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Keith Dixon

Talking to the People: A Reflection on Recent Glasgow Fiction

During the eighties, the walls of Scotland's great once-industrial city would have had us believe that "Glasgow's miles better" (the local equivalent of the Scottish toast "Here's tae us. Whae's like us"). Just to confirm the self-congratulatory prejudices of the Glasgow citizenry, their town was nominated European "City of Culture" for 1990. For a time media attention focused, usually indiscriminatingly, on Glasgow's new-found cultural pretensions. However, if we hack our way through the cant and publicity hype, it would seem that things are on the move on the Glaswegian cultural scene, in the largest and least elitist sense of the term "culture."

Even a casual observer of the present-day rock scene like myself is surprised by the space now occupied by Glasgow-based groups, turning the once unheard-of (in rock musical terms) second city of the Empire into the Liverpool of the 1990s; even here the particular voice of the new Glasgow can be heard. Listening to the public pronouncements of rock and pop personalities like Jimmy Sommerville or the lead singers of Deacon Blue, Simple Minds or The Silencers—all West-of-Scotland men as their accents reveal—one would be led to believe that a radical urban, socialistic political culture with strongly utopian overtones was dominant within British youth. But then—and this is to be one of my points throughout this paper—these typically Glaswegian rock artists are quite atypical of what is happening in Britain today.

Scotland always has been, but currently is even more spectacularly, a special case, and Glasgow is even more of a peculiarity within the Scottish social formation. The economic and political history of the last twenty years

has made Scotland increasingly more difficult to fit into the all-British categories of the social and political scientists or the cultural historians. This has to do with the discovery of oil in Scottish waters in the late sixties and the resultant upsurge in political nationalism, with the emergence of a particularly aggressive form of English nationalism in the corridors of power since the late seventies, with the continuing decline of Scotland's traditional industries and the apparent indifference of the doctrinaire English supporters of *laissez-faire*, i.e., those who presently govern the country.

But it also has to do with what we could call the long-term underlying currents within Scottish society; the democratic traditions nurtured—although in a mesh of complex contradictions—within the Scottish educational system (what Davie called the "democratic intellect"); the crucial opinion-forming role of the organized labor movement, exemplified of late in the broad-based campaigning of the Scottish Trades Union Congress;¹ the resultant deep-grained moral and ideological resistance within substantial sectors of Scottish society to the values inherent in the free market vision of Britain. The result has been the emergence in Scotland of a political and cultural environment quite distinct from anything to be found South of the border. Contemporary Glasgow writers have grown into this environment, but have also in their own way helped to shape it.

Scotland, in terms of per capita income, is far from being a "declining area" (this of course is not to deny the very real problems of government neglect, and the development of a "branch-plant economy" north of the Tweed), *but* its political culture, and its cultural politics, remain overwhelmingly informed by issues of social justice and economic equality in a way that seems quite alien to the dominant "casino culture" of Thatcherite and post-Thatcherite England (this is true not only of the dominant Labor Party, and of the influential STUC, but also of the Left-leaning currents within the National Party, and the traditionally radical Scottish Liberals). Scotland, then, presents the apparent paradox—in British terms—of being relatively affluent and still strongly attached to the egalitarian values which are no longer in vogue south of the border. Sustained affluence has not led to political or cultural neglect of the "other third," in what has increasingly become a "two-thirds/one third dual society, i.e., those who live on the margins of the contemporary consumer society. Scotland is perhaps not "miles better," but it is definitely another country.

This takes us back to Glasgow, which in many ways is a more concentrated version of this peculiarly Scottish configuration.

¹See, for example, the central role played by the STUC in the recent campaign for a Scottish national assembly.

When, in 1966, Archie Hind published his semi-autobiographical *The Dear Green Place*, the dilemma of his central character—Matt Craig—laboring over his attempt to get his experience of working-class Glasgow life into writing, could be seen as a metaphor for Glasgow-based literature at that time. *The Dear Green Place* was a novel about not being able to write a novel, and indeed Glasgow at that time had produced little to be remembered in terms of home-based fiction, apart from the sensationalist *No Mean City* (1936),² the stodgy *The Shipbuilders* (1935),³ and a variety of second-rate imitations of these. Twenty-five years on, this can no longer be said to be the case.

