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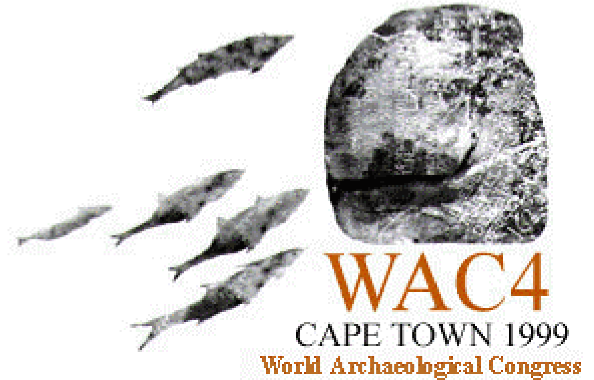

Symposium: Contested Landscapes & Landscapes of Movement & Exile

Land at Last!': Travel and the Materiality of Vision at the Cape of Good Hope.

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It strikes me as apt that I'm giving this paper at an archaeological conference: although it's certainly not my field. However, it seems to me that what follows is an archaeology of sorts. Not an archaeology of the Foucauldian kind: an unveiling of the discontinuities of discourse. Nor an archaeology, in the more disciplined sense of the word, as an excavation of the concrete buried beneath the sedimentations of earth and history. However, this paper shares with both the category of the material: not the object - I'd like to say, 'optical' - materiality of a document, a monument, or a ruin. But the eventful materiality of travel and, most importantly, of the eventful materiality of the sensing and sentient body that travels. Put another way, what I want to do is to take the idea of travel and seek out the details of this most familiar of human activities. I want to slow down those movements, those gestures, those postures of direct bodily experience over which the mind's eye tends to skid. In short, the aim here is to understand the travelling body as a matter of various perceptual and practical competences; to focus on the drifting mass of the body's sensory surfaces as well as on the meanings of the physical world that surround it. Most importantly, what I want to look at are the imperatives, the appeals, the intentions that come to connect those sensory surfaces to that world of surrounding meanings. My key terms then are the body, travel, and the practice of perception. My context: the inaugural sights and scenes of a colonial landscape.

I start off with the figure of the traveller borne by ship from England and on the lookout, after an arduous 3 month sea voyage, for the celebrated promontory of the Cape of Good Hope. Perhaps more than any other destination point during the ages of European expansionism, it was the Cape of Good Hope that always represented something other, and something much more, than a mere geographic locality. From the earliest years of Portuguese maritime adventure the Cape has stood as the universal symbol of destiny and destination in the popular imagination of the Western world. Upon its coastline converges a complex circuit of meanings. As the great hemispheric hinge between Occident and Orient; as the point of confluence between

the Atlantic and Indian Oceans and, indeed, as one of the formative frontiers in the historic itinerary of the modern world, the Cape of Good Hope stands as the very sign of a prospective imaginary. An elemental declaration of the punctual and the possible, of arrival and initiation.
After 3 months at sea, and with bodies long poised in anticipation, the cry is issued: `Land at last!. 'The cry of land', remembered the settler Robert Godlonton of his arrival at the Cape in 1820, 'causes every heart to vibrate with quicker action, while every eye is strained to catch a glimpse of the shores of that country...to which he is bound'.[1] 'Land of Last' however, might not just signal the termination of the outward bound journey. More than this, I want to suggest, its status as exclamation, as opening apostrophe in the many accounts of sea-borne travellers, also initiates the journal. Indeed, with the exaggerated optimism that the sight of the Cape invokes, the traveller, I want to suggest, seems to regain a descriptive and story-telling capacity. Relieved from the tedium of the sea-voyage, sight of land, as it were, signals an ending which is also a textual beginning. Indeed, perhaps one could say that sea-borne arrival carries with it a profound epistemological function. It raises the question of where the journey begins. At the port of origin? In the moment of disembarkation? Or en route itself? It provokes, I suggest, an inquiry into the relationship of travel to the possibility of its narration, of the journey to the journal.
An extensive literature has been built around such and similar problematics. Beginning, perhaps, with Aristotle's prescription for a 'well-constructed plot' - namely that it follows the logic of a beginning, middle and end; moving through Levi Strauss's *Tristes Tropique* - a classic text about <u>travel</u> that at the same time interrogates what it means to <u>write</u> - and including variously the work of Walter Benjamin, Michel de Certeau, Paul Carter, Homi Bhabha, the triangulation of travel, territory and text continues to be an issue of ongoing theoretical analysis.

