Moving Places, Becoming Tourist, Becoming Ethnographer

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Introduction:

I want in this essay to look at three interwoven mobilisations around travel and tourism. Perhaps the most obvious is the mobilisation of the destination, where I want to suggest that while tourism is often defined as travelling to somewhere – that sense of where is visited is actually rather less firmly placed on the earth's surface than is often assumed. Second, I want to track the mobilisation then of becoming a tourist, looking at the construction of tourism as a specific form and practice of mobility, which is perhaps a constrained and less free roving sense of motion than the term mobility often conjures up. And to tell those stories I want in a third register to tell the story of academic mobility – of being a researcher chasing the two previous mobilised topics. To be clear then the location I am going to discuss is the Greek Ionian Island of Kefalonia, or to locate the destination in not entirely the same space, Captain Corelli's Island. I am going to look at tourists travelling to that island, whichever one it may have been, based on field work mostly in 2004, when I was collaborating with a colleague Penny Travlou, some two years after the release of the movie and good eight years after the success of the novel of Captain Corelli.

My plan is to use the register of the ethnographic confessional to illuminate the former two issues – and say something about research on mobile subjects. I shall begin by reflecting on ways of knowing about mobility, or rather mobile ways of knowing – in part to work upon the chiasm of tourism as a practice of travel to other places that often involves generating knowledge in a specific idiom and ethnography as a practice of knowledge that often involves travel (Crick 1992; Galani-Moutafi 2000). It is, I have argued elsewhere, important to see tourism as a knowledgeable activity, if we are to avoid treating tourists as dupes, but one that is not necessarily producing knowledge of an academically respectable kind (Crang 1999). Equally it is a not uninformative conceit to play with the scandalous suggestion that ethnographer and tourist are, if not the same creature then the same species and are part of the same continuum – that *homo academicus* might be uncomfortably closely related to that embarrassing relative *turistas vulgaris*. This essay rejects ideas that the tourist follows knowledge produced by others, codified in guidebooks and their ilk, while the ethnographer produces new knowledge (as though ethnography was not guided in advance in its own way). Some accounts might replace ethnographer with 'explorer' others might mediate these categories with that of the traveller – one who perhaps follows others textual instruction but separates themselves from being with other pleasure seeking travellers (Risse 1998). Sometimes the distinction seems to be the velocity of travel, with superficial and brief excursion opposed to slower, more sedentary immersion in place and with slow rather than quick travel producing 'serious' knowledge. My discipline of geography has heavy investments too in distinguishing fieldwork from recreation,

through practices of observation during travel. I recall sitting in front of my undergraduate director of studies, one of Carl Sauer's former post-doctoral students (just to make my claims on disciplinary filiation), with a slide of the great man up on screen, sat on a hill slope, knapsack by him and I am sure I recall a pipe in his mouth, with the quote below 'Locomotion – the slower the better'. But in each of these schema I suggest we can detect a hierarchy of taste and values transmuted into categories of knowing (Bourdieu's 1988). These hierarchies are often organised in terms of levels of reflexivity – where the serious traveller is both more self-aware yet also concerned with others, while the mere tourist is seemingly unreflexive yet focused upon the pleasures of the self. Valid knowledge is deep, reflexive and acquired slowly, whereas declassee knowledge, if it exists, is superficial, unselfaware and unserious – that stages epistemologically the dubious separation of *logos* and *eros* that Wang links to the modernist ontology of tourism (Minca & Oakes 2006). Indeed, the absence and presence of pleasure, or maybe its constitution becomes a crucial issue in categorising practices of mobility.

