

He opened the book and wrote out the word: BUSINESS. Then he wrote: NOT NOW BUT LATER. He looked at the words and picked up the pen again. But as he considered what to write he realised that no one else in the cafe was writing, and that if he were to start writing he would seem even more suspicious, no longer a businessman, but more like a police spy or an informant, observing and reporting on these people. He wrote nothing. He drank the mint tea, from the little glass. He looked, furtively, at the cakes on a shelf, but they seem unfamiliar, sugar-coated, unsafe. He wondered if he should speak to the men. But they ignored him, they had gone back talking amongst themselves.

Finally he got up and asked the man behind the counter the way to the centre of town.

*Business?* asked the man.

*Later. I need to find the centre of town.*

The man shrugged and smiled. He was a genial man.

*Straight ahead, always go straight ahead.*

Sparrow went out into the street again. He thought he could hear the men muttering behind him, *business, business, business.*

clothes, grey trousers, plastic jackets, un-ironed shirts. Other wore sports clothing. The men fell silent and looked at him suspiciously. His presence seemed to have altered the atmosphere in the cafe. But he wished to feel at home and for these people to feel at home with him. He wondered just where these men are from, were they North African, or Middle Eastern, or Eastern European, or from some other background?

*A small beer please.*

He looked around. No one was drinking beer. *Ah, no beer. Of course. Then a tea.*

*Business?* said the man behind the counter, in a kind of English.

*Business?* asked Sparrow.

*You want to do business?*

*What kind of business?*

*Business.*

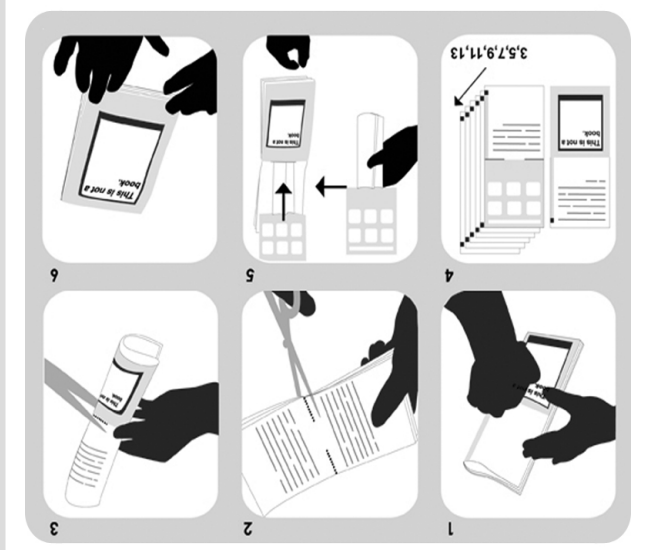
*No,* replied Sparrow. *No, not just now. But later. Just the tea please.*

He sat at a small table. He felt he needed something to do. He brought out a small notebook to write down his thoughts, because he knew that if he forgot to write things down they would vanish and be lost.

# Marseille Mix: never look at the map

William Firebrace





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**Marseille Mix: never look at the map**  
**William Firebrace**  
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The bright light was suddenly shut out.  
 Darkness outside.

A few maintenance lights.

The train passed through a long tunnel.

The railway carriage was cool quiet and comfortable. The seats, the tables, the light, the harmonious colours, all were elegantly designed. The passengers mostly ignored one another, each on his own journey.

Emil Sparrow, origin Swiss, professor of Psycho-cultural Studies in a small and hated south German university, currently engaged in a research operation into the city of Marseille, closed the detective story he had been reading. The gypsy drug dealer had just been shot. The Islamics were on the run. The cynical jazz-loving detective was back in his favourite bar, drinking too much, planning his next move. The corrupt police were, as always, dealing on both sides. The beautiful North African woman, after a night of passion, had met her sad end. The mistral was blowing through the streets of the city, cleaning out the dirt and gloom. The cover showed a half-naked girl blowing bubble-gum, and a church, in lurid colours.

*Ladies and gentlemen. We will shortly be arriving at the main railway station of the city of Marseille.*

*So I won. Whats my prize? we found out nothing much. And you didnt guess, See, said the girl, I was right. We found out. And*

*visible the grey-blue of the sea. particular. Except that not far away there was roads. Another European city. Nowhere in Tower blocks, low buildings, sheds, factories, The train emerged from the tunnel. Sudden light. glanced sideways, disappointingly and also with curiosity, at the cover of the detective story.*

*The father sighed and was about to reply. He looked irritated. He had lost this last game, as well as all the others on the long journey. He glanced sideways, disappointingly and also with curiosity, at the cover of the detective story.*

*Why should I guess, said the girl, we will find out anyway when we arrive. Anyway I am tired of playing games. You guess.*

*Guess, said the father to the little girl sitting beside him, and opposite Sparrow. Guess what we shall see at the end of the tunnel. The girl continued to colour in the dinosaurs in her book. Most of the creatures seem to be pink or light blue, a prehistoric world with a curious feminine tone.*

*We wish you a pleasant stay. Please remember to take all your baggage with you.*

There are several exits from the Marseille railway station.

