

# A SUMMER'S MORNING IN BEIJING.

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A hour's sleep. Nightmares already. James is at the square, and Mark somewhere near it, without a phone. I calls in from ~~Zhongnanhai~~ a conflict outside the Great Hall. A couple of thousand soldiers apparently emerged out the back, got hemmed in by swarms of citizens, and were stuck in a face-off. Now he's at Zhongnanhai, and the tear-gassing has begun.

Basler is trying to beat out an urgent, but stumbling. Not knowing whether I'm helping or not, I start dictating, while Virgil paces around taking more calls from James. He stands over Bob's shoulder, and launches into a diatribe about the use of 'on to' rather than onto. We get pissed on by AP in the timings, and Virgil later congratulates me on my patience. I am confused.

After being showered with rocks, the boys outside ZNH scurry down a side alley to safety. Behind the Hall, the soldiers, ha still hemmed in inaction by crowds, have formed a circle. For no reason James can see, they drag a bystander into the circle and beat the shit out of him. He crawls off after about 5 minutes, and they repeat the exercise with two others. Things are getting ugly, James is getting tired, and I head down to the square with a spare battery but no Tampax. Behind the Hall, workers are attacking an entrance, lobbing rocks, smashing those fancy streetlamps inside the compound, ripping up railings and using