

Holidays with the Hun: The Male Tourist and His Murderous Itinerary

Before anybody starts to imagine that this paper, like certain other papers, has been edited by Piers Morgan or Paul Dacre, we shall begin with a word of explanation about the function of the word 'hun' in its title. Far from denoting the German people as a derogatory slur, it evokes a historical British perception of an imminent armed invasion from the continent, which first appeared in its modern form at the start of the twentieth century. E. M. Forster (1971: 129), writing in 1907, referred to "the German emperor's perfidious declaration of war, the annihilation of the British fleet, and the landing of a German army corps in East Anglia" before warning that "before we get excited, we had better buy *The Tribune* as well as the *Daily Mail*". This British perception of an incipient threat to British independence and territorial integrity outlasted any German military hostility and segued seamlessly into the Cold War: perceptually the Germans were replaced by the Soviets with little difficulty. The word 'hun' connotes also, for our purposes, a British reaction to this perception of continental threat, one fictionalised in the literary genres of espionage and political intrigue which, again in their modern form, doubtless date back, as John Atkins (1984: 21) has argued, to Erskine Childers' *The Riddle of the Sands*, first published in 1903 and partly responsible for the media's anti-invasion hysteria of which Forster was to speak. This field of fiction, first opened by Childers, pursued a mirroring of political threats to democratic institutions through much of the twentieth century: its principal authors, almost all male, and all necessarily British, included Buchan, Sapper and Ambler between the wars, and, after 1945, Fleming, Le Carré, Deighton and Forsyth. The thesis of this paper, in many respects perhaps an uncontroversial one, though an interesting one, is that many of the narrative tropes of this fiction of spying and hostility are actually touristic ones; that these tales of international intrigue and Manichean struggle, often involving much bloodshed, are founded on the deployment and the *détournement* of touristic motifs. (By *détournement*, and the neologistic verb to detourn, I mean the use of a motif or trope so as to draw it away from its familiar function towards a somewhat

incongruent context; the word contains the seed of the notion of traducing the original motif, which will be important in the analysis which follows.) Touristic espionage/political intrigue fiction is, at best, a mere sub-genre, or an aspect of a sub-genre; yet it has achieved a cultural profile, a notoriety and therefore a significance, wholly disproportionate to its generic representativeness.

The link between literature and tourism which we shall be studying here is, then, both an important and an uneasy one. Many of the most common of such links, as examined by Robinson and Andersen (2002), seem unimaginable in this context. On one hand, it appears improbable that real-life tourists would use a typical touristic espionage/political intrigue fiction such as Fleming's *Casino Royale* (1953) as inspiration, guide or exemplar. There are at least two reasons for this. Both the atmosphere of *Casino Royale*, suffused with threat and desperation, and its plot, encompassing torture and Bulgars blown to bits by Molotov cocktails in the street, are inimical to tourism. Moreover, Fleming gives comparatively little weight to the touristic gaze, the physical act by which, it can be argued, modern tourism is predominantly constituted (Urry 1990). In this, his novel reflects the sub-genre as a whole, which embeds the touristic not as gaze but as deed, and not as setting (to be described by the author and visited by the subsequent tourist) but as textual portal (to be passed through by protagonist and reader on the way to something else). Conversely, in addition to its probable failure to encourage real-life tourism, this sub-genre does not comfortably absorb or incorporate the straightforwardly touristic either: genuine tourists are excluded from these narratives, except for the occasional bystander such as the international visitors who share Bond's Royale baccarat table while he does battle with Britain's enemy; they are "innocents" whose easy bourgeois complacency will stand in "savage" contrast to the hero's suffering and self-sacrifice. Typically, the touristic is present in these fictions as something which is returned or left behind.

