

Astonishingly, up here there were still people around. A group pressed around us, indicating the phone which was still hopelessly in my hand, "Use it, you must tell the world of this brutality. Are you from the BBC? Use your radio, use it." I explained that we needed a phone, and a kid volunteered to take ~~us~~^{me} on his bike. We thought it best, at that point, to leave the square together, and so followed this kid (a beida student, I believe) round into that alley with the restaurant that was never open when I was hungry. Two public phones back to back — two dangling cords. We shouted up to people on balconies: — no luck. In a neat little private house at the end of the alley there was a phone, the neighbours said, but the inhabitants ranged behind a locked door inside the porch would not let me in. We tried a block of flats: — nothing. Finally the kid offered us the bike "Just take it." Graham looked agitated as I tried to swing my crotch over a crossbar that would have been a better fit for my armpit. Wobbled, crashed, tried again, ~~and~~ wobbled again, but this time off in the direction of the Beijing Fountain.