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Abstract

Foreign travel is commonly an accompaniment to war, but it tends to be seen - by commanders and historians though not always by the participants - as peripheral, incidental to the primary experience of battle. This article suggests, somewhat speculatively, that in the case of the Australians in the First World War, travel was more than fortuitous; that indeed one aspect of travel, a well-established tourist ethos, had a direct impact on the way the troops reacted to the face of battle.¹

Our Famous Boys

RICHARD WHITE

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Foreign travel is commonly an accompaniment to war, but it tends to be seen – by commanders and historians though not always by the participants – as peripheral, incidental to the primary experience of battle. This article suggests, somewhat speculatively, that in the case of the Australians in the First World War, travel was more than fortuitous; that indeed one aspect of travel, a well-established tourist ethos, had a direct impact on the way the troops reacted to the face of battle.¹

Tourists are not much loved by those engaged in social inquiry. Daniel J. Boorstin speaks of 'droves of these creatures'; Levi-Strauss loathes them in *Tristes Tropiques*; Roland Barthes derides the *Blue Guide's* 'uninhabited world of monuments'.² A distinction is often made between tourists, who are to be found in 'hordes' or 'flocks' or, interestingly, 'armies', and travellers, who take on a mildly heroic status.³ Paul Fussell's pained protests that 'We are all tourists now' contrasts with his picture of the 'travellers' of the 1930s whose relation to what they saw was somehow more authentic.⁴ (We might add that the typical tourist is American, the typical traveller is British.) But this distinction is a dubious one, and is increasingly being questioned.⁵ In what follows, the term 'tourist' is meant to embrace Fussell's tourists as well as his travellers: there is no great moral distinction being made between them. At the same time it is not meant to be as sweeping as Dean MacCannell's concept, the tourist as a model of 'modern man-in-general', or as the industry's definition, which includes anyone spending twenty-four hours away from home.⁶ Tourists are those who travel for the sake of what they see. They find in what they see a representation of 'the other'. They can be distinguished from those travelling for other purposes (to do business, to do battle) and also from those thoroughgoing expatriates whose alienation from the society they grew up in allows them to embrace 'the other' as their own.

While not deriding the tourist's vision, there is an important sense in which it is blinkered. It is limited, as Philip Pearce has put it, by 'the phenomenological realization that one is acting as, and being perceived

as, a transient figure with no enduring relationship to the visited community'.⁷ Ultimately the most sophisticated anthropologist in the South Seas, the most intrepid climber in the Himalayas, the most conscientious cafe-sitter in Paris, all encounter a cultural barrier between host and visitor, a respectful distance that both sides preserve. The tourist's relationship to the host culture must by definition be that of the observer, never of the participant. Ultimately, the tourist's loyalties and sympathies must, to paraphrase Edward Said, lie with the tourist's own culture, not that of the host.⁸ The point of view is always an outsider's. If it were not, there would, in a sense, be nothing to observe. And this is the point of course: the limitation of the tourist's vision is also its strength, because the tourist looks on from outside, but always with something to compare, always able to see through the pretensions of a particular time and place.

In the case of Australians in Europe, this distance between the observer and the observed doubles back on itself. Europe is observed from the standpoint of Australian culture; but that standpoint also involves acknowledging that Australia's literary and imaginative culture is itself European. So Australians in Europe are doubly distanced from what they see. One of the continuing threads in the history of Australian tourism is the sense of having entered literature in Europe, of seeing the imagination made real. At last the place names, the plants and the seasons correspond to art and poetry.⁹ For Australians in Europe, the distance between the observer and the observed is also the distance between reality and imagination, between the audience and the stage. Consider how often the tourist experience has been explained by comparisons with the theatre or the cinema.

