FROM PAUL FUSSELL, ABROAD

FROM EXPLORATION TO TRAVEL TO TOURISM

BECAUSE travel is hardly possible anymore, an inquiry into the nature of travel and travel writing between the wars will resemble a threnody, and I'm afraid that a consideration of the tourism that apes it will be like a satire.

Two bits of data at the outset. When you entered Manhattan by the Lincoln Tunnel twenty years ago you saw from the high west bank of the Hudson a vision that lifted your heart and in some measure redeemed the potholes and noise and lunacy and violence of the city. You saw the magic row of transatlantic liners nuzzling the island, their classy, frivolous red and black and white and green uttering their critique of the utility beige-gray of the buildings. In the row might be the *Queen Mary* or the *Queen Elizabeth* or the *Mauretania*, the *United States* or the *America* or the *Independence*, the *Rafaello* or the *Michelangelo* or the *Liberté*. These were the last attendants of the age of travel, soon to fall victim to the jet plane and the cost of oil and the cost of skilled labor.

A second bit of data, this one rather nasty. An official of the Guyanese government was recently heard to say that Jonestown might be turned into a profitable tourist attraction, "on the order of Auschwitz or Dachau." The disappearance of the ships from the Hudson, like the remark from Guyana, helps define the advanced phase of the age of tourism.

The rudimentary phase began over a century ago, in England, because England was the first country to undergo industrialization and urbanization. The tediums of industrial work made "vacations" neces-

sary, while the unwholesomeness of England's great soot-caked cities made any place abroad, by flagrant contrast, appear almost mystically salubrious, especially in an age of rampant tuberculosis. Contributing to the rise of tourism in the nineteenth century was the bourgeois vogue of romantic primitivism. From James "Ossian" Macpherson in the late eighteenth century to D. H. Lawrence in the early twentieth, intellectuals and others discovered special virtue in primitive peoples and places. Tourism is egalitarian or it is nothing, and its egalitarianism is another index of its origins in the nineteenth century. Whether in the Butlin's Camps of the British or the National Park campsites of America or Hitler's Strength-through-Joy cruises or the current Clubs Méditerranée, where nudity and pop-beads replace clothes and cash, it is difficult to be a snob and a tourist at the same time. By going primitive in groups one becomes "equal," playing out even in 1980 a fantasy devised well over a century ago, a fantasy implying that if simple is good, sincere is even better.

It was not always thus. Before tourism there was travel, and before travel there was exploration. Each is roughly assignable to its own age in modern history: exploration belongs to the Renaissance, travel to the bourgeois age, tourism to our proletarian moment. But there are obvious overlaps. What we recognize as tourism in its contemporary form was making inroads on travel as early as the mid-nineteenth century, when Thomas Cook got the bright idea of shipping sightseeing groups to the Continent, and though the Renaissance is over, there are still a few explorers. Tarzan's British father Lord Greystoke was exploring Africa in the twentieth century while tourists were being herded around the Place de l'Opéra.

And the terms *exploration*, *travel*, and *tourism* are slippery. In 1855 what we would call exploration is often called travel, as in Francis Galton's *The Art of Travel*. His title seems to promise advice about securing deckchairs in favorable locations and hints about tipping on shipboard, but his sub-title makes his intention clear: *Shifts and Contrivances Available in Wild Countries*. Galton's advice to "travelers" is very different from the matter in a Baedeker. Indeed, his book is virtually a survival manual, with instructions on blacksmithing, making your own black powder, descending cliffs with ropes, and defending a camp against natives: "Of all European inventions, nothing so impresses and terrifies savages as fireworks, especially rockets. . . . A rocket, judiciously sent up, is very likely to frighten off an intended attack and save bloodshed." On the other hand, the word *travel* in modern usage is equally misleading, as in phrases like *travel agency* and *the travel industry*, where what the words are disguising is *tourist agency* and *the tourist industry*, the idea of a *travel industry* constituting a palpable contradiction in terms, if we understand what real travel once was.

