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SUBVERTING SCOTLAND THE BRAND: JANICE GALLOWAY'S "TOURISTS FROM THE SOUTH ARRIVE IN THE INDEPENDENT STATE"

"NATION" ONLY ONCE, BUT HOW!

Janice Galloway is one of the most important Scottish woman writers of her generation. She was born in Saltcoats, Ayrshire, in 1955, and is the author of, among other works, three novels,[1] two memoir (or "anti-memoir," as she prefers to call them) books,[2] and three collections of short stories: *Blood* (1991), *Where You Find It* (1996) and *Jellyfish* (2015). Generally speaking, national or transnational issues and contexts are subordinate in Galloway's work to that which guides her writing, which is, as she told Cristie Leigh March in 1999, answering "what it's like to be an intelligent woman coping with the late twentieth century" ("Exchanges" 85). The exploration of feminine experience in a turn-of-the-twentieth-century context as her major focus of interest made her dissociate her work from the label "Scottish writing" precisely because of the latter's gender bias: "Now that Scottish writing has a profile," she stated, "it's a bloke's profile, and one that I want to distance myself from" ("Exchanges" 89). Indeed, the version of Scotland to be found in the works of Galloway's contemporary male fellow-writers—particularly, Irvine Welsh (b. 1958)—is one "with which," in the words of Carole Jones, "women have great difficulty identifying" ("Burying the Man" 210). Nationality in her fiction,

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1. *The Trick is to Keep Breathing* (1989), *Foreign Parts* (1994) and *Clara* (2002, on the life of Clara Schumann).
2. *This Is Not About Me* (2008) and *All Made Up* (2011).

if directly present at all, occupies a place secondary to that of gender issues: "who wants to write about *nation* all the bloody time?" she protested in 1999, and yet hastened to add, "[t]o write through it, take it for granted—dear me yes" ("Reconstructions" 70-71; emphasis in the original). Early in her career, Galloway had already complained that Scottish female authors had to cope "with the guilt of taking time off concerns of national politics to get concerned with the sexual sort, . . . [of] not backing up our menfolk and their 'real' concerns" (Introduction 5-6). This attitude of discomfort and resistance found its counterpart in the feminist reception of her work. Thus, many woman critics reacted against male-biased allegorical interpretations of female figures in Galloway's work as embodiments of the nation, a masculinist appropriation that aligned her writing with the nationalist cause (Norquay; McGlynn; Stirling).

All this, however, does not mean that Galloway has remained unconcerned about national issues; quite the contrary. She was politically very active in campaigning for the yes vote for Scotland's independence in the September 2014 referendum and ended a piece published in the webpage *National Collective* titled "Let's Start with the Facts" *à la* Molly Bloom: "This is an opportunity like no other. There's nothing stopping us. Yes. Yes. Yes." In 1989, Galloway even compared women and Scotland as colonised territories shortly after her acclaimed novelistic debut *The Trick is to Keep Breathing* in the same year: "In many ways the 'Scottish' question and the 'Woman' question (if there is such a thing) are analogous. There is a sense of colonisation on women's territory as there is on Scotland" ("Janice"). This is an exceptional statement made at the start of her career that she was never to repeat. She did, however, produce a short piece that apparently—yet, not completely, as I argue at the end of the present article—reversed the 'women/gender first' scale of priorities by placing the focus on the national and, even, the transnational context. Thus, on the eve of Scottish Devolution (1997), she published a short story titled "tourists from the south arrive in the independent state,"[3] a fantasy of an independent Scotland of the future collected in *Where You Find It* (1996), which will be the main focus in the ensuing pages. Reference will be made to other stories from different collections where we come across relevant remarks on Scottish identity and to *Foreign Parts* (1994), Galloway's novel-length attack on tourism as an inauthentic and frustrating experience two young Scottish women undergo in their tour around France.

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3. Though some examples may be found in Galloway's first collection of stories, *Blood* (1991), she does not capitalise title words in any of the stories collected in *Where You Find It*, her second collection (1996), or *Jellyfish*, her third and last collection to date (2015). In an interview published in 2018, I asked her whether she wanted to create a particular effect by her conspicuous and frequent experiments with typography (decapitalised titles included). Her answer was: "Minor dislocation. A prompt to read carefully, just as to make sense one needs to listen carefully and not jump to the expected. A hiccup in thinking" ("An Interview").