In letters and diaries Australians have described Colombo, 'as good as a play'; Aden, 'as good as a pantomime'; the Suez canal by moonlight, 'a truly theatrical scene'; Egypt, a 'living kinetoscope'; a Provencal village, 'just like a bit of stage scenery for any opera like *Cavalleria* or *Faust* or half a dozen others'; a trip through France, 'like a succession of cinematographic views of Paradise'; England, 'prettier than anything I have ever seen in a picture show'; and in Wales 'one could fancy oneself on the front of that train that you see in the pictures where they take all the scenic pictures from'.¹⁰ It happens that all the tourists quoted here were seeing the world between 1914 and 1918, as Australian soldiers, but apart from their preference for the more popular cultural forms, they fit a general pattern in Australian tourism. There was an unreality about the outside world. When they strove to describe it, they found their comparisons, not in places they knew or even in particular pieces of theatre, but in theatre itself, or in imaginary places, dreamworlds and fairylands, places they could hardly believe were open to them.¹¹ A young ex-carpenter would write, after 'a rare old time' on Loch Lomond, 'fancy me being over here

seeing all these places it doesn't seem real'.¹²

There is another mark of the Australian, or ex-colonial tourist. Much of the literature on tourism uses, explicitly or implicitly, an imperialist model, reflecting the interest of anthropologists in the effect of tourism on third-world host communities. It follows the tourist from the older, industrialized, urban core cultures into what Turner and Ash have called the 'pleasure periphery'.¹³ The West's pursuit of the 'exotic' is seen as a new form of colonization. That crucial appendage of tourists, the camera, is, according to Susan Sontag, 'a way of taking possession of the places they visited'.¹⁴

Now while this is an appropriate model for the rapid development of Bali and Vanuatu as Australian tourist destinations in the 1970s, it is inadequate as a model for the Australian experience of Europe. A trip to Europe was a function, not of imperial confidence, but of cultural dependence. It was a journey of the provincial to the metropolis, to the older civilization, to the intensely familiar rather than the exotic. A more appropriate model might be the Grand Tour of the Enlightenment's young aristocrat, or it can even be seen, following Dean MacCannell, as a pilgrimage, a religious quest in a secular world.¹⁵ Certainly Australians went to Europe as supplicants, not as predators. Unlike the Englishman's mean fortnight looking for the sun in Majorca, the Australian or American version of the Grand Tour of Europe keeps a high moral tone. It is infused with a certain humility and is less likely to end in disappointment. It is intended to be educational, civilizing. The idea is to return a better person, not just a browner one.

In any history of that civilizing pilgrimage from Australia to Europe, the experience of the Australian troops in the Great War stands out. In four years 330,000 men from a population of five million, embarked to travel overseas. It would be another half century before the tradition of the trip to Europe was brought within the reach of so many Australians, and by then the age of jet travel would have robbed the experience of many of its rituals and much of its emotional meaning. The social range of the men who went was a reasonable reflection of male society as a whole. In other words, the war prefigured the age of democratic tourism. Bazza Mackenzie's heritage stretches back to London in 1915.

Soldiers cannot normally be regarded as tourists. They do not travel for the sake of what they see. To fully explain why the Australian troops might be considered as tourists requires far more evidence and argument than can be given here. However a brief survey of a few points in their travels can demonstrate how well they might fit into the existing tourist tradition. First, a desire to see the world – not just a search for adventure – was probably a much more significant motive for enlistment than is often recognized.¹⁶ The Australians remained a

volunteer force throughout the war and the enlistment rate was remarkable – probably half the eligible single men joined up. They were soon called, mockingly or cheerfully, ‘six-bob-a-day tourists’, a term the troops themselves adopted, not always ironically. There is Bert Facey’s claim in *A Fortunate Life* that he and his mates in a boxing troupe thought they should go because, as he put it: ‘we were fit, and another thing that appealed to us was that we would be travelling overseas and would be able to see what the other part of the world was like’.¹⁷ There is the common diary comment later in the war that what has been seen has made the decision to enlist worthwhile. And in Dawes and Robson’s collection of soldiers’ reminiscences, there are the men who explained their enlistment by their hopes ‘of seeing countries I had heard and read about for years’, who mentioned ‘5/- a day and the chance of seeing the world’, who took ‘the chances’ for what they might ‘get out of it seeing places and men’.¹⁸ It was not the most common motive given, but the difficulty is that such admissions betray a rather self-interested and naive attitude to the war. If travel were the underlying motive, it was best left unstated, or elevated into a related but more respectable public explanation, such as a love of England or a spirit of adventure (which, incidentally, is how Dawes and Robson categorize it). This is not to say that travel was the dominant motive, or that it was the only one men sought to disguise. Patriotism and the high rate of pay could be more persuasive. I simply want to establish that travel too was a big attraction. There was no other way most Australians would get to see the world.