There has emerged onto the literary scene, in the seventies and eighties (let's say since the publication of William McIlvanney's *Docherty* in 1975), a group of writers who, although they certainly do not see themselves as a distinct school, appear as such from even the geographical and cultural distance which separates the former partners of the Auld Alliance. I will be concentrating here on what I believe to be a fairly representative corpus of contemporary fiction produced by Glasgow-based writers, essentially the writing of William McIlvanney, James Kelman, Alasdair Gray and Agnes Owens, with some references also to John Burrowes and Alex Cathcart, but a fuller and more thoroughgoing analysis would have to take into account everything from the demotic poetry of Tom Leonard to the products of those who now form a distinctive Glasgow school of painting, not to mention the creative artists of the rock and folk scene. I would argue that there is something quite specific about these cultural products of modern-day Glasgow, and, moreover, that that specificity cannot be separated from the particular socio-economic and political context in which these new urban voices have emerged.

Recent Glasgow fiction is somewhat bewildering for the outside observer. To the literary critic, steeped in the all-British tradition, its themes, style and content may at first sight—once the code is broken—seem like a call back to the thirties, when socialist realism and working-class writing dominated the debates, if not the actual production, of the British literary Left, or to the post-war writings of Wesker and Sillitoe. The Glaswegian literary preoccupation with "talking to the people"—which I believe is common to the foremost of the present-day writers—no doubt smacks of déjà vu and literary backwardness (some would say naivete) in the age of semiotics and post-structuralism, and in the light of the present intellectual discredit which has fallen upon socialist literary practice. The bulk of published fiction which has emerged from Glasgow over the last two decades has been reso-

²A. McArthur and H. Kingsley Long, *No Mean City*.

³George Blake, *The Shipbuilders*.

lutely, and often aggressively, centered on the working class. There is indeed an all-pervading obsession with class, with coming to terms with, and in the terms of, the people, in these writings. Their plots, their characters, and in some cases their language are rooted—or are clearly intended to be rooted—in the experience of the contemporary working class. However, what distinguishes these writers from their inter-war predecessors is their interest in working-class experience as such, and not as an illustration of or call to political commitment. (The central character's conversion to socialism was one of the key *topoi* of inter-war "committed writing.") This didactic dimension of the 1930s prose of James Barke or Lewis Grassic Gibbon (in *Grey Granite*)—with its insistence on the role of the organized working class—has given way to an exploration of individual trajectories within a working-class environment. One is struck by the relative absence of the political activist or the trade union militant, and of scenes of collective working-class action, in the works of these writers. Their interest is in the individual or the communal (see McIlvanney's *Docherty*, for example) much less than in the collective.

None of these writers—with the exception of Owens—is, in any precise sense of the term, proletarian. Neither are any of them—and this is perhaps another particularity of the Scottish literary scene—from distinctively middle-class backgrounds (compared with whole generations of English writers, one would be hard put to name more than a few prominent Scottish writers of the twentieth century who come from socially privileged backgrounds). They are in a very real sense the products of the post-war democratization of British higher education, of the frustrations and the anger that that process engendered in some of the "lucky few" as they were educated away from their class origins. As Laidlaw, McIlvanney's doubting detective hero, in the novel which bears his name, says of his abortive university experience: "I took acres of fertile ignorance up to that place. And they started to pour pre-conceptions all over it."⁴ These Scottish intellectuals of working-class origin were introduced into a culture which manifestly was not their own—not only in a national but also and above all in a social sense—and which asserted itself, among other ways, by denying the worth (or even the existence) of the culture from which they came. Tom Leonard's poem number 7 of "Unrelated incidents" expresses this with the poet's usual, almost diffident humor:

dispite
thi fact
thit

⁴William McIlvanney, *Laidlaw* (1977; rptd. London, 1979), p. 178.

hi bilonged
tay a
class uv
people
thit hid
hid thir
langwij
sneered
it
since hi
wuz born:

dispite
a long
history uv
poverty n
thi
violence uv
people in
positions
uv
power telln
him his
culture wuz
a sign
of his
inferiority;

thit fur
thi
purposes uv
cultural
statistics hi
didny really
exist amaz-
in iz it
might seem
this
ordinary wurkn
man got
up wan day
n
wuz herd
tay rimark
thit

it wuzny
sitcha

bad day
 tay be⁵
 alive⁵

Those familiar with the fictional and non-fictional writings of McIlvanney and Kelman will recognize a recurrent preoccupation here. All of the writers we have mentioned have been at pains to distance themselves from the traditional vectors of institutionalized learning, also seen as the vectors of social discrimination and segregation. This, for example, is the central theme of Kelman's novel *A Disaffection*:

And so what if you do have to resign. P for Patrick Doyle Esquire, a single man, a bachelor; a chap with little or no responsibilities. A teacher who has become totally sickened, absolutely scunnered. A guy who is all too aware of the malevolent nature of his influence. He is the tool of dictatorship government. A fellow who receives a greater than average wage for the business of fencing in the children of the suppressed poor.⁶

The common problematic of the writers of the contemporary Glasgow scene is how to get into writing the experience of a social group—the working-class in that extended British sense of the term—which has been until the last two decades virtually hidden from Scottish literary history. This has led to a phenomenon which has been discussed by Douglas Gifford⁷ and which I will call the common literary "orphan complex" of most contemporary Glasgow writers. They have gone to pains to point out that they are writing from what they see as a national literary vacuum, and that their inspiration in cultural terms is more North American or European than Scottish or even British.

This refusal of their Scottish heritage—no matter how hard to swallow it may be to the literary historian or the cultural nationalist—is perhaps legitimate, in the sense that even the writers of the Scottish Renaissance of the inter-war years, and *a fortiori* those who came before, have little to offer in the way of literary models, despite the resolute modernism of some of the leading figures (MacDiarmid, Muir, Grassie Gibbon). Their political and cultural preoccupations were too intimately tied up with pre-war forms of nationalism to strike any sympathetic cords with the contemporary Glas-

⁵Tom Leonard, *Intimate Voices 1965-1983* (Newcastle-upon-Tyne, 1984), p. 93.

⁶James Kelman, *A Disaffection* (London, 1989), p. 67.

⁷Douglas Gifford, *The Dear Green Place? The Novel in the West of Scotland* (Glasgow, 1985).

wegians; their hankering after a dear green past may still mean something, and quite legitimately so, to a George Mackay Brown or an Iain Crichton Smith, but it could hardly be expected to raise more than a polite but uninterested nod from Kelman, Owens or McIlvanney; even the "language question" raised so vehemently by MacDiarmid and tackled so subtly by Grassie Gibbon in his Scottish trilogy is a long shot from the linguistic considerations of the contemporary Glaswegians. Their problem is that the urban dialect which some of them use throughout their narratives (Kelman) and others in the dialogues (McIlvanney and Owens) has still to be recognized as a legitimate form of literary expression. It is 'slumspeak' or bad Scots for so many of the opinion-makers within the Scottish literary and academic establishment. In this respect it is perhaps one of those sad ironies of Scottish cultural history that those who have come to inherit the positive effects of a once minority campaign to rehabilitate a certain form of Scottish expression (I'm referring here to Lallans or Braid Scots) now look disdainfully down their noses at those who continue to speak and to use creatively another more contemporary form. William Grant, the editor of the *Scottish National Dictionary* pontificates in the introduction to the first volume, ". . . owing to the influx of Irish and foreign immigrants in the industrial area near Glasgow the dialect has become hopelessly corrupt."⁸

Scottish and more specifically Glasgow literary traditions are seen as uncongenial to the modern-day writer. Thus Duncan Thaw, the central character in Alasdair Gray's *Lanark* (1981) points to the absence of any substantial and sustaining literary representation of Glasgow: "Imaginatively Glasgow exists as a music-hall song and a few bad novels. That's all we've given to the world outside. It's all we've given to ourselves."⁹

Thaw's representation of Glasgow as a hostile and unyielding place for the would-be writer, echoing as it does the Glasgow of Muir's *Poor Tom* (1932)¹⁰ or Hind's *The Dear Green Place*, may be interpreted not only as an expression of the handicap of being a contemporary urban creator within a national culture whose models remain predominantly rural-based and backward-looking, but also as a reflection of the Glasgow writer's difficult rela-

⁸This passage is quoted by Ronald K. S. Macaulay in his excellent article on Tom Leonard's poetry, "Urbanity and Urban Dialect: the Poetry of Tom Leonard," *SSL*, 23 (1988), 162. I have also used two of the Tom Leonard poems quoted by Macaulay in this paper, and owe much to Macaulay's stimulating discussion of Scottish working-class modes of speech.