At the technical level, "tourists from the south arrive in the independent state" is unusually and revealingly told in the ungendered third-person plural "they."[4] Narrative voice is indeed a crucial aspect in any fiction writer's literary practice and particularly so for Galloway, who considered it the singular defining feature of storyness. To the question, "What does the word 'story' mean to you?" her answer was unequivocal: "A voice. A voice telling a story is worth its weight. . . . [I]t's voice and perception. That's story" ("Interview with Janice Galloway"). Both in novels and short stories, voice, as she pointed out in another interview, is the major "technical problem" she faces when sitting down to write ("Janice"). But narrative voice does not and cannot exist by itself. It always goes hand in hand with what she called above "perception" ("voice *and* perception") and which we may dub in a more technical, narratological fashion "focalisation" (Genette, *Narrative Discourse* 189-98; and Genette, *Narrative Discourse Revisited* 64-78). In Galloway's story, the third-person-plural narration articulates what "they" (the "tourists" in the title) perceive, experience and, above all, see and react to. Voice is, thus, limited by vision, or, as I will be calling it throughout, by *gaze*. My main thesis concerning Galloway's "tourists from the south arrive in the independent state" is that it is the story of how this gaze is undermined, its expectations dashed, and its subjective position assailed by an initially indifferent and gradually hostile national other. In what follows, I will develop this idea by having recourse to the notion of the *gaze* in tourist studies duly contextualizing it in late-twentieth-century Scotland, which saw the explosion of the so-called heritage industry.

The pronoun "they" in "tourists from the south arrive in the independent state" is the corporate tag applied to an undifferentiated bunch of tourists who come from the south of what is unequivocally the island of Great Britain to a northern city (though unnamed, it is, unmistakably, Glasgow) of a now independent state (namely, Scotland). If "they" are clearly well-meaning Englanders, it is also because of their proverbially English sense of decorum and good manners which, nevertheless, hides a rather patronising attitude towards their former countrymen—now formally "foreigners" in the new context of the independence:

> The way of the modern world, the forgings of proud independences etc. It was best to welcome it as a Good Thing. They looked up keen then, prepared to smile their

4. This is the only instance of a third-person-plural narration in the whole of Galloway's corpus. Four stories from her first collection, *Blood* (1991), are told in the first-person-plural "we": "Scenes from the Life No. 23: Paternal Advice," "Love in a Changing Environment," "Scenes from the Life No. 26: The Community and the Senior Citizen," and "Scenes from the Life No. 24: Bikers."

> warmest smiles for these people from a colder, possibly even nobler, climate. Odd that their countries being formally separate now should make them feel so much closer, so much more tolerant. Smiles were the least they could do to salute the fact. ("tourists" 302)

In *The Tourist Gaze* (both 2nd and 3rd edition, the latter with Jonas Larsen), John Urry develops the idea that the gaze is the organising component of the tourist experience. As he points out, the chief goal of tourists is "to gaze upon or view a set of different scenes, of landscapes and townscapes which are out of the ordinary" (1). But this shaping gaze does not emerge or constitute itself spontaneously, it is, rather, itself the product of a cultural process: it is, as Urry points out, "socially organised and systematised" to the extent that "there are in fact many professional experts who help to construct and develop [and, I would add in view of what Urry argues, secure and guarantee] our gaze as tourists" (1). Tourism is, by definition, a leisure activity, and the tourists' choice of destination is based on an anticipation of pleasure in daydreaming and fantasising which is, as Urry argues, "constructed and sustained through a variety of non-tourist practices, such as films, TV, literature, magazines, records and videos, which construct and reinforce that gaze" (3). A large portion of the tourists' pleasure is derived from gazing at recognisable sites, objects and people which lend themselves to interpretation in their status as signs for the tourist gaze (e.g., a couple kissing in Paris is a sign meaning "timeless romantic Paris," while a small village in the English countryside the gaze captures as "real olde England" [3]). The idea is to have an experience of what is previously established as real, essential, exemplary, eternal, typical of the place tourists are gazing at that is further "objectified and captured through photographs, postcards, films, models and so on, . . . [which] enable the gaze to be endlessly reproduced and recaptured" (3). Moreover, in order to function adequately, tourism needs a complex array of professionals that guarantee the production and reproduction of objects of the gaze. Tourists have high expectations about what they should be getting (for their money) and would be very critical if they did not get what they expected, which should be out of the ordinary and, hence, valuable (38). The provision of services (transport, hotels, catering, entertainment, etc.) is, therefore, instrumental for the success of the process and "must take a form which does not contradict or undermine the quality of the gaze, and ideally should enhance it" (59). What is more, tourists must be protected by professionals from those aspects of their host society that are alien to or threatening for their gaze. Professionals must treat visitors as children and keep harsh reality out of sight as much as possible. Service providers should guarantee, Urry thus argues, that tourists stay "enclosed in an environmental bubble" (52). This is most necessary in the case of personnel in direct contact with tourists like transport employees, couriers, waiters and hotel staff, who must carry out what Urry calls loosely "'emotional work'": smile, be pleasant, serviceable, caring, etc.