It is hard now to imagine that anyone would go to war to see the world: the risks seem disproportionate. But it is arguable that both the perception of risk and the desire to go measured up differently in 1914, and perhaps even in 1918; indeed our whole perception of the risks of war probably derives more from the ‘modern memory’ of the Great War than the contemporary experience of it.¹⁹ The troops knew what it was like; the would-be recruit could not. Moreover, there is the suggestive statistic that on the eve of the war, people aged between twenty and forty, the age of most recruits, accounted for fifteen per cent of all deaths in Australia, and twenty per cent of non-infant deaths. Today the figure is less than five per cent.²⁰ Death was more visible, more calculable. They had less to lose, in a sense, and more to gain. Dawes and Robson also give eloquent testimony to the hopeless routines in the city and the futile loneliness of the bush for many workers. Perhaps the greater tragedy of the war was not the deaths of those who had so much to live for, but the lives of those for whom death was a risk worth taking. In weighing the thing up, it could make sense to decide quite rationally, as one man said, full of the beauty of Marseilles, convinced that Marseilles was Paradise, that ‘this is a chance of a lifetime and is worth running a lot of risk to go through’.²¹

This was not simply a conviction that death would never happen to them. Many men fully expected to die. But many could also believe, as an erstwhile billy boy put it, 'we did not have a great deal to lose'.²² On the other hand they had a world to gain, a world they had been told throughout their lives represented all that was worthwhile.

Different men joined up for different reasons. However the second point at which the Australian troops conformed to the tourist tradition applied to them all: they all undertook a leisurely sea voyage. They sailed in the great passenger liners of the day, leased from the Orient company, P & O, the White Star and Blue Funnel lines. In the first convoy, the ships were still painted in company colours. They left Australia with the same farewells, the same rituals of streamer throwing, gift-giving and band-playing, rituals only recently established, and more elaborate in Australia and Japan than elsewhere. They crossed the Equator with the same ceremonies performed for the entertainment of passengers, not, as they originated, for the recreation of the crew. The troops played some of the same deck games, gloried in the same sunsets, complained of the same *ennui* and made the same ports of call along the way as any other Australian tourists. Their immediate destination was a tourist's one: either Egypt, of which it was said that the nominal governor was the Khedive, the real governor was Thomas Cook,²³ or England, which was every loyal tourist's preferred goal. Coincidentally they were trained within sight of two archetypal tourist monuments, the pyramids of Giza or Stonehenge on Salisbury Plain.

One of the more brazen recruiting pamphlets, put out in 1917, appeared in the form of a tourist brochure. It showed a troopship sailing off into the distance, and announced on the cover, 'A Free World Tour to Great Britain and Europe: the Chance of a Lifetime'. Inside was a remarkable parody of the purple prose of shipping agents, offering 'Personally-conducted tours to Africa and the old world, and the dear homeland'.²⁴ It was of course a gimmick, and yet, as heavy irony often is, it was perversely close to the mark.

This particular prelude to the war – the existential experience of a long sea voyage – was unique to the Australians and New Zealanders. Crossing the Atlantic hardly gave the Americans time to get over their seasickness and there were no ports of call along the way. The Australians had a voyage of over a month to imbue a tourist spirit, and they had a tradition which encouraged them to see it that way. While not suggesting the Australian troops were the only tourists, I am surprised that those who would assert the distinctiveness of the Australian soldier have not given this crucial prelude to his war more serious attention: the reason perhaps is that if the voyage were formative, it detracts from the celebration of the national character.