Perhaps this social categorisation of knowledge and practices can be illustrated through two examples. First is photography. Tourism has been marked as prime territory for photography, and indeed the camera can almost stand as a marker of the tourist on occasions. An obsession with documenting the personal trip, the capturing of clichéd sights, the conversion of sites into sights to be seen, and the sense of the camera as a barrier between local and tourist -- all of these are popular epithets about tourist practice (Crang 1997; Crang 1999). Empirically, one can also see 'travellers' then as possessed of more elaborate practices of photography, and more elaborate cameras, working to produce rather different pictures than tourist snapshots (Redfoot 1984). Over again, many ethnographer eschew cameras, partly in favour of the trusty notebook, but partly also to avoid being labelled as a tourist. Or, possibly, because of the impossibility of using a camera unselfconsciously. Personally I chose not to own a camera for several years, finding it quite difficult to take tourist pictures after studying taking them. So in this chapter the practices of photography and the relationship of academic knowledge to practices of picturing will form a framing as it recounts an attempt to conduct a visual ethnography of what is often seen as a visual practice. Second, as an example of slow travel and knowledge claims, is ethnography. Classic ethnographies tend to be written in a fairly declarative tone, with a subdued presence for the ethnographer – if one at all. There is an extensive critical literature around the textual strategies of producing authoritative knowledge. But for now I would highlight the way that personal accounts of the same studies have often been published as separate volumes for more popular markets, shorn of academic constructions. Thus Anna Grimshaw's ethnographic PhD 'Rizong: a monastic community in Ladakh' could become a brilliant tale of personal discovery and tribulation for a more popular

market (Grimshaw 1992). The confessional accounts of the blunders and accidents in research may, if not being consigned to a separate volume, form the preface (sometimes literally), or initial chapter to an otherwise conventional ethnography (Crang and Cook 2007, page 8). These productions of knowledge cross scandalously from academic to non-academic, so much so that some academics have used nom de plume to prevent the taint of popular writing about their fieldsites from infringing on their academic credentials (such as 'Joshua Elliot' on Thailand). I would suggest that any border so heavily policed suggests there is a great deal of traffic that has to be denied. I would not for a minute wish to argue that we can or should flatten all the distinctions and that these are the same activities. But the desperate attempts to detach one from the other seem to speak of repressed pleasures and fears. It might be that we need some sympathetic, in every sense, way of producing knowledge about tourism.

How then to respond to this situation where we are travelling to learn about people who are travelling and learning. My response here is to make the further reflexive step of staging how we travel to learn and about travelling and learning. I am then making this account more reflexive, not to deepen it and contrast it with tourist knowledges but rather to render it more comedic and highlight the play of surfaces, rather than suggest some superior profundity. In a sympathetic way of knowing, I am going to suggest thinking through a visual study of tourism as a way of studying a possibly visual practice of tourism. The case in point is the island of Kefalonia that is the setting of a story by Louis de Bernière which he partly researches from the history texts in the library in the island's capital, Argostoli. His story becomes a film that is shot on the island and both promote images of the island for tourists to visit and photograph, whereupon researchers (namely myself) appear and film them and write up stories about the island, occasionally in Argostoli library. To reflect this imbrication of different knowledge practices one might think through an ethnography that is made up of 'many levels of textualization [and visualization] set off by experience [and t]o disentangle interpretative [or analytical] procedures at work as one moves across levels is problematic to say the least' (van Maanen 1988 cited in Wolfinger 2002, page 86). It is difficult to separate out a moment of production of knowledge that can suddenly stand apart from the others. Given the confluence of events and redoubling practices here it seemed that a confessional account in Van Maanen's (1988) terms. A confessional emphasises the story of the research and the process of making knowledge. I make this choice with some reluctance, it has to be said, since I have some sympathy with Pierre Bourdieu's (2003) concern that the reflexivity I am undertaking here risks being an example of the 'diary disease' that would seek 'to substitute the facile delights of self-exploration for the methodical confrontation with the gritty realities of the field' (2003: 251). I am very aware that such personalised accounts have as many traps and tropes as others, be that the

bildungsroman of eventual scholarly triumph despite mishap (Cook 2001), or the ethnographer as hero, or indeed as bumbling anti-hero, with the demand to confess failings and show vulnerability to gain authority in inverse measure to the textual abjection of the protagonist. I certainly do want to keep in mind Bourdieu's focus upon the relational constitution of knowledge about this field while rejecting precisely the academic politics in that sense of 'grittiness' validating knowledge– that is of course a trope of distinction for 'hard won knowledge' production against comfortable, passive tourism. I cannot really here boast of 'gritty realities' of the field. All the stories I am telling are of a beautiful island, in a stunning setting, in Europe with an industry designed to cater to visitors. Gritty it ain't. Nor can I disentangle my conduct as a researcher from either my 'personal' or academic auto-biographies, from either my sense of doing tourism or doing academic work.