Urry establishes a major distinction between the "*romantic* gaze," which entails "solitude, privacy and a personal, semi-spiritual relationship with the object of the gaze," and its alternative, "the *collective* gaze" (43, 150). The group of tourists in Galloway's story clearly fall into this second type, which "involves conviviality. Other people also viewing the site are necessary to give liveliness or a sense of carnival or movement" and "can indicate that this is *the* place to be" (150, emphasis in the original; see also 43). Revealingly, in the constitution of the tourist gaze of those visiting Scotland at the time the story was written the question of *nation* or Scottish *national difference* was primordial. Urry refines his central concept by arguing that different kinds of gaze have been "authorised [in the sense of 'validated,' 'sanctioned'] by various discourses" (149), such as *education* in the case of the eighteenth-century European Grand Tour, *health* in the case of sites of bodily restoration like the Swiss Alps, etc. To illustrate the case of how the discourse of "*nation*" becomes the determining factor in the formation of the gaze Urry chooses precisely as an example "the increasingly profitable and autonomous notion of *Scotland—the brand*" (150; emphasis in the original). By "*Scotland—the brand*" Urry refers to a 1995 book subtitled *The Making of Scottish Heritage* by David McCrone, Angela Morris and Richard Kiely, which is a study of the commodification of national identity through the explosion of the heritage industry in the 1970s and 80s as *the* marketing strategy to bolster tourism (McCrone *et al.* 1-3). Granted: from left to right across the political spectrum, "heritage is a vital source of legitimacy" in the search for national identity (McCrone *et al.* 7; see also 23). Yet, by becoming an "industry,"[5] the political value of heritage is much diminished in favour of its commercial worth.

Scottish heritage is mostly a recent invention, not just the reconstruction of the past, but its reinvention (McCrone *et al.* 1), so that the Scottish *authenticity* it presumably conveys is mainly a fabricated, performed or "staged authenticity," as Dean McCannell called it long ago (qtd. in McCrone *et al.* 25; see also 9). Galloway's *Foreign Parts* (1994), a novel about the road trip of two Scottish young women in France describes, as Bernard Sellin puts it, "the negation of tourism" (189), meaning that both characters feel alienated from the real experience of French *authenticity* promised by the travel guide from which they systematically read information about iconic sites and the other places they visit. "Galloway suggests," Sellin writes, "that tourism is, by nature, frustrating. . . . Often the visit is nothing but a confrontation of lifeless objects whose accumulation verges on nausea" (189).

Galloway's fictional attack on tourism as a discursive fabrication that is at a far remove from the reality of a country has a clear context which must not

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5. McCrone, Morris and Kiely write: "'the heritage industry' implies a product, a set of entrepreneurs, a manufacturing process, a set of social relations structured around this process, a market, and, of course, consumers" (21).