When the Australians went on leave, they went as tourists, not as

soldiers from the wars returning. Leave rarely meant going home and seeing family, as it did for British, French or German troops. On leave, instead, they saw the same sights as other Australian tourists, followed the same guides and guide-books, carved their names in the same monuments, posed for the same photos, made the same comments about Cairo, London and Paris in their diaries and postcards and letters home. At other times the army itself could take on the role of Thomas Cook. When the official historian, C.E.W. Bean, arrived in Egypt at the end of 1914, his first task was to produce what was, in effect, a tourist's guide to Egypt, a condensed Baedeker.²⁵ For a lucky few in Colombo, the authorities provided a train trip to Kandy while their ship was coaling.²⁶ Officers often marched their men past points of interest, and in England and France many men actually enjoyed their route marches as a way of seeing the country. Chaplains were particularly enthusiastic about pointing out items of historical interest, though we might question the sagacity of the chaplain who, as his ship zigzagged with lights out through the submarine-infested Mediterranean, gave a sermon pointing out that these were the very waters in which St Paul was shipwrecked.²⁷

Much of this, of course, was simply coincidental, though coincidence enough to affect the way men regarded what they saw. Travel, after all, was an inevitable element in this war, for Australians more than most participants. It was only natural that they should travel on liners, send postcards home, kill time sightseeing. But there were more consequential ways in which these troops conformed to a tourist tradition. The commemoration of the Grand Tour took the particular literary genre of the travel diary or the collection of letters home, a genre which was naturally episodic, even picaresque. By 1914 this literary form was well-established and widely known in Australia. Letters from abroad would be commonly passed around, and often found their way into local newspapers and trade journals, their only merit being that some of the readership would know the author. Trips abroad, written up by journalists or sketched by artists, were serialized in the popular press and diaries were often published. Much of this was nothing more than the vanity publishing of the travelling class, but there was also a more popular sort of writing. Mark Twain's immensely successful *Innocents Abroad* (1869) sold well in Australia, and by 1914 there were home-grown equivalents. Randolph Bedford's *Explorations in Civilisation* had originally been serialized in the popular and aggressively nationalist *Bulletin*. J.H.M. Abbott, who had created in *Tommy Cornstalk* a distinctive image for the ordinary Australian soldier in the Boer War, published *An Outlander in England* in 1905. By 1914 Nathan Spielvogel's *Gumsucker on the Tramp*, which first appeared in the small-town *Dimboola Banner*, had sold 13,000, which made it as successful, proportionate to population, as *Innocents*

Abroad. As their titles suggest, they all played on the image of an honest, down-to-earth Australian in a sophisticated and worldly Europe. This sort of writing provided the obvious model for Australian soldiers setting out to write about their experiences, a model, I want to suggest, not just for recounting their experiences later on, but for making sense of and giving a shape to their war as it unfolded. Writing about it did help shape the experience of war in significant ways. They carefully numbered their letters home, to counter the vagaries of the post, so their accounts of their journey would be read sequentially. As they lived the experience, they imagined its retelling: 'Wont a man like talking about these days after the war'²⁸ and 'should I get back you will never get my mouth shut about ... my magnificent experiences'.²⁹ The writing could heighten the formality of the experience, so a dairy farmer could write to his father of a trip to the pyramids: 'I will be writing to the [Macleay River] Times later when you will be able to see a detailed account of these Wonders'.³⁰

The importance of the tourist model in giving shape to the war experience can be seen in the titles of Australian memoirs, usually closely based on letters or diaries, which began appearing from 1916. Notice the role of travel and a sense of place in titles like *There and Back*, *Diggers Abroad*, *Letters from a Young Queenslander*, *Letters from France*, *A Digger at Home and Abroad*, *'Over There' with the Australians*, *Digger Tourists*. They were in a direct line from pre-war Australian travel literature, with its titles like *There and Back* (even the same titles could be used), *A Bendigonian Abroad*, *A Queenslander's Travel Notes*, *Journal of a Wandering Australian* or *Madge's Trip to Europe and Back: By Herself*. Compare their emphases to the titles of English memoirs with their references to war itself and the perspective of rank and social position: *Bullets and Billets*, *A Student in Arms*, *Mud and Khaki*, *A Brass Hat in no Man's Land*, *Trench Pictures from France*, *Memoirs of an Infantry Officer*, *Undertones of War*, *A Private in the Guards*, *A Scholar's Letters from the Front*.

