bury her mother.

Nosimphiwe's mother had lived with her children in KTC. While living there, her mother had heard of the savings group and joined. In 2001, the house was finally built in Hazeldean. Nosimphiwe says of their old home in KTC, "…It was an informal settlement, but then we had water inside and there was electricity… Even though it was a shack."

But here in Hazeldean when they had first arrived, there was no electricity. There was no water. There were no toilets in any of the homes, and everyone had to share the same toilets outside their homes. Nosimphiwe explains, "Here it was awkward…We had no options, then we had to come. Then we came and stayed, using the same toilets. I think maybe it was six or seven toilets we had. There were only six toilets, all of us were using that, even [in the] middle of the night, sometimes we have to go there."

Now the house has electricity, running water and a bathroom indoors. She has tiled the lounge and kitchen area, but had run out of money to complete the grouting; now it is a mix of proper white grouting in one part of the room, and a darker makeshift grout filling in the rest. The living room is spared of decorations, but her room is filled with more personal items on display. She would like to put in a ceiling and a sink in the kitchen as part of the improvements. Nosimphiwe says, "Being—staying here, for me, yeah, it's my home. What can I do? But there's a lot I would want to achieve. A lot, I can say. As you can see, there's a lot to be done."

Her mother had operated a *spaza* shop in the area, but in the course of the conversation, Nosimphiwe also shared her mother's role as a sangoma in the community, treating mostly children. Trained as a sangoma in Mozambique, her mother travelled there often to fetch herbs and medicines. "So she'd go for some three, four weeks, then come back full of herbs and moss and you don't even know what kind of thing," Nosimphiwe shared. She reminisced about the memories of how her mother had a remedy for everything, including medications for pimples when they had been teenagers. She shared that her mum would often receive child patients in the "middle of the night", intimating the difficult hours of the work.

When asked what she was proud of, Nosimphiwe expressed pride in her home and her mother who had left it behind for her. "Yeah… What I'm proud of at the moment… I'm just proud to have this house, no matter how it looks 'cause the house is a home, man. It feels like [it]. I have a roof over my head. See? I cannot point exactly what, 'cause I didn't even have this, what. So, the matter of it that I can come home and sleep, and I'm yeah, I'm at home… [she] saved as much, I'm proud of that man, 'cause, whatever she was, she was never educated, she never went to school, but she managed to build this small house for us. At least, I'm just proud of that."

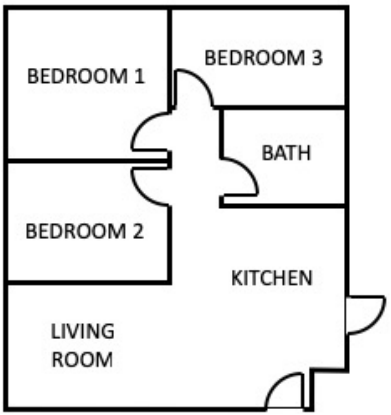

FIGURE 2: ABOVE: Layout of Nosimphiwe's house

Nosimphiwe has two siblings, one of whom lives in Khayelitsha and the other in Philippi. She does not see the siblings from Khayelitsha very often as it is too far, but her brother from Philippi visits the house more often. On typical days, she does not have much to do, so much of the time she listens to music and – giggling as she says it – drinks. But on the side, she runs a small business braiding hair at her house. She is self-taught, she says. In fact, as the

interview draws to a close, a client pops in to have her hair finished. We watch as she expertly braids one length as a demonstration. She doesn't normally have appointments for her braiding, but is very flexible with the time, saying, "Yeah. So maybe I might have a customer sometimes coming in, then I'll be doing that the whole day. Yeah, that's my everyday thing. Sleep and wake up, wondering tomorrow's gonna come and do braids."

As for regular jobs, she has no experience. "… I've never worked. I've never thought of working for one. I don't know why," she explains. "If you go and look for a job out there, if you look for something else, and not what you do everyday at home, you just feel for doing something different. Even if it means I'm in somebody's clothes, sometimes it happens. And you still come home and do the braids."

For Nosimphiwe, living in Hazeldean is good as she feels she knows her neighbours. There are good relationships, and she tells us,

> "Good neighbors. We support each other sometimes. If someone is selling something, you go and buy, just to support. Because tomorrow is gonna be me, and me, I'm expecting her to support me as well."

Comparing life in KTC with her life in Hazeldean, she feels that in KTC and Khayelitsha, life was just too quick. "The only thing that I can say… from the kids from the informal settlements… cannot compare them to what is there now. Things are bad that side. People there drink, they smoke… drugs… and whatever. From… yeah, since the time I moved here, I think that if I should have still been staying there, maybe something else… probably even prostitution sometimes, those kinds of things you get them a lot that side. So yeah, staying here for me, it helped me somehow to work out for myself. Yeah, you cannot get everything that you want, but there and then, it helped me somehow. You meet good people, good friends, just being in good company, man. Talking to someone that you can uproot your life. Even if you go with a simple problem, then you can advise to do that and that. But people from that side will just tell you, "No. If you do this, get a [sugar daddy] then maybe you overcome this problem." Life is too quick that side. They just live a different way than us."

PHOTOS: Nosimphiwe demonstrating her braiding of a customer's hair.