⁹*Lanark* (London, 1982), p. 243.

¹⁰Edwin Muir, *Poor Tom* (Edinburgh, 1982).

tionship with the city's own dominant *popular* culture, a culture which expresses itself in stark and violent terms in the wall graffiti of the outer city housing schemes or the sectarian chants of Ibrox and Parkhead football grounds. How do you talk not only about but *to* those people? How do you contrive a literary link with a predominantly non-literary, and often anti-intellectual, cultural tradition? In its response to these questions we can see what I believe to be the ambivalence of much contemporary Glasgow writing, and of most Glasgow writers; Glasgow is seen both as the eye of the hurricane, "where our understanding of ourselves resides" (McIlvanney) and a literary wasteland:

. . . its literature dumb or in exile, its poetry a dull struggle in obscurity, its night life non-existent, its theatres unsupported, its Sundays sabbatarian, its secular life moderate and dull on the one hand and sordid, furtive and predatory on the other.¹¹

Coming to terms with this dilemma, talking to the people, within what is still today a "them and us" political culture seems to entail for all these writers breaking with what are perceived as the modes of expression of the ruling social and cultural elite.¹² McIlvanney chose the detective novel because he sees it as more accessible to the working-class reading public; Kelman chose a form of literary expression which although less radical than the linguistic experimentation of Leonard is nonetheless an attempt to represent popular speech more faithfully and less paternalistically than has been the tradition in British "working-class" literature; in *Lanark* Gray chose to combine social realism with a peculiarly Glaswegian dystopia, and in his ample footnotes cocked a snook at the academic and literary critical establishment; Agnes Owens' central character, Mac, the restless young building worker with a predilection for heavy drinking is, along with Kelman's characters, Hines and Tammas, a new literary type—a sort of unexpurgated version of Tresell's working man—with few predecessors in British mainstream literature.

There is then a perceptible community of sensibility and purpose among these writers, whose sense of common identity however remains fragile to say the least; as anyone who has read their public pronouncements will have noticed, they often seem more intent in stressing what separates them from one another than what brings them together. But there is more than a com-

¹¹ Archie Hind, *The Dear Green Place*, p. 65.

¹² One only has to point to the storm of "workerist" protest that met Glasgow's nomination as "City of Culture" to appreciate the depth of the "them and us"-divide.

munity of sensibility, and that is why today the above-quoted statement by Duncan Thaw in *Lanark*, which dates back to 1981, now rings so false. For after a century of being caricatured in the second-rate fiction of the various literary sub-currents (gangland and urban kailyard fiction, tub-thumping social realism¹³), and thanks to the writers of the seventies and eighties, Glasgow is now coming into its own as a multi-faceted literary *persona*.

The stock in trade of these older literary sub-currents and of the journalistic representations of Glasgow as a modern-day Gomorrah inhabited by hordes of hatchet-handling Green and Orange football monomaniacs, or alternatively as the home of urban domesticity where the descendants of Wee MacGregor or the MacFlannels unendingly crack pithily alcoholic witticisms, may not yet be losing their charm and selling power, but they no longer pollute the mainstream of literary production. What Kelman, McIlvanney, Owens, et al., have produced in their place may not be good news for the tourist industry—as the brief evocation below will amply illustrate—but it does propose a more complex alternative vision of the place. It is the contours of that alternative vision which I now intend to examine.

Despite the recently forged up-market image of the Glasgow with a sophisticated night-life and cordon bleu restaurants (which finds its literary expression in the resolutely pro-entrepreneurial *The Incomers* (1987) by John Burrowes, singing as it does the praise of enterprising Muslim newcomers on Glasgow's leisure market), the message which comes through from the group of writers I have chosen is evidently being transmitted from outwith the precincts of 'yuppiedom.' The subtext to much of their writing is not hedonistic consumerism but despair.

Contemporary Glasgow writing is bleak. *Shades of Grey* is the title of a recent collection of Oscar Marzaroli's photographs of Glasgow, with a commentary from McIlvanney, and this seems quite apposite not only to describe the visual reality of present-day Glasgow, but also the content of contemporary Glasgow writing.¹⁴

There is a Beckettian bleakness in the recurrent descriptions of working-class Glasgow; it is not however the distanced, almost clinical observation of the Franco-Irish exile and recluse, but rather clearly anchored in a recognizable social reality, that of the tenements, "the backcourts of sturdy obscurity, these disused fucking washhouses whose brickwalls are liable to collapse on

¹³The terminology here is borrowed from Moira Burgess's *The Glasgow Novel* (Glasgow, 1986).

