

Photographic essay of London part one



So, off to London for a full seven days. Accommodation in London is expensive even with Air B&B so I am grateful to have been offered free accommodation by an old friend of Françoise. Tuesday we are off to a funeral and are arriving the day before so we can settle in. Our procedure for going anywhere is always the same. We take the 9:38 AM 172 local bus from Wells at the newsagent 100 yards from home. We arrive at Bath bus station at about 10:30 AM, go to the Methodist Church coffee bar in Manders Street and have a coffee and cake and then catch the 11:15 AM bus to Victoria bus station.

It pretty much goes in a straight line to Chippenham and then on to the M4 motorway directly to London. Travel time is normally about three hours. There is good comradeship on the bus. The passengers are young people, workers from abroad travelling from one job to another, the occasional visitor to London for the day. Using the toilet at the back is an activity where gentlemen need to consider sitting down to do

their business. I found it marginally more rocky than using the loo in a plane.

Those knowledgeable about London will detect the identity and location of the photograph above. This is my photograph from the front seat of the coach coming into the Hammersmith flyover on a wonderfully warm springlike day, quite exceptional for February. I was listening to a piece on the radio where the BBC interviewer was trying to link the enjoyment of this weather to possible feelings of guilt about climate change. My goodness do they go on with their agenda. Never mind that 30,000 scientists feel that the basis for the claims about climate change are false.

There is no question that I miss London. It is the buzz, the cosmopolitan nature of the whole place, the fact that people of different nationalities get on perfectly well with each other, the observation that most people are good-humoured and extrovert in their dealings with each other but most of all I miss the culture. I'm a bit like a sponge, and just rubbing shoulders with people who have a good level of intellectual acuity is bit like coming home. I am somewhat of a contradiction in that I feel more at home travelling than being at home itself. I am reminded of St Paul who said that you possess everything if you possess nothing and it is very releasing walking around with your rucksack with all your immediate needs taken care of – just walking around from place to place and doing whatever you feel like.

However, today is the day before the funeral of Francoise's friend Mike whom she has known for 40 years and has enjoyed a good fellowship with. She has written a piece about him which she will give to someone else to read because she feels that if she tries to read it out in public she will become emotional. The most important thing is that words are read. The funeral is tomorrow. Today is the day for arriving and getting used to the vibes not to mention the unfortunate prevalence of electromagnetic fields from exposure to which I

suffer, and suffer more and more. The manifestations are prickles in the head and stiffness in the joints. This is nothing compared with what will happen if 5G ever gets to be launched. Hospitals will not be able to cope with the numbers of people suffering cancer or various other opportunistic diseases but by that time the big companies will have made their money and ran.

I'm not going to let those grim thoughts detract from having a good time so I have about 100 photographs to show you which will be interspersed with text during the next six days or so. Watch this space.