However, things have changed with more burglaries and robberies, especially with the arrival of the Ramaphosa settlement. "Sometimes, there are certain days when we don't have electricity here because of them. And the *skollies*, man, this place just became corrupt. Ever since Ramaphosa came, we're now afraid to even go out past eight, nine… we cannot go anywhere far anymore. Even if, sometimes even during the day, it's not safe, even if you're just coming from the shops, buying food, you just become scared." Nosimphiwe expresses concern even when her son goes to school. "Sometimes even my firstborn, once he cross there to go to school. 'Cause the school is just after the road, just the road beside that side. He cross everyday, you get worried if they reach school, is he gonna come back? That's the only thing that's stressing me almost everyday. 'Cause there you can even be robbed during the day. They don't wait at night.

So it's just not safe anymore, because of that Ramaphosa… We didn't rest. 'Til now, when you sleep, you sleep with one eye open. You don't even know if today they're gonna kick my door to enter the house and take everything that you have. Sometimes you get lucky, they go without killing you."

The father of her children was murdered in his backyard in January this year. She shared the burden of her sorrow at having to explain to her children that he was not coming back. They keep asking for him. She laments, "You know, how do you explain… you explain and, you explain and you're kind [of like], "No, he's not coming back." "No, no, no, you're lying. He's coming back. He told me he's gonna buy bananas." The littlest one appears to have overheard stories as he keeps talking about where his father was stabbed. The eldest believes that "they're gonna fix him at the hospital. I know they fix and fix so he's gonna come back." Their grandparents have offered to take the two younger boys to Zimbabwe to help her with raising them. But she cannot at this stage think about being separated from them and only seeing them perhaps once a year.

Nosimphiwe lives in the house with her three children and a tenant and his wife. She smiles as she tells us that her tenant is almost like her own brother. Her oldest son, Khwezi, is ten years old. Then there are Khanya and Kayona. Kayona is still at home with her as he is still young. Meanwhile, the other two are at a public primary school. She wishes that her children will all finish school one day: "... Just for them to learn, go to school, get educated. That's what I wish for. Not to be what I've become, because sometimes you end up being like this because of some situations." She believes Hazeldean is a good environment to raise her children. "Unless it comes out from this area, then I don't know. But around here, for him, kids, they do go to school here. Kids, they know what to do. So at least for him, he will grow up with that. Unlike us, we grew up there and sometimes we took school for granted. Most of us, we're like, "Yeah, we're wasting time". But for him, now if he stays here and grew up here, seeing the other kids going to school, then he'll also want to have that." She talks about her dedication to her children. "Wish I could go back. I lost my mother – I was very young, and my father the following year, so things just became awkward. Then I had Kwesi. So it was very difficult for me – I had to quit school, find a job, doing this and that, just to put food on the table. So for me, my wish, my prayer for them… [is] to go to school, as long as I'm still alive, [to] provide for them."

She expresses regret in leaving school at Grade Eleven. "For me, I wish… I always wanted to go back to school. Yeah, that's my biggest wish. At least I'm still young. Yeah. It's my biggest wish," she says.

> "Yeah. It's – that's the biggest wish. But sometimes, you know, you're just afraid to ask from people, "Where do I start? Where do I go?" But that's my biggest wish."

She has heard of night schools in Philippi and Nyanga. But she is also hesitant.

So there's a lot of things left to be done

INTERVIEWEE: ESTER LANGA
INTERVIEWERS: RUTH BRAIN & SHAHIN HAGHINAVAND
HAZELDEAN PARTNERS: NOMSITHO ZONO & ZIMASA FUTSHANE

Ester Langa, known as Mama Langa, sitting in her favourite spot in the lounge, points to the cracks in the cinderblock wall in her lounge. "There are cracks in the house and the floor. Like the ceiling, I still want the ceiling to be done in my house. So there's a lot of things left to be done." She acquired this plot through her savings group Masijongane, and built this house in Hazeldean in 2000, using her savings from her work as a domestic worker. Despite its flaws, she is proud of the legacy of her house, "because this is something that I am going to leave for my kids".

Mama Langa was born in Tsomo, Eastern Cape in 1958. She came to Cape Town in 1990 to find work, and settled in an informal settlement in Khayelitsha. She lives with her two children - Nonkanyiso and Sonwabile. Nonkanyiso has three children who live in the house too, Nombongo the eldest granddaughter (17 years old), Likhona (9 years old), Avethandwa (4 years old). No one currently works in the family, something Mama Langa finds difficult. She hopes for them to find work, "because it's hard now they are eating her grant".

She joined Masijongane in 1994, based in Khayelitsha, through her sister. However this saving scheme ceased to exist when the members received plots of land in Hazeldean or Kuyasa (where her sister currently stays). She still has her savings book, which is old and delicate, stored carefully in a small blue First Aid kit bag, which she remembers exactly. Mama Langa enjoys being part of the community living in Hazeldean - she says "It feels very nice, I get along with everyone here...because the community is suitable for everyone. We get a lot of different colours and kinds of people.".