Nevertheless, this claimed use by espionage/political intrigue fiction of touristic tropes may seem unexceptional; many of us, after all, will have watched Roger Moore's James Bond, striving to protect the Western world from tyranny, crossing the Piazza San Marco or climbing the Eiffel Tower. It is crucial to register, though, how essentially illogical, how

bizarre, this conflation of the military and the touristic should be. One activity privileges courage, discipline and training, valorises obedience to orders and a readiness to put one's life in danger and to kill others; it prioritises national imperatives and self-abnegation. The touristic, in the twentieth century, focuses on self-indulgence and the pursuit of pleasure; it is wilful, capricious, sensual, perhaps aesthetically-minded, concerned with pampering the self and suspending all external demands, whether nationalistic or hierarchical. How, then, can militaristic deeds take touristic form? We shall explore the question of the use the espionage-adventure genre makes of touristic tropes in a moment. Before doing so, we shall divide the genre up into precisely, on one hand, those texts which most insistently enact this assumption (Fleming, we will see, is the foremost exponent); and, on the other, those texts which constitute espionage-adventure, not as a detoured holiday but as work, principally Le Carré and Deighton. These latter writers, reacting against Fleming, as we shall see at the end, depict espionage as a kind of ultra-work, an exaggerated, almost parodic portrayal of the agonies of being one of William H. Whyte's (1956) organisation men. Historians of the espionage-adventure genre, such as Atkins, Bruce Merry (1977) and Lars Ole Sauerberg (1984), tend to sub-divide its fictions along the lines of amateur/professional heroes, or according to a fantasy/reality ethos. However, a more satisfying method for positioning these texts is along the axes of tourism and work; I shall look first at how the genre uses touristic tropes, especially in Fleming, and conclude with a glance at the role of "ultra-work" in Le Carré and Deighton.

The touristic tropes most commonly brought into play by the espionage-adventure genre include: taking long-haul flights, taking cross-continental luxury trains, checking into and out of hotels, crossing borders, passing through Customs, hiring cars, sitting on the terrasse of cafés (the locals stand at the bar), observing the landscape or the locals in a way which renders them picturesque, visiting churches or other sites of historical interest, eating in restaurants, exploring islands by boat, driving across foreign countries, following itineraries, consulting maps, and so on. It is also marked in the choice of foreign settings for the story: the Bahamas (in Fleming's *Thunderball*), the Alps (*On Her Majesty's Secret Service*), a French seaside resort (*Casino Royale*), Jamaica (*Dr No* and *Live and Let Die*), Venice ("*Risico*"), the

Seychelles ("The Hildebrand Rarity"), Paris (in Forsyth's *The Day of the Jackal*), and so on. Touristic espionage-adventure fiction is generally, though not inevitably, set in places its readers have visited or would enjoy going to on holiday, and not actually in those places where Britain and its enemies might clash, like Berlin, Vienna or Prague during the Cold War. It is in these places that the touristic motifs indicated above emerge. But what is their role in this fiction? Why indeed should they emerge, and what is the point of them when they do? We shall examine several possible responses to these questions.

The first is commercial. Paul Johnson (1958), in a review of *Dr No*, castigated Fleming for appealing to his readers' sexual cravings and snobbery, the source, he believed, of the novels' phenomenal commercial success. However, much of their appeal can instead be traced to the simple desire of their male readers, toiling in to their dreary post-war jobs, to go off on holiday. Bond's flight to Jamaica in *Dr No*, leaving behind a rainswept London, provides the reader with fantasy wish-fulfillment. Many a Bond novel begins with our hero bored, stuck in his office ploughing through a mountain of dreary files, when his phone goes and it is M, telling him he is to fly off to Istanbul or the Caribbean on a secret mission of international importance. The attraction of this to the average office-working drudge is easy to imagine.

