



BIPNA

his knee on the leisurely ride to Waterloo Station where Diana impulsively planted a kiss on the cheek of 65-year-old Lord Maclean, the Lord Chamberlain and organizer of the wedding. Then they vanished into the special train. Just under two hours later, the honeymooners were safely holed up at Broadlands, the sumptuous country home of the late Lord Mountbatten, in the same two-bedroom first-floor suite used by the Queen and Prince Philip on their honeymoon in 1947. Reporters besieged the locked and guarded gates in vain, looking for scraps of information. Some even flung a note in a bottle into the River Test at the foot of the estate, where Charles was expected to go fishing, imploring him to appear for the cameras: he didn't.

Mountbatten, Charles's beloved "Uncle Dickie," who was murdered by the IRA in 1979, had been remembered earlier that day: the bride's bouquet of white gardenias, orchids, freesia and stephanotis also contained golden Mountbatten roses. The bouquet was later placed on the Unknown Warrior's grave in Westminster Abbey.

For those still in a mood to celebrate, hundreds of street parties got under way: the Sunday before the wedding,



GAMMA/LIAISON

The kiss that charmed the world; and the honeymoon begins

traders had closed Oxford Street, London's busiest shopping route, for what was billed as the world's biggest street party—two kilometres of tables groaning with 10 tonnes of goodies for 5,166 handicapped and deprived children.

Not everyone had fallen under the benevolent spell, however. Several disaffected groups made well-publicized sorties to "republican" countries (France and Ireland); there were "rock against royalty" concerts and T-shirts bearing the slogan, WHAT WEDDING? Ken Livingstone, militantly left-wing leader of the Greater London Council,

was officially invited to the wedding but instead went to work dressed in blue jeans. Welsh author Jan Morris (formerly James Morris until a sex-change operation some years ago) dispatched a biting letter to *The Times* recording "one citizen's sense of revulsion and foreboding at the ostentation, the extravagance and the sycophancy" surrounding the wedding.

But at week's end, as the honeymooners flew off to Gibraltar—Charles piloting the elderly Andover turbo prop of the Queen's Flight—before boarding the royal yacht for a Mediterranean cruise to undisclosed destinations, most commentators were reflecting on the remarkable national sense of family which the monarchy is still capable of rousing on such occasions.

For a brief while, people of all colors had danced in the street with each other and with policemen. Would the mood rub off on Brixton and Liverpool, where ethnic hostilities had focused on the police as symbols of authority? Or would it all, like any other intense bout of party-going, end in a hangover? As the unreal spell of summer dissolved back into chilly rain and the flags and flowers wilted in the downpour, no one could say for sure. ❖