Such questions will not directly concern me here, except in as much as it seems to me that many of the journals of European sea-voyagers and emigrants to the Cape exhibit a characteristic that runs off this generalised idea. That is to say, that for the most part no substantive narrative appears to precede the moment of arrival. At sea, the old Aristotelian prescription, it seems, undergoes a structural revision. One could say, perhaps, that as the physical port of origin fades from sight and with the traveller's destination still a matter of imaginative speculation, a gap appears where an event might have been. 'Do not those who are departing' asks one nineteenth-century traveller, 'enter as it were into a field of death?' 'For what is there at sea', he asks, 'if not the total absence of all that the land offers?'. 'Here', he asserts, 'all is contrary...the weary soul must find its rest in the billowing waves, a kind of watery hell, a sort of oblivion into which it sinks'.[2]

Amidst the sea's spatial invariance then the apprehension, for this traveller, of a death-like ennui, a breach, an impotence; amidst its limitlessness, its lacunae, there is nothing to maintain the laws of thought or the principles of effective action. 'No words can describe', 'nothing particular has occurred', 'language can convey but little' all become familiar refrains of ship-board writing. 'Sometimes dolphins are caught', says one voyager, 'which distinguishes those days from the rest. Sometimes the

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[1] Robert Godlonton. *Memorials of the British Settlers of South Africa.* Grahamstown. 1944. pvii

[2] Adulphe Delegorgue. *Travels in Southern Africa Volume 1.* Killie Campbell Africana Museum. Pietermaritzberg. Durban and University of Natal Press, 1990. p5

appearance of a bird is hailed by the watchman who calls it twenty times by name.' 'May this serve to give you some conception of the boredom of life at sea', he writes, 'a boredom which is not of the ordinary sort'.[3]

If the absence of the quotidian event and the breakdown of that subjective unity born of territorial loss - our traveller's death-like, 'extra-ordinary' boredom - is what characterises the sea voyage and what, in my accounting, makes it unnarratable, it is also, I want to suggest, what makes the sea voyage unvisualizable. Except for the vanishing horizon, the line of the deck rail, and at times, the contours of a distant coastline or passing bird, there is nothing, for the passenger to stake out the region he is in. No environing marker amidst the blue constant of sea and sky which might align the eye; no meaningful discrimination - no 'there' or 'here', no top nor bottom, no beginning or end - to encompass the body. In short, other than the projective movement of an anticipatory mind there is nothing, no discernible object, for the sea-body to intend towards.

If it is a question of theory, it seems to me that at sea we're in the flow of the 'smooth': a space, as Deleuze and Guattari would say, in which the discerning of all points, and of all lines of determination between points, are subordinated to the actual experience of linking passage itself. A space, in short, in which the interval takes all; indeed in which the interval is Absolute substance.[4] And so, at sea, perception and movement for the traveller seem to escape the arresting injunctions of geometrics; seem to exceed and overturn the order of the purposive point and the property. At **sea in the smooth**, in other words, the body gives over to intuition and the responsive symptom; gives over, that is, to the palpability of the wind, to the fluidity of wave and fog, to the chance fluctuations of climate. Like the figure of the artist, William Turner, who famously strapped himself to the mast of a ship the better to observe the swarm of a storm and so transform line into colour and matter, to be in the smooth is to be communion with random empirical forces, is to enter into the midst and moment of the immediate.
'While on board, we knew that it was no use troubling ourselves about the future' writes John Finch on his passage to the Cape in 1890. 'For a time at least', he continues, 'we had to turn our attention to **other grooves**'.[5] Finch's 'other groove', I suggest, is exactly that smooth negation of chartable distance and progressive time. Being in the groove, the middle term between two terms, movement for the sea-journeyer has no relevance. Or rather, with the absence of any object that might lend definition movement here refuses the cultural, one could say, modernist, virtue of thinking futurity.
Or, to repeat my specific point, with no end **in sight** to resolve the incommunicable caesura the sea is that space which tests the abstract limits of narrative teleology. Here identity and experience struggle for representational structure: 'Nothing particular has happened', 'no words can describe', 'language can convey but little'. And whence, I suggest, the cry of 'Land at Last': the end of the unnarratable interval, the apprehension of a ground that makes the journey's destination the journal's point of departure.

