



London: too nice to be real

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*Taxis, noises, lights, people running
Nobody knows the songs
Nobody wants to know*

*It's too nice to be real
Sometimes it happens
Nice to be real
It never happens*

Second - Living in London (excerpt)

It has been more than two months that I landed into this mystic and sophisticated cosmopolitan city, but my sanguine expectations with London were shattered in this week of photography workshop, wandering around endlessly under the “obligation” to click photographs and in search for what I adored. I distinctly remember my first day in London, my ride in an Audi SUV from the Heathrow airport to the heart of the city. I am sure my face would have been like that of a villager or a peasant who saw, for the first time, what they have been anticipating. The city seemed to fit perfectly into my “image” of London; long rows of Georgian houses, architecture that was almost the same throughout (at least it seemed so in the beginning) and beautiful, churches here and there, and the Great River Thames. Having come from a cosmopolitan city like Mumbai, India, I can't even begin to explain why and how much I loved the first sight of London and also for next few days to come. I remember travelling in buses only, so that I could savour this city and not miss anything by travelling in the complex ‘circuit diagram- like’ tube network.

But then almost after 10 weeks of my love and “divine” relationship with this city, we had this photography workshop. And as we stepped outside our college to click photographs, I ended myself in a little disappointment, as though my “lover” revealed some of his dark secrets!!! I have now seen the typical “New York” side of London but still fighting its way to be just “the London” it made me dream of. In spite of the tall glass- clad ‘monuments’, it still managed to combine culture and history with corporate and commerce. As the week passed I was no longer in astonishment, for I came across a decent, if not incredible, blend of arches and trusses, glass and carvings, dodgy and shady areas with horrifying and demonic graffiti and also architecture more than just glass and steel. But now I think, I will miss the ‘pure’ London, for now I know that my love for this city is- too nice to be real and just good enough for my dreams...