Consider too the role of tourism in shaping two quite different unpublished memoirs, both coincidentally written by bank clerks and both written up in the 1920s from detailed diaries kept during the war. Donald Day thought that, on the whole, he 'would hop in for another go if the opportunity came along'. The great attraction of the war was that:

every centre at which I was stationed was made the means of further sightseeing and I must admit that very few in the AIF, were able to make such a lovely War of it as I, and see England so thoroughly.

He often talked of 'We tourists' and 'We of the Third Australian General Hospital Tourists' and by 1929 he summed up the war, its pros and cons, like this:

These times are now just memories and often tend to make one discontented with the desire to experience them again. What a wonderful thing is travel ... a wonderful education, but [it] takes toll of one by way of compensation. That toll is the wander-lust.³¹

Frank Anderson had a very different war, a more typical one: 'Four long weary years of agony, distress and misery which benefited nobody but those who profited by money making'. Yet he cannot shake the tourist model off either: for Anderson it provides the antithesis of the horror, performing much the same role as reminders and memories of an idyllic pre-war arcadia played in the English memoir. There were, he concluded in 1921:

many bright and happy days as well as the bad ones. For those who were spared to return it was no doubt a wonderful experience, seeing the great cities of the world, whilst in normal conditions many of us would not have had that opportunity.³²

Another crucial point at which the Australian soldier falls in with the tourist is in the way many men saw the relationship between war and leave. Overstaying leave and absence without leave were endemic. At one point in 1917, the three Australian divisions in the Third Army were recording roughly twelve times the number of absence without leave convictions proved against the other 22 divisions.³³ What kept many men from returning to the trenches when their leave pass ran out was, it would seem, not fear, or family ties (as might happen were they spending leave at home), or simply a naturally civilian outlook, but a staunch belief in their right to see England properly. And what sent them back was not the army's requirements but the fact that their money ran out. 'Men get their parents to send them money from Australia' a sergeant major complained, 'and then they clear out until it is spent'.³⁴ Rather than multiply examples, it is worth following the experience of one man closely so that his attitude to the proper role of leave in his war service, an attitude which was spelt out by a surprising number of men in letters home, can be fully savoured. Roland Mills was a young clerk from the suburbs of Melbourne. He had been planning his leave for twelve months and finally, in June 1917, he was writing home about the 'real good time' he was having in England: 'really should have gone back on the 11th but am staying here until my money runs out and that won't be for a few days yet. Of course that is a slight risk but very slight'. Back in France a week later, he explained, having met a friend: 'I decided to stay on and chance being held up for my pass as I still had about £8 left and thought I'd have as long as possible while I had the chance. Although I had nineteen days [he should have had ten] in Great Britain so I didn't do too bad eh. I arrived back here alright and everything is OK. The only thing for me to look forward to now is the end of the war and my return to

Australia'.

But the war did not end, and he had another leave. In 1918 he was writing home asking for 'another tenner. You might think I'm rather extravagant with money but its not that'. This was, rather, a perfectly justifiable expense: he had been caught this time when he overstayed his leave, and was fined six pounds. With ten pounds he would pay off the debt:

Then I will have a few pounds to spare for when I get another leave which will be in a couple of months time ... However although it cost me over £6 I had a jolly good holiday. 26 days altogether and only spent £10 during that time ... I beat them for nine days last June when on leave ... so I am still ahead of them.³⁵

Leave was central, sacrosanct: the army was expected to accommodate the needs of the tourist. Even a stickler for army regulations like Sergeant Wilson, a classics scholar and former dux of the elite Scotch College, Melbourne saw it that way. He tried to get an extension of leave in Rome in 1919 on the dubious grounds that time spent travelling between Greece and Italy, between tourist sights, should not be counted. After all, he had not managed any sightseeing in that time. He confided his exasperation to his diary. It was, he wrote, 'ridiculous to suppose that time spent on boats and in rest camps should be reckoned as part of one's leave. But the DAWMG an old colonel had no more initiative than a Lance-Corporal'.³⁶ The expense, the broken regulations and the risks were all to be justified by the chance to see the sights, and many felt duty-bound to make the most of the opportunity. As a carpenter put it, when asking for more money from home:

I have spent a bit but I can assure you it has all been spent seeing places in Scotland and England. I can tell you I don't feel like missing this chance of seeing the place whilst I am here ... it is a chance of a lifetime and I don't suppose I shall ever get it again.³⁷

The Australian soldier, then, had more than a touch of the tourist in him, but that is not to suggest that his war was simply a kind of holiday. What always needs to be explained, as John Keegan has pointed out, is why, given the appalling horror of trench warfare, anyone kept on going.³⁸ Is it possible that one of the ways of coping with the horror that was open to the Australians in particular was this tourist stance which, as I suggested at the outset, always implied they were observers, not participants, and maintained a protective barrier between the observer and the observed. The tourist is uninvolved, and this precious detachment, the capacity to stand aside for a time, might have been a crucial respite in war. Various devices are used by soldiers in battle to distance themselves from the horror around them. Perhaps

the Australian troops, who suffered appalling casualties (almost one in five killed, more than one in five wounded) yet maintained their prestige as capable and callous soldiers,³⁹ found some refuge in tourism.

The tourist vision revealed itself in many strange situations. For example they set down the macabre beauty of the war, often without any of the explicit, undermining irony which to us sometimes seems concomitant on anything written after 1914. Descriptions of shrapnel bursting could show a tourist grappling with the poetic: 'a very pretty sight it looked ... huge balls of cotton wool quietly hanging in the atmosphere'.⁴⁰ Liquid fire could be a 'wonderful spectacle'.⁴¹ Strafing was 'tremendous ... awe inspiring. And far prettier than any firework's display I've ever witnessed'.⁴² What was 'one of the most wonderful and inspiring sights we have seen yet?'.⁴³ It might have been the view from St Paul's but in this case it was the sinking of the *Triumph*. Dogfights had a particular attraction, bets being held on how long a plane would take to crash after being hit: 'There would be thousands watching these nightly performances and all yelling at the top of their voices',⁴⁴ a reminder again of the relation between tourism and the theatre. A provincial shopkeeper described another memorable dogfight:

saw a airplane fight and saw one of our planes hit and catch fire, the prettiest sight I have ever seen. Planed right to the ground but both pilot and officer burned to death ... The finest sight I have seen. We stayed and watched it all through. Came home and had a tea welcoming Cpl. Higgins into Sergeants Mess. Had jelly and fruits, omelettes (egg). Bonser (sic).⁴⁵

We can see how the juxtapositions in a day in the life of a soldier might tend towards the ironic, as Paul Fussell has suggested, though we should note that in many cases, such as this, the ironic consciousness is ours, not the writer's.

The process of turning battle sites into tourist sights began almost immediately. Soon after carnage made their names famous, Anzac Cove and Pozières were visited, by both participants and new arrivals, on a combination of pilgrimage and tourist jaunt. Robert Webster took what he called an 'excursion' with four others to the scene of a battle the day after it took place, very much in the spirit in which other men would visit Pompeii or Waterloo:

We had a beautiful ride across country to Beaumetz ... There are any amount of their dead still lying about just as they fell ... quite sad to see them lying there ... In several of their packs I could see their bread and cheese which they will never want now poor boys ... Having seen enough gruesome sights for one day we made back ... rain came on and I got wet to the skin, which little misfortune of course has to be regarded as all part of the game.⁴⁶

Again the irony is ours, not his.