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[3] ibid pp.6-7
[4] Gille Deleuze and Felix Guattari. *A Thousand Plateaus: Capitalism and Schizophrenia.* London. The Athlone Press. London. 1988.
[5] John Finch. *To South Africa and Back*. London, New York and Melbourne: Ward, Lock and Co. 1890. p19.

But more than this. For if, using Deleuze and Guattari, we understand the sea as unnarratable, it becomes too a non-visual space. Or, more correctly a space in which the eye has a non-optical function. Put another way, having no centralising perspective; lacking, indeed, any geometric qualities to exact the ideal of centration, there is nothing here to attract the pose of a 'point of view'; nothing at sea to authorise the rules of visual representation, or to tidy the flux of phenomena. For here, as Deleuze and Guattari put it, 'no line separates earth and sky which are of the same substance; there is neither horizon nor background, no perspective nor limit. There is no intermediary distance, or all distance is intermediary'.[6] What I want to suggest, then, is that our cry 'Land at Last' might not only empirically close off the voyage. It might also disclose the very principles of optical sight itself. Eventual sighting, in other words, might function to restore the terms of 'visualist' thinking; might be a way of reaccessing that network of lines, of dimensions, of co-ordinates, that in the West - ever since the Renaissance - have long been valued as the constitutive dynamics of human sight. Put another way, arrival on a foreign shore might not been a *founding event*. It might, to borrow a phrase of Norman Bryson, be a moment of a *Founding Perception*. An inaugural moment in time and history that is also, for the travelling body, a triumphant reinsertion into the cultured domain of the optical.

It is with this in mind that I want to approach the opening journal entries of travellers to the Cape in a slightly different way. For in a very real sense, arrival at the shores of Table Bay represents not only a relief from the unease of what one newcomer calls the 'senseless deck'. In a dramatically literal way what Cape topography presents, I suggest, is nothing less than an object lesson in optical rhetoricity: a natural landscape that, as the traveller and naturalist William Burchell put it, 'opens full to view'.[7] Burchell's phrase is suggestive. For in manner both elemental and ontological Table Mountain does indeed qualify space as visual. After tacking down the Western littoral, the mountain presents the broad middle mass of its northern side to the ship incoming from England. In a very real sense then the newcomer becomes settled in a centrist position; the space before him made capable, by convention, of appealing to perspectival view. 'Like the uplifting of a curtain on some drop scene', is how one Cape commentator described the sense of a natural environment that suddenly accedes to a compositional aesthetic. Indeed, in this sense, one could say that Table Mountain seems to attract the very meaning of a re-presentation: a *vorstellung* in Heidegger's terms, a 'setting down in front of'.

It is perhaps for this reason that descriptions of Table Mountain, unfailingly and with very little variation, dominate the opening lines of traveller's journals. There is no newcomer who does not feel compelled to talk of its impossibly flat horizontal top and precipitous front. Nor one who fails to be reassured when that veil of cloud, that frequently obscures the mountain during the Cape's notorious south-easter gales, lifts to reveal the pure mathematics of its form. Put another way, as it 'descries out of the ocean ..opening full to view'[8] Table Mountain seems to mark a translation from the sea into the propertied qualities of sight. More acutely, however, conversion from the realm of the unvisualizable to the that of the representational proposition - from the

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[6] Deleuze and Guattari. *A Thousand Plateaus* p 494

