

The worst comes to the worst.

I belt the rest of the way back to the square, thinking ~~how much~~ that the crushed blockades of Beijing make a good training-ground for the Jakarta motorcyclist. I leave my bike level with the monument on the east side of the square. There are a handful of hacks on the monument, one of whom, mercifully, is Graham, and with a phone. The pot bellied beer swilling cameramen of peaceful moments are history. Red flares or tracer bullets are being fired, with a big bang, high over the square from the south. These gradually work their way lower and lower until they are hitting the monument. The air is light with the intoxicating fumes of impending martyrdom. I think these kids, like me, are protected by the arrogance of youth from contemplating anything so dusty as death. At this stage of our lives it is unusual & glamorous, ~~and will allow~~ Better to have someone else ~~strating~~ weeping for the life we might have led than to have to do ourselves after decades of smudged dreams. The guncidi are running around with branch/municipal railing weapons, ready to impale the hopes of a generation. I go to the west side of the monument to hang over the vinegar and garlic smell by the doctor's Hongkong bubble tent and get a better view of the blaze on the ~~Northwest~~ corner of the square, which looks too big to be an APC. And then they came. From the south, ~~at~~ in front of the Hall, shooting over the crowd from the start. Almost at once the back radio broadcast is set up now on the west