More conventional sightseeing also provided the break that could give shape to the daily routine, even quite close to the line. Ruins were an essential element in the image that the tourist from the new world had of the old. Few men seem to have made the connection between ancient ruins and the modern effects of war, although the cloth hall at Ypres and the Virgin on the basilica at Albert became tourist sights in their own right. Churches were a different matter. They were old, of elevated significance and to be found everywhere in France, and they provided many men with a constant invitation to take on the tourist role. Let us follow for a while the movements of a young lieutenant who combined the war with sightseeing in churches in 1916. At Poperinghe: 'some fine old churches, though rather knocked about. I had a civilized afternoon tea and a good dinner with Capt. Thompson'. At St Omer: 'a good town with some very old buildings, especially the Cathedral ... Had a good lunch also some Manhattan cocktails and cherry brandy, Creme de Menthe, and Creme de Cocoa'. Next night: 'very tired. The Benedictine was most acceptable, before turning in'. Two days later: 'Night off ... Had some music on the gramophone and some good curacao. Lovely night'. Then he went to London, ill. Later, while at a school: 'Went over to Picquigny for lunch. Had some topping cherry brandy. Saw church and ruins'. The next week in Amiens: 'Had a good lunch and some top hole cocktails in the Savoy. Went to Cathedral and had my photo taken'.⁴⁷ Perhaps sightseeing was not as effective an escape as the cherry brandy, to which it gradually, over this period, gave precedence. But both were important methods of dealing with the realities of war.

Then there is the camera, which by 1914 was an essential part of the tourist vision. There is a fortuitous overlap here: the camera was to tourism what the gun was to war. The words that explained their use – 'aim', 'shoot', 'capture' – were the same.⁴⁸ Cameras were everywhere in Egypt, but they were banned in France: 'Oh for the Brownie' became the cry on route marches in spring.⁴⁹ Even so there were enough evaders of the edict – as with anything that hindered tourism – to leave a photographic record of a war quite different to that portrayed in official photographs. Once cameras were allowed after the armistice they appeared, miraculously, from nowhere.

In May, 1915, Captain Webster was in Mudros after a time on a ship off Cape Helles, where he had been trying to get snaps of shell-bursts. He expressed in his diary the constant lament of the tourist, the one that got away:

Captain Lampen and I were sitting with our cameras in our hands on the sun deck and I remarked what a series of magnificent pictures we would get if the 'Majestic' happened to be torpedoed whilst we were lying close beside her. As fate had it we just missed these pictures by an hour.⁵⁰

The other adjunct of tourism was the souvenir. The war cast up its own souvenirs, and men readily sent their families mementos taken from dead Germans along with conventional souvenirs bought in London or Paris, and did not acknowledge any distinction between them. Cameras and souvenirs allowed men to invest the war with a certain normality.

Perhaps the most important effect of the tourist stance on perceptions of the war was the way in which letters and diaries gave the war a particular shape.

NOTES

1. This article is based on research undertaken on a special project fellowship at the Australian War Memorial. It takes up one theme of a book, *Europe on Six Bob a Day: The First AIF as Tourists*, being written on the fellowship. All misspellings in primary sources have been retained in quotations.
2. Daniel J. Boorstin, *The Image: A Guide to Pseudo-Events in America* ([1961]; New York: Atheneum, 1971); Claude Lévi-Strauss, *Tristes Tropiques* (Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1976), p. 16; Roland Barthes, *Mythologies* (London: Cape, 1972), p. 76.
3. Louis Turner and John Ash, *The Golden Hordes: International Tourism and the Pleasure Periphery* (London: Constable, 1975); Susan Sontag, *On Photography* (New York: Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 1977), p. 64; Dean MacCannell, *The Tourist: A New Theory of the Leisure Class* (New York: Schocken Books, 1976), p. 9; Philip L. Pearce, *The Social Psychology of Tourist Behaviour* (Oxford and New York: Pergamon, 1982), p. 6.
4. Paul Fussell, *Abroad: British Literary Travelling Between the Wars* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1982), p. 49.
5. MacCannell, *The Tourist*, p. 9; Pearce, *Tourist Behaviour*, pp. 1-2.
6. MacCannell, *The Tourist*, p. 1; A. J. Burkart and S. Medlik, *Tourism: Past, Present, and Future* (London: Heinemann, 1974), v, p. 93.
7. Pearce, *Tourist Behaviour*, p. 3.
8. Edward W. Said, *Orientalism* (Harmondsworth: Penguin 1985), p. 80.
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