Mama Langa's house is spacious, but basic. It has a large, open plan living room and kitchen, The walls are unplastered and there is no ceiling. The house is made up of a toilet and bathroom (both unplumbed), a bedroom for Nonkanyiso, a second bedroom that Mama Langa shares with Likhona and Avethandwa, and a third bedroom for Nombongo. There is a room at the back of the house with a separate entrance for Sonwabile. One of the main hindrances is the uneven entrance on the one side of the house - Mama Langa can't get down the steps with her crutch. She is very proud of the front door, which has beautiful detailed wooden carvings of African animals and nature scenes. The door has rotted from the rain, and now flaps open. She uses the side door in the kitchen.

She began building the house by laying the foundations. The cracks in the house are in part due to the fact that she had to move one wall of her house, so as to accommodate the plot behind her. Unfortunately, when she fell sick she was not able to complete her house due to financial constraints. The half-plastered outside walls bear testimony to this. Despite this, Mama Langa feels very happy to be in Hazeldean, in a proper house, "because in the shacks, it's burning especially in December". In Hazeldean, she is only scared that her living room wall will fall on her while she's sitting watching TV. A source of pride in her home is her City of Cape Town medal, strung on a red ribbon, on her TV cabinet of treasures. She emphasises that it's hers, because she used to run races with the Grandmothers' Running Club in Tygervalley, before she was sick. As she says "I love my house, except for those problems".

Mama Langa had a stroke in 2017. She looks tired, often rubbing her eyes and face, and has a crutch to help her walk. Today, she wears a long skirt and a warm fleece jacket, with a fleece K-Way beanie, despite the heat outside. She props her left foot up on a chair while we chat to her. She expresses frustration that she doesn't feel comfortable anymore, and that she can no longer do things for herself.

We hear from one of our translators, Nomsitho, that Mama Langa is a traditional healer. She tells us that the ancestors chose her in 1994, but that now that she has been sick, she can't go to look for plants to make medicine, and doesn't have any patients any more. Her daughter, Nonkanyiso is also training to be a traditional healer. Mama Langa wears a navy and white beaded traditional Xhosa headband under her

fleece beanie. On her wrists are goat skin bracelets and a thin copper bangle. To treat her sickness, she uses a combination of Western medicine and traditional medicine. She says if she was not using her own medicine, her hand and her foot would not be working. But now because she uses her own medicine, they work.

Mama Langa is disappointed with the outcomes of the Hazeldean housing project. She was uninterested in giving advice to others in a similar position, "because I do not even know the reason I joined, because the house is like this, and then I am not happy". She is not involved in the community committee as she says,

> "I am clueless about how things are working here… because I am still waiting for the subsidy money, because it's not coming, I had to fix this house. I can't talk about anything now, because I didn't get anything nice in this project."

She longs for a title deed, because it is important for her to know her home is hers.

"Fragments of memory, souvenirs of the imagination"

BY RUTH BRAIN

Time and time again, when asking residents to recall the details of when and how they accessed their land, tried to apply for title deeds or added renovations to their home, they could not remember. In contrast, asking them to "tell us the story of what it felt like to have your own home in Hazeldean" elicited vivid, thick descriptions of their feelings and first impressions. While policy might impose timelines on infrastructural projects, with a clear beginning (policy and budget allocation for example) and an end (a completed housing project), this is not how residents make sense of their experiences in Hazeldean. In fact, asking for a timeline tended to be a cumbersome way to draw residents into sharing freely about their housing journeys.

Instead, stories and narratives that ordinary people create help make sense of their lives and are anchored in memories. This is not a linear, chronological process, but rather a fluid and messy collection of stories that residents share. For many families we interviewed, their homes represented these memories. For instance, the main focal point in many homes is the lounge and TV area, both because the TV was a highly valued form of entertainment and relaxation, but also because of the tendency to place treasured items to display around the TV. For example, in Nomsitho's home, the wooden display cabinet full of ornaments reminds her of her late mother. Her mother had saved up for the special cut glass bowls, the china ducks and crystal glasses. Nomsitho told us how her mother used to serve salads in the glass bowls for her stokvel group. Another resident, Esther, displays two items of pride next to her TV, her favourite item of furniture in the house - a photo of her daughter graduating from False Bay College, as well as a medal on a red ribbon she received from the City of Cape Town for running races as part of the Grandmothers' Running Club. Primrose, another resident, had a beautiful collection of brassware and some indoor plants displayed on an ornate dark wood TV stand – in keeping with her sophisticated taste in décor.

By asking interviewees to "tell us the story of…", we gained insight into how residents make sense of their own narratives, as a string of stories and memories, not a linear timeline of processes. This helped in navigating the inbetweeness nature of fieldwork, particularly in qualitative interviewing. This method is a strategic practice that allows researchers to truly understand perspectives from the "ground up", rather than trying to impose structure or narratives onto interviewees' experiences. This is in line with Anna's Selmeczi's (2018) epistemological challenge in her work with Abahlali Masejondolo – that the knowledge lies with those experiencing urban poverty (in this case housing project obstacles), not those researching it. This position highlights the importance of designing qualitative interviews that allow for interviewees to tell their own stories, and for researchers to respect that residents are the experts in their field, in their homes and in their neighborhood.