be obviated. Hers is a critical response to the heritage industry, specifically to a strategy implemented in the early-/mid-1990s, the period in which "tourists from the south arrive in the independent state" and other stories where we come across debunking remarks on heritage were written and published. McCrone, Morris and Kiely refer to how "[i]n a campaign to attract English visitors north of the border, its [the Scottish Tourist Board's] search for 'Scotland the Brand' involved an advertising campaign which played down the images of kilted bagpipe players in favour of Scotland's poetry, music and landscape" with the latter (landscape) occupying "the centre of Scottish heritage" (5).[6] This policy was at that time contested by "many Scottish writers," who protested against the restrictive and, hence, distorting view it imposed on what it meant and means to be Scottish, "as if Scotland only exist[ed] as heritage" (McCrone *et al.* 6). In "A Week with Uncle Felix" (*Blood*), a couple and their niece from Saltcoats (Galloway's birthplace) visit a relative (Felix), who lives in England. On the eve of their return home, Aunt Grace proclaims that Scotland is superior to England on account of its incomparably beautiful landscape: "The mountains and the scenery. . . . The mountains and the scenery" ("Uncle Felix" 168). Grace's words, which sound like a touristic slogan condensing Scotland's identity as inflected by the heritage industry—which privileges the country's romantic, barren, wild and beautiful landscape—is immediately debunked in the narrative and its falsity exposed: "The mountains. There weren't any mountains in Saltcoats. Just the shore and the smell of rotten seaweed. The mountains were in the Highlands and they had never been there" ("Uncle Felix" 168).

The true life-experience of the Scottish people is divorced from the image of Scotland that their own country projects. We come across another example of this in "the bridge," the story placed right before "tourists from the south arrive in the independent state" in the collection *Where You Find It* (1996). In this piece, Fiona and her former fellow art student now a famous painter, Charlie, drift apart after a discussion on their different views on, among other things, their sense of belonging. Fiona states that she feels at home in Glasgow, but Charlie, who now lives in London, says he does not. When she asks him if he has anybody back "home" with whom he keeps in touch, he retorts bluntly: "Home. . . . You mean Scotland? Bloody Greenock for godsake?" ("the bridge" 294). Though he is made to admit that he feels Scottish "sometimes," the feeling is a reactive response rather than an unprompted sentiment: "Not often but sometimes. Mostly when other people provoke it though. In the States, for example. . . . All this banging on about my heritage. *Heritage*. Poor bastards hadn't a clue. Scottish culture jesus christ. . . . At least they've got a fucking country. No. I don't want to belong to any of that thanks.

6. A social and cultural construct, landscape was, as Denis Cosgrove had put it in 1984, "'a restrictive way of seeing that diminished alternative modes of experiencing our relations with nature'" (qtd. in McCrone *et al.* 5).

Being Scottish" ("the bridge" 294; emphases in the original). Cosmopolitan Charlie's degree of disaffection is increased by the version of national identity promoted by the heritage industry. "Scotland" has become a brand he does not identify with, in ways partly similar to Galloway's detachment from "Scottish literature" and what it entails as a marketing label: "I got bogged down by the whole 'Scottish' sales-tag" ("Exchanges" 92). On the other hand, "Scotland [as Glasgow in Fiona's case] has always meant something" to Galloway ("Exchanges" 92). Yet, like Charlie, she was disgusted by the falsifying commodification of Scottish identity which, in her case, was above all related to the marketing and reception of the literature. Contemporary Scottish literature and the version of Scottishness it promoted and was expected to promote was male-centred and reductively "'urban and gritty'" ("Exchanges" 92). All in all, Scottish literature reproduced patriarchal ideology in ways similar to both nationalist discourse and the heritage industry: the nationalist project (i.e., "seeking out the essential character of a people and presenting it as distinctive and self-contained") is "gendered" so much so that "[i]t is no coincidence that those diagnosed as typically Scottish—tartanry, kailyard, Clydesidism—are entirely masculinist" (McCrone *et al.* 69).[7] Moving the action of her novels gradually away from (present-day) Scotland was, Galloway affirms, a way of counterweighting the alienating effect that the dominant sense of Scottishness had on her ("Exchanges" 92). Yet, whereas this removal (to France in *Foreign Parts* and to nineteenth-century Germany and Central Europe in *Clara* [2002]) is an indirect way of redressing the balance, "tourists from the south arrive in the independent state" confronts this problem head-on and, on account of its brevity, more sharply than a novel could do.

