The Final

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On 28 May 2011, the final of the European Football Champions League was played in London between Manchester United and Barcelona. The match was broadcast in every corner of the world. On Long Street, one of Cape Town's oldest and most popular streets, people of different races, social backgrounds, and from different parts of the city poured into the street to watch the final on the video screens in the bars. I took inspiration from Mikhail Bakhtin's study of poetry and novels (1973), considering Long Street as a chronotopic unit made up of a dual time-space dimension. I used the final as a pretext for observing Cape Town through the intersection of its inhabitants' memories with urban spaces. Choosing my interviewees from those who were on Long Street to watch the match on the evening of the final, I decided to create urban pathways that start from this street and branch off to the city's different areas. In this sense, the final will be taken as a pattern that connects the different life stories that crossed that evening on Long Street.
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Introduction

It is rare for a work of literature not to include some variation on the theme of the road. Many works are built around the concept of the street and the meetings and adventures experienced 'on the road'. In the folkloristic novel the road is often used as a metaphor for life as a journey: 'The choice of a real itinerary equals the choice of "the path of life"' (Bakhtin 1981: 120).

The space of the road is filled by a meaning, which is vital and real and assumes an essential relationship with the protagonist's destiny. On the other hand, the road is also the place par excellence in which exceptional everyday events occur which are capable of changing one's destiny. On the road it is possible to break the tranquil repetitive nature of everyday life, of relationships organised within a specific structure of stable relations. On the road unexpected meetings can occur which change one's life.

Bakhtin saw the road as a literary chronotope, a space-time fusion. The road is, most importantly, the place where different lives converge with diverse ways of recounting the past and envisioning the future. I argue that in ethnographic research, we can observe a road (or any other urban place) and take it as a space-time fusion. Urban spaces take on a meaning when put into relationship with their inhabitants' memories. Likewise, memories can be understood through their projection on the urban spaces in which they take shape and evolve. In this article I observed Long Street, a central street in Cape Town (South Africa). Taking inspiration from a sports event (the Champions League final) broadcast on the street's television screens and watched by people from the city's different areas, and considering the street as an intersection of the experiences and memories of its regulars, I decided to explore Cape Town by interviewing the people who had decided to watch the event on Long Street. Taking Long Street as a starting point, I went back over my interviewees' life paths, trying to discover the events that led them to that evening, watching the final in this street. Though the interviews presented in this article are exclusively with people who were on Long Street on the evening of 28 May, I used the same method to conduct other interviews for my doctorate research, involving other Long Street regulars who were not watching the final that evening.

The Sreet of Differences

'I am buses, trains, and taxis. I am prejudice, bigotry and discrimination. I am urban South Africa'
Richard Rive (n.d.), *Black writing in the back room of the District Six Museum*

'Cape Town is a racist city, Cape Town is not a racist city'
Sean Field, Renate Meyer, Felicity Swanson, *Imaging the City* (2007: 6)

'Tempo, spazio: necessità. Sorte, fortuna, casi: trappole della vita. Volete essere? C'è questo'
'Time, space: necessity. Fate, fortune, chance: life's traps. You want to exist? This is how it is'
Luigi Pirandello, *Uno nessuno e centomila* (1993 [1926]: 224)

Situated in the heart of Cape Town's Central Business District, Long Street is one of the oldest streets in the city, and has a reputation as 'a liberal, heterogeneous, or mixed space' (Tredoux and Dixon 2009: 765). Even during Apartheid it was considered a 'partially free' area, 'a place where the normal rules of Apartheid could be flouted' (Tredoux and Dixon 2009: 766) and where it was possible to break the physical, psychological and social boundaries imposed by the regime. In the post-Apartheid period Long Street was adopted as a symbol of the Rainbow Nation to present the city as a tourist destination and for advertising purposes. In particular, its burgeoning nightlife was viewed as a 'bohemian melting-pot for a mixture of people, cultures, activities and tastes: a site, par excellence, of contact and integration' (Tredoux, Dixon 2009: 766). The presence of people of different ethnic origins both from the city and from other parts of the world was celebrated as the triumph of the multiracial over the divisions of the past.