“It was basically a house with four walls. We had to finish up everything while we were inside the house”

I miss Gugulethu, I love Hazeldean

INTERVIEWEE: NTSIKI NDZELU
INTERVIEWERS: WILFRED JANA AND LEANDRA CHOFFAT
HAZELDEAN PARTNER: NELISWA SIPELE

Ntsiki is a 23-year-old Financial Information Systems student at the Cape Peninsula University of Technology (CPUT). She is the only child in a house headed by her father, Kholisile. She lives with her parents and 3 cousins who came to live with them after they had lost their parents. Her father, Kholisile, is a pensioner and her mother is still working as a domestic worker in Wynberg. Ntsiki shares a room with two of the three cousins who are aged 16 and 11. The cousins learn in Aucklands and they are in grades 10 and 5 respectively. The third cousin has got a baby and she has got her own room.

School wise, Ntsiki relies on a bursary that covers her tuition, accommodation, meals and travel. Apart from that, she is doing her internship at Parliament where she gets a small allowance.

On a typical day in Hazeldean, Ntsiki wakes up very early in the morning, prepares breakfast for the family, then does laundry. She then visits some of the numerous friends she made in Hazeldean or stays home to watch TV.

Ntsiki and her family moved to Hazeldean in 2001. At the time, it was just her, her father and mother. Her cousins only joined the family in 2005 and 2015. Before they moved to Hazeldean, the Ndzelu's were renting a backyard shack in Gugulethu. "It was basically a shack on a backyard with many people... we collected water for drinking and bathing on a communal tap", explained Ntsiki. Gugulethu is Ntsiki's birthplace and she has got a lot of fond memories about the place. Despite living in a shack, she had a lot of friends with whom she spent most of her free time. "It wasn't just our family living on the yard in Gugulethu, there were other families too. So, there were a lot of kids of my age and we were playing together. It was fun", said Ntsiki.

Moving to Hazeldean was difficult for Ntsiki, mainly because of the social connections she had established in Gugulethu. In addition to that, Hazeldean had no water and electricity at the time and this only made the shift more difficult for her. Ntsiki maintained her school in Athlone after the shift to Hazeldean. The move to Hazeldean did not affect her school-wise as she used school transport to and from school.

Ntsiki does not know how her parents came to access their house in Hazeldean or how it was constructed as she was still young. She only recalls her parents attending community meetings and hiring people to build the house. In her first years at Hazeldean, she remembers living in a house that was not painted, had no ceiling and was not plastered. "It was basically a house with four walls. We had to finish up everything while we were inside the house" explained Ntsiki. She believes her parents rushed to move into the house because they were tired of living in a backyard shack. On renovations done to the house, Ntsiki recalls that her parents started with plastering the house, then did the floors, installed burglar bars and tubes for electricity. Later, her parents painted the house. The only renovation that was done on the outside was the construction of stairs on the door leading into the kitchen and the main door.

Upon arrival in Hazeldean, Ntsiki and her family were welcomed by their neighbours, whom they found in Hazeldean. There were also a few people in the area who welcomed them very well. Ntsiki came across some kids on the streets whom she instantly made friends with. Comparing Gugulethu and Hazeldean, Ntsiki appreciates the fact that Hazeldean is a culturally mixed locality where she gets to learn from other cultures unlike in Gugulethu which had Xhosa's only. But this did not affect her in any way as she was already used to mixing with other cultures at school.

Ntsiki generally likes the house. Her only concern is space. "The house has got three rooms. One belongs to my parents. I had to move out of one of the rooms so my cousin who has a baby can stay in it. I share the third room with my two younger cousins. The two share a bed and I have my own bed".

As for the Hazeldean neighbourhood, Ntsiki considers it as home.

"Yes, Hazeldean is my home... I love Hazeldean because it is very peaceful unlike Gugulethu that is highly populated with very high levels of crime. Hazeldean is a safe environment even for the kids. I feel very secure in this place".

Ntsiki hopes to see a Hazeldean with improved infrastructure, clean roads and more houses for people. She also hopes to get a better job, so she can look after her family.

I have a dream of this home

INTERVIEWEE: SIYAMBULE MAKUBALO
INTERVIEWERS: RAZAZ BASHEIR & LEE WOLF
HAZELDEAN PARTNER: DUDUZILE JANGE

Siyambule, who goes by Siya, makes a stern impression at first sight. At 41 years he has been through a lot, especially in the last twenty years. It is the story of a life marked by waiting and dreaming for a house promised long ago. This story unfolds as follows:

At the beginning of our conversation Siya is reserved, his facial expressions limited and his arms crossed in front of his chest. He does not use big gestures and when he does they are controlled and limited. In English he tells us about how he got involved with the Hazeldean project. A friend who had built a house in another neighbourhood told him about the opportunity of getting land and building a house in Hazeldean. Siya himself thereafter became a member of the saving group Siyaphambili, which consisted of members from different neighbourhoods like Khayelitsha or Gugulethu, where he is from. This was in 2000, "years back, man." He says that the saving group got his interest by telling him that they were going to build houses for them. In order for that to happen the members would only have to contribute R7 each week. They met every Sunday to collect the money. Siya was elected as one of three treasurers who would look after the money, which made him proud. At that time several other saving groups existed and met monthly to hear what the status quo was in Hazeldean. Everyone's priority was the building of houses but for them to know what was going on, they were obliged to attend these meetings. What did these meetings look like? Siya describes it as tiring and chaotic: "There was a chairperson. There were issues. The main thing was: When are they going to build houses? There were different issues and different agendas." After three years Siya left Siyaphambili. He left because him and nine others were elected to become beneficiaries in Ekupumleni (also known as Hazeldean) and other members of Siyaphambili were not. Their lucky group of ten beneficiaries joined Ekupumleni, which means "we will rest". Time passed and around 2003 things started to get rolling, "They started to build houses fast." The people building the houses for them told Siya and his friends that the beneficiaries could come and pick a pre-built house they liked. A first group of twenty people, commonly termed "the first twenty", was elected to go and pick the house they wanted. As it happens, most of them did not like the pre-built houses and started constructing houses after their own liking. The treasurers of Ekupumleni then told them: "We can't buy everything for you, you must at least have bricks… You must bring your own bricks and material in order for you to build your house." Siya continues the story:

"So the first 20 started to build. Then the second 20. And after that the third 20. Then there were 60. And after that, the fourth 20. And after that the project stopped. After that there were arguments. A lot of discussions with other people. We had to always come and attend meetings and wait and then they told us: 'You will get land!' But my own plot I only got last year."

Siya finally got his plot in 2018. Almost twenty years after he first joined the saving group. This lifted his spirits and got his hopes up again. Still the struggle was not over yet. The main problem had been, he says, that the Ekupumleni saving group ran out of money. After eighty people were able to build houses, there was no money left for another twenty to start construction. For Siya there was nothing left to do but wait:

"We just sat expectantly in our shacks but heard nothing. Every week at the meeting there were arguments so we decided to just sit down. After a couple of months, six months, some of us would come to the meetings and hear what's going on. They said: 'Yes it will happen! They are going to build for you.' But nothing happened."

Unfortunately, Siya could not just sit and wait around forever. As he told us, the shack he was currently living in in Gugulethu was to be dismantled. To make matters worse: The living conditions were bad, the shack constantly flooded as there were no drains and the water carried dirt and dust into their

shack. Siya, understandably, therefore wanted to move his family to a healthier environment. In 2006 he relocated his wife and two kids to Delft, since nothing was happening on the Hazeldean front. In Delft they rented a house. He at first managed to pay the rent of R500, but soon it tripled and cost R1500, thereby increasing the pressure to move to a house without having to pay rent. In 2013 or 2014, suddenly, he got news that someone was looking for him: "they said that they now were going to build for us. So then I came back again. I attended meetings, committees." Around two to three years later without any visible progress, they started to build a road. But this only lead to more meetings. Then, finally, in 2018 "some guy came and gave me land". Siya believes that the reason for him suddenly being allocated land lies in the proprietors wanting to avoid people putting up shacks on the empty land. By allocating land before subsidies were paid out, beneficiaries that had money could already start construction on their house. Although after almost twenty years of waiting Siya finally got land, he as of yet has not seen any returns from his savings. If he had money, he would also start construction himself. However, he is currently unemployed and thus is forced to wait for the subsidies. But he is not worried since, according to him, they promised that the subsidies would come. To complicate things further: Siya also did not get a title deed or anything on paper that would prove that the land actually belongs to him. "They just told me that this was my land." We later found out that the Housing Committee wrote his name and the number of his plot down in "the books", meaning that there is some idea of proof somewhere.

The biggest hindrance for him right now is his unemployment. If he had a job he could at least get a loan from the bank and then he could already start building the house he has been waiting for all this time. For when he finally will be able to start construction, he has big plans. While discussing his plans, we were standing in front and partly on top of his plot, an overgrown and hilly piece of land, something one would find on the side of a highway. He proudly stood on the land where his future house would stand and we could see how hopeful he still is and what great significance this has for him. Finally he had something tangible to show for the time spent waiting. He shared his plans for his dream house with us: The first thing he wants to build is a garage, even though he does not own a car yet either. He envisions to have two bedrooms, a kitchen and a bathroom. Once he has more money available, he would like to build a double-storey, for the kids to have more room. He further intends on cultivating a garden "to keep him busy". For the material, he says, it also depends on the money; he wants high-quality bricks and aluminum windows, since aluminum does not rust. I asked him what his wife would like to have and he lovingly told us: "As soon as I left her this morning, she said: 'If they are going to build, please keep money for the new couch!'" Duduzile, who was also present during the interview, jokingly comments: "You know, he is worried about the outside look and she just wants to… sit." We all laughed. The mood suddenly was much lighter compared to what it had been at the start of the interview. Siya's body language had also changed. He was smiling more and talking freely, without us having to steer the conversation. Siya put this observation into words for us:

"You see, now I have started to gain my confidence after they gave me this land. Before I was always worried that they are going to sell it or that someone is going to take it, maybe they will push me out, you know, those fears. Since they gave me this, I have gained confidence, I know I belong here. It will be better any time now. Because you know, I was thinking of doing a slab here. And bring my mother and my father and show them my land."

The only thing that bothers him now, as he reveals, quickly stamping his foot on the ground several times, is "this damn damn unemployment. I cannot do a thing." He nevertheless still is one hundred percent certain that he one day will start construction here. His sincere words clearly illustrate the gravity of the situation:

> "I was here since 2000. I am STILL here in 2019. I have to stay. I have to stay. I would like to see construction start building houses. This is my priority. That is why I was waiting for a long time. What I want now, at least I'd like to see an action after all this waiting. At the end of the day I want to see them building for us."