From the early 1980s onwards, a campaign was launched to make Glasgow, in which the action of the story takes place, more appealing as a privileged touristic destination. A great deal of money and effort was put into changing "its reputation for industrial and political militancy, religious sectarism, squalor and urban violence" (McCrone *et al.* 38). Glasgow was resignified as part of the heritage industry through the promotion of a depoliticised and sanitised image of the city. This explains why in 1988 Glasgow "won the competition to hold the National Garden Festival," in 1990 "a new regenerated Glasgow was made the European City of Culture," and in 1992 it was the third most visited city in the UK after London and Edinburgh (McCrone *et al.* 38, 18). Two top-three tourist destinations in Britain were, therefore, Scottish, and the heritage industry had a lot to do with it. Edinburgh was

7. In her interview with Cristie Leigh March, Galloway expressed her detachment from the tag "Scottish" as follows: "Twentieth century consumerism is relentless. It got so the word 'Scottish' started to mean this media-thing rather than anything else: I was having difficulty perceiving what I was about from what the media thing seemed to be telling me 'Scottish writers' were about" ("Exchanges" 92).

advertised as a sophisticated, grandiose and historical city with the Castle as the central iconic site. Edinburgh did not escape Galloway's irony. Thus, in her story "romantic" (*Jellyfish*), the unnamed I-narrator meets with her partner, Charlie, who is in the company of a Hungarian girl, Maria, at a restaurant in Edinburgh. The narrator asks Maria if she likes Glasgow, to which the latter simply answers: "It's ok" ("romantic" 138). When she next asks Maria's opinion about Edinburgh, she reproduces a cultural (and touristic) cliché in a tone of ironic liveliness: "This is Edinburgh, the Athens of the North, we're talking about here" ("romantic" 138). The Hungarian's reply is a cold and competitive "Not as nice as Budapest" ("romantic" 138). A bit later, however, Maria reveals that she also shares the expectations of the tourist gaze hunting after iconic sites when she demands to visit the Castle because "she has heard the castle is very romantic" ("romantic" 139). Charlie leaves with the Hungarian girl immediately after hearing this, leaving his partner, the I-narrator, behind. Far from feeling sad or left-out, the narrator meets an extremely good-looking man, Ruaridh, and spends the afternoon making love in his flat, where "you can see the castle if you stand on the bed, jump and down a wee bit. But still. Romantic" ("romantic" 140). Her partner's visit to the Castle in the company of a young foreign woman is the opportunity for the narrator to have a sexual, truly *romantic* encounter with another man, and to ironize about the falsely, staged and frustrating *romanticism* of a touristic site: "I imagine pissed-off Maria finding Edinburgh disappointing. . . . This time of night, in the right company, I hear the Castle is very romantic" ("romantic" 141). Galloway's infrequent criticism of the heritage industry and her rendition of gender conflicts (an almost omnipresent theme in her work) are interwoven in "romantic."[8]

Unlike the more traditional and majestic Edinburgh, Glasgow's image was and is that of "a cosmopolitan city with 'friendly local people'" (McCrone *et al.* 82). Everything in "tourists from the south arrive in the independent state" works to disturb, destabilise, impair, and even blur, obfuscate the visitors' expectations as framed by the tourist industry. The tourists' gaze as the organising component of their experience is disabled, bereft of its power to grasp, to capture the essence of the independent state they visit which meant, above all, reading what is there to be gazed at collectively as signs of Scottish "authenticity" Glasgow presumably exhibits. The tourists'—which is the same

8. "romantic" contains in sketch the common pattern of gender relations Carole Jones discovers in Galloway's novels: woman protagonists (Joy Stone in *The Trick Is to Keep Breathing*, Cassie and Rona in *Foreign Parts* and Clara Schumann in *Clara*) substitute past relations with older men (who embody hegemonic masculinism) with potential attachments to younger fellows (David in *Trick*, the Algerian student in *Foreign Parts* and Johannes Brahms in *Clara*). Jones writes: "Galloway's attempt to rehabilitate masculinity in the form of a 'post-patriarchal' youth who signifies an ideal and desirable 'new' masculinity, which prioritises partnership over domination, is clearly a recurrent theme in her work" (*Disappearing Men* 93).