Nevertheless, the heterogeneity and the multicultural character of Long Street do not render it immune from the economic, social and psychological divisions of the past. Some of the more significant aspects, which conspire to keep alive the spectres of the past are the financial and social differences and social marginality inherited from Apartheid, which continue to impinge upon the least advantaged members of the population. In the article *Mapping the Multiple Contexts of Racial Isolation: The Case of Long Street* (2009) Colin Tredoux and John Dixon emphasised how forms of racial segregation in the post-Apartheid period can be found in situations in which people of different races share social spaces like a street or a bar. They noted how people of different races being on Long Street cannot necessarily be taken to mean that there are none of the social barriers that had marked South African society. They show how in this street there are also forms of racial isolation like the tendency for territories to form made up of people of the same skin colour, even inside nightclubs frequented by a mixed clientele.

I started my exploration of Long Street on the lower part of the street, which runs from the junction with Hans Strijdom Avenue and goes to Strand Street. This area is considered the business and financial heart of the city and is characterised by modern architecture, while the upper part of the street still retains its colonial-style houses.

The tall buildings on Lower Long Street were constructed in the 1960s, a period of strong economic growth and development for the city. These structures, with their gleaming marble and granite walls, house the headquarters of major national and international companies, banks and offices. Doormen stand guard over the grand entrances to these

buildings and check everyone who goes in or out, succeeding in making the chance passer-by feel like an outsider.

I recall the feeling of solitude that I felt when I used to pass through this part of the street, as I was not on Lower Long Street for work reasons, apart of course from being there to 'observe it'. On the mornings I spent on Lower Long Street I would witness everyday life run its course: the labourers with their yellow helmets who formed an orderly queue to collect their wages; the managers and white-collar workers, the Cape Times under their arms and briefcases in hand, already engaged in discussions as they headed for their offices; the liveried hotel porters who bowed their heads mechanically to acknowledge a guest's arrival. The glass doors on the ground floors of the offices, which opened at the swipe of a card, seemed to me harmonious cogs in some vast output-driven machine.

When Lower Long Street is empty, it is a scene of desolation; the voices that brought it to life during the day are replaced by a silence which is interrupted only by the mechanical sound of the traffic lights telling pedestrians they may cross or should stop, and by the occasional shouts of the tramps and vagrants who live in this area. This scene and these sounds made me think of the 'death' of a giant who breathed his last every day at sunset only to re-awaken the next morning. The workers who spent their days on Lower Long Street had left the street and were on their way home. In those hours, Upper Long Street started to fill with people who would spend their evenings there. Similar to a cinematic dissolve, when the lower part of the street dies, the upper part starts to come to life. From Strand Street it is already possible to see the twinkling of the lighted signs of the restaurants and bars and to hear in the distance the music mixed with the voices of the people who are starting to crowd the street.

Passing along Upper Long Street, the immediate sensation one has is of being welcomed. Unlike Lower Long Street, everything on Upper Long Street seems to be designed to attract the passer-by and the visitor. Many bars have tables on the sidewalk and sitting there, observing and interacting with the people on the street, you feel you are an integral part of it**.** Every evening, but particularly at the weekend, this part of the street becomes invaded by people who come from the different areas of the city and from other parts of the world. There are students who come from Rondebosch and Observatory and arrive by taxi or private car.

There are young people from the townships (former black residential areas) who have come to Long Street by minibus and will not return home before the next morning, when the first public transport leaves for Langa, Khayelithsa or Nyanga. Some wear pins and symbols, which extol the A.N.C. and give a clear indication of their ideological stance. Many of them are poor, often unemployed, and others have menial jobs. The tourists who stay in Long Street's bed & breakfasts usually move around in groups, discussing how to spend the evening under its porticos.

Upper Long Street is also somewhere you can find a job; many taxi drivers have found work on Long Street. Often, they come from other African countries. Lying in wait outside the busiest bars and clubs, Long Street's taxi drivers study their customers and, over time, can develop into 'spontaneous anthropologists', adept at spotting potential regular customers at

first sight. The singular character of Upper Long Street has its origin in the heterogeneous nature of the voices, which pass along it. Different needs, desires, and possibilities, different economic and social backgrounds all meet up and intersect here. At first I didn't know how I could represent the street through its complexity. A suggestion of how to do so came from a sports competition that was played thousands of miles away and that Long Street's regulars had long awaited.

The Wait and the Urban Chronotope

After six in the evening on 28 May 2011 it was no longer possible to find anywhere to sit in the bars and clubs on Long Street. A vast crowd of people from different areas of Cape Town had invaded the street with hats, caps and scarves bearing the emblems of Barcelona and Manchester United. The final of the Champions League was being played at Wembley Stadium in London, one of the year's most important sporting events, watched by millions of people all around the world.