The possible strategies leave us between what I have before called a conceptual Scylla and Charybdis, where on one side is a relativistic immersion into the play of layers of representation, and, on the other, a position that seeks to peel these representations away to somehow get down to a somehow buried reality, lurking beneath the technologies and apparatus of tourism. This latter we might, after Meaghan Morris, call the bad mirror (nasty tourist representation), good mirror (critical social theoretical representation) approach (Crang 2006, page 53). Such seems an unappetizing choice and one where confronting the interplay of representations becomes a necessity. How might we avoid some analysis set in terms of slow versus fast knowledge production, deep versus shallow, with an economy of serious pursuit versus pleasureable diversion? My answer here is to weave both these tendencies through the narrative, into the play of categories and knowledges – a surficial account moving between these loaded images on all sides.

So it seems then that to stage the production of knowledge of and about Captain Corelli's island I have to start with myself as an academic becoming a tourist to conduct a participant observation of tourism to the island. So I want to begin with myself becoming ethnographer and tourist, then look at the mobilisation of the island onto the printed page and celluloid, before looking at practices of consuming the cinematic scene, especially visual ones, before following how the island went missing, and then so too did the film.

Being an academic, being a tourist

> 'Dr Crang, this is university finance. It's about this holiday you have booked…'

So I was to research tourism on Kefalonia. Myself and Penny Travlou had spoken about it often enough, we had tried to secure funding often enough. Here was somewhere we could see book, movie and tourism and look at tourist photography. Now we had a grant [1] and could proceed. Penny was already 'in the field', by which I mean she had gone 'home', for the first time in ages, to her parents' summer house on the island. I was to follow with a group of tourists from the North East of England where I live. That was when the doubts set in. Sure a partner raised eyebrows about the fieldwork in mid summer in Greece, sure so too do did several colleagues. Not gritty enough. Not serious enough. The doubts became more explicit with the actual planning of the logistics of fieldwork. I had investigated options and the best deal was in fact to simply buy a package holiday as a means of getting a direct flight and accommodation on the island. Doing this taught me two things. First, that only one company would sell a single person a package – couples were the market. Second, the university procurement policy could not cope. I had to submit two alternate quotes (involving flights to Amsterdam, thence to Athens thence Kefalonia or a bus connection and ferry) to prove that this most definitely was not a holiday, but a cheap and expedient way of conducting academic work.

I was then left with thinking about joining the tourists as most definitely not a holidaymaker. The local airport is somewhere with which I have become quite familiar, but only two of my flights from there, though both to Greece, were for holidays. The division of leisure and work travel is etched in the very layout if the building with the scheduled airlines are in a different atrium than the chartered holiday flights (figure 1), and here I was checking in on the charter rather than the scheduled flight side, standing in a long queue looking to see if anyone else was a singleton and feeling really rather out of place amid those dressed to start a summer holiday. The inflight sales magazine headline ('your holiday starts now!') seemed equally perturbing. Eventually we all took off, each of us on the plane nervously anticipating the various things we had all been thinking about and planning for a long time.

FIGURE 1 round here

I was left here reflecting on how I felt about tourism, and with an urge to start making notes I profoundly hoped would be profound, partly as a way of telling myself that this was indeed work (as I had promised my long suffering partner left to look after the household). And I have to confess I felt rather anxious about it all. Not merely the sense that I must produce something worthwhile

and maybe even worthy, but about being mistaken for a tourist – or indeed not being mistaken for one. As I sat there I knew part of this was down to my sense that I was not sure about my relationship to tourism in my own life. I have long had the feeling that I make a rather bad tourist in at least three ways. First, I grew up in a family that did not really do tourism. We lived in a tourist area and knew tourist arrivals by their local pejorative of 'grockels'. Second, having studied holidays as an academic, of course, I know in some senses know too much to ever unselfconsciously just 'be a tourist'. I am reminded of Claudio Minca's account of being a host to visiting tourist academics when neither party could 'simply' be host or visitor (Minca and Oakes 2006). Third, and finally, my academic training and proclivities seemed occasionally to make me such an obsessively 'good' tourist as to be a bad one. Thus I do read the guidebooks, and the signs and labels on places, and the brochures, and the fliers. I really do get anxious about missing things that I should see or visit. But every time I ask others, they appear to have rather blithely ignored the guides – or at least not been such slaves to them – been less concerned and generally have thus had a rather better time. I am perhaps living proof that you can take Culler's dictum, that tourists are indeed a great army of unsung semioticians (Culler 1981), too far.

