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Introduction

**“WE WANT TO LIVE A GOOD LIFE”**

Bullet, a South African man now in his late twenties, graduated from one of the top public high schools in his province. Upon graduation, he accepted a partial scholarship to enter a prelaw degree program at the University of Witwatersrand, one of the most prestigious universities in the country. One year later, Bullet walked out of the university, never to return. He had not had a job for years when I met him in 2014. And he said he was doing exactly what he was made to do.



This is a book about the ways people seek a good life. Specifically, it’s about how their various ways of seeking a good life do—or don’t—intersect with work. It’s a book that will help you understand some of the global political and eco-nomic trends that make it rare for people like Bullet to find the good life through a paid job, and how people like Bullet go on finding the good life anyway. Ulti-mately, it’s a book meant for generating new ways of thinking about work and the good life so that more people can find lives that they consider good.

Bullet grew up in Mpophomeni, a location or township where many black South Africans were forcibly relocated in the mid-twentieth century under apart-heid, the government-imposed system of racial discrimination.1 Like most of the black South Africans in his province of KwaZulu-Natal, he was ethnically Zulu and spoke isiZulu with his family and township friends. Unlike most of his peers in the township, though, he attended a school that had once been reserved only for white South Africans descended mainly from English and Dutch settlers. Since 1994 when the country held its first elections including citizens of all racial backgrounds, changes in the constitution made this school available to anyone. The only catch was that they had to pay the annual school fees of about 10,000

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rand (written R10,000, about $1,000 in US dollars). His family had pooled thou-sands of rand each year from his father’s job as a truck driver and other sources to pay the school fees and transportation money for him to attend school in the pre-dominantly white town of Howick. Mpophomeni and Howick are spaced about fifteen kilometers apart, in KwaZulu-Natal Province of South Africa. His parents were proud when their son graduated from Howick High School and headed to law school, seeing this as a clear step toward the good life. Bullet, however, grew up hearing conflicting messages about what made life good.

“I never went to bed and just had this beautiful dream of going to court,” he told me. “Maybe I shouldn’t have dropped out, but just, it seemed, it seemed so unnatural to me. You know? ’Cause I come from a location, I don’t feel comfort-able in that environment. I never did.”

I met Bullet through one of his friends, a young man named Cat who I first talked with at a computer training center for unemployed youth. Cat decided to tell me what he did in a typical day, but as he started listing his daily progression from sleep, to smoking weed, to watching television, to smoking more, he seemed to get discouraged. “Smoke it with the homies, that’s all we do seriously in the location,” he shrugged. “You’d be surprised. You think I’m lying. Shit. We don’t really do much.” Then suddenly he interrupted his train of thought. “Oh! There’s a friend, I have a friend—I have hip hop, I mean, there’s a hip hop crew actually. My friend Bullet, we sit in his studio and make some tracks. ’Cause he has a stu-dio, like plenty of equipment. Small things. Two speakers, like general things. We sit there and make some tracks.”



Cat took me to meet Bullet, and we talked for a couple of hours. In the months ahead, I often ran into Bullet around the township and came back to his home to ask more questions. He impressed me as one of the most astute social scientists I had ever met, despite never thinking of himself as such. He had keen insights about the culture he lived in, plus a cutting sense of humor and blatant honesty that tended to make his friends exclaim their agreement by laughing, cursing, or both.

The first time Cat brought me to Bullet’s house, an album that Bullet and his hip hop crew had produced was playing on a computer on a desk along one wall. Bullet’s three-year-old nephew poked his head in the doorway and mouthed along with the lyrics for a while, imitating rapping hand motions. We sat on half-broken office chairs and benches tucked between microphones and speakers in Bullet’s recording studio in a room behind his parents’ house. I asked Bullet what it meant to live a good life, and he and Cat started talking about what young men in the township had grown up wanting.

Bullet said one way to see what young people wanted was by what they liked in movies. “We all respect a lawyer who has a beautiful car in the movie.” He



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shrugged and puckered his lips in a gesture of mild interest. “But you see a gang-ster with a beautiful car, and we like ‘Oh! That’s it! That’s what I wanna be! I don’t wanna be the lawyer in the movie. I wanna be the gangster in the movie.’ You know, ’cause the lawyer don’t get nothing, he don’t get the girls in the movie. He don’t get the guns. All he gets to do is sit and read.”

By this point Cat was laughing so hard he nearly tipped off his wobbly chair. “I don’t want that,” Bullet went on. “I want an exciting life. We all know an exciting life is short. We all get that, you know. But we don’t care. ’Cause you

know, a long life is not very exciting. Nobody wants to be fifty. Fifty for what?” Cat cut in with a remark about becoming like the old man we’d seen slow-

walking with a limp past Bullet’s house earlier.

“It’s not happy in the location,” Bullet went on. “You can’t be happy at fifty. It’s very rare. Unless you a survivor of the bad, you’ve just done all your bad and you were not caught for some reason and you’re not in jail. I know a couple of old guys who have come up just the wrong way, you know. They’ve sold the drugs, they did whatever they had to do, dug up a few dead bodies to save money, you know. And they still alive today. But now they good, they living a good life. You see what I’m saying?”

Bullet often talked in hyperbole, but when he alluded to people digging up dead bodies, Cat shook his head soberly. Stories circulated in the township of desperate people harvesting body parts for ceremonies meant to bring good luck, and it wasn’t clear whether Bullet was referring to these literally or metaphori-cally.2 Stories of witchcraft mingled in the popular imagination with awareness that everyone from drug dealers to mothers faced the question of what life was worth when resources were too few to go around. As in much of the world, in South Africa, “black deaths are produced as normative”—that is, social circum-stances make black deaths commonplace, even as society ignores the causes and effects for those surviving “in the wake” of death.3 Life expectancy in South Africa at the time of this interview was the lowest in the world, at just under fifty years.4



“It’s either you gonna be a gangster and die, or be a gangster and maybe sur-vive in the end,” he shrugged again, pausing with a cynical expression. Through-out our conversations, Bullet seemed to be describing some life he wanted but couldn’t quite identify, some option between becoming the lawyer nobody wants to be, the gangster getting his friends hooked on drugs, or the next black man who dies young of AIDS, knife wounds, or a drug overdose. Bullet often shifted between talking about the township as if he were part of it, and distancing him-self from it through critique. His upbringing, riding every day from Howick to Mpophomeni, gave him both an insider’s and an outsider’s perspective of the township and the white middle-class world. He saw himself as very much a part of a complex social system, a product of it, and sometimes losing to it.



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Bullet had often been told he had potential, but when it came to finding a job, he kept getting turned down. He had worked just after high school for a trucking company with his dad, but in the years I knew him he mentioned only once that he was pursuing a job. He volunteered at a radio station for a couple of weeks before leaving when it became clear that they were not hiring. In his assessment, black managers, hearing his ability to speak English and seeing his high grades, saw him as a threat to their own positions. In government jobs, he said, people only wanted to hire those who supported their political party. And white manag-ers expected black employees to stay in lower-tier jobs. He guessed they looked at him and thought, “You got that kind of education, you ask too many questions.” Bullet saw himself in a system that had no good options. “There’s no way out of it, the way they’ve made it for us.”