as to say their gaze's—predicament is further aggravated by the deficient performance of the service providers as the English group moves across transitional, liminal spaces (airport terminal, shuttle bus ride, hotel reception and fifteenth-floor corridor) the night of their arrival—the narrative of their arrival is what constitutes the plot of the story properly. They cannot keep pace with or understand what goes on around them, and all their expectations crumble as their irritation and discomfort grow. The story begins thus: "They touched down four hours late and the luggage hadn't arrived but they didn't mind. These things happened. Even in the most sophisticated places, these things happened" ("tourists" 302). There is no one there to help them despite the shameful four-hour delay—a bit too much for a bunch of proverbially punctual Englanders, even on what is now an international flight. While they wait for the carousel to start moving, they pay attention to a group of people from the Scottish Islands and cannot understand either how "decent wool [could be] knitted into such awful jerseys," or the dialect they speak ("now and again, an almost-familiar word crunching with consonants" [302]). Though they do not recognise the Islanders' colourful and peculiar knitting patterns, the TV programs (*Taggart* [1983-2010] and *Para Handy* [three adaptations 1959-1995]) that had contributed to the making of their tourist gaze are still of some help in identifying the accent and enjoying the only moment of pleasure (or what comes near a pleasurable experience) in the story:

> The red-head [one of the Islanders] closest shouted something and gestured with his hands. He had the richest accent. They listened carefully, relishing cadences they recognised from tv documentaries, the odd series. *Taggart*, *Para Handy*. Catching themselves whispering sample phrases for the feel of it in their own mouths, they almost blushed. (303)

Galloway's story, tough a fantasy,[9] is closely connected to the historical context in which it was written and published. In the 1990s, tourism was "by far the country's [Scotland's] biggest employer" (McCrone *et al.* 79). Most of the visitors came from the rest of the UK attracted by the heritage industry's promotion of an image of Scotland that placed the "stress [on] landscape and locations" publicised in particular through the burgeoning "poster industry" (McCrone *et al.* 80). In Galloway's story, little remains of touristic advertising of this kind, and whatever is left over does not contribute to secure the gaze, quite the opposite: "Some [tourists] wandered to the pinboards inexpertly attached to the walls, the single poster left intact with its patterning of trees

9. After the results of the 2014 referendum, "tourists from the south arrive in the independent state" could be dubbed a uchronia in retrospect. *Uchronia* or *alternate history* is a subgenre of science fiction that speculates about what could have happened if momentous historical events had developed differently, if, for instance, Napoleon or Hitler had been victorious (Sterling).

and water. Lock Lomond perhaps. Lock Ness. One torn banner had nothing left but the words: THE BEAUTIES OF ROYAL DEESIDE against the ripped edge" ("tourists" 303). What is left of the pictures of peopleless or majestic places (e.g., the Lochs or castles) that figured so largely on the campaigns to attract tourists to the north is, therefore, insignificant to the visitors' experience north of the island.

If up to this point in the story everything seemed to go too slow, from this moment onwards—and unexpectedly for the tourists—it speeds up. Tired and disoriented, they become aware that the colourful Islanders have left and that all their bags and cases were "piled in a crumbling mountain behind the only trolley. They had no sooner begun to gather them together when someone appeared, a shout and an arm waving from the double glass door" (304). They are taken to an "old bus" by an unshaved man, who drives off abruptly "without warning" while "they were still settling" on "seats [that] were pleasingly whole and covered with tartan flocking despite the strong tang of nicotine and spilled alcohol" (304). With "the interior lights switched off"—which they refrained from asking to be turned on because "[i]t might have showed a terrible lack of something, lack of awareness of the need to conserve energy" (304)—the tourists have their first and only experience of sightseeing. The gaze's search for signs is activated, but the desire to spot and gaze at something historically and culturally valuable is systematically frustrated. The gaze is impotent in its attempt at shaping what is amorphous, at interpreting what is recalcitrantly unreadable in a place that presumably held the promise of something worthy to be seen, grasped, captured:

> And with the lights off it was possible to see the wide streets much more clearly. Wide streets and long stretches of wasteground. *They noted a pile of rubble that might well have been impressive once, something important*. The more wasteground. Eventually, the street lamps came into view. By their light, hoardings with *unreadable* exhortations became visible, graffiti under the bridges. Doubtless the work of dissidents, though whether dissidents before or after recent events *would be impossible to say*. The driver's high nasal whine joined in the radio singing only he was talking. *They did not recognise the words but he was pointing at something, possible a landmark of national significance*. They *peered out* of the windows, rubbing holes in the condensation already gathering there, *saw nothing* but late-night neon, a stretch of warehouses closed for the night behind shutters. (305; emphases added)