"Explorers," according to Hugh and Pauline Massingham, "are to the ordinary traveler what the Saint is to the average church congregation." The athletic, paramilitary activity of exploration ends in knighthoods for Sir Francis Drake and Sir Aurel Stein and Sir Edmund Hillary. No traveler, and certainly no tourist, is ever knighted for his performances, although the strains he may undergo can be as memorable as the explorer's. All three make journeys, but the explorer seeks the undiscovered, the traveler that which has been discovered by the mind working in history, the tourist that which has been discovered by entrepreneurship and prepared for him by the arts of mass publicity. The genuine traveler is, or used to be, in the middle between the two extremes. If the explorer moves toward the risks of the formless and the unknown, the tourist moves toward the security of pure cliché. It is between these two poles that the traveler mediates, retaining all he can of the excitement of the unpredictable attaching to exploration, and fusing that with the pleasure of "knowing where one is" belonging to tourism.

But travel is work. Etymologically a traveler is one who suffers *travail*, a word deriving in its turn from Latin *tripalium*, a torture instrument consisting of three stakes designed to rack the body. Before the development of tourism, travel was conceived to be like study, and its fruits were considered to be the adornment of the mind and the formation of the judgment. The traveler was a student of what he sought, and he was assisted by aids like the 34 volumes of the Medieval Town Series, now, significantly, out of print. One by-product of real travel was something that has virtually disappeared, the travel book as a record of an inquiry and a report of the effect of the inquiry on the mind and imagination of the traveler. Lawrence's Italian journeys, says Anthony Burgess, "by post-bus or cold late train or on foot are in that great laborious tradition which produced genuine travel books." And Paul Theroux, whose book *The Great Railway Bazaar* is

one of the few travel books to emerge from our age of tourism, observes that "travel writing is a funny thing" because "the worst trips make the best reading, which is why Graham Greene's *The Lawless Roads* and Kinglake's *Eothen* are so superb." On the other hand, easy, passive travel results in books which offer "little more than chatting," or, like former British Prime Minister Edward Heath's *Travels*, "smug boasting." "Let the tourist be cushioned against misadventure," says Lawrence Durrell; "your true traveler will not feel that he has had his money's worth unless he brings back a few scars." (A personal note: although I have been both traveler and tourist, it was as a traveler, not a tourist, that I once watched my wallet and passport slither down a Turkish toilet at Bodrum, and it was the arm of a traveler that reached deep, deep into that cloaca to retrieve them.) If exploration promised adventures, travel was travel because it held out high hopes of misadventures.

From the outset mass tourism attracted the class-contempt of killjoys who conceived themselves independent travelers and thus superior by reason of intellect, education, curiosity, and spirit. In the mid-nineteenth century Charles Lever laments in *Blackwood's Magazine*:

> It seems that some enterprizing and unscrupulous man [he means Thomas Cook] has devised the project of conducting some forty or fifty persons . . . from London to Naples and back for a fixed sum. He contracts to carry them, feed them, and amuse them. . . . When I first read the scheme . . . I caught at the hope that the speculation would break down. I imagined that the characteristic independence of Englishmen would revolt against a plan that reduces the traveler to the level of his trunk and obliterates every trace and trait of the individual. I was all wrong. As I write, the cities of Italy are deluged with droves of these creatures.

Lever's word *droves* suggests sheep or cattle and reminds us how traditional in anti-tourist fulminations animal images are. (I have used *herded*, above.) "Of all noxious animals," says Francis Kilvert in the 1870's, "the most noxious is the tourist." And if not animals, insects. The Americans descending on Amalfi in the 1920's, according to Osbert Sitwell, resemble "a swarm of very noisy transatlantic locusts," and the tourists at Levanto in the 1930's, according to his sister Edith,

are "the most awful people with legs like flies who come in to lunch in bathing costume—flies, centipedes."