Often, conversations with young people in South Africa unfolded something like the conversation I had with a group of youths sitting around outside a rural home. They talked for a while about the worst jobs they had ever had—digging holes, fighting fires in the hot sun, and being a “kitchen girl.” One young man turned to me and tried to explain what made these jobs so bad. “Our parents were not educated, so they would take what job they can get.” These youth have been called the Born Free generation, born around or after 1994, when the racial segregation system called apartheid (meaning separateness) ended. Under apart-heid, each South African was categorized into one of four racial groups—black, colored (mixed race), Indian, or white. Through a long series of laws passed from the eighteenth century through to the latter half of the nineteenth century, the South African government sanctioned destroying black people’s homes and relo-cating them to neighborhoods, townships, and rural areas designated according to race. Black people were denied the right to set foot in white-only areas unless they were carrying personal identification with proof of employment. They were forbidden from higher-skilled jobs and paid less than whites in equivalent jobs. Any marriage across the government-designated racial categories was illegal, and public spaces and institutions including hospitals, parks, schools, and universi-ties were segregated by race.5



Unlike their parents, Born Free youth grew up hearing that they could be anything and do anything. When they encountered the same discrimination and dead ends that their parents had, they experienced a new kind of discourage-ment. “Why did I go to school and waste twelve years of my life to work in a gar-den for seventy or eighty rand a day?” In the ten-to-one rand-to-dollar exchange rate at the time, he was talking about seven or eight dollars a day, which was beneath the official farm minimum wage but still not uncommon. With a tone of sarcasm and mockery, he repeated the accusation every person there had heard spoken about Zulu young people: “We are a little bit lazy.” He went on to explain



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where that assumption comes from. Usually, they could find no work at all, or when they did, they got bossed around until “you feel like punching someone.” That’s the way work is, he said, but “we want to live a good life.”

Bullet and many of his peers didn’t expect to like work. “Everybody who has a normal job, they don’t like it,” Bullet said. His older sister had what he called “a good job” as a nurse, but even she usually came home with stories of disap-pointment. “Nobody likes working, you know. But the gangsters love working. They love it. They can’t wait to go to work. They can’t wait to sell you the drugs.”

The picture Bullet saw of formal work included prejudice, jealousy, and dis-respect. The alternatives he saw outside formal work included crime, boredom, addictions, and violent death. That’s where music came in.

“That’s why we’re doing hip hop,” Bullet said in our first conversation, after we’d talked for a long time about the problems he’d witnessed in the township. “The only way to reach people is music.” Music was what Bullet turned to when he realized he didn’t want to stay in law school. He found a sound-recording school where he took enough classes to learn the basics of recording. For years he had been scribbling down hip hop lyrics between classes, during lunch breaks, and riding along on his dad’s trucking job. Now he began spending most of his waking hours on it.



I asked if he loved what he did now, making music. “I love it, but it’s frustrat-ing,” he said. “Very frustrating. Because we all need to make money somehow, and it’s very hard making money with a weird qualification like sound engineer-ing in a place like this.”

Cat had told me about the kind of hip hop he and Bullet worked on. He called it “conscious” music and “underground hip hop.” Cat said they dared to write lyrics about township life that were more honest and more focused on change than commercial music. Commercial music, he said, talked only about sex, money, and fashion. Radio stations bought commercial music, but never conscious music. Cat said conscious music told about real life in the township. “They’re talking history. That’s why I want you to listen,” he had insisted, promis-ing to take me to Bullet’s place. “I want you to listen to this hip hop.”

When he took me to meet Bullet, one of Bullet’s CDs, *Blaque Conversation*, was playing in the background. I caught bits of the lyrics.

We need building blocks, better schools, and more black faces in the science labs . . .

Fighting for my own home town . . .

Y’all don’t know me. Life is hard . . .

Come together to fight this evil that’s come among us . . .

Time for us to rise, to be who we thought we’d never be . . .



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I hate this life but don’t wanna die . . .

Maybe if we had better lives we wouldn’t take each other’s lives . . .

Change the mentality—only then will we have the better life . . .

Bullet chose that name for himself as an artist, and he asked me to use the name Bullet when I wrote about him. As he explained why he chose the name, he revealed a piece of how he and many other South Africans thought about work. “The ‘bullet’ is the black man who is no longer willing to turn the other cheek; he’s had enough. He says it’s time to fight back—I’m not gonna allow you to keep treating me like this anymore. I didn’t choose to be treated this way, but I am choosing to say this is enough.” That, Bullet said, was the kind of person he wanted to create in his hip hop. “When you listen to my music, it’s about, ‘Dog, don’t just lie down and play dead!’ ”

In prioritizing choices that often do not lead to formal work, unemployed black South Africans like Bullet are shaping their own places in societies that have often treated them little better than dogs. They are, with Bullet, refusing to play dead.



Where Work Is Not Working

Bullet grew up in a social world where, as his lyrics said, “life is hard.” In 2014–15 when I began research, only about two in five working-age adults were counted as employed.6 The official number of those classified as unemployed, 22 percent of the population and rising, counts only people who have spent time actively searching for work in the past week.7 That number left out people in the position Bullet was in, neither actively seeking work nor employed. They were counted instead as “not economically active” or “discouraged work seekers.”8 Fifteen mil-lion South Africans—42 percent of the working-age population—fit Bullet’s cat-egory of non-job-seekers, a number nearly equal to the number of South Afri-cans who did have jobs.

These statistics have described South Africa for so long that unemployment has become “the new normal.”9 For comparison, the highest unemployment rate recorded in the United States, measured at the height of the Great Depression, was 22 percent. South Africa has sustained roughly the same unemployment rate for over twenty years, never dropping below 20 percent since reliable employ-ment surveys began around 1994. Unemployment rates for young people in their late teens and twenties have typically been even 20 to 25 percentage points higher. In an opinion poll in the early 2000s, the overwhelming majority of South Afri-cans cited unemployment as the most significant problem facing their nation.10



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South Africa’s employment landscape in the latter decades of the twentieth cen-tury has been described as undergoing a “seismic mutation” whereby unemploy-ment became a condition in which “most people, most of the time will, for the foreseeable future, live.”11 When people talk about unemployment, though, they are often scratching the surface of deeper issues. Asking the question of what causes unemployment can lead us to questions about how inequalities are made and maintained, and how people decide who deserves to have a good life.

When good work is hard to find, politically polarized discourses of scape-goating abound. In South Africa, as in other settings where unemployment rises, some people blame corporations for pushing the balance of wealth from waged workers to top CEOs. Others point to a shortage of skills training amid a postin-dustrial shift toward service sector jobs. Others blame unregulated globalization and the international race to the bottom in wage competition. Some say we need more trade protection, some say less. Some call the government an inflated wel-fare state, dishing out handouts as disincentives to work; some say that without social supports people lack resources to apply for jobs. The ways people assign blame trace an increasingly divisive, racialized, and politicized public discourse on employment.