[7]William Burchell. *Travels in the Interior of Southern Africa.* p 10

[8] ibid p11

smooth to the striated - can be evidenced in the very physical properties of the mountain itself. Indeed, with its play in granite of dramatic horizontals and verticals the mountain stands, one could say, as the exemplar of the measure and measurable quality. Rising to a height of 3,500 feet and backing the bowl-like settlement of the town itself, it commands a total optical field of which it is the focus and, indeed, the very self-articulation. In short, its natural architectonics - the sheer dimensional relation of ascent to summit - allows the traveller to transcend the amorphous and contemplate the object in its very structure. To what Barthes has called the 'bliss of sensation' is now added the 'power of intellection'[9]: an object that the newcomer not only sensually perceives but one able to be read with a degree of perceptual certainty. In other words, the value here of a natural form which, like a concrete abstraction, performs the idea of culture; a nature that evinces the laws of that very visual gauge settled by convention. And so for the newcomer the sight of 'the wall of Table mountain rising vast and grey out of a sea of foliage that broke against its base'.[10] In my terms, then, the idea of the Mountain as a geographic gain; a gain of striation arranged by its geometry and indeed arrayed by its identity as destination.

But to return to our opening apostrophe: Land at Last. For arrival signals not only a relief from smooth flux. It also provokes an unexpected discontinuity. The experience of a temporal and visual interval at sea, as it were, is followed by a disconcerting acceleration. Unused to time which takes a regular and habitual course, and a space which shows up regular and habitual contrasts, sighting of land, and the representational plenitude that accompanies it, appears as a moment of disorientating variety.

Listen to the impressions of one William Layton Sammons telling of his arrival in Table Bay in 1873:

'As the newcomer travels by water and not by land', Sammons writes, 'he pounces as it were suddenly upon the place, and all its beauties, faults or blemishes crowd upon him at once.' 'For by land', Sammons continues, 'the newcomer embraces the scenery by degrees, every mile initiating him into some new feature and thus he is prepared for every variation until he reaches his destiny. But not so by sea; for then his thoughts and sights are ... concentrated for the most part to clouds and water; sunshine and gloom; stars and moon.' [11]

Embracing the new country 'by degrees'. I think the phrase might give us pause. For if after the initial dazzlement of his sense impressions, the newcomer's induction into his new surrounds relates to a modified spatio-temporal order of things, it serves to complicate the customary idea of arrival as inaugural event. For, contrary to the idea that sees a foreign landscape spring into perceptual being at the instant of first sighting, Sammons' comments suggests the notion of burgeoning reality as a rite of practical passage; as a gradual and tactile process of preparation and initiation. Rather than conceiving foreign terrain as a stage already-set for perceptual management, this newcomer's express desire for a mode of travel that proceeds 'by degrees' signals no such a priori status. Indeed, Sammons' sensory overload indicates nothing less than the possibility of cognitive failure. In repairing the shock of sea-born arrival, then,

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[9]Roland Barthes. *The Eiffel Tower and Other Mythologies* . New York. Hill and Wang. 1979. p11

[10]. Author Unknown. 'The Blasted Bough: A Legend of Table Valley' in *Cape Monthly Magazine*. Volume 1X. January 1861. p9.

[11]William Layton Sammons. 'Localities: The Old Familiar Faces and Places' in *Cape Monthly Magazine* Volume V111, no 3. August 1873 p 78

land travel introduces the conjoined ideas of incremental mobility and spatial inducement.

It is to these ideas that I now want to turn and introduce two particular forms of spatial mobility: of ox-wagon travel and the even more rudimentary practice of walking. Both, I suggest, allow for what I want to call a certain 'pedestrian practice'. Moreover, I suggest, it is a practice that has specific relevance to the notion of colonial settlement. In short, I want to suggest the wagon and walk as the means of both a way-finding and a place-making; a digression through space that is simultaneously a subjective ingression in place.