When they reach the "too-big hotel" (305), the driver does not help them with their bags as they expected, "nodding to reassure there was no assumption he was at fault" (305). Cold and tired, they toil towards the reception desk. Behind it, unfit and unwilling (like the driver) to carry out "emotional work," "three women wearing suits and 2 am faces waited under clammy electric light. The sign on the counter, PASSPORTS MUST BE SURRENDERED

ON RECEIPT OF KEYS NO TICK, made them uneasy but they did not quibble" (305). The ominous, Fate-like female figures add to an increasingly oneiric, nightmarish atmosphere, in tune with the surreal and dream-like component that Galloway has admitted was very strong in her early writing ("Interview with Janice Galloway").[10] The ending lends itself to a symbolic, allegorical and, if we attend to the combination of oneiric and realistic details, synecdochical reading. The woman that takes their passports sings the popular song "The river Clyde, the wonderful Clyde" ("tourists" 305) and tells them "You'll have seen it [the Clyde] on the way from the airport" (306). But of course the visitors have failed to lay their tourist gaze on this major site, unaware that most likely the bus driven by the Charon-like figure was taking them across it on their way to the city centre of what readers identify now as Glasgow. Like a policeman at a checkpoint, the woman "looked from passport photo to face and back again, her mouth tightening at the corner in an attitude that resembled amusement" (306). The reception counter functions as a passport control desk for foreigners entering a country which is metonymically represented by the hotel itself, whose name is precisely "New Independence" (306). The woman's ominous "amusement" (306), on the one hand, is in tune with the I-narrator's ironic mimicking of the language of advertising in "romantic"—though now in the form of a song that celebrates the beauty of the river Clyde—and, on the other, it bespeaks the somewhat infernal fate awaiting the tourists. Soon the latter find out that the keys they were given in exchange for their passports do not unlock the doors of their rooms: "Without help, they found the right doors but the locks were resistant, reluctant to give in" (306). They are left stranded in the corridors of the fifteenth floor, their torment increased by the unbearably incessant "sound of bagpipes" (306) and an owl-like "hooch, hooch" shout coming from a distance (307). Tormented, instead of delighted, by the sound of music and of nature, impotent and exhausted, they try to find comfort closing their eyes (a literal disempowerment of the tourist gaze) and fantasise about the much-needed rest inside rooms they cannot enter: "behind the closed eyelids, they hoped for better things. . . . They would walk inside [their rooms], close the old day out. . . . The Kelman novels they had bought for atmosphere would wait to be used, spines cracked open, to place over their weary faces to keep out the morning light" (307). The readable signs of Scottish essence or authenticity as publicised by the heritage industry are denied to the tourist gaze, its access to the inner recesses of the independent nation (represented by the hotel) is barred. While they wait for morning to come,

10. The occasion for this 2010 interview was the publication of Galloway's collected short fiction.

> glimmers of admission that things were not what they had hoped for were undeniable. . . . It was three am. And they thought how understanding they had wanted to be.
>
> How generous. How tolerant.
>
> How kind. (306-07)

The light of day may illuminate the national sites the gaze seeks after—we do not know, the story ends in the dead of night. But even if this were so, the tourist gaze is so damaged by what has happened in the story that it has been deprived of its power to capture what is pleasing, valuable, storable and reproducible. In the now unlikely context of Scotland's independence, Galloway's story is not very optimistic about the possibility hinted at by John Urry that "[i] t may be that tourism can in a rather inchoate way develop 'international understanding'" (52).