Popular answers to these questions often blame the unemployed themselves, narrating stories of individuals failing to muster the personal inclination for hard work. Bullet’s life path fits at the heart of questions that people ask when they see others who are unemployed: Why are they not working? Are they somehow choos-ing not to work? Is there something morally wrong with them? Bullet had grown familiar with these messages from people around him. “It’s like they see the wrong, but they don’t see why,” he said. “They’ll say, ‘You’re so young, you got so many opportunities in life.’ OK, show me one! It’s so easy to say we have a chance. Every-body’s talking about, ‘Oh man, the youth now just have so many opportunities, the doors are just wide open for you.’ I’m like, ‘These doors are so limited.’ ”



The Stories We Tell Ourselves

At the point in the story where Bullet dropped out of law school, many readers probably wanted an answer to the question, *Why?* If jobs are so hard to find, why would someone with a scholarship and good grades on track to a good job drop out of school? Bullet also mentioned having a job for a while at the trucking company where his dad worked, so why wasn’t he still in that job? Did he quit? Isn’t some job better than no job at all?

At the heart of these questions is a more important question: What kind of life did Bullet and his peers want? People everywhere tell stories about how to attain



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better lives, and those narratives help humans make sense of the world around them.12 As some anthropologists have explained, “Narratives shape action just as actions shape stories told about them.”13 In other words, people figure out how to live based on the narratives they believe, even as they come to believe those narratives because of the cultural, historical, and social setting in which they live. Stories are more than a way of entertaining ourselves; they are a reflec-tion of the circumstances that surround us. We use them to give purpose to past events, make decisions in the present, and form expectations about the future. We see the world through plot structures that involve predicting what appears likely to happen and prescribing what should rightly happen. They can be thera-peutic, helping people deal with difficult circumstances even when they cannot change those circumstances. And narratives can serve as moral tales for reinforc-ing beliefs about what should happen, perhaps especially when it does happen. At their worst, these narratives can entrap us as actors in nightmarish realities. At their best, they are the foundations for resilience, motivation, and hope when people encounter difficulties. They offer the moral and aspirational compass by which people aim their lives.

For example, in September 2011 after thousands of people died in the terrorist attacks on the World Trade Center, many Americans responded by telling stories of overcoming hardship to attain new successes. John McAdams calls this “the redemptive self narrative.” He finds examples of it running through commonly told American stories ranging from escaped-slave accounts to biographies of Ben Franklin and Oprah Winfrey.14 But that is not the only narrative that shapes life in America, or elsewhere in the world.



As I began comparing people’s narratives of the good life, I noticed that they bring together at least four elements: (1) end goals, (2) messages about what is effective for attaining these goals, (3) normative messages about what makes a particular goal and path moral or immoral, and (4) a social and cultural setting. In the redemptive self narrative, the goal is not simply happiness but transforma-tion. The effective means of attaining that transformation includes suffering and hardship, and these are also central to moralities of how good people seek a good life. In the example of the redemptive self narrative, one could trace the social origins of that schema across the complicated history of the United States, from European colonists taking land from American Indians, to an Enlightenment-inspired founding government distinguishing its national identity from Europe, to immigration policies, and far more.

In this book you’ll read about a wide range of narratives. One narrative, described in chapter 3, shows that a certain kind of relationship is both an effec-tive moral means to the good life and an element of the end goal of that good life. Another narrative, mentioned in chapter 4, names suffering as an expected aspect



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of the route to the good life, much as the redemptive self narrative does, but with significantly different ideas about who causes that suffering for whom, and what people’s end goals can and should be. You’ll read about some narratives that focus on the importance of individual agency to make certain choices, whereas others show the route as steered mainly by the influence of other people, luck, fate, or spiritual forces. All these narratives come to make sense in a specific socioeco-nomic setting. They offer guidance through moral questions like whether certain ends justify certain means, and what loyalties, obligations, sacred rites, and fair practices matter in a given situation.

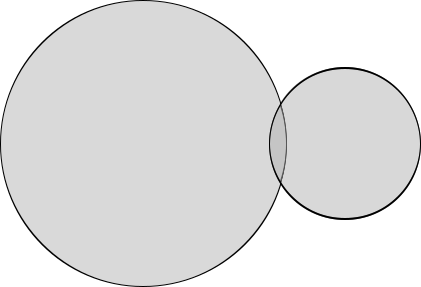
As people envision various ways to attain a good life, their ideas about work come into play. To understand how people make choices about work, we can start by considering how work fits together with people’s narratives about the good life. We could envision some simple Venn diagrams. For some people, work and the good life might fit together something like figure 1.1.

In this picture, employment scarcely overlaps with the good life at all. In this way of thinking of the world, jobs are likely to be painful and disappointing in various ways—much about work detracts from what makes life good. People expect to have little chance of finding jobs that improve their lives. Jobs may be a necessary part of life, but not the part that makes life good. There are certainly ways to achieve the good life, but probably not through work.



In contrast, other narratives look more like figure 1.2.

Here, the good life fits almost entirely inside employment. Someone who sees the world in this way will assume that there is almost no way to have a good life without employment. This person’s focus is on having a good job, and the assumption is that by having a good job, the good life will follow. They will believe that good, moral, effective, happy people work. These two diagrams represent two extremes in a spectrum—there could be any amount of overlap between the good life and employment, and any number of reasons why a person sees the two overlapping in the ways they do.



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FIGURE 1.1



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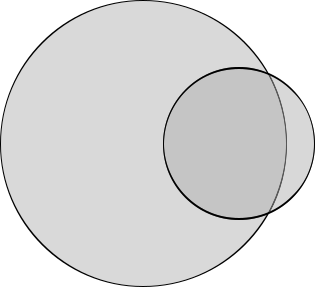
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FIGURE 1.2

To add a further complication, people have various ideas of what the word “work” means. The differing ways that people imagine what constitutes work will necessarily shape how they envision work interacting with the good life. For example, does work have to be done in exchange for pay or economic benefits? Or does it include activities like making a friend or caring for an elderly rela-tive, which are often unpaid, but may have economic benefits and certainly have social benefits? Many such socially productive and economically productive but unpaid activities have in much of the world historically been done by women. Often activities that are gendered as women’s work are considered to be less valu-able. Activities such as caring for one’s own children, preparing food for one’s family, or traveling to purchase goods bring the same (or arguably greater) value to a household as paying for daycare, going to a restaurant, or paying a grocery delivery service. Many scholars have argued that such activities are work, and yet power dynamics reinforce popular ideas that work includes only activities exchanged for money.15



In another popular usage of the word, work is anything disagreeable that someone is required to do—the opposite of leisure, which a person chooses to do. For example, a person might say, “That job is so fun, I don’t even feel like it’s work” or “Walking up that hill is hard work.” Such a definition places work nearly always outside of what makes life good, casting doubt on whether enjoy-able paid employment is still work. Meanings of the word “work” are culturally constructed—that is, they come about through particular combinations of his-torical circumstances, place, and human interactions, which are always in flux. Perhaps the only reliable way to explain work, as Pope John Paul II put it in an encyclical letter, is that work is simply “activity . . . that can and must be recog-nized as work”16 The fact that definitions of work change through human inter-actions means that definitions of work are also an important cite of power and resistance. As feminists have discovered, defining domestic activities conducted by women as work is an important means of recognizing not just the value of



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women’s activities but of women themselves. Rather than choose my own defini-tion of work, I point to the ways in which people contest and push back against various uses of words like “work,” “hard work,” and “worker.”