There is a corresponding dimension here, though, which surpasses the espionage-adventure genre and applies to fiction as a whole. It is an interesting consideration, but one which, for reasons of space, can only be outlined somewhat simplistically here. It might be called, with a nod to earlier critics, a theory of reader-creation. In *Aspects of the Novel* Forster (2000: 62-63) noted that fictional characters are unrealistically obsessed with the feelings of others, and hypothesised that the novelist - by definition concerned with other people's emotions and thoughts - was transferring his or her state of mind while composing on to invented characters. If fiction can internalise its mode of production in this manner, it is not surprising if it also internalises its form of consumption. Fiction *is* frequently read on holiday, on planes, in hotels, on beaches, in rented villas, etc.; if Fleming's narratives internalise their mode of readership, they merely epitomise a much wider phenomenon which would encompass, for instance, the country house-party narrative (for fiction *is* often read at

weekends, especially on weekend breaks). Fiction in general privileges evenings, journeys, holidays, weekends, moments of non-work, moments which may in reality be occupied, in part, with the reading of fiction. Thus the intersection of an ostensible espionage superstructure with a detoured touristic substructure becomes part of a wider literary aspect. We shall return to this point later.

The touristic, however, also functions *within* these narratives as a pretext. In the fictional age of the amateur spy, when novels concerned ordinary people drawn into adventures of international intrigue, the author would face the challenge of how to get his or her characters out of Britain and into a situation where they could encounter scheming, perceptually-defined huns. Some texts did not confront this question, preferring, like John Buchan's *The Thirty-Nine Steps* (1915), to bring the huns into Britain and to keep our hero within the national borders. But this was clearly a limiting option. In *The Riddle of the Sands*, what gets the two young British men out into the danger zone is holiday. Davies, a keen amateur yachtsman, is exploring the German Frisian Islands in the North Sea when he is almost murdered by a local German spy anxious to protect his country's military secrets. Realising this, and driven by, among other motives, the desire to defend his nation, Davies resolves to investigate matters: he, as it were, virtually enlists as a secret agent-cum-spy, nationalising the activities - boating ones - which he had previously executed as a holiday-making leisure activity. To get Davies involved in espionage, Childers uses the pretext of tourism; however, this manoeuvre then multiplies itself as Davies, feeling the need for expert reinforcement and unable to speak German, contacts his erstwhile friend Carruthers, now a polyglot junior at the Foreign Office. To get Carruthers out to the North Sea Davies offers him, duplicitously, the opportunity for holiday-making: sailing, sightseeing, shooting. Thus the author's pretext is passed down to a character. This subterfuge causes tension when Carruthers, who arrives expecting touristic luxury, discovers instead that a severely spartan ethos governs Davies's yacht, but this evaporates when Carruthers learns of his companion's encounter with the murderous forces of continental espionage and both men agree to transform their holiday into a job of national defence. Even then, importantly, tourism is their cover-story, and little of what they do cannot also be construed as amateur boating for

pleasure. Thus the touristic is a stepping-stone: not only does it get British people out of the country to where dangerous foreigners lurk, it also transfers them into the plot of the novel in which they figure; the touristic is the necessary carrier transporting the characters to the espionage-adventure genre itself.

Inherent in this narrative procedure is the notion of personal nationalisation, a kind of self-appointed enlistment in the British armed forces intelligence division. Perhaps the most celebrated version of this trope as a *détournement* of holiday occurs in Ethel Lina White's *The Wheel Spins*, published in 1936 and filmed in 1938 by Alfred Hitchcock as *The Lady Vanishes*. The following remarks apply to the film. A group of British people on holiday in the Balkans have their own private concerns: an adulterous liaison, an impending marriage, musicological research, cricket. With one exception (a man who is killed for his error) they all give this private mentality up, exchanging it for the responsibility of fighting the anti-democratic hordes; they shoulder their national burden, embracing the wider exigencies. In a narrative such as this, the espionage-adventure genre requires holiday-making merely to get its characters into the generic problematic, but once it achieves this it dispenses with the touristic entirely: the touristic becomes the scaffolding which brings the genre into existence but is kicked away as soon as possible. *The Lady Vanishes*, once past its moment of voluntary nationalisation, settles into the militaristic mode: shooting, fighting, life and death struggling.