In studying Greek tourism, I was encountering myself, but clearly not myself, and revisiting things I knew as a tourist, but in different ways. I felt distinctly estranged from and not at home with the other tourists – which had something to do with the black Moleskine notebook in my pocket, upon whose very materiality I was hanging a set of increasingly anxious assertions about my ethnographic self. On this chartered flight I wondered how much was invested in the material cultures of travel – myself with a stock of chinos and linen jackets that I had deemed the right compromise of work and setting, with the casual and occasionally garish clothing around me. The sort of alienation, and self-alienation created by fieldwork, by turning your daily life into an object of study, was being compounded by assumed (and desired and needed) senses of social differentiation between myself and the other travelers. Indeed, why else would I still feel the need to exorcise and exercise this distance now?

Producing places: where is 'here'?

We were travelling to our destination. In many senses tourism is about producing destinations. Materially it does so by making places to travel too – through travel links, infrastructure and facilities. Skills and knowledges about what visitors may want develop, along with the techniques to meet these needs – from sign writing to bus tour itineraries – are also inscribed into the place, typically drawing from wider Mediterranean and Greek experiences. Socially, it mobilizes people to

host visitors, with disciplining of local institutions to a specific market and often flows of labour to support the institutions required to host tourism. Thus an island like Kefalonia sees its population of 'locals' surge as the summer season begins and émigrés who had left the island, and indeed migrant workers move in to service the large number of 'outsiders' – as indeed, to jump ahead, one tour guide to the island (an émigré British woman) explained more poetically on a coach tour. Her account was of the island becoming quieter and quieter as the season winds down, with drivers like the one on the coach heading off to drive coaches at ski resorts, till just a few inhabitants were left, many she implied not being local islanders but British immigrants.

For my purposes here what is perhaps more telling is the inscription of an economy of desire onto space. Tourism we may say is a 'semiological realization of space' (Hughes 1998) where the physical landscape is turned into a socially produced space through the inscription of meanings; meanings which incite the desire to visit. To put it another way a destination becomes such by producing a sense of 'hereness' and becoming a place distinguished from others through its possession of some attribute. Increasingly we might argue that the 'hereness' of destinations are not natural features, but rather socially inscribed values and meanings layered onto the landscape. Even the natural is not always secure in offering a sense of self-sufficient presence to a place. For instance Kefalonia is geologically remarkable, with striking fresh water upwellings and the beautiful Merinissi lake in a collapsed cave now open to the sky. Classic tourist features developed here, from boatmen on the underground lake to waterwheels powered by the upwellings but they are not generally reasons given for visiting, rather they are things to do once one has arrived. Beyond natural features many places have become sacralised and given a sense of presence by things not physically present at the destination. As Barbara Kirshenblatt-Gimblett put it, there is a phantom landscape of associations underlying the one we see, where 'the production of hereness in the absence of actualities depends increasingly on virtualities […] so that we travel to actual destinations to experience virtual places. This is one of several principles that free tourism to invent an infinitude of new products' (Kirshenblatt-Gimblett 1998, pages 169, 171). This not only means more places can become destinations but also that the anchoring of places in their physical actuality becomes rather more tenuous. Tourist marketing and circulating discourses produce the place and location called "Captain Corelli's Island".

The material case in point is film and movie related tourism destinations. There has emerged a niche industry promoting locations used in films, an academic niche discussing the phenomena and indeed a small industry promoting the use of places as locations as a place marketing strategy to local strategic elites. The trade press such as the Manchester Travel News (28 Sep 2004) listed the

top five film holiday destinations, from the UK, as: 1. New Zealand (Lord Of The Rings); 2. Cephalonia [sic], Greece (Captain Correlli's Mandolin); 3. Thailand (The Beach); 4. Malta (Troy); 5. Kenya (Out of Africa). Such lists are performative as much as informative – they solidify a notion of 'film tourists' linked to 'movie' destinations. In response to this sort of industry discourse tourist organisations such as VisitBritain not only promote film related destinations to potential tourists but also offer services to film companies to find destinations – as now does the Greek National Tourist Organisation with its guide to previous and potential locations "*Shooting in Greece*".