The word “work” also interacts problematically with some other similar words: “labor” and “employment.” Historically, among scholars, the word “labor” has been used to emphasize the ways that people employed by others—“laborers”— become part of a market economic system. As chapter 5 will show, South Africans sometimes used the word “laborer” to voice their refusal to participate in that system in certain ways. The word “employment” narrows the idea of work down to a specific subset—situations in which people have an “employer,” whether oneself or someone else. Even this definition of employment leaves room for disagreement, though. In the year 2000, South Africa began issuing a new survey, the South African Labour Force Survey, to measure employment rates. Unlike a previous survey, it gave specific prompts to count even one hour per week spent gardening or fishing as work. Unsurprisingly, employment rates after the survey appeared to be higher (by as many as two million new jobs). This was politically convenient for then-president Jacob Zuma.17 As a practical representation of how people understood their experiences, however, such a definition of employment raised concerns. Most South Africans I met did not see household activities in the same category as paid employment. Nor did they tend to follow government defi-nitions of “unemployed” or “not economically active.” A person without work was just that, no matter how many applications they dropped off, and “searching for work” could also include uncounted activities like asking a pastor or shaman for prayer. These disagreements over definitions have real effects. For example, a person dismissed from a job could claim government compensation for up to thirty-four weeks but must first register as an “unemployed job seeker,” differ-entiating themselves from the “economically inactive.” The words people use to describe what they do—whether it be work, labor, or employment—play a key role in how people envision and seek to attain the good life.



The point is this: not everyone thinks about the interplay between work and the good life in the same way. And therein lies a lot of tension.

A Dominant Narrative of Work and the Good Life

Throughout our lives, we learn more than one narrative of work and the good life. We draw on various narratives strategically at different times or even simul-taneously, even when they logically conflict. Not all narratives have equal power, though. Some keep certain people in power and others out of power. In the next chapter, we’ll see how narratives that reinforce power inequalities can become



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so deeply threaded through culture that people accept those schemas without question. These dominant narratives often leave blind spots, preventing people from accurately explaining events and drowning out narratives from marginal-ized voices.

The dominant narrative about work and the good life that many people in the world grow up hearing is most like the second Venn diagram. It goes something like this: Good people work hard. They overcome obstacles in life to pursue edu-cation and training so they can get good jobs. Because they work hard in those jobs, good things come to them. Working hard is key to living a life that is morally good, and working hard also leads to attaining a life that is materially good. Hard work and the good life go hand in hand.

The point in the story where Bullet dropped out of law school causes many listeners to stop and ask *why* precisely because that’s the point where his own life’s drama stopped fitting this dominant tale of hard work and the good life. For Bullet, that narrative wasn’t working. He grew up seeing the differences in how society rewarded the hard work of people in Mpophomeni township versus white middle-class people in Howick. He tried law school, and he realized it did not fit with what he had learned about the good life growing up in the township. Neither did the hard-work narrative make sense when he left law school. He spent hours perfecting every detail of music tracks, and actively networked with people in the area who might hire him and his friends for performances. But that hard work didn’t seem to count as hard work, or at least it didn’t generate much financial benefit.



This hard-work narrative has a dangerous power when it goes unexamined. If hard work is the key to the good life, then it may follow that anyone who seems not to be attaining the good life must not be working hard. In the terms I heard used over and over again in South Africa, they must be lazy. Apply that in broad brushstrokes to groups of people who seem more often to be poor or unem-ployed, and people conclude that there must be something culturally, racially, or historically wrong with certain groups of people that has made them end up especially lazy. The hard-work narrative can easily slide into blaming a societal problem on traits of some supposedly homogeneous “other” group, rather than on wider systems of causes.

The situation described in this book is one in which hard work is not working. The myth that promises success as a reward for hard work, conversely blaming poverty on a lack of hard work, does not accurately describe how people get from poverty to wealth. No amount of hard work was going to get most unemployed South Africans a job if there simply were not enough jobs for the three million plus people actively seeking employment. At the same time, not working is hard work. People like Bullet engage in the socially productive work of seeking a good



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life outside the often-disappointing world of employment. As Bullet mentors other men, helps neighbors and family with gardening and other sometimes-paid jobs, and speaks purpose into the lives of people around him through music, he conducts work that has been rendered invisible and valueless by the narrative that treats him as not working, and thereby lazy. In this book you will not meet lazy people. Instead, you will find people who, like yourself, work to envision, seek, and at times attain the good life, even in settings marked by inequality and unemployment.

Societies and individuals often hit crises when old familiar narratives no lon-ger make sense in new circumstances. When high unemployment rates plague an entire nation for decades, a crisis of narratives takes place on a societal scale. As marginalized groups of people are relegated to work experiences that are often dehumanizing, purposeless, and devoid of opportunities for promotion, the hard-work account of reality fails to make sense. And when people look around and see some groups of people getting rewarded for their hard work and oth-ers not, the story unravels further. Black people in South Africa and in much of the world have been systematically denied the rewards of work for centuries, while being simultaneously culturally constructed as inherently poor workers. In this book you will meet employers, employees, and unemployed people who are all frustrated in various ways by social systems that systematically exclude black people from the good life, and hear the narratives that uphold those systems but fail to explain reality.



When a narrative does not work to make sense of circumstances, resilient people find alternatives. My research sought to describe some of these alterna-tive narratives that are deeply rooted in black, Zulu, and working-class identi-ties. Throughout history, people who have built new social systems have done so by also building new narratives, often by amplifying alternative narratives that already exist among marginalized people in a society.18 Anyone interested in imagining new possibilities for a more humanizing and more equitable world will do well to pay attention to the perspectives offered in these narratives.

Envisioning the Good Life

This study began as I started noticing how jarring it was for people to inter-act when they had differing narratives of work and the good life. I had spent about four years living in South Africa, during which I worked as a codirector of a small pilot microfinance organization. The organization was designed to empower young people in rural areas to start businesses by offering business training and small loans. After two years, the organization had failed to recruit



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enough clients to be sustainable. As we made the difficult decision to close, what surprised me most was not so much that the organization was not economi-cally viable, but that people kept telling me business development could never work in rural South Africa.19 “Zulu people don’t run businesses,” I kept hearing. Sometimes people said outright, “Zulu people are lazy. It’s part of their culture.” I heard this most often from white South Africans who employed Zulu people, but also from Zulu South Africans themselves. Clearly, I thought, there must be something more going on beneath the surface of these complaints. I began to notice that accusations about lazy groups of people were not unique to South Africa. Similar statements had been made throughout the colonial history of the African continent and toward lower-class people everywhere. It seemed as though some groups of people were making certain choices about work given the options they had, and other people were interpreting those behaviors as lazy. Narratives about what work had to do with a good life were clashing, and blam-ing poverty on a lack of hard work did not offer an accurate explanation of what was happening in people’s lives. I wanted to know, was the hard-work narrative drowning out other valuable narratives of how to achieve a good life?

