IN LIVING MEMORY OF
ALLISON KRAUSE
JEFFREY MILLER
SANDRA SCHEUER
WILLIAM SCHROEDER
MAY 4, 1970
DEDICATED MAY 4, 1971
BY BRIT HILLER
RE-DEDICATED MAY 4, 1975
BY MEMBERS OF THE
KENT STATE UNIVERSITY FACULTY

MAY 4, 1977
MAY 4 TASK FORCE
Cover photograph by Doug Moore

-Also-

Special thanks to all the members of the May 4th Task Force for making this booklet possible.
Seven years have significantly changed the face of Kent State University. The site upon which the ROTC building stood is now a parking lot. The hill on which murder went unpunished is soon to be covered by a gymnasium. Once upon a time, hundreds of colleges world wide were closed in reaction to May 4, 1970. Today, classes at Kent State are held without interruption.

The quest for truth has been a disappointing one. Two trials have produced much knowledge but no justice. Those who perpetrated the murders of four and the wounding of nine have continued their cover up with fabricated stories. They have lied under oath and they now walk the streets convinced that the truth will never have to be revealed.

We come here today to honor the dead, to renew our faith that their lives were not lost in vain. We gather again to sing the song of peace, to hold hands and to pray for the day when there will be no more Vietnam, and no more Kent States or Jackson States. We raise our voices collectively today as we did seven years ago, condemning those who oppress, those who incite for personal gain. We gather together in sorrow, yet with hope for the future, that the full truth of what happened here will ultimately be revealed.

It is our responsibility not to forget, and to oppose those who wish to erase May 4th from the calendar. Your support is appreciated by The May 4th Task Force, by the families of the deceased, by those wounded, and by all those who flanked the hill and watched the 13 seconds that changed the world. Seven years or seventy, we will light the candle of life on May 4th.

The May 4th Task Force

May 2-6, 1977 The May 4th Memorial Art Gallery opens--Student Center

May 3, 1977

8:00 p.m. Dr. Gene Sharp will speak about "Perpetual Dissent of Fundamental Change", in the Kiva--Sponsored by The Center for Peaceful Change.
10:00 p.m. Memorial Candlelight March--The Commons.
11:00 p.m. Vigil--Prentice Hall Parking Lot.

May 4, 1977

12:00 noon The Vigil ends.
12:00 noon Speeches on The Commons.
3:30 p.m. "The Truth Demands Justice" protest march.
4:30 p.m. Workshops in the Student Center.
8:00 p.m. Stokely Carmichael in the Ballroom of the Student Center
Sponsored by the Student Caucus and Colloquia.
TO THE PARENTS AND THOSE REMEMBERING

Something died when four were killed
On the fourth of May
Bodies dropped where they were shot
But further still....
There was a death of freedom on this campus
And the souls of those who died
Are still around
freer than you or I

Whenever May 4 comes
I cannot shake the immensity of that tragedy,
That, for some, was a line drawn
To stop anarchy
Simply that, nothing more.

The drama was the same
That recurs in Western history.
People have to be crucified
Over and over and over again
Whether we like it or not.

Man has to prove to himself
That the Christ drama really happened
That resurrection did take place.
Possibly the slow death that occurred here
Will one day become a resurrection.

Must those who died, say "Forgive them..."
And their parents, too,
Though rabble cried,
"They should have shot them all?"

Is it important to remember?
God, how could we forget!

P.A. Slusarski
1976
Dear Friends:

In late 1974 the criminal trial of eight Ohio National Guardsmen charged with violations of the civil rights law known as Section 242 of the U.S. Code, Title 18, ended abruptly at the conclusion of the prosecution's case. Federal District Judge, Frank J. Battisti, acquitted the eight men because, he said, the government had failed to satisfy the prerequisite of every case brought under this law: establishing specific intent to deprive the victims of a right guaranteed by the constitution or laws of the United States. In the aftermath of this decision, John Dunphy of the Akron Beacon Journal wrote: "If anything stood between the government's obtaining a conviction...it was the law under which the guardsmen were charged."

On this day of sad remembrance let us commit ourselves to the task of changing this law and thereby making such reform a living monument to the memory of Allison, Sandy, Jeff, and Bill.

For seven years Congress has shown little, if any, interest in remedi- ying this appalling gap in our federal and state statutes when citizens are slain and wounded in incidents like Kent State, Orangeburg, Jackson State and Southern University. This gap is so wide that it virtually assures immunity from successful prosecution for those who recklessly kill and maim whilst acting under color of law. David Hess of Knight Newspapers, writing in the Yale Daily News (April 5, 1977), noted that as this statute now stands it "involves no consideration of whether law enforcement officers acted carelessly or recklessly or of whether their actions caused the deaths or injuries of unarmed protestors and spectators. Even if these facts were established by the prosecution beyond a shadow of a doubt, they would not be enough to warrant conviction. Conviction hinges on proving that the law enforcement officers or militiamen meant to deprive the victims of their civil rights." It is time that Congress was told in no uncertain terms that we, the people, will no longer tolerate the disinterest of our representatives in a statute that so flagrantly undermines the spirit and the letter of our constitutional right to due process of law.

