



# L O N D O N

In jeder Beziehung neuartig und originell für London sind die seit ungefähr einem Jahr erscheinenden Inserate der „London Transport“. Christian Barman, Publicity Manager dieser Gesellschaft, ist ihr Anreger. Er fand interessante Künstler und vorbildliche Textschreiber. Alles ist von ungezwungener Frische, überzeugend ohne Krampf, ohne Betonen des Maschinellen, ohne Reden über Schnelligkeit, Bequemlichkeit und all das. Good spot, the Chilterns. Good work, London Transport.



He got off his bicycle and leaned on it. He eased the chin strap and pushed his helmet on to the back of his head.  
‘It’s warm,’ he said, ‘very warm.’  
I asked him the way. He took out a large red handkerchief and mopped his forehead. After a time he spoke.  
‘It’s not that I don’t know, but I was wondering which would be your best way. Perhaps if you’d come with me a little way I could direct you.’  
We walked on up the hill.  
‘Do you ever have anything to do in the people the way?’  
‘Well,’ he said, ‘you’re worrying and you’ll hear of...’



He was pushing a wheel-barrow stolidly along by the brick wall. As I caught up with him, he dropped the handles to rest. He looked up and grinned through an experimental moustache.  
‘Could I see round that garden?’ I asked.  
‘Easily. They’re all away, and I’m on my way there now.’  
He picked up the handles and we went on to the gate.  
‘Interested in gardening?’  
‘In gardens. It isn’t quite the same thing,’ I said. He was wearing a baize apron. He looked very hot.  
Inside there were straggled box hedges, great wild beds of delphiniums and columbines and valerian, and there was grass very green under the mulberry tree.  
‘Roses are very good this year,’ he said, ‘but...’  
‘most things.’ He gestured expansively.  
‘good place for flowers.’  
‘So one can guess from the...’  
We walked round...  
the sun on the...  
‘This...’

Diese Serie gibt im Text ein starkes Gefühl der Landschaft, des „Auf-Ferien-Seins“. Nicht das golfspielende, jagende, besitzende England — vielmehr die Menschen der Masse. Millionen sitzen in der großen Stadt — arbeiten. Die meisten wissen um das, was in den Chilterns-Anzeigen wach wird. Wenn sie lesen, erinnern sie sich, fahren in die Sonne, in die Landschaft.