So, about five years after the microfinance organization closed, I returned to South Africa to study the high unemployment plaguing the country, but also to understand something broader. I called that something “the good life” originally because I heard black South Africans using that phrase. Greek philosophers a millennia ago and countless scholars since have also debated over its meaning.20 As the anthropologist Sherry Ortner writes, “Every culture, of course, embodies some vision of success, of the good life, but the cultural variation occurs in how success is defined, and given that, what are considered the best ways of achiev-ing it.”21 As I began experimenting with what it would mean to investigate such cultural variations in South Africa, I came to appreciate the ambiguity in the word “good.” In both English and Zulu, people use the same word (good or *hle*) to refer to a wide range of positive qualities. Something described as good can be aesthetically pleasing like a good bowl of soup, materially valuable like good pay, or morally right like a good deed. Often things, acts, and situations we deem good are all of these simultaneously. Using the term “good life” allowed people to describe lives they wished for without having to disentangle the intertwining reasons they desired such lives.



Anthropological research is usually based on a sort of carefully applied “hang-ing out,” geared toward meeting people within the complexity of their real-life situations rather than bringing them into artificial lab situations or limiting them to multiple-choice options on surveys. Having already lived in South Africa for about four years, I did the bulk of the research for this book from 2014 to 2015, plus return visits in 2017 and 2019 and social media connections in the



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intervening years. From 2014 to 2015, I rented a home with my husband and two children on a farm near Howick and Mpophomeni. I spent most days visiting workplaces, job-readiness trainings, and the homes of unemployed people like Bullet. I interviewed thirty-two people who claimed to have no form of work-related income and twenty-one who generated at least some income through self-employment.22 Over time, I selected ten of those people—five females and five males from a range of ages—to visit on a regular basis. I also spent a good amount of time in the neighborhood where most of Howick’s informal busi-nesses operated. I asked a set of brief questions at each business and also used the survey as a starting point for many longer conversations held between sales of vegetables, nightgowns, flip-flops, and wallets. Reading newspapers and watch-ing television also helped me understand the ways people thought about employ-ment and the good life. I read the local, regional, and national newspapers, taking notes on the articles and discussing news stories with acquaintances. I took notes on over twenty hours of television, spread over several weeks, focusing on shows produced in South Africa including music videos, sitcoms, soap operas, news, and reality television.

At each of seven businesses in the area—a chicken farm, forestry company, food processing plant, shoe factory, health clinic, clothing store, and petrol station—I spent one to five days meeting with employers and employees and also learning by getting involved. I weighed chickens, pried open the heavy tools for planting tree saplings, and loaded yogurt tubs into crates. I also met with employers and/or employees at eighteen other businesses. These included five in the manufacturing industry, four in retail, three in agriculture, and six in service occupations (including health, security, beauty, and hospitality). I anonymize and avoid sharing certain details of the businesses I worked with to avoid nega-tive repercussions for the businesses involved. All the formal-sector employers and managers I met with were white except for three black business owners, four black middle-level managers, and two Indian middle-level managers. Because black business owners and managers were rarer in Mpophomeni and Howick than in urban areas, I sought out and interviewed some black managers in other urban areas. My intention in focusing on an area where managers were nearly all white and low-wage laborers were nearly all black was not to normalize this as the expectable “way things are and will always be.” Instead, by placing in front of readers the present reality of this racialized employment system, they have the opportunity to see how it has been created through human-made systems of rac-ism that are stalwart but not impervious.23



The central area of Howick remains divided into neighborhoods locally under-stood as black, Indian, colored (mixed race), and white. Middle-class homeowners from a variety of ethnic backgrounds have moved into at least some formerly white



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neighborhoods, but no whites live in black townships. White colonists in South Africa created a system that relegated people into four distinct racial categories: black, Indian, colored, and white (made up mainly of people of English and Dutch descent, the latter called Afrikaners). As with all racial categories, the boundaries of these groups were artificially created and ranked hierarchically to give greater privileges to whites. The government attempted to place people in such categories using standards as arbitrary as whether a comb would stay in a person’s hair. Since 1994 with the first racially inclusive election, much of the apartheid legal structure has been systematically dismantled, and yet these racial categories continue to be significant in everyday interactions and are very real in their consequences.

The Howick area had a history of violent conflicts over labor, politics, and at times the intersection of the two. One of the area’s main employers since the foundation of the town of Howick had been the South African Rubber Manu-facturing Company Limited (abbreviated SARMCOL, now owned by Dunlop). In 1985 company management responded to a worker strike by firing over a thousand workers. Soon after, four union-member workers were abducted and three killed by vigilantes hired by the company. As in much of South Africa in the years leading up to the 1994 election, violence broke out around Mpophomeni between members of the two predominantly black political parties: the Inkatha Freedom Party (IFP) and the African National Congress (ANC). The vigilantes hired by SARMCOL to deter union members had been reported to be members of the IFP, one of the many ways in which white employers played members of one party off another in strike-breaking tactics, fueling the political violence. Dozens of people died in the Mpophomeni area in the political conflict.24 In the decades that followed, union members at the company, now owned by Dunlop Rubber, continued holding frequent strikes and negotiations for better treat-ment. As recently as 2012, rumors spread saying fourteen striking workers were killed by a private security force hired by the company.



Howick and Mpophomeni together had a population of about twenty thou-sand, and people there viewed this medium-sized metropolitan area with both pride and disappointment. Migrants from more rural areas came to Howick for the variety of employment options there. An informal settlement called Shiyaba-zali (meaning “We leave our parents behind”), conspicuously located above the town’s waterfall tourist site, houses many of the lowest-income job seekers arriv-ing in the area from elsewhere in South Africa and across Africa. People also left Howick and Mpophomeni for larger metropolitan areas like the provincial capital of Pietermaritzburg thirty minutes away and the city of Durban two hours away. Indeed, people sometimes spoke of big cities like Durban and Johannesburg as symbols of the good life. The Zulu word for Johannesburg is eGoli, “the city of gold”; people sometimes describe it as “the city where you never go hungry” or



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“the place where your teeth wear out before the meat runs out.” In many ways, Howick and Mpophomeni’s middle place between more or fewer employment opportunities was analogous to the wider picture of South Africa—a country many Africans aspired to enter, and also a place from which many South Africans dreamed of emigrating. Unemployment in the municipality, at 23.9 percent in 2015, was nearly equal to the national average.25 Searching through records in the Howick public library, I came across the strategic growth plan of the municipal-ity surrounding Howick and Mpophomeni. The top two of their seven strategic goals—“job creation” and “human resource development”—named the issues I came to learn about: unemployment and the unemployed people often deemed responsible for it.26

Getting People Talking About the Good Life

People in South Africa thought a lot about employment, and whether I was walk-ing down the street in the informal business district or setting up interviews with business managers, people were incredibly generous, sharing their time, thoughts, and many cups of tea. Literally my first conversation when I set foot back in the country in 2014 was about unemployment. The man who stamped my passport asked why I had come to the country, and when I told him I was researching unemployment, he perked up and said, “I could sure tell you a lot about that.”