I am assuming that travel is now impossible and that tourism is all we have left. Travel implies variety of means and independence of arrangements. The disappearance not just of the transatlantic lovelies but of virtually all passenger ships except cruise vessels (tourism with a vengeance) and the increasing difficulty of booking hotel space if one is not on a tour measure the plight of those who aspire still to travel in the old sense. Recently I planned a trip to the Orient and the South Pacific, hoping that in places so remote and, I dreamed, backward, something like travel might still just be possible. I saw myself lolling at the rail unshaven in a dirty white linen suit as the crummy little ship approached Bora Bora or Fiji in a damp heat which made one wonder whether death by yaws or dengue fever might be an attractive alternative. Too late for such daydreams. I found that just as I was inquiring, passenger ship travel in the Pacific disappeared, in April, 1978, to be precise. That month the ships of both the Matson and the Pacific Far East Lines were laid up for good, done in by the extortions of the oil-producing nations. In the same month even a small Chinese-owned "steam navigation company" running a regular service between Hong Kong and Singapore put away its toys. Formerly it had been possible to call at the remote island of Betio and Tarawa Atoll to pay respects to the ghosts of the United States and Japanese Marines, and an enterprising couple had built a small inn there. Now access to Betio and Tarawa is by air only and the plane flies on alternate Thursdays, which means you have to stay there two weeks if you go at all. No one will go there now. I did not go there but to the big places with big hotels and big airports served by big planes. I came to know what Frederic Harrison meant when he said, "We go abroad but we travel no longer." Only he wrote that in 1887. I suppose it's all a matter of degree. Perhaps the closest one could approach an experience of travel in the old sense today would be to drive in an aged automobile with doubtful tires through Roumania or Afghanistan without hotel reservations and to get by on terrible French.

One who has hotel reservations and speaks no French is a tourist. Anthropologists are fond of defining him, although in their earnestness they tend to miss his essence. Thus Valene L. Smith in *Hosts and Guests: The Anthropology of Tourism*: "A tourist is a temporarily

leisured person who voluntarily visits a place away from home for the purpose of experiencing a change." But that pretty well defines a traveler too. What distinguishes the tourist is the motives, few of which are ever openly revealed: to raise social status at home and to allay social anxiety; to realize fantasies of erotic freedom; and most important, to derive secret pleasure from posing momentarily as a member of a social class superior to one's own, to play the role of a "shopper" and spender whose life becomes significant and exciting only when one is exercising power by choosing what to buy. Cant as the tourist may of the Taj Mahal and Mt. Etna at sunset, his real target today is the immense Ocean Terminal at Hong Kong, with its miles of identical horrible camera and tape-recorder shops. The fact that the tourist is best defined as a fantasist equipped temporarily with unaccustomed power is better known to the tourist industry than to anthropology. The resemblance between the tourist and the client of a massage parlor is closer than it would be polite to emphasize.

For tourist fantasies to bloom satisfactorily, certain conditions must be established. First, the tourist's mind must be entirely emptied so that a sort of hypnotism can occur. Unremitting Musak is a help here, and it is carefully provided in hotels, restaurants, elevators, tour buses, cable-cars, planes, and excursion boats. The tourist is assumed to know nothing, a tradition upheld by the American magazine *Travel* (note the bogus title), which is careful to specify that London is in England and Venice in Italy. If the tourist is granted a little awareness, it is always of the most retrograde kind, like the 30's belief, which he is assumed to hold, that "transportation," its varieties and promise, is itself an appropriate subject of high regard. (Think of the 1939 New York World's Fair, with its assumption that variety, celerity, and novelty in means of transport are inherently interesting: "Getting There Is Half the Fun.") A current day-tour out of Tokyo honors this convention. The ostensible object is to convey a group of tourists to a spot where they can wonder at the grandeurs of natural scenery. In pursuit of this end, they are first placed in a "streamlined" train whose speed of 130 miles per hour is frequently called to their attention. They are then transferred to an air-conditioned "coach" which whisks them to a boat, whence, after a ten-minute ride, they are ushered into a funicular to ascend a spooky gorge, after which, back to the bus, etc. The whole day's exercise is presented as a marvel

of contrivance in which the sheer variety of the conveyances supplies a large part of the attraction. Hydrofoils are popular for similar reasons, certainly not for their efficiency. Of the four I've been on in the past few years, two have broken down spectacularly, one in Manila Bay almost sinking after encountering a submerged log at sophomoric high speed.