Perhaps whichever exit is taken determines the image of the city in the mind of the visitor, as though the very first experience of any city remains the strongest, burnt like light onto a slow photographic film. All later experiences simply modify this first moment, but can never erase it.

Or, perhaps the image of the city is already decided in the mind of the visitor, before he even arrives, through the rumours and stray information which tumble carelessly through the world. And these vague impressions determine subconsciously which exit the visitor will take, suggesting one route rather than another, pressing him gently to move to the left of the newsstand rather than the right, to follow without much thought this group of people rather than others.

The usual exit to the left of the newsstand in the Marseille station Saint-Charles takes the traveller out onto the grand steps leading down towards the centre of the city. Standing at the top of the steps, surprised to be out of the dim light of the

station, most visitors pause for a moment for a view of the city. The view stretches down to the statues of women representing the former colonies, Asia and Africa, then along the Boulevard d'Athènes, with its dilapidated nineteenth century houses, across the Canabière, across the bourgeois houses of the 6th district to the hills and to the sky beyond. Up to the right, on the hill, is visible the church of Notre Dame de la Garde, also known as la Bonne Mere. Women all. Africa. Asia. Good Mother. There are usually some people standing here, at the steps, waiting for one moment, about to step down into the city, or perhaps about to turn away and leave it.

In the confusion of people within the station, Sparrow missed the main exit, passed by the news stand to the right rather than the left, went down an escalator into a dark corridor, through building works and street reconstructions, barriers and stationary traffic, out to Boulevard Charles-Nedelec.

Sparrow found himself beside an open patch of land, with ditches and mounds of earth, marked by white labels on sticks. Various men and women were sitting the earth, apparently looking

The experience left him facing to the right.  
 Always walk straight on.  
 He felt sure that if he walked straight on, without  
 pausing or hesitating, then he would be certain to  
 arrive at something he knew.  
 It was a very fine afternoon, the air fresh and  
 with a slight scent of the sea.

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This is a fragment from *Marseille Mix*, a forth-  
 coming book exploring the city's literary, criminal,  
 urban, gastronomic and cinematic aspects.

for archaeological remains. All around there was  
 the heat of the afternoon sun, the rush of traffic.  
 Beside the open land were some tatty buildings of  
 a certain age. A little further on was another  
 open space, with some trees. Under the trees  
 sheltered a group of people with cloths,  
 sleeping-bags and placards. Sparrow looked  
 around. He seemed not to have arrived in a city  
 at all, but some kind of half-inhabited landscape.

*The town centre?* He asked a man coming by.  
*Yes, said the man, this is the town centre.*  
 He looked at Sparrow in an friendly way and  
 began to speak very fast, explaining something  
 complicated. Sparrow quickly lost the thread. The  
 man hurried on.

Sparrow entered a zone of narrow streets,  
 cluttered with merchandise, cloths, plastic  
 objects, clothes, jewellery, long-distance call  
 shops, small restaurants selling snacks and tea,  
 the pavements occupied by sellers with a few  
 shoes, some electronics, some broken toys.  
 Groups of men sat around doing nothing in  
 particular, as though waiting for something to  
 occur. Sometimes the vendors seemed about to  
 greet Sparrow, but he looked away. A sudden  
 shift seemed to have happened, without warning,

He wondered which way straight ahead might be.  
 The street was very narrow. Either he could go  
 left or right, but not straight ahead. A  
 motor-scooter came down the street very fast,  
 from the left. Both the driver and the passenger  
 wore crash-helmets and scarves around the lower  
 half of their faces.  
 The scooter stopped suddenly beside Sparrow,  
 pushing him up against the wall.  
 The passenger put her hand into the pocket of her  
 jacket, as though about to pull out some object.  
 The passenger stared at Sparrow.  
 Sparrow looked with surprise into her blue eyes.  
 Everything was happening at a speed beyond his  
 ability to react. The visible part of her face was  
 tanned, the eyebrows dark and thick. Her eyes  
 seemed both anxious and threatening.  
 Sparrow breathed in suddenly and deeply. He  
 realised something unpleasant was about to  
 happen.  
 The rider shook his head.  
 The girl looked away.  
 The scooter drove off, accelerating fast.  
 An experience, thought Sparrow, or almost an  
 experience. It is important to have experiences,  
 even if they are not always easily explained.

he seemed to have moved into a non-European  
 world, or into a zone which showed that the  
 European world is not always what he had  
 assumed it to be. The familiar seemed not to be  
 so familiar any more. People pushed passed him,  
 but paid him no attention. He was now the  
 stranger.  
 Some of the streets were empty, closed up. He  
 would pause, uncertain as to whether to enter,  
 not sure just whether the street would lead  
 nowhere, or might lead to a dead-end.  
 Never look at the map. To look at the map would  
 certainly be a mistake. It would show that he was  
 already lost, and to be visibly lost when  
 everybody else seemed to know there way would  
 be too distinctive, too much a sign of not  
 belonging. It was only possible to keep on  
 moving.  
 Sparrow was uncertain as to just what kind of  
 area he had now entered. It did not seem exactly  
 dangerous, simply unfamiliar.  
 He stopped for a moment at a small cafe. He  
 hesitated, then entered. All the customers were  
 men, talking amongst themselves or playing  
 cards. Mostly they wore slightly old-fashioned