These amateur narratives, in which ordinary people find themselves hurled into espionage and adventure, clearly manifest a strong fantasy element: the reader can feel that that could be him (it will probably be a him); the ordinariness of the touristic helps to ground the fantasy, since the narrative of national defence with which the novel improbably ends emerges organically from an entirely plausible tale of foreign travel. The same observation applies to narratives about professional spies or agents in the post-war era. It was Kingsley Amis (1965) who detected that the secret of the Bond novels is that the reader feels he *is* Bond; they therefore, contrary to the films, play everything straight. The novels, which Fleming called "fairy-tales for grown-ups" (Lycett 1996: vii), are often concerned with Bond doing things his readers would themselves do or could easily imagine themselves doing, corraling the fantastic elements of the stories within the commonplace and convincing. Much

of the commonplace, grounding work done by the narratives is touristic in nature: Bond is not flown to Istanbul by the RAF and put up by the British Consulate (which could never happen to us), he flies BEA and goes to a hotel, as we would, supposing we could go to Turkey. The touristic grounds, it provides a backbone to these fairy tales. Simultaneously, Fleming's novels represent the moment of the democratisation of foreign tourism, the historical point at which the masses were beginning to engage in the kind of international holiday-making previously confined to the upper-classes. One of the ways in which the novels have dated is in the degree of detail Fleming gives us about touristic activities which have since become banal: at the start of chapter four of *Dr No* (1958), he devotes no fewer than four hundred words to a description of Bond's plane approaching the airport and touching down, exhaustively evoking the extension of the landing gear and the sound of the brake flaps. In this sense, Fleming acted as a kind of inadvertent salesman of the touristic to the masses: in his novels the touristic tropes come across as glamorous, effortless, exciting, individualised, interesting. Hotels, for instance, are run by efficient, courteous people; trains and planes leave on time and provide a charmingly deferential and discreet service; foreign restaurants all serve good food; the foreigners one meets abroad are invariably fascinating, idiosyncratic and enjoyable company.

There is a paradox here. While the touristic provides the reality effect of grounding improbable narratives, it also supplies the glamour aspect by which the reader moves around in a highly idealised version of the upper-class lifestyle. For if this is tourism there is nothing packaged, nothing of the mass about it: Fleming was to encourage a cheaper and less exquisite tourism than the one he so deftly portrays. The touristic tends to equip the espionage-adventure novel with an upper-class ethos. In addition, in Fleming's Caribbean adventures (this is particularly visible in Terence Young's highly faithful film adaptation of *Thunderball* [1965]), the touristic also infuses the fiction with a neo-colonial political economy: the West Indies appear not as a home for anyone, but as an exotic elsewhere for whites to visit and enjoy themselves, as a hedonistic rather than an administrative colony, subjugated to the might of the Western economies. This is a dehistoricised Caribbean, given over to the leisure and pleasure industries whose products whites can purchase. Here and elsewhere Bond passes across this cultural politics: he travels on the Orient Express, sits on the terrace at Fouquet's,

plays the casinos of several countries; he is not personally rich or a snob, but the fact that his missions are conducted through the tropes of the upper-class touristic gives them the allure of the jet set and the multi-millionaires, on behalf of whom he even works in Miami.

