America rates over people. Capitalism. The Panthers learned from Marx and picked up guns. Now they are revolutionaries.

So what can important white radicals do except support them? The Bobby Scale contingent and the stay-in-the-streets tactic were planned to throw a scare into the government: that this is what will happen if you correct Bobby Scale; this is what you can expect if the war goes on. This is what you can expect if you continue to exploit the Third World. In short, it was planned as a message: We are Third World. In short, it was prepared to fight you.

It worked like this: no one planned the smashing. The NAC/TDA Women's Caucus had even said it didn't want smashing. On the other hand, no one said anything to stop it... And everyone knew that there are today enough Crazies to get it started, and once it starts, the inevitable dynamic of 'riot commenced. It is easy, in the anonymity of the crowd, to vent your anger by picking up a rock or lighting a fire. The cops reacted predictably: their training showed; they were disciplined in the early moments of the confrontation. Only later did they begin to retaliate for the rocks and bottles and sticks hurled at them while they stood in patient ranks, only later did they strike back at the long-haired freaks who don't work, don't have families and responsibilities, who didn't fight in the War and who called them pigs.

When they were finally ordered to clear the square, about 8:30 I guess it was...they pushed a bunch of us down into the subway. A guy came reeling down the steps past me. He was bleeding. I grabbed him. A lump was growing on his forehead. I watched as it grew to golfball size. His eyes glazed and his girlfriend began crying hysterically. Another guy came along. I put the three of them on the train and told them to go to Mass General.

Some rockthrowers were using the subway steps as shelter. The cops charged them, forced everyone down the steps into the subway. They didn't stop; they chased us down onto the platform. I leaped a turnstile, turned around.

Two pigs were beating a pregnant woman. A man screamed, "Don't hit her; she's pregnant." He was clubbed to the ground. The cops chased us down the platform which turned out to be a dead end. They cornered us and ordered us out. As we filed past some of the cops beat us. Some didn't. Most of us paid a quarter to get on the train.

On the train a sister was weeping; her arm limp at her side. "Why are they like this? Why are they so brutal?" I said and got off in Central Square. But I'd lied to her: I knew why.

The cops not only hate, they fear. They were afraid that the mob, which kept screaming obscenities at them, kept throwing missiles at them, was going to attack them. They were afraid as well as angry.

As for the demonstrators - the rock throwers and burners, the active tracers: there were plenty angry. It is hard to say at what or why: rocks are not missiles at them, was going to attack them. They were afraid as well as angry.

As for the demonstrators - the rock throwers and burners, the active tracers: there were plenty angry. It is hard to say at what or why; rocks are not missiles at them, was going to attack them. They were afraid as well as angry.

As for the demonstrators - the rock throwers and burners, the active tracers: there were plenty angry. It is hard to say at what or why; rocks are not missiles at them, was going to attack them. They were afraid as well as angry.

As for the demonstrators - the rock throwers and burners, the active tracers: there were plenty angry. It is hard to say at what or why; rocks are not missiles at them, was going to attack them. They were afraid as well as angry.

As for the demonstrators - the rock throwers and burners, the active tracers: there were plenty angry. It is hard to say at what or why; rocks are not missiles at them, was going to attack them. They were afraid as well as angry.