¹⁴Oscar Marzaroli and William McIlvanney, *Shades of Grey. Glasgow 1956-1987* (Glasgow, 1987).

the offspring's skull at any moment,"¹⁵ or that of the wild open spaces of the housing-schemes of the Drum or Castlemilk which elicit the following comment from Jack Laidlaw:

You think of Glasgow. At each of its four corners, this kind of housing scheme. . . . Hardly anything but houses Just architectural dumps where they unloaded people like slurry. Penal architecture. Glasgow folk have to be nice people, otherwise they would have burned the place to the ground years ago.¹⁶

In his essay on "Scots, Poets and the City" in *The History of Scottish Literature*, Barry Wood traces back modern urban preoccupations in Scottish literature to MacDiarmid's *A Drunk Man*, and what he says there is directly relevant to our own discussion:

The voice of the Drunk Man is the voice of the modern urban poet-intellectual—questing, discontented, rebellious, self-divided and finally trapped in the anguished realisation of the tragi-comedy of his situation and fate.¹⁷

These are the contours of the psychological terrain mapped out by the contemporary Glasgow writers. Rab Hines (in *The Busconductor Hines*), Tammis (in *A Chancer*¹⁸), Patrick Doyle (in *A Disaffection*), Mac (in *Gentlemen of the West*¹⁹), Duncan Thaw (in *Lanark*) and Jack Laidlaw are all in their own way solitary figures of anguish and self-doubt. Suicide and despair are never far from center-stage in the works of Kelman; the final passage of *Laidlaw* leaves the existentialist Glasgow policeman wondering "how much energy he had to go on inhabiting the fierceness of the contradictions of his life"²⁰; Mac's addiction to alcohol in *Gentlemen of the West*, and the narrator's obsession with sex in Gray's *1982 Janine* are equally suicidal.

There is no grand design to which the characters can turn; the comforting totalities of religion or politics are refused, despite some reverential

¹⁵James Kelman, *The Busconductor Hines* (1984; rptd. London, 1985), p. 168. James Kelman, *A Chancer* (Edinburgh, 1985).

¹⁶William McIlvanney, *Laidlaw*, p. 32.

¹⁷Barry Wood, "Scots, Poets and the City" in Cairns Craig, ed., *The History of Scottish Literature* (Aberdeen, 1987), IV, 339.

¹⁸Kelman, *A Chancer* (Edinburgh, 1985).

¹⁹Agnes Owens, *Gentlemen of the West* (Edinburgh, 1984).

²⁰McIlvanney, *Laidlaw*, p. 218.

allusions to radical forms of socialism in Kelman and McIlvanney. Political nihilism and alienation from religion are the common destiny of almost all the characters in these works of fiction; this may also explain the recurrence of the suicide theme, as characters struggle with the difficulty of making some sort of sense of their existence:

And then that incredible moment of nostalgia or whatever, that amazing beauty which appeared to sum up all those failed ideals, the plans and the principles right from boyhood all the way up and now dead, deadened, rubbed out by the low-lying roof, that weight pressing down on you, like that medieval torture where they lay enormous stones on top of you, crushing out your breath, that kind of weight, society, that you hated and detested more than anything else in the world, that was forcing you on and on and on and fucking bloody on and on and on, and all the time grafting away on its own behalf, on account of its propagation.²¹

This quasi-permanent evocation of existential anguish in Kelman's writing, and which we also find in the oppressive universe of Gray's *Lanark* or *1982 Janine*,²² appears as a manifestation of crisis, as revelation, in McIlvanney's work. The central figure discovers the fragility of his beliefs (Dan Scoular during the bare-knuckle fight in *The Big Man*²³; Tam Docherty when he has to face up to the reality of his son's disabilities in *Docherty*) and the chasm underlying his existence. In McIlvanney, the causes of this modern illness of alienation are at least suggested, if not obtrusively pointed to: the breakdown of community under the onslaught of material progress, and the resulting fall into obsolescence of community codes and beliefs. These are leitmotifs of *Docherty* and *The Big Man*, and are clearly spelled out in the following passage from the Introduction to *Shades of Grey*:

Perhaps just as significant a reason for the apparent decay of honour among the hardmen is the sub-theme in the talk of the man from the Gallowgate: the dispersal of the sense of community. The post-war annihilation of the tenement in Glasgow wiped out not only the buildings but a way of life.²⁴

In Kelman, Gray and Owens, the illness is more diffuse and the causes less clearly discernible, and in any case, as authors they are less preoccupied

²¹Kelman, *A Disaffection*, p. 11.

