ONCE AGAIN THERE IS ANOTHER
HUMBLE ATTEMPT FOR WORDS
TO FAIL TO EXPRESS WHAT WE ME
A SURVIVOR OF MAY 4, 1970
EXPERIENCED ON THIS DAY ALMOST
40 YEARS AGO.

WHETHER OR NOT YOU WERE AN
ACTIVE OR PASSIVE PARTICIPANT ON
THAT DAY, AS YOU WITNESS
TO THE EVENTS OF THE DAY UNFOLD.

THAT ULTIMATELY COLLAPSED INTO AN
HORRIFIC ACTION OF STUPIDITY, AND THEN TO STAND
UP BY SITTING DOWN TO CONFRONT
THE POWERS OF MURDER WHO
BRAZENLY SAID THEY WOULD DO IT AGAIN.
WE SAT AND WATCHED IN
MUSCLE TWITCHING FEAR THAT WAS
Finally broken by the pleading of grad students and profs as this university closed after 4 dead and 9 wounded. The irony of day was that for me, I thought that was the reason for the noon rally - the students would vote on strike to close the university until this situation desused. This is the amber we we all trapped in.

That day was the day that you carry with you until your days end.

This day is the day that still causes anger, swell up tears to well up all these years later.
For me it was one of my best days. For me it was one of my worst days. For me it is symbolized down by two photos: Alan Canfora with his flag against the guardsmen. It took thinking composing it was the picture I was seeking to symbolize.

Student protest in America as campus around nation

I was overcome with moment I captured. It was the best picture I had ever taken. {I had missed the event's May 1, 2 + 3 —

The second was the reaction shot of Mary Ann Hu body of Jeffrey Miller. A photo

The result of law and order. Execution without a trial

A photo of half the power or God unleashed on a being exercising his constitutional right to speak and protest against might.
WHAT FOLLOWS

THERE WERE COUNTLESS DAYS AND SLEEPINESS NIGHTS OF TRYING TO FIGURE OUT HOW I ESCAPED DEATH OR WOUNDED. THIS TOOK YEARS.

ALREADY THE NUMBER AFFECTED BY THOSE DAYS EVENTS IS STEADILY DWINDLING. IT ALWAYS DIFFICULT TO RETURN HERE.

I AM HERE TO TELL YOU ALL AND TO ANYONE THAT ASKS.

BUT I DO REMEMBER THEM SHOOTING DOWNHILL.

I DO REMEMBER WATCHING A SOLDIER FIRING HIS 45 AND SEEING THE GLINT OF THE SHELL ONE SUNLIGHT TICKING OFF OF THE RACING SPENT CARTRIDGES. HE WOULD LATER TESTIFY HE WAS JUST PRETENDING TO SHOOT...
I REMEMBER WATCHING AS A SOLDIER SIGHTED DOWN HIS RIFLE AT ME. THIS IS THE PICTURE I WANTED - GUARDS MEN FIRING BLANKS (BY MY ESTIMATION) IN THE DIRECTION OF THE CROWD.

I DO REMEMBER THE RIFLE FIRING, A SMALL CLOUD OF RUST ALL AROUND THE METAL SCULPTURE, AND FINALLY A PIECE OF BARK FLYING OFF THE TREE THAT WAS IN THE BULLET'S PATH.

I DO REMEMBER THE OFFICERS TRYING TO STOP THE MADNESS, AND WONDERED LATER IF HE WAS THE ONE WHO SAID HIS MEN HAD TO FIRE BECAUSE THE STUDENTS WERE TRYING TO WRESTLE ARMS AWAY FROM THEM. THIS STATEMENT MADE ALL THE NEWS.
I DO REMEMBER THE SHOOTER REMEMBER
THIS GUY WAS COMING OVER USING A ROCK TO ROLL OVER THE BODY OF NELLE MILLS TO CHECK THE NECK WOUND OF THE COMMANDEER
I DO REMEMBER MY MOTHER MAKING COFFEE FOR TWO FBI MEN WHO SAT IN OUR HOME FOR HOURS WHILE I GAVE THEM MY DEPOSITION
I DO REMEMBER SEEING THOSE SAME TWO FBI MEN IN MY REAR VIEW MIRROR AS I DROVE TO THE PITTSBURGH AIRPORT TO FLY TO CHICAGO TO APPEAR ON A NEWS DISCUSSION SHOW.
WHY DOES EVERYONE THINK WE WERE SO PARANOID BACK THEN?

I REMEMBER THE HATE MAIL

I REMEMBER THE PHONE CALL OF HATE
I REMEMBER MY UNCLE (WHO SURVIVED WWII AS AN MP)
WHO UNTIL THE DEATH LAST YEAR THOUGHT I ALONG WITH THE OTHERS SHOULD HAVE BEEN SHOT

I REMEMBER MY OTHER UNCLE WHO SAW ACTUAL COMBAT WHO PUT HIS ARM AROUND ME AND NOO SADLY
I remember proudly seeing my name on the indictment list along with what seemed like several hundred other hanging in the window of Daily Kent State.

But on that day I remember the overwhelming feeling of helplessness as I photographed the last person before me. The helplessness as we sat on the commons asking: Why did they shoot?

The helplessness of watching a father plead for justice for his murdered daughter. The helplessness of a generation masterfully divided against its previous generation, with the same rhetoric and hate words practiced.

Real enemies of the world.
THE HUN, JAP, GOOK REPLACED BY HIPPIES, BUMS AND DOPERS.

IT IS THAT SAME HELPlessness I WOULD FEEL LATER IN LIFE.
WHEN I QUESTION A WOMAN WHO I CUGHT CRYING ON MY BUS TO
NEW YORK STATION.
I asked if she was ok?

AND GEORGE ANSWERED.
SOMETHING THIS TUN IS NO HELP
JUST FRIENDSHIP AND AN ATTEMPT AT UNDERSTANDING AND A WILLINGNESS TO LISTEN.
SOMETIMES THERE IS NO HELP

BUT THERE IS ALWAYS HOPE.

DID WE MOVE ON PART OF A CIVILIZATION?
THE ENDING DOES NOT Happen.

Mary 25 yrs later 2009

[Signature]