

of the monument, starts appealing to the soldiers' humanity and brotherhood. More firing. Now trucks start pouring in to the north of the square from the west, maybe 50 of them. On the east, the boys in green pour out of the history museum and sit on the steps, a mass of intransigence bristling with guns. It must be about 3am. The second (front) broadcast is playing the national anthem, the Internationale. Houdejian appears to lead people in longwindedness. There are bursts of gunfire, mostly from the west, at frequent intervals. At this stage there are still lots of people milling around the top end of the square, between the statue ^{of liberty} and the troops. A tank comes in from the southwest, heads diagonally into the square, and disappears ~~do~~ back off to the northwest. Some guy is hanging out the window of a taxi yelling slogans as it careers around the centre of the square. We are having trouble with the phone, dialling for 20 minutes every time we want to get through, and trying to keep the line open for as long as possible in case something drastic happens. The other hacks, (there are only four of them, all men) think the Drastic Moment is at hand, and want to leave. They ask us to go. I think we should stay. They implore us to go. I am talking to Bob, who lies to me that Andy is at the west of the square and phoning in all the same stuff. Andy is actually on his way back to the office, and Bob will never be properly forgiven, despite the fact that we take no ~~do~~ notice of him. These ~~hacker~~ hacks beg us to leave, and Graham follows them down the stairs. I am damned if we are going to rat on the climax, for better