In truth, Bond remains apart from this world, into which he is invited and where he stays only in so far as he is doing his job. Thus, another function of the touristic, one implicit in previous remarks: it acts as a portal, a jumping-off point. It tends to appear at the beginning of stories or of episodes: Bond is at Fouquet's, in "From a View to a Kill" (1960a), when he is approached by a colleague telling him there's a crisis at headquarters; he flies into Jamaica and negotiates its Customs and hotels in order to *begin* an investigation. In this sense, the touristic is merely the gateway through which Bond and the reader pass in order to get to the international intrigue, though a curiously essential gateway. But this is to simplify; the touristic can also be a means to an end: if Bond takes the Orient Express it is because he believes it is the only way to get hold of a Soviet device dearly prized by British intelligence; if he steps into a church in Venice, it is only to see if he is being tailed by the enemy. This is to reduce the touristic to the instrumental, and it is true that Bond shows only a cursory appreciation of the holiday-maker's luxury and beauty with which he momentarily makes contact. He notices it enough for its glamour and reality to make their marks on the narrative, but he quickly bends himself anew to the job in hand.

This suggests another function of the touristic as a generator of heroism, though again paradoxically. Bond often renounces, in a Calvinistic self-abnegation, the pleasures of which his missions are partly compounded. He is repelled by the casino in Royale in the very first pages of his first adventure. Treating these pleasures instrumentally, he rises above them. Bond is, necessarily, always at work, even when doing things he loves: it is all for the job. Thus he sometimes appears less a secret agent than someone with a vocation, a man almost monastically dedicated to the tasks he must accomplish. These tasks, moreover, do not often consist of the delights of foreign holiday-making. Published at the rate of one a year from 1953 to 1965, the books regularly subject Bond to torture in distant lands, causing Cyril Connolly (2003: 339) to describe the adventures as "annual agonies". At the Ritz in Paris at the end of *From Russia with Love* (1957) he is poisoned and almost dies, such that a surgeon

in the next novel, *Dr No*, warns M about the state of his health and nerves. Unsympathetic to Bond's suffering but needing a man to investigate odd events in Jamaica, M sends Bond out with the sardonic remark that "[y]ou can do with a bit of holiday" (Fleming 1958: 30). Several times during his mission, especially while being tortured by Dr No with an almost exemplary sadism, Bond will bitterly remember M's remark. There is an interplay here between the touristic and the agonising which, while it lends Bond a convincingly heroic status (grounding his extraordinary resolve and courage), also maintains the downside of his mission within the terms of its touristic portal: among the tortures meted out to Bond by Dr No, many of them - blasts of extreme heat, a cage of tarantulas, a head-long plummeting fall into the sea, a battle with a giant squid - seem like nothing so much as a nightmare form of Caribbean holiday-making. The touristic is again detoured, but this time into something terrible. At the end of *Live and Let Die* (1954), again in the Caribbean, Bond is keel-hauled in what may appear a ghastly parody of water-skiing. This *détournement* does not apply to all of Bond's miseries, but this remains an interesting version of the touristic in the novels.

While Fleming employs the touristic in typological terms, then, he also uses it as a gateway into other leisure pursuits, themselves detoured as a strategic gateway. It is not merely that Bond, in the novels, regularly plays cards, swims underwater, skis down mountains, plays golf, goes to horse race meetings and (in the films) carnivals, and so on; it is that he does these things as work, as part of his mission. Indeed, Fleming detours the touristic constantly into a form of work, and vice versa: such a secret agent seems simultaneously always at work and always at play, but in truth the dangerous, tactical, and often agonising side of the work disqualifies it as true play, while the freedom, excitement and independence of the play remove it far from true work.

It is, indeed, almost always a *bogus* tourism which is subsumed into these texts. That is certainly the case in the last function we shall examine, the use made by characters of the touristic as a disguise. The Englishman hired to assassinate President Charles de Gaulle in Frederick Forsyth's *The Day of the Jackal* (first published in 1971) claims at least three times to be a tourist, each in classically touristic contexts: at an airport, hiring a car, and crossing a

border. Ironically, he will be buried as one: the French state will also find this disguise convenient. Much of the Jackal's behaviour is that of the tourist:

The Jackal's train arrived at the Gare du Nord just before lunch and he took a taxi to a small but comfortable hotel in the rue de Suresne, leading off the Place de la Madeleine. While it was not a hotel in the same class as the d'Angleterre of Copenhagen or the Amigo of Brussels, etc. (Forsyth 1995: 97)

