

London by night

moving stairs took us deep below the surface of London. The heavy traffic above seemed to die. It chilly, fresh draught came out of the dark tunnels. — For a second I shivered — The glaring light created by the neon lamps made a cold atmosphere. Coloured pictures had been fixed all over the walls. « One eyed Jack with Marlon Brando »... « People love Players... » With a swelling roar our train rushed into the station. We jumped in, the doors closed automatically and the train was soon swallowed by the deep, dark tunnel.

When we left the Underground Station at St. James's Street, it was drizzling. The pavement was crowded and people hurried along, casting big shadows on the wet asphalt. Bus after bus, car after car passed by, the traffic seemed never to end. People queued on the pavement, hoping to get one of the red buses, which take you all around London.

At the end of Piccadilly we turned into Piccadilly Circus, which is considered to be the centre of London. All along queues of cars, taxis and buses seemed to converge, thousands of vehicles crawled round Piccadilly Circus at low speed. The big buildings with the fascinating neon advertisements made a day-light scene. All houses, hotels and cinemas were covered with loud coloured neon letters ... « Have a Coca, refreshing Coca-Cola »... The vast neon lamps changed their colours all time. Near by cigarette companies offered their produce in a very attractive coloured



Piccadilly Circus

manner ... « People love Players »... Foreigners and citizens stood there and looked at the imposing ocean of glass, light and colours. The people, passing by, were misled like the neon advertisements above: Italians, Chinese, Japanese and people of many other nationalities, who wanted to experience London by night.

We could hardly bear to leave the place, which represents the living heart of one of the greatest cities in the world.

By Klaus Peter





Piccadilly Circus, by night

Piccadilly by night

On the first evening in London we decided to take a walk. We went through Kensington High Street and through Hyde Park because we wanted to look at Orators Corner and to listen to the speakers. When we reached Orators Corner a woman and a man were speaking there about politics. We listened to them for a while and then divided into small parties because a few of us wanted to go home and some others to stay there. Sam and I wanted to go to Piccadilly Circus. Meanwhile it was getting dark. We took the underground railway from Marble Arch to Piccadilly. At Piccadilly long escalators led us up to street level and then we came out of the station. I had a sensation of being in another world. We stood in the middle of Piccadilly Circus, the heart of London, the place we had so often heard about. Brightly lit neon signs fixed to all surrounding buildings made the street as light as day. These advertisements seem to be moving all the time and I shall never forget this moving picture of coloured lights. We stood there for a long time and I felt as if I was dreaming. For about an hour we looked at this coloured picture, but then we had to return to the Youth hostel because it was eleven o'clock. Long afterwards I still saw moving pictures in my mind's eye and whenever I think of London I first think of Piccadilly Circus by night.

Ulrich Middelman



Royal Guardist

A Visit to the Houses of Parliament.

Saturday, 10th June, had arrived, the last day of our English trip. Feeling rather melancholy we started for the morning's program, the visit to the Houses of Parliament.

In spite of a late start from the youth hostel we reached Westminster in time. Soldiers of the Royal Guard in their colourful uniforms were selling programmes for the Trooping of the Colour, the Parade of the occasion of the official birthday of H.M. the Queen, which was to be held the very afternoon.

We were beginning to enjoy being without a guide, when we heard Mr. Büchler's strident voice. I don't think he was welcomed very enthusiastically.

Nevertheless we started for our tour through the political and administrative centre of Great Britain. At Victoria Tower we gathered together to form a separate group of visitors of our own. Then we went into the Palace of Westminster. We took the same route as the Queen takes, when she opens a Session of Parliament. That is why this entrance is called the Royal Staircase. It leads to the Queen's Robing Room where a lot of carvings depict the legend of King Arthur. Other pictures illustrate various virtues such as "Generosity", "Courtesy", and "Mercy". This chamber is held in remembrance by many peoples formerly belonging to the British Empire. The conferences preparing the independence of India and Burma and the selfgovernment of East and Central Africa were held here.

The next hall we were led in, the Royal Gallery, was amazing in two respects. On the one hand it looked like a huge tube 40 m long

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Trafalgar Square