WOMEN ON TOP, AFTER ALL

One determining factor for this negative view on tourism is the idea that Galloway's work does not fit into preconceived notions of Scottishness because, as Mary McGlynn states, "[w]riting about Glasgow, . . . one is not seen as being 'as Scottish' as those from the Highlands or even Edinburgh" (9). Yet—as discussed above following McCrone, Morris and Kiely—Glasgow was successfully marketed as a major tourist destination and as the embodiment of a special version of Scottishness promoted by the heritage industry which was, at once, different from and complementary to that of Edinburgh or the Highlands. Moreover, the present article takes the opposite view to that expressed by McGlynn in her remark on "tourists from the south arrive in the independent state" (otherwise valuable for being one of the few statements on Galloway's story): "Scotland [in the story] is explicitly depicted as a colonial nation with a culture to be absorbed for the experience, rather than understood as part of a national British character" (33). Precisely, Scotland is depicted as an independent state, a nation whose independence is put into practice by thwarting the possibility of cultural absorption promoted in the real historical context by the tourist industry. Galloway produced with admirable economy a narrative that turns upside down the dynamics of cultural colonisation that offered for sale the idea of Scottishness as staged authenticity to be grasped by the tourist gaze and from which Scots themselves felt detached, when not openly opposed to. What is more, the pervasive masculine bias of nationalist, heritage and literary discourses is likewise subverted. In the story, there is no mention of the cultural and political institutions of the new independent state, and the only reference to literature is to James Kelman's novels, which the

southern tourists "had brought for atmosphere" ("tourists" 307), yet did not open. This latter fact may be interpreted in two ways. On the one hand, as a way to frustrate the commodification of literary discourse and its contribution to the making of the tourist gaze, and on the other, as a detail expressing Galloway's open criticism of the restrictive version of the country that "Scottish literature" conveyed on account of the exclusion of women's perspective. Furthermore, in this fantasy narrative, it is not men, but women who are or seem to be in power: the three receptionists of the New Independence Hotel hold positions of authority with the few men carrying out the subsidiary roles of bus driver and janitor. Like *Foreign Parts*, yet applied to Scotland rather than France, the story stages the negation of tourism and a confrontation with the commodification of Scottish identity, the falsification of real-life experience(s), and the reproduction of patriarchal standards it perpetrates and perpetuates.

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In Janice Galloway's fiction, nationality, if present at all, occupies a place secondary to that of gender issues in the context of turn-of-the-century Scotland. This near absence has rightly been interpreted as a gesture of resistance to male-biased nationalist discourse and to the masculinist version of Scotland found in the works of famous contemporary male fellow-writers. However, Galloway produced a short piece that apparently reversed the "women/gender first" scale of priorities by placing the focus on the national and, even, the transnational context. The present article focuses on a story titled "tourists from the south arrive in the independent state" (1996), a fantasy of an independent Scotland of the future, in which "the tourist gaze" (Urry), articulated in an ungendered third-person plural "they," is undermined. This gaze (clearly, that of English visitors in this case) was constructed by Scotland's tourist industry from the 1970s onwards, a process which entailed the commodification of Scottish identity. Scotland and, particularly, its heritage became a *brand*. The tourists' expectations are systematically frustrated in the story, which ends with Scottish female characters occupying positions of authority.

Dans l'œuvre de Janice Galloway, la nationalité, à l'occasion de ses rares évocations, occupe une place secondaire par rapport aux questions de genre dans le contexte de l'Écosse du tournant du XXIe *siècle. Cette quasi-absence a été à juste titre interprétée comme un geste de résistance au discours nationaliste masculin et à la version masculiniste de l'Écosse que l'on trouve dans les œuvres de célèbres écrivains masculins contemporains. Cependant, Galloway a produit un texte bref qui semble avoir inversé l'échelle des priorités « femmes / genre d'abord » en mettant l'accent sur le contexte national et même transnational. Cet article se concentre sur une nouvelle intitulée "tourists from the south arrive in the independent state" (1996), qui fantasme une Écosse indépendante du futur, dans laquelle est mis à mal « le regard du touriste » (Urry), relayé par une narration non genrée à la troisième personne du pluriel ("they"). Ce regard (en l'occurrence, celui de visiteurs anglais) a été construit par l'industrie touristique écossaise à partir des années 1970, processus qui a entraîné la marchandisation de l'identité écossaise. L'Écosse, et en particulier son patrimoine, est devenue une* marque. *Dans la nouvelle de Galloway, les attentes des touristes sont systématiquement frustrées tandis que la fin du récit met en scène des personnages féminins écossais en position d'autorité.*