In Cape Town people had been eagerly looking forward to the match for many weeks. The main English-language daily newspapers, such as the Cape Times and the Cape Argus, had carried articles featuring a technical analysis of the teams and predictions about the final result, taking over column inches in the opening pages normally reserved for news items and local politics. The flags and banners of the English and Catalan teams had begun to appear in windows and on balconies along Long Street. In the street's bars and nightclubs the people of Long Street had forecast the outcome of the match and the fate of those involved, and engaged in animated debate about the merits of the two teams and their individual players.

Observing the preparations for the match's broadcast and listening to the conversations of its regulars and their expectations for that event, I often wondered what kind of particular meaning Long Street's regulars would give to the final and how they would choose which team to support. Talking to the people on Long Street, I realised that many of them had no particular direct relationship to Barcelona or Manchester; most of them had been born and raised in South Africa. Many people I met were also not usually sports fans. They were not interested in football, but had chosen to support one of the teams. When I asked them why they chose one of the teams over the other, they often told me about episodes in their life in which they had gotten closer to one of the two teams for some reason or other. Talking with a coloured man who worked on Long Street as a merchandise unloader who had decided to support Manchester United, he explained that his father had been an admirer of one of the club's most famous players in the past. This is why he decided to support the team that evening.

Then I was talking to a man of Afrikaans origin who had gone to Spain on a work trip and had the chance to see Camp Nou (Barcelona's stadium). Though he had not managed to find a ticket to get into the match and so had seen the stadium only from the outside, that was enough for him to become a fan of Barcelona's team. As I was crossing the road a few days before the match I met a very young homeless guy called Chris who lived in Long Street. He managed to survive by begging and through minor scams generally perpetrated against tourists. I had met Chris a few weeks earlier in front of a bar on the street and he had quickly

told me his story. He was always in and out of youth detention, and in spite of the fact that he was only fifteen, his destiny already seemed clear, like that of the majority of young street kids on Long Street. That day Chris was wearing a Barcelona T-shirt a Spanish tourist had given him a few days earlier. Across the shoulders was printed the name of Lionel Messi, the popular Argentinian who plays for the Catalan team. He explained that he would definitely support Barcelona during the final.

As a result of these conversations I started to understand how the final, like other events that took place in the street, could be perceived by its regulars, placing them in relationship with private memories and personal experiences. All Long Street regulars came to the street with their private, individual temporalities made up of a series of episodes and events that they considered significant to varying degrees. Edward Casey saw places as gatherers of experiences. He wrote, 'Places .... gather experiences and histories, even languages and thoughts' (Casey 1993: 24). According to Casey, the power to gather stories should not be found in the power of individuals to project or reproduce their memories on a particular space and 'not even these subjects as they draw upon their bodily and perceptual powers' (Casey 1993: 24). This power 'belongs to place itself, and it is a power of gathering' (Casey 1993: 24). In the case of Long Street we can consider the street as a gatherer of the experiences and memories of my interviewees. My work's primary interest was in discovering how these memories had been formed. This is how I realised that I could take Long Street as an intersection of different types of temporality crossing, intersecting and overlapping in the street. Like Bakhtin I saw the street as a chronotope in which I could bring together quite different temporalities.

The word chronotope has its origins in physics, in particular in the theory of relativity, where it is used to render the idea of an intrinsic relationship between space and time. The concept was first used in the field of literature by Mikhail Mikhailovič Bakhtin in an essay written in 1937. By chronotope Bakhtin meant the 'the intrinsic connectedness of temporal and spatial relationships that are artistically expressed in literature' (Bakhtin 1981: 84). It is used with precisely this meaning, as a category which allows for the indivisibility of time and space.

In the literary chronotope there is a fusion between spatial and temporal connotations into a whole, which has both meaning and concreteness. Time becomes 'dense and concrete' and becomes visible from an artistic point of view. Space becomes intensified and insinuates itself into the movement of time, of the interwoven effect and of history. The use of the spatial-temporal conjunction in the chronotope is thus a stratagem for rendering intelligible a human experience, which would otherwise be emptied of meaning. Literature makes use of the chronotope to represent the production of human meanings, which are the result of spatial-temporal fusion.