One of the ways I got people talking about the good life was to use a draw-ing exercise. I would ask people to draw a star somewhere on a piece of paper to represent the good life, whatever that meant to them. Next I would ask them to draw a dot on the paper to represent a time when they were not living the good life. I then asked them to draw anything they wanted, suggesting they might want to use lines, arrows, or symbols, to show how a person could move from a not-good life to the good life. I compiled these drawings and made some of my own to try to represent what I heard people saying (see figure 1.3). Later in the year, I began showing these notecards to people after they tried drawing one. I would ask people to talk about which drawings they liked and which they didn’t. One of the benefits of this approach was that people did not know who had created the other drawings, so they felt free to criticize. People often expressed strong opin-ions about drawings that they associated with immoral or ineffective approaches to the good life, saying they knew other people who were taking that sort of path. The drawings also allowed people to define the good life in various ways. For example, one put the star on a timeline in the past to show the moment she became a Christian; another said he preferred to avoid jealousy by staying in a middle place not too close to the star.



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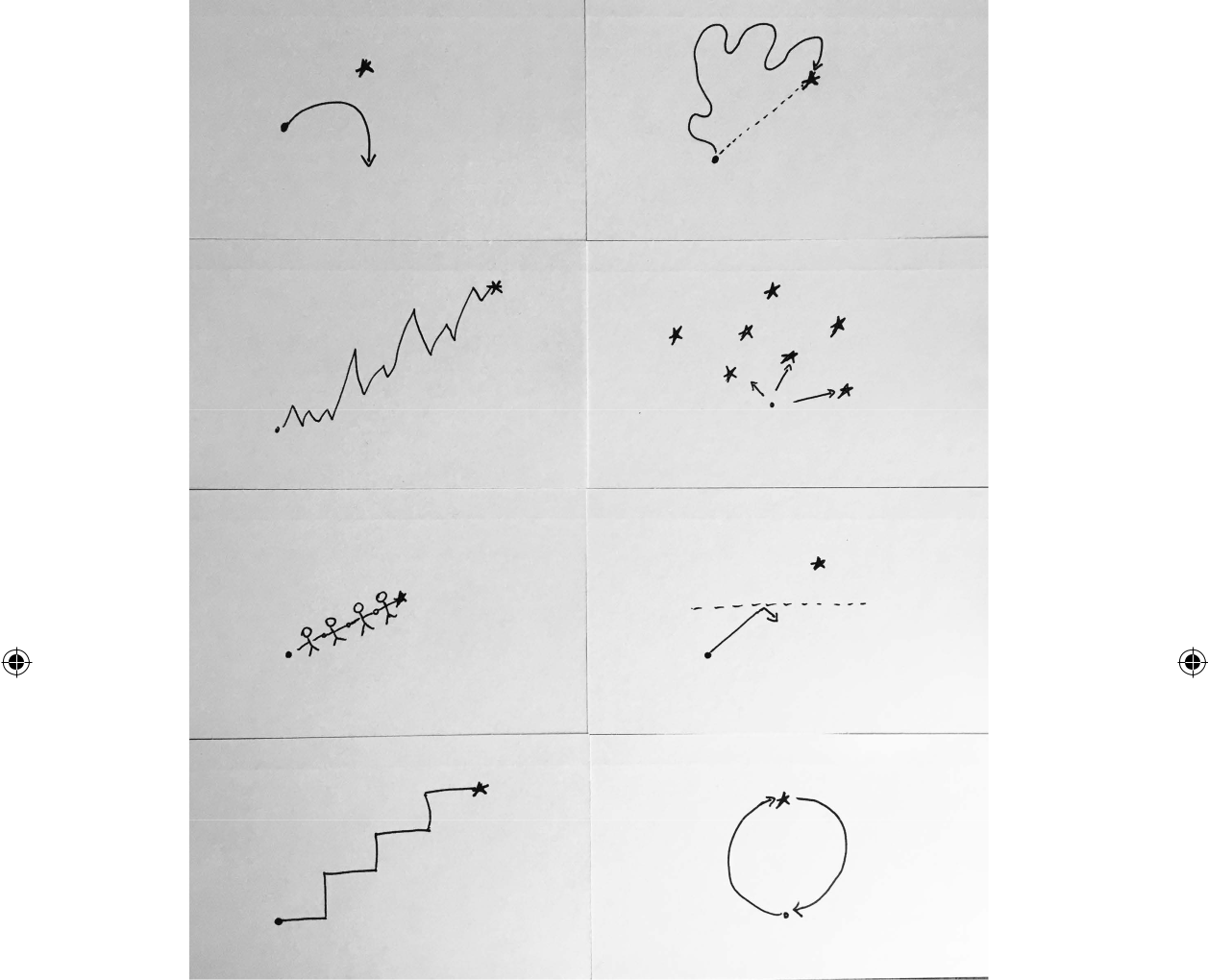


FIGURE 1.3

Bullet’s drawing appears in figure 1.4.

When he finished, Bullet explained the drawing. He said the dot represented him as a baby, and he placed it “on the same level” as the star because “I already knew who I was when I was born. But you know, I had to find it, who I was, but basically I’m looking for the same person.” The point where the line took a sharp downward turn was when Bullet started attending the multiracial primary school in Howick. The line moved away from the good life, Bullet said, because he was moving away from who he was born to be. “I was told, ‘No, homey. That’s



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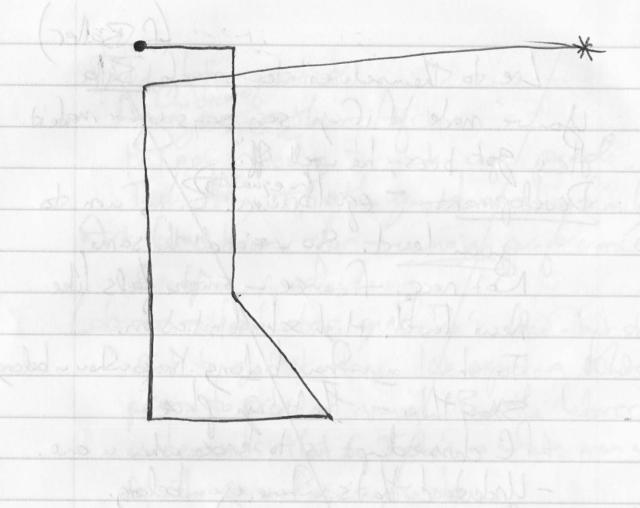


FIGURE 1.4

not who you are.’ ” Bullet said in high school he “started looking for myself,” and the line took a slight diagonal bend toward the right. But then the line moved horizontally back to the left, “in the complete wrong direction.” That was Bullet’s year in university. Only when he dropped out of law school and began training as a musician and sound engineer did his line move upward and eventually take a turn in the direction of the star. “For me the star is *who I am*, not *what I have*,” Bullet said, emphasizing each word. “I wasn’t looking for a way forward, per se,” he said “I was looking for myself.” As if reassuring himself of the narrative shape of his life, he said “it’s gonna take a long time,” but “the way up is not about money.” His path to the good life didn’t depend on having an income or a job. “When I found me, I don’t think anyone could take that away from me,” he said. “Man, I’m chasing after that star ’til the day I die.”



