a certain quantity, it was usually made for a
group of people eating together. This suited the
particular culture of Marseille, where teams of
fishermen, or family groups could fish from the
rocks, and eat their meal together in situ, cooked
in a big dish on a fire made amongst the rocks. It
was not a dish which anyone could eat alone, but
belonged to the culture of the group.
Andre Suares, usually so sardonic about his
home-city of Marseille, describes in Marsih the
almost idyllic lifestyle of the true eaters of
bouillabaisse, spending their spare time in the
cabanons, the huts beside the sea:
Several men go fishing amongst the rocks: they
leave in the early morning, their rods held high
against their shoulders, waistcoat open, flannel
shirts gaping; all have the same joyful
appearance, a happy troop going down to capture
the fish. Even those who don’t fish are no less
avid than the others for the racasse, giroles,
gobis, crabs, and all that goes in the
bouillabaisse... Is it not admirable that such
people have found a recipe for happiness, even if
it is a little dull to find it in a garlic sauce and a
fish soup.

**Marseille Mix:**

*turn down the heat*

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**Diffusion Generator**
A mix does not imply that anything can be mixed to anything. A mix is not all inclusive. A mix is not a stew into which any ingredient may be thrown. If Marseille is a mix, then it is also a particular kind of mix, with particular elements added in a particular way, in a particular sequence. Some of these elements have been planned, most have emerged due to force of circumstances. Having become mixed together, often in ways that are no longer visible, the elements are then accepted and become formalised. Certain aspects of the mix, their unacceptably rough origins suitably concealed, become transformed and taken in as part of the bourgeois world. The gastronomic version of this city mix is bouillabaisse.

Marseille and bouillabaisse go together. The dish is a cliche image of the city, an instant association for visitors - and also part of its deeper reality. The dish has not one form but many, for there are innumerable receipts for bouillabaisse. Various restaurants in Marseille claim their recipe is the only authentic version, against the dubious degraded concoctions of their rivals. Lying somewhere amongst these kitchen squabbles is the usual Marseille search for a kind of origin, an origin which is long since lost and which probably never existed. There are even claims that recipe

...
some imaginary conversation taking place between humble fisherman and buyers. The waiters moved their arms with a sneering grace. Sparrow nodded in a knowing way. They waited a long while, engaged in an erratic group conversation. The wine was poured out, tasted, served. Nothing in particular seemed to be happening, but this seemed to be a part of the ceremony.

Everything to be slowed down, formalised, made almost absurd, as though something of vital importance was about to happen. The soup with the bread and the rouille was brought on and served out with care and precision. There was another long pause. Sparrow gazed again, sidewise at Sophia. Around them the restaurant seemed to be almost silent, in spite of the number of diners. Then came the fish, still whole, on their own plate, served by the waiters as a piece of distant theatre. The food was excellent but the environment so artificial that everything tasted, distant.

If only, said Sophia as she lay with Sparrow later in the bed of his hotel room, if only the world of the original fishermen still existed, the rocks by the sea, the spray, the fire, the pan, the nuts, the criminality, is naturally the Bouillabaisse Parisienne, a contradiction in terms, where butter is used instead of oil, and where even Pernod may not be appreciated for freshness. There seemed to be a cuisine, specialty dressed water brought in the fish, colour, simplicity dressed water brought in the fish, with the fish. The French of the Net but she seemed to ignore him. It comes because of Sophia, with whom his friends danced at a group and had only spent in a restaurant beside the Vieux Port. It was evening time. Sparrow and some of his acquaintances, Sophia, Michele, Doria, Marcel, Robert and some others of uncertain names were sitting in a restaurant beside the Vieux Port. It was el alou, you cannot have changed.

It has now vanished. Both fishing and families have changed because the whole thing produced a tougher eel's, because the whole thing produced no convergence more. It might be said that real Bouillabaisse actually no longer exists, because the whole thing produced no convergence more. It might be said that real Bouillabaisse actually no longer exists, because the whole thing produced no convergence more. It might be said that real Bouillabaisse actually no longer exists, because the whole thing produced no convergence more. It might be said that real Bouillabaisse actually no longer exists, because the whole thing produced no convergence more.

The table was dressed immaculately in white. The stew is served poured over thick slices of bread, rubbed with garlic or with rouille (a spicy garlic sauce, similar to aioli). The bouillabaisse is always made in Marseille, either in a restaurant or at home. The worst heresy for Marseille, bordering on sacrilege, is to use oil instead of butter in the bouillabaisse. A handful of rouille (small crumbs), give their flavour to the oil. To be converted, was the shock to cook quickly. Delay gives the following instructions, right above.

In a recent addition to la Provence du Midi, Henri Gourdes, an authority on the Provence, has added:

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Amongst the fish found acceptable for a true Bouillabaisse, according to the Marseille poet Henri Deluy, are racasse (angler fish) fielas (conga eel), vive (weever fish), loup (seabass), saint-pierre (John dory), gribone (gurnard), baudroie (angler), galinette (?), rouget (mullet), sar (silver bream), murene (moray eel), anguille (eel), labre (wrasse), garri (?), bavarelle (?), sole (sole), cavillon (gurnard), chapon (?), pajot (?), rouquier (red mullet?), (goldsinny wrasse)