It is worth noting how the concept of the literary chronotope, as Bakhtin meant it, has influenced many ethnographic and social science studies in general focused on studying places. After a study of Sao Paulo focused on its polyphony, Massimo Canevacci (1996) compared the city to a literary text and its places to meaningful corpora that refer to those that Bakhtin had termed literary chronotopes. He wrote 'an urban neighbourhood can be seen,

read, and interpreted as a significant material, like a text written with montage (by people) in the time and contiguous space of a series of signs (buildings, signs, streets, doors)' (Canevacci 1996: 34). According to Canevacci, the city, like a novel, can be observed through the dual space-time dimension. Canevacci wrote, 'In a metropolitan context, the space-time indicators are merged into a new, tangible whole. On the one hand, time becomes visible, it becomes animate, it becomes flesh or wall, street, building; on the other hand, space becomes layered in history, it incorporates time, and collects the many plots of urban stories' (Canevacci 1996: 34). Observing the city as an urban chronotope, Canevacci discovered how each place of the city, even those that seemed the most anonymous, can be considered full of meaning if placed in relationship to human experience.

The cultural geographer Mireya Folch Serra (1990) noted how Bakhtin's concept of the chronotope can be useful in social research to help understand a point of view from the bottom up, that of regular people that she contrasts to that of urban planners. She noted that the concept of landscape, as intended by Bakhtin, takes on a different meaning than the usual one, and she clarified this distinction by explaining the differences between two different conceptions of landscape. The first suggests the 'manifestation of the built environment, the aesthetic of form and other spatial elements' (Folch Serra 1990: 256) and is meant as the 'product of social decisions legitimated by political authority' (Folch Serra 1990: 256). She noted how this first meaning was embraced by various schools of social science driven by an orientation to rationalisation and mathematisation in their tireless search for spatial order in human affairs in which spatial reality was considered separate from temporal reality. In the second sense of landscape, close to the meaning given it by Bakhtin, it is 'a repository of meanings that allow people to establish affective and imaginative responses to their surroundings and the social collective' (Folch Serra 1990: 258). Here landscape emerges from an encounter with the temporality of the individual who projects his or her personal, idiosyncratic temporality on spaces and attributes meaning to it. Folch Serra noted that this is how '(the landscape) becomes not only graphically visible in space but also narratively visible in time, in a field of discourse all attempting to account to human experience' (Folch Serra 1990: 258). It can be understood as a narrative platform that connects the dimension of space to that of time.

In her article 'Narrating the Road' (2012), Tatiana Argounova shows the influence of Bakhtin's ideas in her exploration of the road as an anthropological concept. Based on research that she conducted in Siberia, she drew a number of comparisons between the road and narrative, identifying their chronotopic dimension and their shared ability to connect both physical elements and cognitive emotional ones in a fluid, sequential way. If the narrative can be considered 'a story about things that take place over some period of time' (Argounova 2012: 194), and 'which has a sequence of events' (Argounova 2012: 194), likewise the road 'is the concept where spatial and temporal dimensions merge; at any one spatial location point on the road, there is only one temporal dimension, and walking along the road always relates to time – a step back is related to the past that took place a second ago and a step forward related to the immediate future' (Argounova 2012: 201). In this way 'the point in time' and 'the time' together create 'a spatial and temporal location' (Argounova 2012: 201).

Starting from these foundations I decided to observe Cape Town as an urban chronotope made up of the intersection between the temporalities of its regulars and the city's spaces. Taking Long Street as a spatial reference and the Champions League Final as a temporal reference, I asked my interviewees to go back over the most significant events in their lives in the city, taking inspiration from this event. I was inspired by Situation maps, the ideas of Guy Debord (1955), and the research method that Andrew Irving (2004, 2006) used on the relationship between HIV-positive individuals and the city's urban spaces. I asked my interviewees to identify urban spaces of the city that they considered significant as connected (directly or indirectly) to episodes in their lives. These areas were taken as mnemonic and emotional zones in which situations, emotions and particularly important memories could be evoked. I started my interviews by asking the interviewees to tell me how they spent the night of the final. I then asked them to tell me briefly about their experience in the city and to identify some places in it that had a particular significance for them. I then decided to go back to those places with them, taking pictures of the places and recording the interviews. The memory of the evening spent watching the final was thereby taken as a narrative pretext to go back over the most meaningful moments of their experience in Cape Town. This let me create urban pathways starting from Long Street and going through the whole city. Long Street was seen as an urban chronotope in which the different memories of the city's inhabitants intersected and overlapped each other.

Louis and his Return from London

With fifteen minutes to go till the kick-off, Long Street was deserted. Most people were crammed into the bars and clubs in front of the big screens showing the events in London. Only the homeless were drifting around the street; they seemed almost to be the guardians of a space which, without their presence, would have been abandoned. The public space of the street and the private space of the bars were two territories which confronted each other in a 'war of meanings'.