Indeed, the narrative on these occasions resembles something between a traveller's journal and a guide book:

On Sunday morning he packed his bags and drove leisurely through the Flemish countryside, strolling through the narrow streets of Ghent and Bruges. He lunched off the unmatched steaks broiled over a timber fire served by the Siphon restaurant at Damm and in the mid-afternoon turned the car back towards Brussels. Before turning in for the night he asked for an early call with breakfast in bed and a packed lunch, explaining that he wished to drive into the Ardennes the following day and visit the grave of his elder brother who had died in the Battle of the Bulge between Bastogne and Malmedy. (Forsyth 1995: 146)

Usually, however, while organising himself as a tourist would, the Jackal, like Bond, finally does not do any tourism; he does not, for instance, visit the war graves. Although he passes through Brussels, Copenhagen, Vienna and Milan, in each case he stops at the preparations necessary for a sight-seeing which never takes place. The nearest he gets to actual tourism is in Paris:

His days were spent out of the hotel in the pursuits of the tourist. On his first day he bought a street map of Paris, and from a small notebook marked off on the map the places of interest he most wanted to see. These he visited and studied with remarkable devotion, even bearing in mind the architectural beauty of some of them or the historical associations of the others. (Forsyth 1995: 98)

The word "even", however, signals the bogusness: a genuine tourist is really interested in architecture and history. The Jackal's interest in them is solely strategic: "architecture" means a location suitable for a kill, "history" yields a place his victim will feel constrained to visit. The falsity of this apparent tourism becomes clear in the next paragraph:

He spent three days roaming round the Arc de Triomphe or sitting on the terrace of the Café de l'Elysée scanning the monument and the roof-tops of the great buildings that surround the Place de l'Etoile. Anyone who had followed him in those days (and no one did) would have been surprised that even the architecture of the brilliant M. Haussmann should have attracted so devoted an admirer. Certainly no watcher could have divined that the quiet and elegant English tourist stirring his coffee and gazing at the buildings for so many hours was mentally working out angles of fire, distances from the upper storeys to the Eternal Flame flickering beneath the Arc, and the chances of a man escaping down a rear fire escape unnoticed into the milling crowds. (ibid)

The bogus tourism corresponds to a phoney tourist: although the Jackal speaks French fluently and "almost without accent" (Forsyth 1995: 136), and elsewhere displays a cosmopolitan taste in food, while in Paris he pretends to his hotel that he must have English marmalade with his breakfast and speaks "only a few words of French with the Englishman's habitually atrocious pronunciation of the French language" (Forsyth 1995: 98-99). This masquerading as an insular tourist, a minor dimension of Forsyth's novel, carries a wider signification in the espionage-adventure genre. When it makes use of touristic tropes, it deturns, subsumes or falsifies them. In these fictions, the touristic is never quite the touristic it appears to be.

Nevertheless, as Atkins (1984) has shown, the success of the Fleming novels produced, after 1960, a generic reaction, an anti-Bond backlash led notably by John Le Carré and Len Deighton. They construe their genre not as deturned tourism, but as ultra-work. This consists not only of excising all the touristic tropes from the Bond novels and replacing them with the dour and dreary imagery found in early Graham Greene (incessant rain, architectural decrepitude, vulgar dislikeable people, shoddy services, ambient ugliness, etc.). Ultra-work also functions in Deighton and Le Carré as a positive critique of the horrors of modern employment. The story is conveyed via obstructive bureaucracy, pointless paperwork, tedious form-filling; or it emerges among disgusting, treacherous and careerist bosses, and their exploited and damaged subordinates. Futility and pain are pervasive. One critic (Lord Vaizey 1977) described Le Carré's novels as portraying "pointless and unsuccessful suffering in an interdepartmental feud of little, if any, consequence". The individualism of the Bond missions gives way to an insistent sense of corporate *malaise*. If abroad is visited (and these fictions spend much more time in Britain than do their touristic cousins) it tends to be rainy, ugly, oppressive and dangerous. These are not holidays by any stretch of the term, yet these novels

are forced to place themselves along the axes of holiday/work, defined and constricted by a touristic dimension they so strenuously reject.