If the industry is excited about the ability to endow locations with the lustre of tinseltown, then academics such as I can be seduced by the eerie ontological and epistemological symmetry of the processes. Thus perhaps the most influential analysis of tourism in the 90s was Urry's (1990) *The Tourist Gaze*. This is not the place to argue over the merits of its thesis, but its account of the production of the extra-ordinary as the object for a trained and cultivated form of seeing, adapted from the Foucauldian medical gaze, led to a focus on the production of sights out of sites and the culture of being a sightseer – a word which, when you think about it, is a wonderfully tautological concept. Destinations, it suggested, were rendered into things that could be apprehended through a specific way of seeing and, people were trained in that way of seeing. The other great visual technology of the 20th century has surely been cinematic and the rise of the screen. So now we have two technologies which produce specific forms of spectatorship and objects of vision coming together- one founded on a mobilised spectator, the other a mobilized gaze and immobile spectator (Crang 2002). In this scenario, the world becomes that which can, indeed must, be seen and visual consumptions becomes the means of knowing the world.

That tourism is not as simple as that will become clear. But the power of that idea of a visual process remains as a haunting presence for tourists, industry and academics. One way to begin to see this might be the very malleability that enables the inventing of destinations. The use of a site in a story or film adds a virtuality which produces a sense of new 'hereness' to a place. But which place? Empirically this can become a dirty contest within the tourist industry as different places pitch their claims. Perhaps the most celebrated case here is 'Braveheart country' in the Scottish Trossachs, marketed on the back of the film about the region that was itself shot in Ireland (Edensor 1997). If we look at the list from 2004 above we see the film Troy, about events in Anatolia, benefited Malta – the location of its filming. And some locations are just commonly mistaken, as where many assumed the final scene of Thelma and Louise was shot at the Grand Canyon, whereas it was in Utah (Neumann 1999). Instead of a malleable commodity in the hands of a ruthless

industry, we find perhaps more sense of fluid and fragile set of association temporarily fixed and held through constant reworking amidst many possible heterogeneous associations.

Kefalonia offers it seems a strong case for the association of film and tourism. The book was written on the island, about the island; the movie was shot on the island (after nearly choosing Corfu) about the island; the setting is an island that is pretty self-contained and easily delimited. Even better than the sort of hermeneutic loops described above, the book sold more than 1.5m copies before the film, and was described in the Guardian newspaper as 'the ideal beach accessory for the discerning holidaymaker' (29/7/2000) – a book to take on holiday that comes to promote a holiday destination. In the press too it has been credited with launching a tourist boom to the island and newspaper travel columns spoke of 'Corelli-mania' leading to the renaming of bars and coffee shops, the printing of glossy guides to "Captain Corelli's Island" and even the giving away of a *Rough Guide to Cephallonia* in a national newspaper, with an introduction by the director giving the filming locations. The only fly in the ointment of this perfect exemplar might be the pretty dismal reviews of the film. But even here, scathing reviews would point out the island's scenery as the 'best performance'. So let's begin our journey to Captain Corelli's Island

Anticipating the scene

Let me build an ethno-fiction here, of planning out the trip and flipping through the brochures. Dominated by blues and whites, as I look to the Greek sections and the Ionian islands, or under 'ideal for couples', romantic destinations and family destinations the introductory pieces on Kefalonia begin to assume a familiar pattern:

> "Castaway Kefalonia - the island of Captain Corelli fame" Thomson 2005
> "As fans of Captain Corelli's Mandolin will undoubtedly know, Kefalonia consists of peaceful bays, tiny hillside villages, sleepy harbours and, also, some wonderful beach resorts" MyTravel 2005
> "Kefalonia is a haven for beach lovers with its sand and shingle coves, sheltered bays and inlets. … still relatively new to mass tourism, although it has become famous due to the success of the book and film 'Captain Corelli's Mandolin' … [Sami:] 'if you want a quick preview see the movie 'Captain Corelli's Mandolin' that was filmed here" Thomas Cook 2005
> "The setting for the romantic story of Captain Corelli's Mandolin, this mountainous isle is the largest of the Ionian cluster. Cliffs and caves, picturesque little ports, sleepy villages in herb scented hills, and beautiful beaches – some with watersports, all combine to create the

perfect place and space to chill, unwind or enjoy a family holiday. The old Greece with

modern comforts" Airtours 2006.