To set the stage: Nineteenth-century British South Africa inherited from its former Dutch administration little in the way of a road system outside the immediate enclave of the Cape Peninsula. As established as the Colony was, by the mid nineteenth-century, it remained a country, in the opinion of one commentator, almost 'destitute of the means of locomotion'.[12] 'One must find one's way into the interior of Africa', says another, 'without guide posts or sign-posts'.[13] While nearer to the capital farmers travelled in light carts or rode on horseback, the general means of conveyance remained that of the ox-wagon. Fashioned from well-seasoned wood and purposely dislocated to maximise its structural elasticity, it was the ox-wagon that seemed to answer best to the perils of the uneven route. 'This great machine', remarks one traveller, 'must be made to travel across country where roads do not exist. It will be required to climb steep mountains and descend slopes crumbling with loose stones, it must twist and turn and recover itself across river-beds and hills of shifting sand.' [14]The absence of any project of public road works was similarly bemoaned by Andrew Geddes Bain, an explorer, geologist, road maker and later member of the Royal Engineers. 'The principal part of the road in the Colony', writes Bain in 1825, 'consists of the original tracks of the first colonists who, in their several peregrinations, were only guided by chance, and of course, where a bush or a stone lay in their way they rode around them. The first who followed took the same track, and so they have remained ever since, presenting all over the face of the country so many serpentine wanderings that they look more like river courses than public roads'. [15]

In a letter of report to John Montagu, Secretary to the Government, following a survey for a proposed road into the interior, Bain goes on to write of: 'the vast piles of funeral-looking rocks [that] everywhere disturb your progress'; and of 'the black disjointed krantzes that every now and again protrude their unearthly shapes to the very brink of precipitous banks of foaming torrents....They seem forever to have set at defiance the approach of man'. 'Never have I seen', he concludes, 'such a Blank in Nature'.[16]

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[12]Author Unknown. 'The Post-Cart' in *Cape of Good Hope Literary Magazine*. Volume 1X. no 61. January 1862. p20

[13]. William Layton Sammons in Hattersley. *An Illustrated Social History of South Africa*. 1969. p107

[14]Adulphe Delegorgue. Travels in Southern Africa p.17-18

[15] A.G. Bain. *The Journal of Andrew Geddes Bain.* Edited by Lister. Cape Town. The Van Riebeeck Press. 1949. p206

[16] ibid p212

On one level, of course, reports like that of Bains', register as a rather unsurprising condemnation of the Colony's inadequate structures of spatial efficiency, its failure to replace the chaotic Blank of Nature, the illegible serpentine wandering, the accidental turn with the ideality and power of the straight road: an ideality and power, as recent critique insists, given as an agent of modernity; understood as allied to that impulse for Euclidean reason and measure that partners the socio-political conquest of space. This kind of critical approach which sees spatial development as bearing the ideology and rhetoric of colonial systemisation is probably as ultimately incontestable as it is by now conventional. However, I want to suggest, we can also begin to read both Bain's' report and its customary critique against the grain; can in this sense see colonial space not as an accomplice of modernity, but also as kind of victim of its rationalisations.
What I want to suggest, in other words, is that beneath the colonial rhetoric of systematic spatial ordering lie the traces of an anterior, and alternative, understanding of colonial space. That it is essentially topological. Crucially, 'topological' not in the strict mathematical or scientific sense of the word but in the sense that Merleau-Ponty and Michel Serres use it: of space as a matter of envelopment and proximity; as a function of the logic of 'the place it is in'.[17] Put another way, as a landscape beaten out by the footfall of travellers inflecting the patterns of the land as they went, or as traversed by the wagon at each linking turn of its wheel, it is one that holds to the palpable and the particular. And with, I want to suggest, the colonial traveller understood not as a body moving ahead between fixed points but rather as coming to belong to the world it, *topologically*, works itself into.