Bullet’s drawing revealed many ideas we’ll come back to in subsequent chap-ters. His goals had to do with identity and right relationships with people around him, not with a particular job. When he talked about the good life, he talked about limited employment opportunities, but also about ways that even some-one without a job could attain a good life. Before we move ahead to what’s to come in this book, though, let’s consider a question some readers may be asking. Why read this book?

This is a book for people who may know very little about South Africa or anthropology, as well as people who may know very much about one or both of those topics. Every author faces innumerable questions in writing for particular



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audiences. What evidence will lead readers to new ideas, without leaving some readers drowning in oceans of data and other readers bored? In the words of Hal Herzog, “I am convinced that scientists have an obligation to communicate with the public,” but to accomplish this, “the trick is to inform readers about the latest results in a way that is interesting, but at the same time respect the complexity of the issues and be honest about what we know and what we don’t.”27

One way a book can become interesting to readers is for readers to feel they have something in common with the situations they read about. As human beings, we are fascinated by ourselves. But learning only about ourselves—or the aspects of other people that seem most similar to ourselves—leaves our perspec-tives dangerously skewed. Readers may want topics that feel familiar, but they also need topics that are unfamiliar.

Historically, people in the West have not viewed Africa as fitting within what counts as familiar. As Achille Mbembe points out, Africa has nearly always been portrayed and imagined by westerners in ways that make it utterly useless other than as an object of experimentation. Africa is pictured as less-than-human, of a past era, irrational, and unintelligible. Africa has been “the supreme receptacle of the West’s obsession with . . . ‘absence,” ‘lack,’ and ‘non-being’ . . . in short, of nothingness.”28 As such, Africans have been seen as subjects for books about the novelties of history, exotic places, or what went wrong, but not as sources of knowledge for a humanity that includes global audiences.



As an anthropologist, I see my work as connecting the familiar with the unfa-miliar, and identifying the shared humanity of “us.” Anthropology is one of the most widely misunderstood disciplines. (No, I don’t study bones, stone tools, apes, or dinosaurs,29 and yes, students majoring in anthropology do go on to find satisfying jobs.)30 Anthropology, put simply, is the study of humans. Anthropolo-gists aim to show the complexity of human cultures by giving in-depth, detailed descriptions and analysis. They study people at any time in history and anywhere on the planet. Their research shows both what is unique to a particular group of people, and also what is relatable across many peoples, times, and places. In other words, anthropology reveals both *singularity* and *universality* in human individuals and cultures.

What this means for readers of this book is that at times you will find yourself relating to what you read, and at times you will not. Like a camera with zoom and wide-angle lenses, at times the book zooms in on singularities of individuals and groups that may be quite distinct from some readers, and at times the lens will widen out to seek commonalities and overarching theories that apply across larger groups or all of humanity. Both are crucial, as is recognizing the difference between the two.

For example, Mexican American readers may relate to black Zulu South Afri-cans in that they also navigate exclusion from high-status work and stereotyp-ing according to a supposed propensity for work.31 However, it’s important to



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recognize differences in various forms of racism and marginalization. As Black-Crit theorists have emphasized, blackness has been constructed, demonized, and dehumanized in ways that create a spectrum from whiteness to blackness.32 Thus, Latino workers face discrimination that is different from what black workers face, in that they are socially constructed as seemingly slightly more white, and cor-respondingly better workers, while still being denied full inclusion and value in society. Taking this a step further, antiblackness in the United States has some, but not everything, in common with antiblackness as it has played out historically in South Africa. Nor will the experience of a black South African reader who is ethnically Sotho and living in Johannesburg have everything in common with an ethnically Zulu South African described in this book. As Kimberlé Crenshaw has shown, there are many dimensions of difference, including race, gender, ethnicity, sexuality, and class.33 As these differences intersect, being of a marginalized group according to more than one social marker can amplify the effects of marginaliza-tion. In this book, I describe human beings of many dimensions and treat readers as diverse individuals who may relate to few, some, or many of these qualities.

Clifford Geertz and other anthropologists have also emphasized that ethnog-raphy (writing about culture) is always a process of interpretation.34 Much as a translator can never communicate precise meanings across languages because connotations and contexts of words can never perfectly match from one lan-guage to the next, ethnography is a process of imperfect translation. Research participants, ethnographers, and individual readers will all bring their own per-spectives to this book, relating to some things more than others, remembering some things more than others, and attaching different meanings to the text— both to this text and the text of human lives.



When I talk about this book in the United States (where I grew up), I often hear the question, “Does that happen in the United States, too?” If “that” refers to unemployment, or to narratives that blame the effects of racism on the supposed laziness of black and other marginalized people, the answer is “absolutely yes.” In her widely read book *Nickel and Dimed*, Barbara Ehenreich summarizes what she learned as an immersive journalist trying out minimum-wage jobs as a waitress, housekeeper, and caregiver. “I grew up hearing over and over, to the point of tedium, that ‘hard work’ was the secret of success. . . . No one ever said that you could work hard—harder even than you ever thought possible—and still find yourself sinking ever deeper into poverty and debt.”35 In the United States as in South Africa, the hard-work narrative is infused with antiblack prejudice. One study found that 30 percent of white Americans view black Americans as lazier than whites.36 Another found that 65 percent of white Americans believed that racial inequalities would disappear if black people would “try harder.”37 White Americans are more likely to blame income disparities between black and white Americans on “lack of personal motivation” than the effects of prejudice and



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discrimination.38 Imani Perry, a black scholar, recounts that racialized narratives in the United States have labeled black people as “damaged and morally defi-cient,” “lazy or criminal.”39 With a cautious hope, she suggests that more ethnog-raphies of racial narratives must be written because even these prejudiced racial narratives “have the potential to be changed.”40