Any study of brochures has to set such descriptions in the context of the quantitative dominance of pictures and details of pretty standardized accommodation (Dann 1996), where you have a pattern of 1 page setting the scene for the island then 4-5 pages of accommodation. So the sense of the destination here blurs from Greece to an Island, to a specific resort. In that context Kefalonia though is notable for the scenic and landscape descriptions that are often entirely absent from other destinations. The island truly is the star. And it is the star in the living room before arrival –as Thomas Cook says it is possible to preview via the movie.

The island of the brochures is helpfully outlined with parasols for major beaches. Greece as a whole plays on the myth of the untouched Edenic beach (Lencek and Bosker 1998) in its publicity. Empty and populated only by the occasional couple the Greek beach of the posters and brochures offers a chance to 'live the myth' of romantic solitude – to adapt the GNTOs 2005 campaign phrase). Kefalonia trades upon one beach, Myrtos, that has become delocalized by its ubiquitous reproduction in images. appearing as 'the beach' in national campaigns where it is unnamed and unspecified and staged to offer the view *of* the beach rather than *from* it. Alternately on the island, Myrtos Beach is profoundly inscribed in place, with signposts for car hire outside the airport using the beach as the symbol of the island, (figure 2a) and more prosaically road signs greeting travelers with the announcement of the impending approach to 'The famous Greek beach' at a mere 25km or so distance (figure 2b). Indeed then the road is set up with a special viewing point from which you may view the (famous) view of the (famous) beach (figure 2c) – safely 5km travel from getting your toes wet, and as a platform now rather safer than simply stopping on a blind bend rounding a mountain spur, though many, more or less, happily strolled across that road each day. And if you hang around that view point, as I did, taking say hour long samples, in an hour you might expect to see 18 groups of people stop, including 2 coach parties (but never more than 2 at a time thanks to the careful scheduling of different companies) for an average of 4 minutes for independent travelers and a little longer for coaches to allow for disembarking and reembarking (see figure 2d). One could from all this conclude two things. First, there is indeed a visual economy of incitement and satisfaction where tourists reproduce the promotional image for a mediated experience and visual consumption of the scene rather than actually experience the beach. Second, that doing really dull observational tallies is one way to prove you were not having fun but doing academic work.

FIGURE 2 a-d ROUND HERE

And yet being a successful tourist is not so simple as this reading of the signs might imply. As people sat on the viewing platform, they could indeed marvel at the view – and who would not. They would also comment on being there to get 'the view' that they knew they had to have, with a degree of self-awareness that this was 'the picture' they were meant to take. As the guide on one party I traveled with put it – we did not need to worry because the bus would stop in exactly the best location to let you get 'that picture'. An injunction to get the picture, with which they and others were largely happy to comply – although those without an authoritative guide there were sometimes anxious questions whether this was indeed the best point from which to do gain 'the picture'. After taking 'the picture' they typically then looked around and moved off, possibly pausing only to walk round the spur to take an equally stunning view north towards Assos. A few would cast glances at the strange chap with a hat keeping a camcorder cool in the baking sun, filming the view, and their part in it. A chap who showed no sign of being with a party, getting back in the car, or even going to take the other view. Someone who was breaking up the ritual being performed.

Hunting Corelli

Travelling to the island is not the same as going to the site of the movie. While the south and west of the island are more closely tied to mass tourism, the settings for the film are distributed across the north and east of the island. It would be entirely possible, if not probable, to visit 'Corelli's island' and not visit any settings in the book or even more so locations used in the film. To find the latter one needs some guidance, be that from locals or the brochure from the DVD or a guidebook. One also needs a variety of other material supports to enable one to visit sites. One obvious way might be the Captain Corelli bus tour of the island available from the capital Argostoli. A little investigation would though reveal that this differed from all the other island tours principally in having a placard saying 'Captain Corelli's Island' on the front of the bus. Essentially then the major enabler of a dedicated movie tourist here would be the hire car.

Penny and I thus hired a car – since though a local she did not have a car nor indeed drive. Nor had I ever hired a car before as a tourist in Greece, and so we both felt strangely out of role. Myself the chauffeur in a foreign land, her accessing different parts of the island. And off we set to track down movie sites and, hopefully, tourists at them. After some quick discoveries it soon became something of a quest for us to reconstruct and identify locations, former participants, memorabilia and tourists across the island. This quest took us over 900km up hill and down dale around the island. It took us on half metalled roads (that is metalled on one side with the other left rough), up to highest

mountain, onto lanes to deserted coves (only some of which turned out to be correct). Along the way we found some of the framing shots of the movie, forgotten threshing floors that had been settings for dances, into derelict villages and non descript valley sides that looked plausible and were in the right area for battle scenes. The ethnography was becoming road movie.