Tourist fantasies fructify best when tourists are set down not in places but in pseudo-places, passing through subordinate pseudo-places, like airports, on the way. Places are odd and call for interpretation. They are the venue of the traveler. Pseudo-places entice by their familiarity and call for instant recognition: "We have arrived." Kermanshah, in Iran, is a place; the Costa del Sol is a pseudo-place, or Tourist Bubble, as anthropologists call it. The Algarve, in southern Portugal, is a prime pseudo-place, created largely by Temple Fielding, the American author of *Fielding's Travel Guide to Europe*. That book, first published in 1948, was to tourism what Baedeker was to travel. It did not, says John McPhee, "tell people what to see. It told them . . . what to spend, and where." Bougainville is a place; the Polynesian Cultural Center, on Oahu, is a pseudo-place. Touristically considered, Switzerland has always been a pseudo-place, but now Zermatt has been promoted to the status of its pre-eminent pseudo-place. Because it's a city that has been constructed for the purpose of being recognized as a familiar image, Washington is a classic pseudo-place, resembling Disneyland in that as in other respects. One striking post-Second War phenomenon has been the transformation of numerous former small countries into pseudo-places or tourist commonwealths, whose function is simply to entice tourists and sell them things. This has happened remarkably fast. As recently as 1930 Alec Waugh could report that Martinique had no tourists because there was no accommodation for them. Now, Martinique would seem to be about nothing but tourists, like Haiti, the Dominican Republic, Barbados, Bermuda, Hong Kong, Fiji, and the Greek Islands.

Today the tourist is readied for his ultimate encounter with placelessness by passing first through the uniform airport. Only forty years ago the world's airports exhibited distinctive characteristics betokening differences in national character and style. Being in one was not precisely like being in another. In Graham Greene's novel of 1935, *England Made Me*, the character Fred Hall, we are told, "knew the

airports of Europe as well as he had once known the stations on the Brighton line—shabby Le Bourget; the great scarlet rectangle of the Tempelhof as one came in from London in the dark . . . ; the white sand blowing up round the shed at Tallinn; Riga, where the Berlin to Leningrad plane came down and bright pink mineral waters were sold in a tin-roofed shed." That sort of variety would be unthinkable now, when, as Bernard Bergonzi says, airport design has become a "ubiquitous international idiom."

Moving through the airport—or increasingly, being moved, on a literal endless belt—the tourist arrives at his next non-place, the airplane interior. The vapid non-allusive cheerfulness of its décor betrays its design and manufacture as Southern Californian. Locked in this flying cigar where distance is expressed in hours instead of miles or kilometers, the tourist is in touch only with the uniform furniture and fittings and experiences the environment through which the whole non-place is proceeding only as he is obliged to fasten or loosen his seat belt. Waugh was among the first to notice "the curious fact that airplanes have added nothing to our enjoyment of height. The human eye still receives the most intense images when the observer's feet are planted on the ground or on a building. The airplane belittles all it discloses." The calculated isolation from the actual which is tourism ("We fly you above the weather") is reflected as well in the design of the last of the serious passenger liners, the *QE2*. Here the designers carefully eliminated the promenade deck, formerly the place where you were vouchsafed some proximity to the ocean. Now, as John Malcolm Brinnin has said, "Travelers who love the sea, delight in studying its moods, and like to walk in the sight and smell of it, were left with almost no place to go." Except the bars and fruit-machines, doubtless the intention. As the ship has been obliged to compete in the illusion of placelessness with the airport and the jet, its interior design has given over its former ambitions of alluding to such identifiable places as country estates with fireplaces and libraries, urban tea-dance parlors, and elegant conservatories full of palms, ferns, and wicker, and instead has embraced the universal placeless style, eschewing organic materials like wood and real fabric in favor of spray-painted metal and dun plastic. I don't want to sound too gloomy, but there's a relation here with other "replacements" characterizing contemporary life: the replacement of coffee-cream by ivory-colored powder, for example, or of