²²Alasdair Gray, *1982 Janine* (Harmondsworth, 1984).

²³William McIlvanney, *The Big Man* (London, 1985).

²⁴*Shades of Grey*, p. 19.

with the why than the resultant how. They are content to show how the solitary, alienated and dispossessed individuals of their blighted Glasgow landscapes suffer.

As might be expected, in this literature of bleakness the themes of exile and escape are recurrent. Exile from the hardness of Glasgow existence is the central theme of Alex Cathcart's first novel, *The Comeback* (1986), as the central character Creeze, chooses Australia as an antidote to his traumatizing experience of the Glasgow underworld. The end of the novel, however, sees Creeze back in Glasgow seeking an impossible resolution to the problems he left behind years before. The inescapability of Glasgow working-class existence is a recurrent theme in McIlvanney, who makes frequent use of imprisonment and incarceration. Mac's attempt to break out of his dead-end existence and to move to the oil-rich North proves as unsuccessful and ineffective as the day-dreamings on the same theme of Kelman's busconductor Hines. The figure of the internal exile, plunged into self-consuming introspection, is central to the works of both Kelman and Gray.

The whole corpus of recent Glasgow writing we have been discussing is very much male-centered; solitary, white, working-class, socialistic males abound. And the anguish is very much of a masculine variety. Even Agnes Owens has chosen a working-class male—Mac—as the center of consciousness in her two novels to date, *Gentlemen of the West* and *Like Birds in the Wilderness*.²⁵ The central figures are, in many cases, what we might call post-feminist men living through what in the works of Kelman and Gray sometimes seems to be an almost Calvinist self-flagellation in their relations with women. Gray's *1982 Janine*, which some feminists have seen as a piece of misogynous pornography, is essentially about the sadness and solitude of male sexual fantasizing; Kelman's Patrick Doyle in *A Disaffection* goes through almost 300 pages of hesitation and self-doubt in his finally unsuccessful attempt to consummate a sexual relationship with one of his fellow teachers; in *Like Birds in the Wilderness* Mac's unlikely encounter with Nancy "who looked as sensational as a model from a clothing catalogue" (p. 49) finally peters out at the end of the novel, after a "relationship" which has something of the minimalism of Tamas's contacts with women in *A Chancer*; even McIlvanney's hard men have increasing difficulties in coming to terms with what we are invited to see as their own fragile masculinity.

Bleak townscapes, bleak mindscapes then in this corpus of Glasgow writing, and yet the overall impression is not a unilaterally pessimistic one. Most of these works are saved by their mordant sense of humor and their comic self-irony; what might otherwise become McIlvanney's oppressive nostalgia for a brave old working-class past is constantly undermined by his

²⁵ Agnes Owens, *Like Birds in the Wilderness* (London, 1987).

use of the hilarious one-liner; Kelman's nihilists are kept from the brink by their awareness of the comic absurdity of their situation (although to suggest that Kelman is angrier and funnier than Becket, as is the case on the dust-jacket of *A Disaffection*, is quite outrageously far from the mark); Gray's *1982 Janine* is, amazingly, a funny book about a sad and solitary pornographer, and only the ideological zealots could fail to find it so. The irreverent humor, which McIlvanney sees as a distinguishing characteristic of popular Glasgow culture, impregnates much of this writing and saves it from the accusation of "misérabilisme." Even their violent refusal of the self-centered, entrepreneurial values of the new Britain can be expressed with unexpected humor as the following allegorical pastiche of the Humpty Dumpty children's rhyme by Tom Leonard will illustrate:

humpty dumpty satna waw
 humpty dumpty hudda big faw

aw thi kingz hoarsyz
 inaw thi kingz men

came charjin up
 n trampld im inty thi grunn²⁶

University of Grenoble

²⁶*Intimate Voices*, p. 107.