In an important sense, then, our road engineer's complaints of a colonial landscape way-laid by the 'peregrination' and 'serpentine wandering' might represent less the failure of any geographic stratagem that the necessary mastery of the local spatial operation. Indeed what so many rough spatial irregularities may reveal is precisely the victory and logic of what De Certeau would call the tactical initiative. A victory, given by the subject's intimate and practical response to its material surrounds; a logic that evinced by the path that needs veer round a bush or the route that bends to accommodate an obstructing stone, reveals the material act of passing by.[18]
In many ways, then, travelling the rough colonial route reinserts us back into the smooth: that is, back into the unfixity of the circumstantial and the sensory, back into the indeterminacy of the linking passage itself. Or, more subtly, one could say that with the movement of the wagon over the rough track the smooth begins to show through the striated; the latter temporarily reversing and recovering itself as interval and intensity.

For Dr William Atherstone travelling by ox-wagon - 'this ship of the South African wilds' - the colonial route partakes indeed of all the qualities of the sea-voyage. Of his trip in 1870 from Grahamstown to the Gouph in the Karoo Atherstone writes:
'A pleasant prospect for us truly, dear reader, to be condemned to sit on this box...for thirty consecutive hours - without moving, I was going to say; bit i mean of course the

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[17]. See Maurice Merleau-Ponty, 'Working Notes' in *The Visible and the Invisible.* Evaston. Northwestern University Press. 1962. and Michel Serres. *Hermes: Literature, Science, Philosophy..* Baltimore and London. John Hopkins University Press. 1982.
[18]Michel de Certeau. *The Practice of Everyday Life.* Berkeley, Los Angeles, London. University of California Press. 1988.

very opposite, the very reverse, with the maximum of incessant oscillation, like a bottle shaken violently into froth and foam'.[19]

Atherstone's experience, I suggest, bears out Deleuze and Guattari's understanding of smooth space as symptomatic response. Here the 'maximal' occurs as a consequence of the wagon, the felt sense of 'incessant oscillation' a manifestation of the wagon's inherent structural elasticity. Moreover, in this most literal and forceful ways, this is a symptom held within the travelling body itself. 'Like a bottle shaken violently into froth and foam', Atherstone takes on and shares the jarring tremors of the conveyance, his body doubling, as it were, the very movement of wagon over ground. With traveller and vehicle made one, with both absorbed in the self-same intensity, Atherstone feels himself wholly give over to affect. Traversing a particularly rutted pathway en route he writes: 'You try to think, but your thoughts get so beaten up, jolted and jostled together, you can't recognise one as your own. They become split up and mingled with dreams'. Another traveller talks of the wagon effecting a 'giddy brain and quivering nerves'. On fording a river, yet another complains of having 'a headache in the stomach'. On the basis of such and similar descriptions one could perhaps see wagon travel as producing a kind of psycho-somatic pathology - 'a headache in the stomach'. The experience of a space, in other words, that so thwarts intellection, that in the incoherence of its ruts and routes so exceeds the bounds of the rational discourse, that unease becomes borne in the body itself: the shocks and jolts of alien travel transferred and transformed here as felt somatic symptom. Leaving aside this particular line of argument, however, my point merely is that what the wagon over rough ground establishes is not mental and bodily discomfort, but more positively, a primary contiguity between traveller and space travelled. Not just a body moved into distress by its means of conveyance, but a subject co-localized in the 'lie of the land'.

It is in this sense, then, that the topological route might be taken not merely as the indicator of a particular spatial modality. It might be taken, too, to define a particular mode of colonial subjectivity, a particular mode of the subject's commitment to territory. For the figure who travels through foreign landscape, does not only do so with the goaled charge of the tabulator or surveyor. He does so equally through the peripatetia of travelling: does not merely move instrumentally, but also poetically, through the very experience of his progression. Alternatively the fact that all 'progress is made in striated space', as Deleuze and Guattari would argue, cannot conceal that 'becoming occurs in the smooth'. [20]
To say that the topological nature of colonial space allows for a certain proximal intensity, is also to prompt an alternative understanding of its visual perception. For insofar as the rough route can be seen to determine a somatic immersion in space - and thus importantly a particular way of occupying a foreign landscape - it also comes to institute a specific visual modality. And what it institutes, I suggest, is a close and motile mode of seeing; a form of seeing that, taken in at a foot pace or at each turn of the wagon wheel, redraws the eye into the specificities of the physical environment as into the physical body of the seer.