silk and wool by nylon; or glass by lucite, bookstores by "bookstores," eloquence by jargon, fish by fish-sticks, merit by publicity, motoring by driving, and travel by tourism. A corollary of that last replacement is that ships have been replaced by cruise ships, small moveable pseudo-places making an endless transit between larger fixed pseudo-places. But even a cruise ship is preferable to a plane. It is healthier because you can exercise on it, and it is more romantic because you can copulate on it.

Safe and efficient uniform international jet service began in earnest around 1957. That's an interesting moment in the history of human passivity. It's the approximate moment when radio narrative and drama, requiring the audience to do some of the work by supplying the missing visual dimension by its own imagination, were replaced by television, which now does it all for the "viewer"—or stationary tourist, if you will. Supplying the missing dimension is exactly what real travel used to require, and it used to assume a large body of people willing to travail to earn illumination.

But ironically, the tourist is not without his own kinds of travails which the industry never prepares him for and which make tourism always something less than the ecstasy proposed. The sense that he is being swindled and patronized, or that important intelligence is being withheld from him, must trouble even the dimmest at one time or another. In addition to the incomprehensible but clearly crucial airport loudspeaker harangues, the tourist is faced by constant rhetorical and contractual challenges. He meets one the moment he accepts the standard airline baggage check and reads, "This is not the Luggage Ticket (Baggage Check) as described in Article 4 of the Warsaw Convention or the Warsaw Convention as amended by the Hague Protocol 1955." The question arises, if this baggage check is not that one, what is it? If it is not that Luggage Ticket (Baggage Check), how do you get the real one? And what does the real one say when you finally get it? Does it say, "This *is* the Luggage Ticket (Baggage Check) as described in, etc."? "On no account accept any substitute." Or "Persons accepting substitutes for the Luggage Ticket (Baggage Check) as described in Article 4 . . . will legally and morally have no recourse when their baggage is diverted (lost), and in addition will be liable to severe penalties, including immediate involuntary repatriation at their own expense."

Another cause of tourist travail is touts. The word *tout*, designating a man hounding a tourist to patronize a certain hotel or shop, dates approximately from Cook's first organized excursion to the Paris Exposition of 1855. Some tourist brochures will gingerly hint at such hazards as sharks, fetid water, and appalling food, but I've never seen one that prepared the tourist for the far greater threat of the tout.

Tour guides are touts by nature, required to lead tourists to shops where purchases result in commissions. In Kyotö recently a scholarly guide to the religious monuments, full of dignity and years, had to undergo the humiliation of finally conducting his group of tourists to a low ceramics shop. He almost wept. Tour guides are also by nature café touts: "Let's rest here a moment. I know you're tired. You can sit down and order coffee, beer, or soft drinks." And souvenir-shop touts: "This place has the best fly-whisks (postcards, scarabs, amber, coral, camera film, turquoise, pocket calculators) in town, and because you are with me you will not be cheated." All kinds of tourists are fair game for touts, but Americans seem their favorite targets, not just because of their careless ways with money and their instinctive generosity but also their non-European innocence about the viler dimensions of human nature and their desire to be liked, their impulse to say "Good morning" back instead of "Go away." It's a rare American who, asked "Where you from, Sir?" will venture "Screw you" instead of "Boise."

