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PHOTOGRAPHY

*LONDON WIDE*



*D Charles Mason*

# *Introduction*

*If you were to stand at the highest point in London, on a clear day, the city would reach to the horizon in all directions. There are landmarks that thrust their way above the skyline, some more modern than others, but overall what you would be looking at is a view that has evolved over centuries.*

There is no grand plan, and if there were, it surely could only be perceived by those with the keenest eye. No, this city, was, and is shaped by events and people. It has been settled, invaded, plagued, burnt down, rebuilt, bombed, and during this upheaval, villages and conurbations have merged and sprawled into one another. The River Thames, the artery of London, enabled trade and commerce to flourish and this in turn attracted the continuous influx of human capital. In more recent years the movement and trade of physical goods have been replaced by the movement and trade of virtual goods in the new “knowledge economy”, London being well positioned by fortune of geography on the world stage.

I would wager that if you asked any random sample of people for their opinion on London, none would be lost for words. It is provocative, exciting, dynamic, frustrating, noisy and many things besides, but it will never be non-descript. And that is the thing about London. Like being out on a Saturday night in the early hours, when all you want is a taxi home, London would be the person always wanting to find one more place to go. This city requires stamina, it is inexorable, unforgiving, unyielding in its advance.

Like my ancestors of two hundred years ago, I was born and lived in London. As a young lad, the City of London, the Square mile and its adjacent neighbourhoods were my “amusement” park. A returnable deposit on a couple of lemonade bottles was all that was needed to pay for the return trip. Some of my fondest memories of London are travelling on the top deck of a RouteMaster bus heading for “City World”, (major theme parks weren’t established then, and if the fairground wasn’t visiting, then options were limited).

The number 25 route, as now would take me from the East End, through Alders Gate to the City of London. On the way, although I didn’t appreciate it at the time, I would pass the site of Captain James Cook’s country residence, the Mile End Toll Gate, and the foundry at which “Big Ben” was cast. The threshold was the statue of the horseman with no stirrups at Cornhill; (this gave rise to some interesting theories, but the consensus was that the sculptor “couldn’t do stirrups”). Beyond this point “City World” officially started.

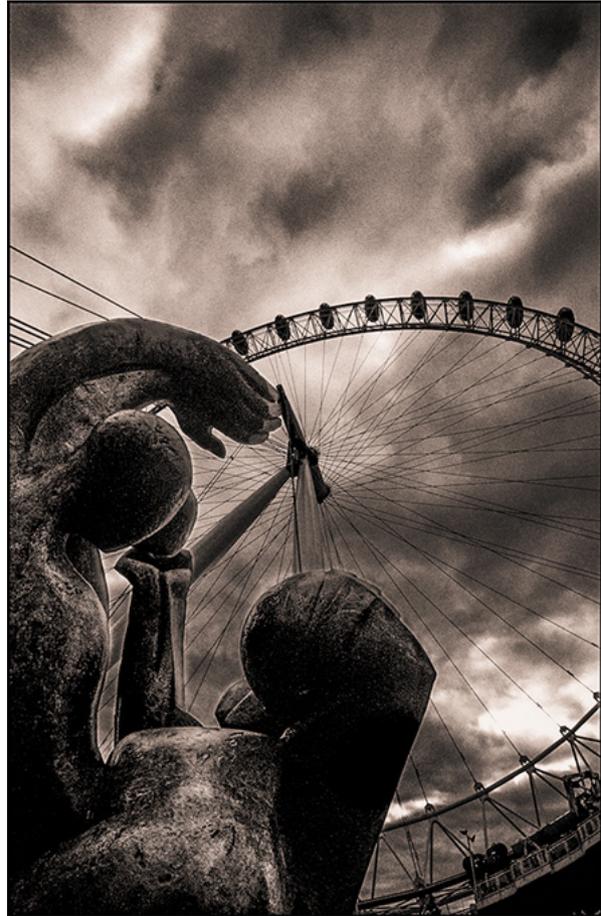
*“Why, Sir, you find no man, at all intellectual, who is willing to leave London. No Sir, when a man is tired of London, he is tired of life; for there is in London all that life can afford.”*

*Doctor Samuel Johnson*

*River Thames Embankment*

*Latitude: 51° 30' 12" N*

*Longitude: 0° 7' 7" W*





*Blackfriars*

*Latitude: 51° 30' 39" N      Longitude: 0° 06' 15" W*



*King Edward Memorial Park*

*Latitude: 51° 30' 30" N      Longitude: 0° 02' 54" W*



*Parliament Hill*

*Latitude: 51° 33' 37" N      Longitude: 0° 09' 31" W*

“*Sir, if you wish to have a notion of the magnitude of this city, you must not be satisfied with seeing its great streets and squares, but must survey the innumerable little lanes and courts. It is not in the showy evolutions of buildings, but in the multiplicity of human habitations which are crowded together, that the wonderful immensity of London consists.*”

*Doctor Samuel Johnson*