I take a walk in the late afternoon, near 5PM. For some reason or another today I am especially focused on the signs that security companies place on residents’ gates, fences, and walls. They serve as sponsorships and advertisements. Someone has left a gate open to my right after coming home from work in [redacted]. Approaching [redacted] gate I see that the signs indicating construction at the boom are still up. The guard diligently takes record of cars entering and exiting. I see that the booms bounce when they reach their full extension of ascent and descent. I notice that drivers have become quite skilled at raising the booms, with calculated and naturalised movements of the hand over the sensor, allowing them to move faster through them. The movement is almost possible in one motion of not stopping, although falls just short due to the time it takes for the sensor to register and boom to open. Mobility does come to a halt. The sensors are more challenging for trucks and drivers from elsewhere. The guard at [redacted] steps up to save a traffic jam by opening the boom permanently for a good minute, letting cars through. Continuing on my walk I note that the grass has grown high from the summer rain, and think how [redacted] would not be happy with this near the boom. This grass here is the City’s responsibility however. I also consider the kinesthetics of walking on the curb-ramp on the sides of roads, when there is no sidewalk, which is common among pedestrians. Pedestrians also often look back. [Redacted], especially on its hillside, is characterised by a gigantism of the natural environment, in which pedestrians and cars are dwarfed by massive slopes, gardens, and trees which umbrella the roads. I see a Bentley. I listen to hums of the public electricity box as I pass it, made a bit louder by the garbage lodged in its back panel. I continue my fascination with the various security companies that serve the suburb. These seem to be the main providers but there are many more. The birds enjoy the outside lawns of houses more than humans, picking away at chance of supper in the grass.

Down at [redacted] loadshedding produces a mess, and the outgoing traffic runs long on the single-lane road. A bus is caught in it. The robots at [redacted] are out. While some suffer in traffic, others use walks at this busy time as a chance for romance as they make their way out the suburb. Pedestrians always choose the sidewalk when one is present, but if not, the street is preferred for stability and evenness. Looking down, one is able to tell the age of the sidewalk’s construction through engravings, alongside other facts, like “[redacted] was here.” Many names appear on these sidewalks. Cutting back across the suburb towards [redacted] gate, I see a lady on a light jog with two dachshunds who are wearing Hi-Vis leash-jackets. Pedestrians rarely walk after dark. I continue seeing more security provider signs. A sprinkler turns on even though it has just rained, and makes me take an angled route around it. More and more I get in touch with the history of the suburb by walking it. I see the faded sign of the [redacted] Street Guards, the even more faded sign of the [redacted] Foot Patrol, resident-driven initiatives of community safety that have emerged and died in the past, whom along with the various security companies, make up the genealogy of security in the suburb and the Old East at large. As I return home my dogs enjoy a charcuterie board of smells and I wonder whether people walk their dogs or if dogs walk their people, seeing as this was majority of resident participants on an already quiet night for walking in [redacted]. The only other group of resident pedestrians are those jogging for fitness. I encounter many Uber Eats motorcycle drivers on these walks. I further wonder about why some suburbs enjoy different frequencies of recreational resident walking.