Finally, we can tentatively identify two broader senses in which this intersection of returned touristic tropes and espionage/political intrigue fiction impinges on the study of tourism. Firstly, within the terms of the tourist/traveller dichotomy described and promoted by writers like Fussell (1980: 37-50), Bond's personal qualities are those of a "traveller": he shows independence, originality, boldness and "gritty endurance under all conditions" (Buzard 1993: 2). Nevertheless, his behavioural patterns when travelling abroad resemble those associated with the "tourist": they are externally-directed (by M or locals like Darko Kerim and Mr Du Pont), they lead him over the well-trodden ground where the masses go, and, in Fussell's words, "confirm[] [his] prior view of the world instead of shaking it off" (quoted in Buzard 1993: 3). This tension may be attributed to Bond's being, as noted above, a transitional figure in class terms as regards international holiday-making. However, it can also be hypothesised that the effect of such hybrid figures in these novels is to lend a fantasy veneer of the "rugged", "heroic" and "masculine" to touristic practices which have elsewhere been constructed as conformist, passive and "feminine" (in Forster, for instance). These fictions therefore contribute suggestively, if ambiguously, to discussions about the relation between gender and tourism.

Similarly, and in a manner which touches interestingly on the arguments about touristic authenticity made by Dean MacCannell (1976) and Ning Wang (2000), it can be suggested that these fictions present individuals who seem to be existentially free: moving through liminal spaces, men like Bond and the Jackal appear to achieve Wang's (2000: 46-71) "existential" authenticity, and may be seen as offering a fantasy resolution to the alienation of modernity identified by MacCannell as underpinning the tourist quest. In the following extract, the Jackal is on a hotel terrace in Cannes "looking over the Croisette and the glittering sea where brown bathers romped and screamed" (Forsyth 1995: 296). Having just discovered a grave danger to his murderous itinerary, he is deep in thought:

"He looked out at the jewelled sea and the lithe brown girls walking along the beach, the hissing Cadillacs and snarling Jaguars that crept along the Croisette, their bronzed young

drivers keeping half an eye on the road and the other flicking across the pavements for a likely pick-up. This was what he had wanted for a long time, from the days when he had pressed his nose to the travel agent's windows and gazed at the posters showing another life, another world, far from the drudgery of the commuter train and the forms in triplicate, the paper clips and tepid tea... To go back meant to give it all up" (Forsyth 1995: 298)

As evoked here, his pre-touristic life, alienated and excluded even from the travel agent's premises, gazing from outside on "another world", is archetypally inauthentic: it constitutes selfhood as membership of a social category (the commuter), blended into the grey mass, and symbolised by the innumerable identical paperclips and the reproduced identical mimeographed pages. Today, as a touristic assassin, he seems to have overcome his past alienation; and yet his "existential" authenticity, so entwined with the touristic that it is expressed using the image of a travel agent's, stems, in truth, not from tourism at all, but from his job and how he goes about it (it is his schedule for the assassination of de Gaulle which has brought him to Cannes in August). Moreover, a few lines later "[t]he Jackal paid the bill and left a large tip. He climbed into the Alfa and headed away from the [hotel]" (ibid). Here, as ever in this sub-genre, the touristic is present as that which is turned away from.