There is also a global trend, not just in South Africa, toward work being increasingly unsatisfying, part-time, and temporary. As the world experiences seismic shifts in the kinds, qualities, and quantities of jobs available, people around the world can relate to Bullet’s statement, “Everybody who has a nor-mal job, they don’t like it.” As in South Africa, people in the United States and elsewhere in low-wage jobs find themselves devalued and dehumanized. As the sociologist Katherine Newman wrote of inner-city fast-food restaurant work-ers in the United States, “Thousands upon thousands of minority teens, young adults, and even middle-aged adults line up for jobs that will subject them, at least potentially, to a kind of character assassination.”41 The pace of change in the skills demanded in the market has accelerated in recent decades, as fewer jobs involve physically manufacturing a product, and “workers, instead of acquiring a skill for life, can now look forward to at least one if not multiple bouts of de-skilling and re-skilling in a lifetime.”42 For black and brown people, the challenges of finding work are not new, but shifts in job availability are compounded by the long-term effects of discrimination and segregation. For the last forty years, a gap has steadily widened between jobs that do and jobs that do not offer job security, sufficient compensation, autonomy, and satisfactory hours.43 In early 2020, when I wrote this, unemployment in the United States was hovering at its lowest rate in nearly ten years.44 Even as jobs abounded, though, the likelihood of job satisfaction in the United States was dropping, a trend that applied across racial groups.45 In the first decade of the twenty-first century, the percentage of college graduates who ended up in part-time, temporary, or under-skilled jobs rose by ten percentage points.46 Rural and blue-collar whites in the United States have been among the most staunch advocates of a hard-work narrative, but as blue-collar jobs move overseas and real incomes in farming, mining, forestry, and other rural jobs decline, these groups have also increasingly found that the prom-ise of success following hard work fails to explain their real-world conditions.47 Globally, more women are participating in the workforce, and while this reflects gains in the opportunities available to women, it also reflects the reality that fam-ily economic survival often requires two wage earners. For half a century real wages have stayed stable while costs of living have risen. Meanwhile, women still earn lower average wages in the same jobs as men and are more likely than men to give up job seeking without finding work.48 For men, the combination of scarce employment options and individualized blame for unemployment contributes



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to what has been called a crisis of masculinity.49 In the United States and much of the world, voters across the political spectrum look for candidates who promise an improvement in their precarious prospects and rewards for work. Political parties diagnose the causes and solutions to the problem differently, but voters’ concerns are the same: they were told that hard work would get them a good life, they try to work hard, but the good life does not happen like they were told.

One of the best ways to solve a problem—like, say, improving the lives of peo-ple facing disappointing unemployment options—is to look at the issue from a new perspective.50 Research has shown that people who learn about situations that apparently differ from their own exhibit increased creativity and problem-solving capacity. Because people in dominant groups are disproportionately represented in scholarship, literature, and the media, some readers will have more exposure than others to situations and people that seem unfamiliar. Robin DiAngelo has called attention to how white people, because society affords them ways to avoid interactions with people of color, can become increasingly “fragile” in their ability to interact with difference. Reading primarily about familiar people is a privilege, but paradoxically, it is a privilege that also harms those who have it.51

Ultimately, reading about unfamiliar people and situations offers readers ave-nues to grow in what Isabell Wilkerson, a black historian, has called “radical empa-thy.” By empathy, she does not mean having to imagine oneself in someone else’s place in order to regard that person as human or valuable. Nor does she mean using that person’s experience as a tool for one’s own emotional or intellectual edifica-tion.52 In contrast to these shallower forms of empathy that tend to be “dismissive of another person’s truth” and “a barrier to understanding,” Wilkerson calls for what she terms “radical empathy.” In her words, this “means putting in the work to learn and to listen with a heart wide open, to understand another’s experience well enough to know how they are feeling it, not as we imagine we would feel.”53



By coming to understand the specific experiences of other people and by iden-tifying commonalities across humankind, this book offers readers opportunities to discover, in the words of Luis Alberto Urrea, the author of several books about life along the Mexican-American border: “There is no them, there is only us.”54

An Overview of What’s Ahead

In the next chapter, we’ll take a look at the dominant narrative I call the lazi-ness myth, exploring the origins and effects of a narrative that tells employers and employees alike that laziness is to blame for unemployment and poverty. In the third chapter, we’ll look at employment from the perspective of employ-ers, reading about both their attempts to improve the lives of workers, and their



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frustrations that workers don’t seem to behave as they want. Turning from the perspectives of more dominant voices in society, the next three chapters (chap-ters 3–5) reveal narratives of underemployed and low-waged Zulu people. While these narratives are not neatly divided between racial, age, gender, or other groups in society, I describe some common patterns in how people navigate between narratives to make meaning within their own choices and constraints. Chapter 3 explores a narrative that people associate strongly with a Zulu identity, but which also resonates beyond South Africa, a moral schema demanding that the good life requires respect for all people. Chapter 4 introduces a narrative of “hustling” that motivates young people to perform their future hopes and never give up, despite full awareness of the disproportionate challenges they face in society. In chapter 5, we investigate how people make meaning of their lives in low-wage, low-status jobs, often by distancing themselves and the good life from work by calling themselves “just laborers.” Chapter 6 offers a deeper look into the lives of four individuals who said they were currently living the good life: an engi-neer in a high-status job, an artist forging new relationships through his church and community, a low-wage worker in an unusual shoe factory, and a recently unemployed woman starting a small business. These contrasting examples dem-onstrate aspects of the narratives described in other chapters and also complicate connections often drawn between income and well-being. The message of chap-ter 6 and the concluding chapter resonates throughout the book: even within an unequal society and high unemployment, people find ways to achieve what they consider to be sufficiently good lives. Attempts to help people achieve a good life must begin by understanding the ways they define it.



Throughout the book, we will engage in a process of recognizing both subor-dinate and dominant narratives. This process of looking at competing narratives of a good life accomplishes two things I consider worth doing in a book. First, it helps us to dismantle class, racial, ethnic, and gendered prejudices. Whether in South Africa or elsewhere, this book trains us to notice the damage done—often unknowingly—through the dominant ways of thinking and acting that uphold and grow out of the structures we live in. Second, it demonstrates how to chal-lenge problematic dominant narratives by uncovering counternarratives that already exist in a society. We will hear stories of real people navigating economic challenges with agency, trying many different approaches to seek good lives. By looking at the complexity in various people’s ideas of the good life, we see people in their own context not as inherently immoral, irrational, or somehow lesser, but as people using the narratives that have proven convincing in their context. At times, hearing people’s stories can help us understand why people “seeking an alternative to their social marginalization” can “become the actual agents admin-istering their own destruction and their communities’ suffering.”55 Other times, we find the sparks of creative possibilities for social change.



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Spill It

On Friday mornings, I often went to the Mpophomeni library to sit in on a nonprofit organization’s job-readiness training program. Later, on Friday after-noons, I came back to the same library meeting room for a group dealing with unemployment in a very different way. Bullet and a couple of dozen other young people would show up at the library, not to check out books or use the library computers, but to take turns sharing original music, spoken-word poetry, and prose writing.

One Friday when Bullet’s turn came, he stood at the end of the long tables lined with young people. Behind him through tall windows, cows strolled past on their way home to a nearby kraal sheltering most of the cattle in the village. He began, holding his hand before his mouth like a mock microphone and slowly settling into a rhythm with his words and body, piecing together phrases in a spontaneous freestyle performance.

OK, let me find a good rap

that I can lay flat on this desk

like a platform

trying to grip my own thoughts



of income, police, lyrical that I speak . . .

And I feel it in my soul

this is where I’m at,

this is what it’s supposed to be

and I never will fall back

like laying in a casket ’cause

when I die, my soul’s unique . . .

so why act like I don’t got it,

when you know I got it

spill it.

Because whenever I spill it

this is beyond the grave

this is immortal technique.

In contexts as diverse as rapping in a library, manufacturing leather shoes, weed-whacking neighbors’ yards, inventing new fashions, and sharing water taps with neighbors, the people described in this book have discovered diverse path-ways for seeking the good life. In the pages ahead, we’ll let them spill.



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