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[19] Dr William Guybon Atherstone. 'From Grahamstown to the Gouph' in *Selected Articles from Cape Monthly Magazine.* Cape Town. Van Riebeeck Press. 1978. pp 80-81
[20]Deleuze and Guattari. *A Thousand Plateaus.* p 486

Thus, I suggest, the inducement to 'keep your eyes at work when outside', in the words of one wagon traveller, introduces a colonial landscape able to come under the perceptual control in a different way. It counters, I want to suggest, the perspective of that eye that projects and regulates the far-distant with one that reacts to the detours of the present. It foreshortens the totality of the legible field with a view of things as they fold in and out of the path of observation; the eye reinserted here into the natural mobility of its setting. Perhaps is it this form of visual activity that John Keats Lord, advises in his travel guide entitled **At Home in the Wilderness.**
Thus the novice traveller to the Cape, advises Lord:
`must train his eye until his sight equals in delicacy of perception the touch of the blind. For trifles imperceptible to the tyro are to the traveller pages of information...'
'The disturbance of insects, the switch of a tail, the flap of an ear, the gleam of an eye, a displaced stone, or a broken twig', Lord declares, 'are not matters to be lightly passed by. Indeed, he must educate his ears too. The voices of birds, the hum and buzz of insects, the sough of the breeze and the roar of the torrent must be to the cultivated hearing of the dweller in the wilderness as understandable as different musical notes are to the ears of a practised musician; and to some extent he must be a musician and ventriloquist of a certain kind himself.'

Clearly, then, our nineteenth-century colonial traveller is not merely the pupil of the contemporary science of a Linneaus, or of an earlier Euclid. Neither is he merely the Enlightenment individual who, undivided within itself, is simultaneously wholly divided from an external environment. Rather in the coincidence between ear and eye, foot and ground; as in the relation between the *adaptive* body and its *adoptive* organs - Lords' traveller as walker, as ventriloquist - the subject of this guidebook occupies a space that is not laid out in predictive certainty but one that discloses itself in sensory activity. In this sense, the author's injunction to 'cultivate a habit of observing' is to acquire the requisite skills of inhabiting. What observation represents here, in other words, is less the citation of what is seen than how the eye is itself ambient, negotiating the subject's proximal presence in space. And further. For what comes to count as spatial knowledge, here, is not any projective movement of the mind. Rather knowledge here becomes something that presupposes a body, a walker. Knowledge, in short, becomes something that involves a detour through sensation; that depends, both materially and philosophically, on the incremental procedures of legwork.

This paper began with the sea voyage. It proposed that the loss of territorial fixity effected in the traveller a dispersal of all those classical certainties of representation - textual, spatial, visual, - that characterize the strictures of Western thought. In a space in which the ports of origination and destination become invisible and where departure implies the possibility of no return, subjectivity struggles for coherence: for its referential and unifying point of view. The moment of arrival, it then appeared, reinserted the sea-borne body back into the cast of visual and narrative convention as back into a field of spatial orientation. Here gaining the tableau of Table Mountain, I suggested, meant regaining the tools of abstract tabulation.

However, our various journeys by wagon and foot introduced the possibility of an alternative. Thus the outside observer we replaced with the wagon traveller and walker: figures for whom spatial perception does not issue from the pre-positional points of the quantitative abstraction - the map, the compass, the tableau - but rather involves a conversion to the journeying body at close range with the ground and co-

localized with it. In broad terms then, to the incommunicable figure of the seaborne arriver, this paper, has proposed the perceptual conditions of a nascent colonial one. Or, more quietly, the sentient subject who might make sense of a new country *step by step*. As Husserl writes:

`If walking begins, all wordly things there for me continue to appear to me to be oriented about my phenomenal organism....That is they are oriented with respect to here and there, right and left etc., whereby a form of degree zero of orientation persists, so to speak, an absolute here.'[21]

[21] Husserl. 'The World of the Living Present and the Constitution of the Surrounding World External to the Organism' .