The former territory belonged to the street kids who knew its every nook and cranny; they knew the rules which governed it, even those which were invisible to passers-by, who were completely unaware of them; they knew the tricks through which it was possible to survive, and lived it as if it were their own. The latter belonged to the owners and managers of the bars and clubs who protected their space through their drink prices and the right to control admission. These two kingdoms seemed separate and unconnected; yet, in reality, they were interdependent and often in conflict with each other.

On the evening of the final I noted how some homeless people were trying to follow the match from outside the bar, engaged in a war of nerves with the security man who was trying to shoo them away. But as soon as he was distracted, they moved in close again. These people participated in the event by listening to the sounds and voices coming from the paying public with whom they were attempting to establish communication through hand gestures in order to ask about the score.

A few months later, I discovered that Louis too was a member of this group of 'spectators' who were excluded from the bars and clubs. Thirty-five-year-old Louis had

become homeless four years earlier and had found his new 'home' on Long Street. Unlike the majority of street dwellers on Long Street who were coloureds or blacks from other African countries, Louis was white of Afrikaans origin. The fact that he was the only white made things extremely difficult, but also offered some opportunities which Louis had learned to exploit.

One of these was the fact that he could easily camouflage himself among the customers, strike up a conversation with them and maybe get someone to buy him a drink, something to eat, or at least some cigarettes. His physical appearance was extremely important to Louis; in fact, during an interview he explained to me '*I have to look perfect in order to survive*'. I met Louis in a bar in Lower Long Street. He came to sit close to me and we started talking. At the beginning I did not understand he was a homeless person. Indeed his behaviour and his way of dressing did not give the impression of someone living in the street. What made being white difficult for him was trying to fit in with his new street companions. He said, 'Being white means you remain an outsider, even for these people. They're united, they have their own rules, I'm an outsider whose misfortune has led me to end up here. They often make fun of me behind my back. It's like a kind of revenge against whites in general; it's just that I'm the easiest target'.

Louis' fall from a 'middle-class' life to the street had its origins in Great Britain where he was living with a local girl who had helped him to emigrate there. Even though he was living there without a residence permit, Louis managed to find odd jobs and live happily with his partner. In his own words, 'I had escaped from a country in which they gave people work on the basis of their skin colour.... Like many whites my age I went to England to look for work.'

One day Louis and I decided to walk around without a specific goal and headed towards Cape Town Castle. When Louis saw the city's old port he remembered the day he was arrested by the police in another port in the UK and how this episode had conditioned his life. From this connection we can see how a specific space in the city can evoke 'other' spaces which are distant in terms of both time and space. It is useful to quote him at length:

> 'I had been in England, in London, for three years and my residence permit had already expired a long time before, but I didn't want to return to South Africa. Just thinking about going back made me feel ill; I loved London. The pent-up energy it released made me think that everything was possible; that here there was room for everyone. In London there was no distinction between blacks and whites; no-one was bothered about what colour you were. In South Africa I felt the pressure of the divisions between people; it is something within you, which hurts you, but in the end it becomes normal. The tension between people, the hate between people, the categories into which we are placed make prisoners of us, but we don't even realise it. When you leave, you understand that all that isn't normal, that outside you can be white without necessarily being hated. I was living a dream with my English girlfriend; everything was easy and everything seemed possible to me. One day we took some bloody boat to go to an island and

> we had some hash with us. When we got off there were police with sniffer dogs who found the dope and arrested us. My girlfriend said the dope was hers, even though it wasn't true. She did it so I wouldn't get into trouble, but they'd already checked our documents and had discovered I was there illegally. Every time I think of that day I curse myself for being so stupid. I probably ruined my life for the sake of a little bit of dope. I remember when I got back to Cape Town I saw Long Street and I had the impression that I'd reached the end of my road. I don't really know how to explain it, but it's as if I'd seen that my life would end here. Strangely enough, I ended up living here, where I'd had this feeling. Long Street has become my home.'

Although Louis considers Long Street his home, the street itself rejects him and makes him feel like an outsider.

On the day of the final Louis was on Long Street as usual; he had not managed to get into any of the bars or clubs and was following the match from the street. He said, 'That evening I was supporting Manchester United, because in England I'd met a guy who supported them and out of solidarity I'd decided to do the same. Recalling the happy times I'd spent in England helped me get out of the hell where I'd ended up.'