Or, as Duduzile poignantly sums up Siya's situation: "He wants to see progress, he wants to see people building."


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SKRONZA


Community of hope and challenges

INTERVIEWEE: CHARLOTTE ADAMS
INTERVIEWERS: ANNA THORSEN & DIANA VAZQUEZ MARTINEZ
HAZELDEAN PARTNER: ZANDILE FANA

Charlotte joined the South African Homeless People's Federation which helped her to move to Hazeldean. She and her husband started building their house there in 2000, where they raised their 3 children, and that was the biggest gift for their family.

Charlotte moved to Hazeldean in the beginning of Hazeldean's development, and the people there helped each other to build their houses. Charlotte´s house is now beautiful with three bedrooms, a kitchen, toilet and dining room. For Charlotte, moving in to her house was like a dream come true.

> "…If you don't have a house from before, you have to pinch yourself…".

It is now 20 years later, and what they are still missing is their title deed, and this is what Charlotte is still hoping that the future will bring. She is hoping to see some progress in the meetings with Utshani fund, so that they can have a title deed soon and say that they own their home. "It is twenty years later, and to still not have a title deed is disgusting…".

Helping each other to build their new houses in Hazelden was a part of the integration there. Even though it was heavy work, they enjoyed it because they did it for themselves. Charlotte originally came from a coloured community, but she experienced a good integration with the amaXhosa's. When her children played with the other kids in Hazeldean, they learned isiXhosa from their friends, and they learned Afrikaans from her children.

However, apart from many good experiences in Hazeldean with finally building their own home and integrating in the community, it has also been some tough times, and they have lost a lot of things. During Charlotte's time in Hazeldean she has experienced three brutal robberies in her own home. Not only did her family suffer from losing a lot of their belongings like their curtains, money, cell phones and even their food, but they also felt the fear and trauma after being robbed with guns. Living in a community where most people are victims of robbery, it wasn't easy to get their things back, but they help each other to recover and to replace stolen things in the Hazeldean community.

For Charlotte it is important that the community of Hazeldean organizes security for themselves. For her, this is not something PEP should be responsible for. Charlotte thinks that safety needs to be organized by the community and the people that actually live there. "Only one police will maybe come patrolling around, but the police don't sleep here, we do. And we need to make ourselves safe…".

However, the community of Hazeldean has shown great ability to organize themselves and create a safer place by building gates and organizing a neighbourhood watch, but they still need to find ways to improve. Crime is a big challenge for the community. Sometimes Charlotte knows that there is crime in her neighbour's house because she can hear them scream, but then she is scared to help because that would put her in danger too. As the solution-oriented woman Charlotte is, she suggests that the neighbourhood watch could improve by working with the police. She says that they need training and they should get a special number from the police to call if something happens.

Between dreams and living life: what the everyday unveils…

BY DEIRDRE PRINS-SOLANI

The first semester of the MPhil in Southern Urbanism at the African Centre for Cities , University of Cape Town swept away cobwebs of old stale ways of thinking about life in the city and pushed every necessary "refresh" button. My internal adventures, both of the mental and spirit kind carefully choreographed and facilitated by Dr Sophie Oldfield and Dr Laura Nkula-Wenz, had me wading through dense and exciting texts of scholars embedded in the practice of creative ethnographies, interdisciplinary approaches to seeing and understanding urbanism of the south.

These richly layered texts were in turn mirrored with practical action research conducted in Hazeldean, Philippi with a small contained community of activist/homeowners. Overseen by Dr Oldfield and working in partnership with NGO Peoples Environmental Planning (PEP), our class, together with students from partner academic institution, Basel University walked, observed and engaged in conversation with community members of Hazeldean. The interaction in itself was beautifully crafted as an example of responsible and ethical ethnographic research. Mutually agreed outcomes for ourselves as students and for the community members were negotiated prior to our arrival. Open ended questions were in continuous responsive process. Community based research assistants were engaged to act as translators, interlocutors and mediators. Complex questions about; ownership, title deeds (the lack thereof), experiences of first time home ownership, home and belonging and existing challenges within a gentrifying city circulated among us all.

Our conversations took place in a small public room, on the grass verges where we picnic'd informally and in homes where we were warmly welcomed. Jockeyed out of my tired ways of seeing and being in this crudely and brutally divided city, jaded by the prevailing acts to erode dignity and worth committed through acts of power by the city officials and privileged on peoples labelled as 'Other'… I can find no better way to articulate the tensions and daily navigation of the everyday struggles for dignity and assertion of rights, and a desire for creating home and beauty than through a poem penned in response. This poetographic extract serves to honor those of Hazeldean who shared their stories and to colleagues and friends who listened.

