

Dreaming In the Crowds

Two months have passed since the flight from Rome landed in Guangzhou. In this case, the memory of the tour in Europe is still alive in my mind. In the first five minutes of the film *Midnight in Paris* directed by Woody Allen, almost every famous place in Paris appear in the scenario. On the screen, we can see the beauty of Paris in all different seasons and different time.

I was sitting in the Bateaux Mouches, which was sailing down on the Seine and filled with people from different countries. The sunshine was beaming through the clear blue sky partly blocked by the thick white clouds, while the summer breeze was swaying the willow branches on the bank and brought me a scent of this wonderful city. The heat of the sun made me tired and sleepy, but the scenery beside the river kept me excited and sentimental. The ecstasy of traveling to Europe had been raised since the plane landed in Amsterdam, and the feeling of having a dream come true had continued in

Amsterdam and Brussels. When I woke up on the bus and saw the splendid wheat fields in Calais that morning, my imagination of France during these years came crowding to my mind suddenly. At noon, I was in the centre of Paris, being amazed by the same scenes I had seen in many films. Later I was on the Mouches, expecting for deeper communications and interactions with this great city, while sometimes wondering if it was only a dream.

I was taking photos of the architecture on the banks of the Seine, the bridges, and people relaxing near the river. The Mouches went under several old bridges and passed Notre Dame, which I had been photographing from many different angles. All this was like a dream for me to achieve, and what I desired for was to record what I experienced as much as possible. I knew clearly that I would miss this place greatly, with a longing for going again immediately after returning to Guangzhou, so I must keep my eyes fixed on the scenery and make full use of my camera. I had been focusing on this so much that I didn't notice the camera was running out of power.

I was sitting in the Bateaux Mouches, and watching the Louvre pass by slowly. It was a pity that I could not take more photos, but I was not willing to give up enjoying each moment. I leaned on the guardrail casually, and watched the buildings and people pass by with peace. The sound of introductions in French and English from the broadcast along with people's talking in different tongues around the Mouches made the sightseeing even more fascinating. Without caring about the photographs, I felt absorbed into the moment.

In the scenery, the sunshine, the breeze, and the noise, I could not help thinking of myself walking onto a page which I had been looking forward to for so long. The happiness of being in Paris and the sadness of not belonging to this extraordinary place crashed and mixed in my mind, meanwhile I was still watching many new more fantastic things in this voyage. I combined everything I could sense to form a perfect impression about this trip, which is like a total fantasy that exists in reality, just like the city itself.

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