Touts make contemporary tourism a hell of importunity, and many of my memories of tourist trips reduce to memories of particular touts. There was the money-changing tout at Luxor so assiduous that I dared not leave the hotel for several days, and the gang of guide-touts outside Olaffson's Hotel, Port au Prince, who could be dealt with only by hiring one to fend off the others. There was the nice, friendly waiter at the best hotel in Colombo, Sri Lanka, whose kindly inquiries about one's plans cloaked his intention to make one lease his brother's car. There was the amiable student of English in Shiraz whose touching efforts at verbal self-improvement brought him gradually to the essential matter, the solicitation of a large gift. There was the sympathetic acquaintance in Srinigar whose free boat ride ended at his canal-side carpet outlet. There was the civilized Assistant Manager of the Hotel Peninsula, Hong Kong, an establishment so pretentious that it picks up its clients at the airport in Rolls-Royces, who, repulsed at the

desk, finally came up to my room to tout the hotel's tours. There were the well-got-up young men of Manila who struck up conversations, innocently expressing interest in your children and place of residence, and then gradually, and in their view subtly, began to beg. Rejected there, they then touted for shops. They then turned pimps, and, that failing, whores. The Philippines is a notable tout venue, like Turkey, Iran, Mexico, Egypt, and India. All are in the grip of a developing capitalism, halfway between the primitive and the overripe. In London there are no touts: it's easier there to make a living without the constant fear of humiliating rebuff. On the other hand, there are none in Papua New Guinea either. It is not yet sufficiently "developed," which means it doesn't yet have a sense of a richer outside world which can be tapped. In the same way, your real native of a truly primitive place doesn't steal from tourists. Not out of primitive virtue but out of ignorance: unlike a resident of, say, Naples, he doesn't know what incredible riches repose in tourists' luggage and handbags.

As I have said, it is hard to be a snob and a tourist at the same time. A way to combine both roles is to become an anti-tourist. Despite the suffering he undergoes, the anti-tourist is not to be confused with the traveler: his motive is not inquiry but self-protection and vanity. Dean MacCannell, author of the anthropological study *The Tourist*, remembers a resident of an island like Nantucket who remonstrated when, arriving, MacCannell offered to start the car before the ferry docked. "Only tourists do that," he was told. Abroad, the techniques practiced by anti-tourists anxious to assert their difference from all those tourists are more shifty. All involve attempts to merge into the surroundings, like speaking the language, even badly. Some dissimulations are merely mechanical, like a man's shifting his wedding ring from the left to the right hand. A useful trick is ostentatiously not carrying a camera. If asked about this deficiency by a camera-carrying tourist, one scores points by saying, "I never carry a camera. If I photograph things I find I don't really see them." Another device is staying in the most unlikely hotels, although this is risky, like the correlative technique of eschewing taxis in favor of local public transportation (the more complicated and confusing the better), which may end with the anti-tourist stranded miles out of town, cold and alone on the last tram of the night. Another risky technique is programmatically consuming the local food, no matter how nasty, and affecting to relish

sheeps' eyes, fried cicadas, and shellfish taken locally, that is, from the sewagey little lagoon. Dressing with attention to local coloration used to be harder before jeans became the international costume of the pseudo-leisured. But jeans are hard for those around sixty to get away with, and the anti-tourist must be careful to prevent betrayal by jackets, trousers, shoes, and even socks and neckties (if still worn) differing subtly from the local norms.

Sedulously avoiding the standard sights is probably the best method of disguising your touristhood. In London one avoids Westminster Abbey and heads instead for the Earl of Burlington's eighteenth-century villa at Chiswick. In Venice one must walk by circuitous smelly back passages far out of one's way to avoid being seen in the Piazza San Marco. In Athens, one disdains the Acropolis in favor of the eminence preferred by the locals, the Lycabettus. Each tourist center has its interdicted zone: in Rome you avoid the Spanish Steps and the Fontana di Trevi, in Paris the Deux Magots and the whole Boul' Mich area, in Nice the Promenade des Anglais, in Egypt Giza with its excessively popular pyramids and sphinx, in Hawaii Waikiki. Avoiding Waikiki brings up the whole question of why one's gone to Hawaii at all, but that's exactly the problem.