We have been speaking, therefore, whether considering the touristic as commercial ruse, as narrative pretext, as portal, as grounding or glamorising or heroising effect, or as a cover, of the *détournement* of the touristic: the touristic mooted in the throes of its side-stepping, as a lie, a mere instrument, a by-product, a mere gateway. Yet the *process* of the detourning of the touristic is essential to these texts which, as best-selling commodities, inscribed themselves so successfully within the leisure industry of commercial publishing. There is a singularity which unites detoured tourism as a textual effect with a successful insertion into the leisure industries which include both genre fiction and tourism. In June and July every summer, newspapers and magazines recommend to their readers which novels to take on holiday, to read on the beach or on the balcony of their hotel; the books we have been studying could be described, significantly, as "airport novels": this alone is the true touristic value of best-seller genre novels which, as we have seen, construct themselves out of being almost, but not quite, touristic adventures.

WORKS CITED

- Amis, K. (1965) *The James Bond Dossier*. London: Cape.
- Atkins, J. (1984) *The British Spy Novel*. London: Calder.
- Buchan, J. (1915) *The Thirty-Nine Steps*. Edinb & c.
- Buzard, J. (1993) *The Beaten Track: European Tourism, Literature and the Ways to 'Culture' 1800-1918*. Oxford: Clarendon Press.
- Childers, E. (1903) *The Riddle of the Sands*. London: Thomas Nelson.
- Connolly, C. (2003) *The Selected Works of Cyril Connolly, Vol. 2: The Two Natures*. London: Picador.
- Fleming, I. (1953) *Casino Royale*. London: Cape.
- _____ (1954) *Live and Let Die*. London: Cape.
- _____ (1957) *From Russia with Love*. London: Cape.
- _____ (1958) *Dr No*. London: Cape.
- _____ (1959) *Goldfinger*. London: Cape.
- _____ (1960a) From a View to a Kill. In *For Your Eyes Only*. London: Cape.
- _____ (1960b) The Hildebrand Rarity. In *For Your Eyes Only, op. cit.*.
- _____ (1960c) Risico. In *For Your Eyes Only, op. cit.*
- _____ (1961) *Thunderball*. London: Cape.
- _____ (1963) *On Her Majesty's Secret Service*. London: Cape.
- Forster, E.M. (1971) *'Albergo Empedocle' and Other Writings*. New York: Liveright.
- _____ (2000 [1927]) *Aspects of the Novel*. London: Penguin.
- Forsyth, F. (1995 [1971]) *The Day of the Jackal*. London: Arrow.
- Fussell, P. (1980) *Abroad: British Literary Travelling Between the Wars*. Oxford: OUP.
- Hitchcock, A. (1938) *The Lady Vanishes*. Feature film. Gaumont British/Gainsborough.
- Johnson, P. (1958) Sex, snobbery and sadism. *New Statesman*, 5 April 1958, pp. 430-32.
- Lycett, A. (1996) *Ian Fleming*. London: Phoenix.
- MacCannell, D. (1976) *The Tourist: A New Theory of the Leisure Class*. New York: Schocken.

- Merry, B. (1977) *Anatomy of the Spy Thriller*. Dublin: Gill and Macmillan.
- Robinson, M. and Andersen, H.C. (eds.) (2002) *Literature and Tourism: Reading and Writing Tourism Texts*. London: Continuum.
- Sauerberg, L. O. (1984) *Secret Agents in Fiction: Ian Fleming, John Le Carré and Len Deighton*. London: Macmillan.
- Urry, J. (1990) *The Tourist Gaze: Leisure and Travel in Contemporary Societies*. London: Sage.
- Lord Vaizey (1977) Futile Jerry. *The Listener* 98, 29 September 1977, p. 409.
- Wang, N. (2000) *Tourism and Modernity: A Sociological Analysis*. Kidlington, Oxon: Pergamon.
- White, E. L. (1936) *The Wheel Spins*. London: Harper & brothers.
- Whyte, W. H. (1956) *The Organization Man*. New York: Simon and Schuster.
- Young, T. (1965) *Thunderball*. Feature film. UA/Eon/Kevin McClory.