

them to smash up paving stones for ammo. I climb a tree for a better view, aided by an American hack. Occasionally, a lobby of stones will come back the other way, and there is a bloody nose or two. (Later, I will recognise some of the most aggressive stone-throwers at the monument, proud in the red shirts of the *gausidui*.) At one stage, they force the gates open and but stop on the threshold, as if suddenly aware that they are at the Point of No Return. They politely close the gates again, and continue to hurl stones.

A little further south, outside the main steps on the west side of the Hall is the circle of soldiers. It is warm, they have been out here for hours; most are sitting down. In the interior circle are students, negotiating. They give the soldiers water and cigarettes. On one side, workers are singing the international, and after much prompting persuade ~~the~~ some of the soldiers to do a patriotic number. Perched on the corner of a bicycle I see a student come forward with a bull horn and an important-looking officer. They announce a deal; the 10,000 or so troops that guy commands will not come out of the Hall again for 48 hours. Much rejoicing. The crowd reluctantly gives way, and ~~they~~ the soldiers file back into the Hall. Michael Fatters and Landay have rocked up — Michael is keen on the drink option but my conscience does a number on me and I dive down a back street with Landay to find a phone. (Mine is playing silly buggers) Our subsequent quest for food is miserably