Dreaming
Of a place called home
Four walls squared
On top – PAUSE
Triangle roof

I am
Not done
You say
Snatching pen and paper
No

Colour these walls
Shades of purple yellow blue
Mixes
Not quite right
But
Calling attention
‘ ek
Is hie R
Imperfect
But

Then
Draw a line
Untidy at best
But oh, so clear
From there to here
Plant the seeds
And watch them grow
Each bloom
My world
Defined
Boundaries drawn

Dreaming
Of a place called Home
I count my 50 cents
For You?
A horde of chappies[1]
For me?
These plastered walls

Dreaming
A place called Home
Windows barred
Doors jarred
Invisible lines between
Here
And there
What’s mine
What’s yours
Dreaming
Home
I write
Me
My Family – made and unmade
With photographs
Framed
These walls
My title deed

Home
My name
My erfenis
Ulwazi
In a place
In a time
In a space
Where body
Mind
And soul
Still erasable
Unknowable

Ek is
HieR
I am
Here
I am
Beauty
Full

[1] Cheap sweet bubblegum which comes in different fruity flavours and in multiple vibrant colours

What made this project work? A conversation

BY SOPHIE OLDFIELD, DOLLY MDZANGA, AND NOAH SCHERMBRUCKER

This is the second collaborative research project that Noah based at PEP and Sophie based at the ACC have built together, drawing together students and residents in a housing project to work together.

With colleagues at PEP, Noah identified a PEP-project, which would benefit from documentation and a research process. From this point, he drove the project design and its implementation. As PEP's social facilitator, Dolly worked in the preparatory sessions and during the project weekly sessions with the Hazeldean-Ekupumleni leadership and with the fifteen residents, who worked as translators and community experts on the research teams. Dolly worked with Charlotte Adams, the present Chairperson of the community committee, to recruit the neighbourhood research participants, all young resident women. Sophie coordinated the students, building their curriculum, supporting their research work, and teaching the UCT-based elements of the City Research Studio.

In this short conversation piece, they reflect on the collaborative process and practice, its values, its risks, as well as opportunities for learning and for building rigorous research and engagement.

What is the value for PEP to facilitate student engagement and documentation at a development like Hazeldean?

NOAH: For PEP student participation in the Hazeldean project has multiple values. On a very practical level it allows for the production of detailed documentation on a long-standing project - a capacity which PEP does not have. Of course this is equally (if not more) valuable for the Hazeldean community to have a detailed record of their housing histories.

In the case of Hazeldean the process has also allowed PEP to deepen ties with community leadership. It is hoped that deepening this relationship will positively affect on-going efforts to negotiate the transfer of title to individual beneficiaries, develop the outstanding plots and resolve all other outstanding Land Use Management issues.

From a more theoretical perspective it allows PEP and ACC to expose students to the "messy" reality and challenges of community based development and participation. It is important for future practitioners, especially those from foreign countries, to understand these complexities and details.

What sort of value might this process have for Hazeldean-Ekupumleni participants? For the neighbourhood?

DOLLY: Even though they have self-built their houses, I don't think Hazeldean women have ever had the chance to express these experiences and to tell people how their journey was. But through the research and with this book and its reflection, we can really see the amount of work that women and their families have put into making their homes and their community.

The project has also been a space and process in which we could reflect and discuss conflicts and misunderstandings. In interviews people could say how they felt, and talk about how they experienced this process. It was a space to reflect and to say exactly what and how they felt, to confront issues if that was necessary. After each and every session we would sit and discuss the process. Sometimes it would be very steamy at the end, after the students and Sophie left. Through it we could reflect on mistakes and on what we learned. There were quite a lot of conflicts. But conflict is good because we had to confront it. We talked about and resolved many issues.

What is the value for ACC and UCT to facilitate a collaborative research process with PEP and with the Hazeldean-Ekupumleni community?

SOPHIE: This project is built on a careful collaboration between PEP, ACC (myself), and the Hazeldean neighbourhood leadership. It's work that requires a lot of preparation and careful realistic conversation. It needs to be rooted in real questions that relate to PEP and Hazeldean work and organizing, and rooted realistically in

what students can produce in this half-semester project. These conversations need to be built on relationships and trust and a commitment to making things work and communicating through the process. I enjoy these types of conversations and this approach to research. Students learn not only about critical experiences of housing insecurity, of realities in areas like Hazeldean, and how to do research, they also, I hope, get a sense of a research ethos, and ways to engage and produce knowledge that are embedded in expertise across the city. This translates to research that is grounded and relevant.

Can you elaborate a little on the concept of the "lived experiences of policy" What does it mean and why take this approach to engaging the issue of housing?

SOPHIE: Engaging and reflecting on the 'lived experience of policy' is the key experiential and conceptual anchor to this part of the City Research Studio. We engage in this case with housing policy through the actual complex experiences which families we interview share. In Hazeldean-Ekupumleni, these are experiences that stretch across generations and that stretch over a twenty-year history of living in this place. These are complex stories of building houses without services, of building homes and getting established nearly fifteen years before being able to access bulk infrastructure - running water, electricity and sanitation and formal roads. And, these are stories that help students understand and document how families navigate insecurity, particularly the ongoing struggle to build a home, to improve it, and to access title deeds, the legal marker at least of home security. Family stories are diverse, they are real, and they are critical to understand how policy happens, its contingencies, and the roles in which ordinary people, organisations and movements play in engaging and making policy translate into development. In working with PEP and the Hazeldean-Ekupumleni community, we could engage with an actual project and its complexities and contradictions. This mix of understanding and perspective on how people live, struggle and build homes and lives in the meanwhile is essential in a conversation on southern urbanism, where policy and its implementation are so central to our debate.