A Township Girl

I met Xolewa in an internet café on Long Street where she went to check her email. When I asked where she was living, she said, '*In Khayelitsha. Do you still want to talk to me*?'. Khayelitsha is the largest township in Cape Town and the second-largest in South Africa after Soweto. Khayelitsha means 'new home' in the Xhosa language. The people who live in the township come mainly from different areas of South Africa, above all from the Eastern Cape. The migrants who arrive in Khayelitsha establish informal settlements, building their new houses, or rather shacks, here. During the Apartheid years the townships were dormitory areas where the blacks who formed part of the city's workforce were permitted to reside and to which they had to return in the evening.

In the post-Apartheid period the townships remained segregated areas of the city. Despite the recent improvements the government had made to these areas, a high level of crime and social marginality continued to plague the population of these urban areas. Nevertheless, the townships gave their inhabitants a sense of belonging and identification with the territory, which, in certain respects, was reassuring. Xolewa explained to me that for many young blacks heading into the city centre means entering a 'foreign territory', which for many years belonged to the whites and which, even now, is accessible only with difficulty. Many of these people considered Long Street a 'free zone', accessible to people of all races, but at the same time it was undiscovered territory. Xolewa explained to me how being black is linked to the way everyday life is lived in these areas. She said, 'The township is a world apart. People speak Xhosa rather than English; the community is more important than the individual; if you have a problem you don't rely on the police to solve it for you, but the village chief or, in other cases, a gangster. This is the blacks' place, which doesn't just mean

having black skin, but also living in a way which is incomprehensible to you whites.'

After the encounter in the internet café I stayed in touch with Xolewa and she agreed to have an interview. Listening to her story I discovered how, before going to live in Khayelitsha, she was living and studying in other areas of the city and that she considered this as a sort of multiple belonging. In the period when she was living in the centre of Cape Town she experienced isolation and exclusion. The young woman (27 years old) remembered an episode when she was studying in a school situated in Bo Kaap. Therefore, we decided to go to this district where we walked for a long time before we stopped in front of the school.

Click Language in Bo Kaap

Bo Kaap is a neighbourhood located on the slopes of Signal Hill, near the City Bowl District. The colourful houses and the steep streets that climb the hill give the area an unusual appearance, making it seem like a city within the city. From the hills of Bo Kaap the skyscrapers of the City Bowl just a few hundred metres away are clearly visible. But the architecture, colours and different sounds in this area give the visitor the impression they are entering a world which is miles away from the centre of Cape Town.

Bo Kaap is a multicultural neighbourhood, which under Apartheid was inhabited mainly by Malays. Today, it is a poor area, which can be equated to a township. When she lived in Cape Town Xolewa went to high school in this area. She told me that at high school the majority of pupils were coloureds, with very few blacks, but no whites at all. The relations between black and coloured students were conditioned by the social divisions inherited from Apartheid. She said:

> 'The coloured boys and girls felt superior to us and made fun of us, above all for our click language. They used to imitate us and that used to infuriate me. I put up with it at first and pretended not to notice, without allowing myself to be provoked, but my situation had left me intolerant. The fact was that I'd had to put up with so much in life, and had to put up with even more at home living with my aunt, meant that at school my patience was exhausted. I remember we were here at the back of the school and there was a group of boys and girls who were imitating me as I walked past. I look at them and turned to the biggest of them who was behaving as if he was the ringleader. I grabbed him by the neck and told him he'd better not make fun of me and my language, because it was my tradition and deserved respect.'

The Invisible Line

Xolewa linked the above episode, which had happened many years before, to the event of the final. Remembering the night spent in Long Street she recalled the difficult time spent in Bo Kaap. On the evening of the final, Xolewa too was in Long Street for the match. She had an African National Congress pin with her that she wore on the chest of her Barcelona T-shirt. Her pride in being black coexisted with that of being able to identify herself with an emblem that involved people from all over the planet. The Barcelona T-shirt opened a breach towards

the outside world, through which Xolewa might have the possibility to be part of the heterogeneous group which was filling Long Street.

Xolewa watched the match along with many of her friends, all black and all township dwellers. In the course of the evening Xolewa saw a coloured guy with whom she had been very good friends when she was at school. She had decided to disregard that he was coloured and had become really close to him. She recounted:

> 'After school each of us went our own way and people lost touch with each other. That evening, as often happens, there were a lot of people, both coloureds and blacks, in The Dubliner, but the coloureds were keeping to one side of the bar and the blacks to the other. It was like there was an invisible line across the floor, a barrier and unwritten borders which divided the bar in two. My friend came into the bar with a group of his friends; I found he'd changed, above all in the way he behaved. He looked like a white who was dressed in a certain way and behaved like someone posh. Our eyes met, I'm sure he recognised me, but he pretended not to have and turned in the opposite direction. This was a great disappointment for me, because we used to be friends and I'd placed my trust in him, but now he didn't want his friends to see that he was friends with a black girl.'