Driving on the Continent, it's essential to avoid outright giveaways like the French TT license plate. Better to drive a car registered in the country you're touring (the more suave rental agencies know this) if you can't find one from some unlikely place like Bulgaria or Syria. Plates entirely in Arabic are currently much favored by anti-tourists, and they have the additional advantage of frustrating policemen writing tickets for illegal parking.

Perhaps the most popular way for the anti-tourist to demarcate himself from the tourists, because he can have a drink while doing it, is for him to lounge—cameraless—at a café table and with palpable contempt scrutinize the passing sheep through half-closed lids, making all movements very slowly. Here the costume providing the least danger of exposure is jeans, a thick dark-colored turtleneck, and longish hair. Any conversational gambits favored by lonely tourists, like "Where are you from?" can be deflected by vagueness. Instead of answering Des Moines or Queens, you say, "I spend a lot of time abroad" or "That's really hard to say." If hard-pressed, you simply mutter "Je ne parle pas Anglais," look at your watch, and leave.

The anti-tourist's persuasion that he is really a traveler instead of a tourist is both a symptom and a cause of what the British journalist Alan Brien has designated *tourist angst,* defined as "a gnawing suspicion that after all . . . you are still a tourist like every other tourist." As a uniquely modern form of self-contempt, *tourist angst* often issues in bizarre emotional behavior, and it is surprising that it has not yet become a classic for psychiatric study. "A student of mine in Paris," writes MacCannell, "a young man from Iran dedicated to the [student] revolution, half stammering, half shouting, said to me, 'Let's face it, we are all tourists!' Then, rising to his feet, his face contorted with . . . self-hatred, he concluded dramatically in a hiss: 'Even *I* am a tourist.' "

Tourist angst like this is distinctly a class signal. Only the upper elements of the middle classes suffer from it, and in summer especially it is endemic in places like Florence and Mikonos and Crete. It is rare in pseudo-places like Disneyland, where people have come just because other people have come. This is to say that the working class finds nothing shameful about tourism. It is the middle class that has read and heard just enough to sense that being a tourist is somehow offensive and scorned by an imagined upper class which it hopes to emulate and, if possible, be mistaken for. The irony is that extremes meet: the upper class, unruffled by contempt from any source, happily enrolls in Lindblad Tours or makes its way up the Nile in tight groups being lectured at by a tour guide artfully disguised as an Oxbridge archeologist. Sometimes the anti-tourist's rage to escape the appearance of tourism propels him around a mock-full-circle, back to a simulacrum of exploration. Hence the popularity of African safaris among the upper-middle class. One tourist agency now offers package exploristic expeditions to Everest and the Sahara, and to Sinai by camel caravan, "real expeditions for the serious traveler looking for more than an adventurous vacation." Something of the acute discomfort of exploration and the uncertainty of real travel can be recovered by accepting an invitation to "Traverse Spain's Sierra Nevada on horseback ($528.00)."

But the anti-tourist deludes only himself. We are all tourists now, and there is no escape. Every year there are over two hundred million of us, and when we are jetted in all directions and lodged in our pseudo-places, we constitute four times the population of France. The decisions we imagine ourselves making are shaped by the Professor of

Tourism at Michigan State University and by the "Travel Administrators" now being trained at the New School in New York and by the International Union of Official Travel Organizations, whose publications indicate what it has in mind for us: *Factors Determining Selection of Sites for Tourism Development*, for example, or *Potential International Supply of Tourism Resources*. Our freedom and mobility diminish at the same time their expansion is loudly proclaimed; while more choices appear to solicit us, fewer actually do. The ships will not come back to the Hudson; and some place in Guyana will doubtless be selected as a site for tourism development. The tourist is locked in, and as MacCannell has pointed out, as a type the tourist is "one of the best models of modern man-in-general."