We became the ur-type of the movie tourist – leaving no stone unturned, no scene unexamined in our pursuit of all things related to Corelli. We were thus utterly unlike most tourists we encountered. Until one day standing at a ruined village we encountered a middle aged man, 'George,' standing arms akimbo staring at one of only three sign boards on the island that depicted the shooting of the movie. We fell into a conversation and, on the off chance, I happened to ask him if he knew about the movie. And boy did he know about it. He was soon regaling me with places visited and scenes he had tracked down with the aid of the extended features on the DVD. I was surprised and asked him about where he was staying – he mentioned the hotel which he found since it advertised that the directorial staff stayed there. I knew it well, and mentioned the signed picture of Penelope Cruz in the lobby, he said he had found using their boats was an excellent way to get to the 'fisherman's cove' seen in the movie. I said I had seen them advertising the boats, and contrasted that with the difficulty in finding one of the inland sites. It was now his turn to be interested – how had we found that, could he find it? And so the exchange went on. This was less of me interviewing him than an exchange between two aficionados. The upshot was that we arranged to go that evening to interview him formally and make sure he was aware of our status as researchers – and to my mortification he had assumed I too was doing what he did which was to choose a (war) movie each year and follow it up as his holiday project.

While 'George' proved a limit case in terms of dedicated Corelli tourists, the model of interaction with tourists often followed the line of us becoming expert guides. Or rather while we wanted opinions from tourists, they would trade that for information from us. Equipped as we were with unhealthy levels of knowledge about the movie and the island, we became guides to what we were studying – with those we asked about whether they had visited locations in turn asking us for information about those they had not. Even our presence had the effect of creating a Corelli effect. Standing in that ruined village where we had met 'George', there was very little to see and even with the interpretative materials it took us some four hours to reconstruct the overall lay out of a film set long since dismantled. However, as we stood there looking and noting, passing cars would slow and stop with people getting out to come and see what we were looking at so intently. If we were not there cars would often slow but then not stop. Indeed, the lack of physical remains of the movie meant many visited sites without being aware of them. Thus Antisamos beach was partly

remodelled, with a cleared area to be the Italian camp, that is now car parking and a club house. Yet when we spoke to tourists they often made no connection despite it having another one of the three signboards:

> I 'So, have you been to Antisamos?
>
> Tourists: 'Yes, yes. We've just come back from there.
>
> I: 'Cause – do you know what that was used for? Did you see the notice board there?
>
> Tourist(f): No
>
> I: [The Italian camp scenes with the opera group]…That was all filmed down at Antisamos.
>
> Tourist(f): all I could see was the ice cream sign. That's a shame because I expected to see something like this down there.
>
> Tourist(m): It's an ideal location down there isn't it – you know there's no buildings at all.

So the question began to be form as whether we had lost the movie, and that if people were not visiting the sites in the movie, or if they did were unaware of their role, then in what ways, if any, were their practices being shaped?

Not being movie tourists, not being a film destination

So in what ways did the movie shape perceptions of a destination? The movie was promoted in every brochure, tour reps had to see the movie as part of their training package, and mention it in their introductory talks, a bar in Skala screened it every Wednesday, the village in which we were based had Captain Corelli's café, there was a range of movie related postcards, and there were copies of pictures and posters of the movie in many places. Not everywhere, all the time, in your face to be sure. But enough to mean that avoiding the movie entirely would be difficult. To sum up the presence and absence of Corelli we might turn to the example of one young man on a sun lounger on Antisamos beach. As I wandered about the setting of the Italian camp in the movie, conscious I was the only person in long trousers, I came upon him and could not but help notice, with deep excitement, that his choice of reading matter was none other than *Captain Corelli's Mandolin*. An excitement somewhat deflated when it turned out he had no idea that the beach was a film location and had not chosen to come to the island due to the movie. He had come to attend a wedding which friends in Britain had organised as part of a growing niche for romantic Kefalonia – that has grown since the love story of Corelli and Pelagia. But once on the island, the connection made him think the novel was a good choice of reading. The story's presence then was marginal but

pervasive. It underlay much of the vocabulary of 'romantic' settings and landscape, it helped set up a sense of authentic island out of time (Tzanelli 2003) where a past world had stopped but was still palpable if not accessible.