Xolewa described the distance between her and her friend and between the racial groups as an 'invisible line', an intangible barrier which continues to divide groups of humans in post-Apartheid Cape Town. But the space in itself is unable to explain the significance, which Xolewa attributes to this distance. It is the combination of her life experience with this space, which gives it meaning. The conjunction of time and space gives meaning to the distance; it is represented as an invisible line, which cannot be crossed.

Desmond's Angel

On the evening of the final Desmond wasn't supporting either of the teams. He had parked his taxi outside the Long Street Café and was waiting for a potential fare to come out so he could take them home. Desmond is a 45-year-old man. I met him in Long Street while he was waiting for customers in his taxi. He had migrated to South Africa from Zimbabwe, trying to escape from the economic crisis and the dictatorship of Robert Mugabe, arriving in Cape Town in 2008. At first he worked for a wholesaler company which delivered fruit to various businesses in the city, but in 2010 he started working as a taxi driver. Desmond told me about his life in South Africa and his difficult relationship with the local population, 'particularly with the blacks'.

He explained to me that immigrants 'are viewed as a threat by black South Africans because we work hard and employers prefer us to the local population. The blacks here are lazy and expect to be paid even when they don't do anything'. Although Desmond has never been a victim of violence he lives in a state of constant fear. An incident in a township when he was forced to buy drinks for all the regulars and attacks on his fellow taxi drivers have convinced him to keep himself to himself and to avoid opening up to the local population.

Desmond is waiting until he has enough money to go back to his own country, because

he is convinced that what happened in his country is about to happen in South Africa; that is, that the blacks will seize the land from the whites, unleashing 'a reign of terror just like the one at home'. The rumours already circulating in Samora Machel (the township where he lives) that they are 'just waiting for the old man (Nelson Mandela) to die, then all hell will break loose' have already convinced Desmond that South Africa is about to relive what happened in Zimbabwe.

He told me that on the evening of the final he had managed to take some English tourists back to their hotel. When he asked them the final score he made it clear to them that he was disappointed their team had lost. He had told them he supported Manchester United because one way of keeping hold of a customer is to show that you are friendly and obliging, especially with tourists. That evening, half of Long Street was celebrating and the other half was in mourning over the result of the final. Desmond felt that if he were able to win over a customer like that he would be able to return to Zimbabwe sooner.

Working as a taxi driver in Cape Town is considered a dangerous job, especially during the night shift. It is quite normal for taxi drivers to be robbed, especially in the townships. 'Choosing the wrong client or venturing into dangerous areas could mean losing your life.' Desmond applies two basic criteria when choosing his customers: the first is observation (of the person and how they behave) and the second is trusting in an inner guide, which Desmond claims is an angel who 'has been protecting me and giving me advice since the day I set out from my country to come to South Africa.' He says,

> 'When I'm not sure whether to take a customer or not I trust my inner guide. He's been helping me through since I set out on my journey. When I left home I didn't have enough money to get to Cape Town. However, I decided to take the risk in any case, planning to stop in various places along the way where I would find work. I crossed the border into Botswana and arrived at the capital from where my plan was to move on to South Africa. I met nine guys who were heading for Cape Town. Six of them decided to cross the border at 6 o'clock, while I joined the other three who intended to leave at 9. This choice enabled me to reach the city. In fact, I found out later that the six who left before me were captured at the border and arrested. Right from the moment I decided to leave home, I've felt a strange power inside me, a kind of unusual instinct, which guides my decisions. I think it's an angel. When I had to choose between the first and the second group I had no hesitation. Guided by my angel, I chose the second, and it's him who tells me whether to pick up a customer or not.'