CRS is also about exploring different methodologies. What methodologies did students use in this work?

SOPHIE: The CRS builds on careful observation, exploring qualitative interviewing techniques, and gives student exposure to collaborative approaches to research. The 'learning how to do qualitative interviews' is a method in which students engage – I hope - with the importance of listening, of not just asking questions, formulated from a research question and its agenda. Instead, we listen carefully to stories of everyday city life- in this case Hazeldean families and their navigation of access to homes and their stories of making this place a neighbourhood, a home in constrained circumstances. This work is as importantly a method for figuring out what we don't know or can't know. Through interviewing in the project, I work with students to help them pay attention to interviews as a relational moment, often full of emotion, with silences that require attention, complex contexts that shape how we engage and what people chose to share. This is a method which helps us think critically about the stories that emerge and weave out of this sort of process.

We also spend time experimenting with writing, observing, and writing up interviews. The work unfolds over the six weeks, which gives us time to reflect and engage, and to experiment together in doing this work. There is a weekly writing assignment. These assignments help students process their observations, the interviews, the method, and the material that residents share. From these they build that narratives for their papers and the book that, ideally have integrity and authenticity, that reflect the family, the place, their story, our city and that resonate and account for our collaborative research process.

This work is exciting but also risky. What are some of the challenges and risks of this kind of engagement?

NOAH: The key challenge or risk of this type of engagement is best summed up in the sentence: "After that, how am I going to benefit from what you are doing".

PEP has invested much time, thought and effort into negotiating a "fair" research process. In fact this was the most important part of the entire studio process. For PEP "fair" is not defined by the vague idea that the engagement will "contribute to knowledge or policy"-even though these types of justifications are popular with students they have no basis in the lived reality of Hazeldean residents and should be discarded. In other words

they may be useful for the academic project but have no practical value for Hazeldean residents.

For PEP "fair" should be practically defined. In the case of Hazeldean translators were financially compensated for their services - as would be the case in any job. In addition all those interviewed receive framed photographs and copies of the final document. Furthermore it was arranged for the translators to participated in a career guidance workshop at UCT. These are very real and practical compensations for the work undertaken.

SOPHIE: A key element is the sharing of the presentations and narratives from interviews with our Hazeldean Partners and with PEP, this ethos of accounting for what we heard and how we write up this work. For instance, our partners in Hazeldean and PEP colleagues attending our presentations on campus is a methodology through which students engage and account for their analysis and findings. We also share and check the narratives residents so that they can engage with and approve the stories that will go into this book, which we produce as a final element of the project. The book is another critical, layer for accounting for sharing and ground-truthing our work.

DOLLY: The presentation session on campus was really informative and relevant. For me it was an eye-opening session where I saw the research, the findings, how students articulated them. We also enjoyed the presentations by five students who presented on public housing contexts and struggles in their own home countries – in Sudan, Iran, Malawi, Botswana, and in Switzerland. That was amazing. It gave us an understanding of other peoples' contexts. There were some similarities. People in other countries also have difficulties in terms of how they build houses, how they find finances. There is always a danger of having 'a single story'. These presentations helped me feel like I have a full story, many stories, of housing work in many places, of ways of building. It was really nice.

Has the process, the engagement and feedback so far, delivered any new insights or affirmations for PEP's work in general or in Hazeldean in particular?

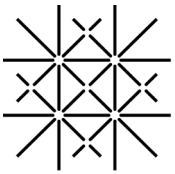
NOAH: Yes. For me it has affirmed a "template" for conducting fair and reciprocal research with academic institutions. Research that is not merely the "extraction" of academic knowledge but a more equal and fair process with transfer in both directions.

Secondly I believe that the workshops have allowed PEP to deepen our relationship and understanding of the Hazeldean leadership. Concurrent to this process a number of promising meetings have taken place with key stakeholders to address the current impasse in Hazeldean. While they are not a direct outcome of the ACC partnership, PEP has been able to enter these negotiations with a more detailed understanding of the community dynamics - as learnt during the workshop process.

DOLLY: I know Hazeldean in bits and pieces, the story, but for me this project has helped me understand who Hazeldean is, what happened there, to engage with Hazeldean's beautiful story. It has taught me also the importance of first identifying who is the community and respecting them. It was also an opportunity to work with different people from different contexts and to respect each other and to learn from each other. It has been very positive- even in terms of how to do research. It has been quite a learning journey for me and for the community too.

SOPHIE: There are so many 'aha', learning moments in this research for students and for me. Some moments come with the confidence of doing interviews and the joys of talking with families about their lives and struggles, which are always a mix of positive and often very hard realities, Some are linked to writing, to figuring out and enjoying writing from these interviews, from these stories and context, and in these particularities finding an argument, a way to build theory and concepts. Sometimes students can find their voice, a sense of their role, a confirmation or a moment where they might really feel their passion and commitment for research. There are many aha moments for me too, fantastic moments for teaching, and for engaging, for working with students and with PEP and our Hazeldean partners.

ACC and PEP hope to continue this collaboration. To this end, they are planning a third project, which will run in the first quarter of 2020. This form of collaborative research gives us an opportunity to extend and further develop research and teaching, bringing together neighbourhood struggles for homes, with PEP's support for housing delivery, and ACC's approach to teaching and research in urban studies.



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