

Stop the War Demo - February 15th 2003

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We walked in icy conditions all day. I was with the column that set off from Gower Street at about 12 p.m.



There were a lot of supporters along the way who didn't march. See if you can make out what it says on this banner.



While we're on the subject of banner reading, here's one that's hard to read but if you look closely you will see it says, "Next election you're out. Drop Bush not bombs." It shows Blair as a poodle being led by cowboy Bush.



At Piccadilly, our column met with the other one that started earlier from Embankment. Eros's fountain ran red.



There was a carnival atmosphere. A lot of work went into some of the displays. The sound of the drumming bands, whistles, chanting and periodic "Jericho cheers" was deafening, but invigorating. We were all still hoping that we could prevent the war, could get through to the insane government.



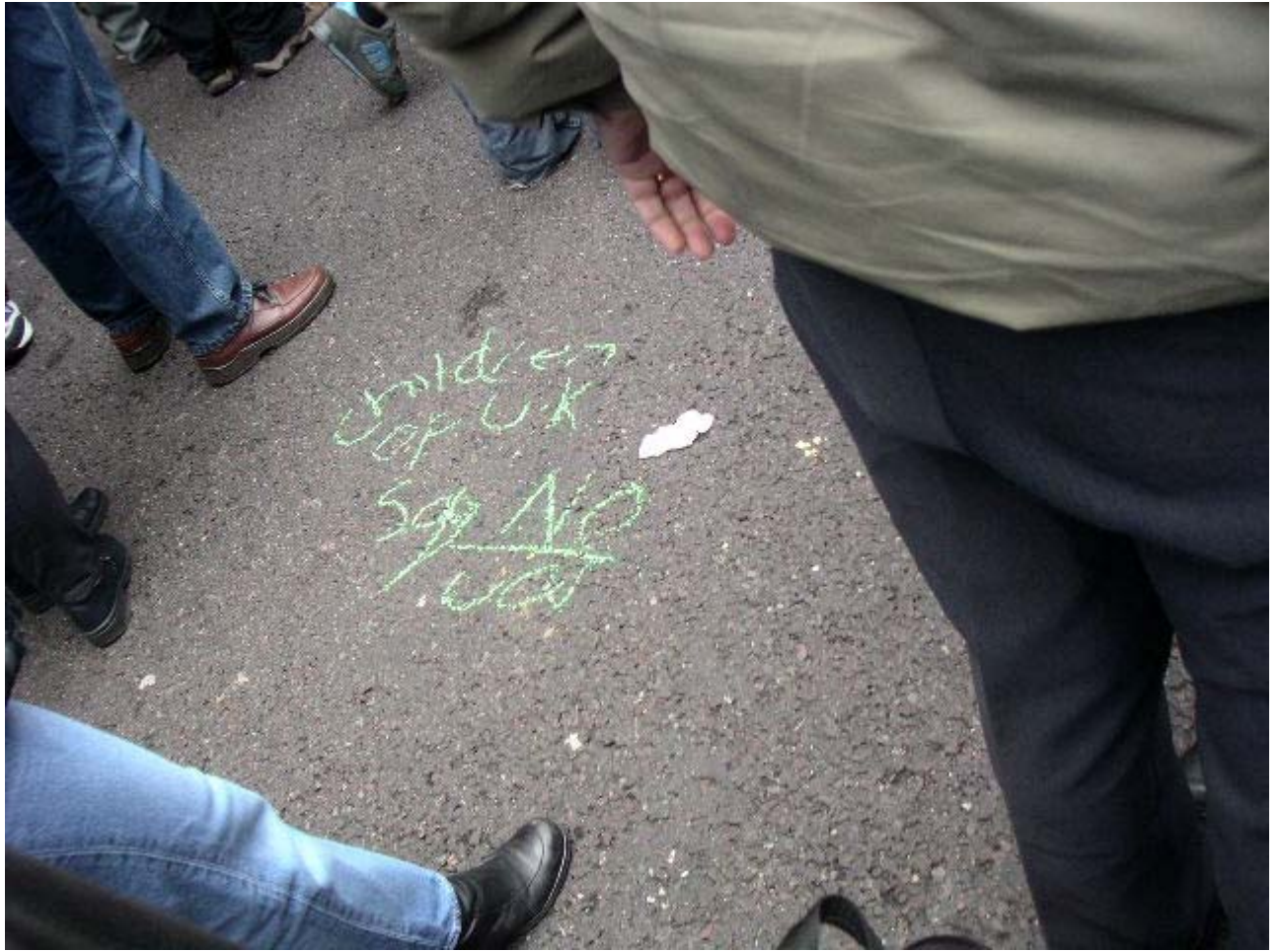
There were all sorts of people, ordinary and extraordinary on the march in London. They were not just the Usual Suspects. In this picture, the man in yellow is very old, with curvature of the back. He struggled on his way with a cane.



You want to tell all these people they're gullible fools? (The orange placard says "Tony, don't kill my cousins. They mean as much to me as Leo does to you.")



Too young to know how to wage aggressive wars. Can you look this kid in the eye and advocate spending billions of dollars to drop thousands of tons of explosives on the suffering Iraqi people?



There is your answer. ("Children of UK say No War.")



War produces strange bedfellows. (“Do it to each other, not Iraq.”)



There were many signs in this vein. ("Leave him Tony, he's not worth it.")



By about 6 p.m. when the end of the Gower Street march reached Hyde Park, it was dark, the speakers had gone, and the concert was over. The stage hands were clearing the stage. There was no Jesse Jackson, no Ms Dynamite, only this electronic display of the estimated attendance. That's at least two million voters who will never trust New soap powder Labour again.



Still, at least somebody is happy.