For the locals the film represented something of a trap, and one with which they wrestled. Many in the industry were shocked when told of the marketing of the island through Corelli – a controversial rendering of their history. Many too worried that branding in this way was counter productive with a villa holidays specialist being quick to comment of her friend's Captain Corelli's café that she had warned him 'My clients would frankly avoid it' as kitsch and being 'too obvious'. Indeed, tourists often singled out the Café for opprobrium with comments such as 'Captain Corelli's café – yeah too obviously a tourist trap' (Figure 3). A view shared by de Bernière himself:

FIGURE 3 ROUND HERE

> 'A good friend of mine … who runs a cafe in Fiskardo, likes to tell me that I have ruined his island. He is only half serious, I hope, but it is a thing that worries me none the less. I was very displeased to see that a bar in Aghia Efimia has abandoned its perfectly good Greek name, and renamed itself 'Captain Corelli's', and I dread the idea that sooner or later there might be captain Corelli Tours or Pelagia Apartments. I would hate it if Cephallonia were to become as bad as Corfu in places, with rashes of vile discotheques, and bad tavernas full of drunken Brits on two-week, swinish binges'. (de Bernières 2001, page 15)

The Captain's cafe was often used as a symbol of 'bad' movie related tourism – by British media, by tourists, by locals and even by de Bernieres. It was if anything atypical but served as a marker that the movie tourism market was rejected by, yet unavoidable to, both sides of the industry.

Departures

As I left Kefalonia, I returned to the airport which was overflowing with tourists with whom I queued outside along the pavement under an awning. I bumped into various interviewees. Who stared curiously and a little bit obviously, one of them eventually saying 'I thought you were doing research not a tourist.' As the warm Mediterranean night closed around us, with the usual melancholy feeling of the ending of a time apart and the impending return to normality, this

mobility did seem specifically touristic and with its own rhythms and periodicity. The airport will feel very different months later when I am one of the dozen or so travellers catching the Athens shuttle flight having given a talk to the island's chamber of commerce on the touristic marketing of Kefalonia . Even writing that here seems to buttress my academic identity – that is a proper academic mobility. But there in the long queues of people making the best of the last dregs of the holiday everything seemed very different.

In response I busied myself with the last parts of research, noting and observing, where to my delight I found in the book stands with the light reading for the trip home – or indeed the arrival – not just copies of the book but the edition with the still from the film on the cover. There it is as a memento of the island. Many informants had spoken of using the film to whet their appetites (it had been screened on a broadcast channel just before my research and their holidays) and others, perhaps prompted by the questions, wondered about using it in the long winter months as a reminder so that their holiday and island would return with them. It would become mobilised with an inaccessible and lost time for the island becoming their lost time. And so the novel seemed a perfect souvenir with which to travel home.

And yet typically for the connection of this film and these mobilities, it was not the focal point of concern. It did not organise the travel but was a background frame. Largely ignored by the hundreds of tourists it was a slightly sad and bathetic reminder of the multiple meanings this travel might have and the failure of one to dominate all the others. It also then framed a research project, that found a fascinating island but rather lost the movie. A visual ethnography of a movie that had disappeared from sight, leaving only traces and virtualities – of which one trace, for some of these tourists, was two academics popping up all over the place. Feeling then concerned about the 'findings' and 'losings' of the research, feeling rather challenged as to whether I was tourist or ethnographer, I contorted myself to take a shot of the novel there in the airport, framing the crowds (figure 4). Setting up the shot seemed to reinscribe the purpose of the research and my identity as a researcher. And as I knelt, what felt like dozens of bored eyes turned to look at this odd and bizarre behaviour, with expressions as if to ask why anyone would want to take such a picture. And at least I felt then I must be a researcher.

FIGURE 4 AROUND HERE

Figure 1

Newcastle airport charter flight check ins

Figure 2a Express car hire, Lassi in Kefalonia: Myrtos c 40km

Figure 2b
Approaching Myrtos c25km

Figure 2c
Viewing the beach c5km

Figure 2d
A tour bus party at the view point overlooking Myrtos

Figure 3

Captain Corelli's bar, Agghia Effimia

Figure 4

Departure Lounge, Kefalonia

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