With Desmond I headed to Khayelitsha where he went shortly after he arrived in Cape Town and he recalled his first impressions of the city:

> 'When I arrived here I thought I was going mad. I had spent 10 days in the Hillbrow area of Johannesburg at the house of a friend from Zimbabwe. It was hell on earth. At night we could hear people screaming, gunshots and sirens. It's a place inhabited only by criminals. I don't think there's a single ordinary worker in the whole neighbourhood. I said to myself: I can't live like this, and I decided to

> get out. Then I came here to Cape Town, but things have not improved much. The initial period, above all, before my wife arrived, was terrible. The first thing I saw when I woke up was the roof of my shack. The alarm rang and I saw the tin roof and said to myself: No, it can't be true, another day has begun, and I hoped it wasn't true, that I was still in Zimbabwe. I couldn't stand being on my own anymore and I thought I'd go mad. Every evening I'd go to phone my wife to find out how the children were, and she'd ask me how I was, and I'd tell her 'fine', but it wasn't true. I didn't want her to know I felt wretched and I couldn't stand it anymore. I picked up my first customer on Long Street. I didn't know how much to charge for the journey and didn't have a clear idea of the distance between one part of the city and another. A lot of tourists ask you not to turn on the meter and to agree a fare, but I would never do it. When I met Michael he asked me how much I wanted to take him to Claremont, which normally costs 80-90 Rand. I didn't know how much it should be, and thinking that if I asked too much I'd lose the fare, I told him 30. He looked at me in amazement and I think he must have been frightened because he was getting out of the taxi again, so I thought I must have asked him too much and said 20. He looked at me strangely and got in. He didn't say a word the whole trip and when I dropped him at this house he told me that taxi drivers normally charged him 80 Rand and gave me 70. I gave him my card and he became my first regular customer.'

After this customer, Desmond had many regular customers, including myself. I spent many days in Cape Town with him and we went through many of its areas. I discovered with him how one could live in a city while always having one's mind elsewhere. Desmond lives in Cape Town and Zimbabwe at the same time. He is perpetually outside of and in the city.

Conclusion

Noeleen Murray (2007) uses the expression 'lines of desires' to describe the complex plot of 'memories and desires (but) also fear and forgetting' which reach across the urban spaces of South African cities in the post-Apartheid time. According to the author's perspective, the 'lines of desires' do not follow a linear and uniform pathway but are ambiguously interlaced and juxtaposed. This analogy seems particularly appropriate to the case of Long Street where the 'lines' of memory, desire and hope are intersected and never converge into a single direction (Murray 2007: 12). In Long Street, there was a convergence of different ways of reconstructing the past, envisioning the future, and building the world. These perspectives on the world intersected like independent lines in a single space to form a whole. Long Street is made up of each of these lines, but can be reduced to none of them.

In this article I decided to observe Long Street through its dual space-time dimension. It was taken as an urban chronotope made up of the intersection of the temporalities of its regulars with the city's urban spaces. Folch Serra noted how in Bakhtin the landscape 'becomes not only graphically visible in space but also narratively visible in time, in a field of discourse all attempting to account to human experience' (Folch Serra 1990: 258). It can be

understood as a narrative platform that connects the dimension of space to that of time. She writes, 'Mikhail Bakhtin reminds us to resist the Hegelian trap of separating time and space, and, as a time-space aggregate becomes a complete and inseparable entity.' Keeping in mind the landscape's chronotopic dimension, we can imagine a kind of ethnographic observation of the city that spans different space-time perspectives and can produce a 'different way of seeing time and space together, the vertical and the horizontal dimensions of being in the world.' (Soja in Folch Serra 1990: 256).

We could add that the very concept of the chronotope and its application to studying social phenomena inherently contains the conditions for discovering polyphony. Each individual can attribute a specific meaning to the place by putting it in relationship to a particular event, whether present, past or imagined, or his or her personal experience. A road, a square or an abandoned alley can take on different meanings when related to particular human experiences, like an important encounter, a traumatic event or the memory of a loved one. The landscape is never a bearer of a single meaning. On the contrary, landscapes can be regarded as repositories of polyphony and heteroglossia: places where social, historical and geographical conditions allow different voices to express themselves differently than they would under any other conditions. The landscape 'speaks' through the different individuals that question it, challenge it and project their own memories and desires onto it. This work observed and explored Long Street as a chronotopic unit. Tatiana Argounova has noted how the street's chronotopic dimension can be recognized in its analogy to the narrative. She wrote, 'I argue that a road is chronotopical through and through because each point on it corresponds to a certain time and certain location in space and because narratives about roads take us back to a certain time and certain location in space.' (Argounova 2012: 201). We could add that the street's chronotopic dimension can be understood in its ability to embrace many narratives. Bakhtin called chronotopes the place 'where the knots of narrative are tied and untied' (Bakhtin 1981: 250). The chronotope is conceived as the interweaving of different narrative forms that tie to different space-time intersections. Walking down Long Street with its regulars and exploring how they had attributed a specific meaning to it the evening of the final through their particular personal experiences, I started to conceive the street as a space/time 'knot' in which countless narratives intertwined.

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