

climbing up on them, handing up their kids to sit on the soldiers knees, exchanging cigarettes for a look at the T-56's. And then, out of nowhere and heading east (ie away from Tiananmen) trundles an APC. I return to the Beijing International Hotel to file, call Bob, tell of the 'tank' and describe the general friendliness of the scene. "Well it's not so friendly where Guy is. They're killing people in the west of town." As I find my bike, an APC comes racing past at full tilt, crashing through those concrete bicycle lane barriers which have been swung out into the road. I run back in and get Virgil. "I see, and you're sure it was a tank." "Virgil, of course I'm sure. It was a big metal fucker, crushing everything in the way." "So it wasn't an APC?" "What's an APC?"

The thing I love about journalism is that you learn so much. I leap on my bike and follow the APC through the wreckage back to the square. On the station road, the buses are still there but there is no one on top of them. I sneak around them, and there on the other side is an APC just bashing away at the buses. Thud, crash, thud crash. Suddenly it is through the double line of the barricade and trundling off to spend Saturday evening in Tiananmen. The slack jawed citizens of Beijing realize, finally, that this is no Tupperware party. I beat on the doors of the darkened whore house, and they quickly and disapprovingly let me in to file. ~~They are no doubt~~ <sup>I wonder if they are</sup> wondering what will happen to Japanese investment and their client base if