As long as Section 242 remains unchanged then it is still possible, even probable as Mr. Hess put it, that in future confrontations like Kent State, guardsmen could fire away at will, and do so without fear of eventual punishment. Indeed, as Mr. Hess wrote, "they could conceivably choose a specific target and fire away with little fear of being brought to account." To remedy this situation we must have determination and patience. One letter is never enough, and during the past seven years that was the first lesson of Kent State that I learned. I urge you to join with me in this new task that time, apathy, four graves and the wheelchair of Dean Kahler now demands of us all.

Peter Davies
A REFLECTION FOR AMERICA

Stand tall, Jeff, with outstretched fist;
You are the Statue of Liberty.

Speak out Allison, with flower in hand;
You are the Dove of peace.

Learn everything Sandy, with books in arms;
You are to teach and free the children.

Turn around Bill, with troubled mind;
You are forever innocent to your tragedy.

Bring justice, Ohio, with rifles aimed;
You are killing your children.

Do not forget America, with fading concern...

Sarah Wilkins
1976
ROLLING THUNDER

Five years ago it happened...
I remember it well.
I was very young then, my eyes sharp lenses, my soul a vessel;
Growing on soil strewn with seeds of rebellion...
Listening, learning, in a world
Changing, churning, brewing, burning...

It was May, of course-young, expectant,
Restless...
The Commons.
Gentle, rolling green covered with the fresh hope of Spring.
An ideal beckoned-heady optimism and power to right all wrongs.
Collective outrage spread... carried by defiant winds, fused by
Lightning, unified into cast-iron chains, fed by torches and
Somersaulting into hot fury... ignited.
From a generation that arose and flowered miraculously out of
Nuclear ashes... ashes that foretold doom...
Now pleading, crying desperately-Stop!
Was no lesson learned to cherish life above senseless death?
Peace above war?
Children, only reminding them of those horrors so soon forgotten.
Children, only demanding their right to a world free of destruction
A world fit to offer future children...
Their words unheard
Their hearts misunderstood
Their actions vilified.

Like Allison's flower perched precariously
On the nozzle,
So their youthful idealism--

Beautiful, daring, windblown,
Threatened...

The Commons.
Gentle rolling green
Covered with the fresh flowing hope of Spring
... strewn with the massacred hopes
Of tomorrow...
Bloody remnants, torn shreds...

Questions... Answers...
Still blowin' in the wind
  the gentle wind
  the carefree wind
  the wind that carries

Rolling thunder...

Luba Gawure
1975
DEAN

Dark red hair
joins thick beard
almost
to shut out
though not at all
eager, alert eyes
strong smile.

Active youth,
almost
to walk
though not at all
paralyzed
by a May 4th bullet.

Powerful man,
almost
a god
though not at all
aware
you saved my son from Vietnam.

--Frank Hernandez

CRY!

Remember Kent.
Remember Kent...
and cry!

Cry for the nation
that turns the arms of her insolent war
Against her own children;
That rains the fury of her war-born hatred
Upon herself;
And tries to escape the shame of her madness
by turning away.

Cry tears of mourning;
of outrage;
of warning...
But cry not the tears of despair!

Cry out in voices resolved against silence,
Determined to speak for those silenced at Kent!
Cry out for justice!
For peace!
For compassion!
Cry out in loud voices,
Remembering Kent!

--David E. Engdahl
lured from corngreen commons
to gather lilacs and poppies
to stuff into gun barrels

but May had a darker meaning
and Allison of the flowers
fell on parking-lot asphalt
her heart ripped apart

and what of spring?
rash volley of unreason
massacred spring

and Allison pulled it
with her into the earth

the commons where her kitten sprang
after butterflies
lies barren now

it is the winter of the generals
who would march us
over flowerless fields
to seek out some foe, some brother

it is the killing cold
of world gone mad
gone flowerless

still the boot the bayonet

Alex Gildzen
THE TRUTH DEMANDS JUSTICE
TRUTH AND JUSTICE

Winners and Losers,
Cops and Robbers,
Ins and Outs,
Competition and Rivalry,
Peace and Violence,
Are games we play.

We learn to live with all these things...
The images of success,
Of power and vainglory,
Of those deserving and those who aren't;
The scourge of leaders
And their armies, armed with foreign guns.

The scales of justice try to weigh
The crucifixion, death and resurrection
The rightists and the leftists,
Those who steal a loaf of bread or ruin a nation
And the victor, often, is the one you'd least suspect.

There on a cross was a man, who saved humanity.
Wandering around free were those who would destroy it.
As for justice, somebody broke some windows
So the troops came in and killed a few.
Four died and so did we.
Where the resurrection
Or the justice?

And as for truth, forget it!
Corroded with ignorance, prejudice and legalities,
The scales of justice are too crude
To weigh a single grain of truth!

P.A. SLUSARSKI
Where were you when the olive-drab conscience of America turned and fired?
Does it matter where?
For this was everywhere
everywhere we closed our hearts in steel
steeled our hearts and fired our blind bullets
into hearts and heads
refracted in lineated light over the world as heat
climbed the screens' trembling adrenalin graph
out of our minds.

Reprise and reprisal, reprise and reprisal...
as the Average views
through America's eye his own eye,
an eye for an eye,
while the spirit's juggler rules for the land,
if x then y---

Our steel has smashed all syllogism into dust
overpriced and inflated
has torn the ligament and lung of logic
shattered the bone and torn the heart.

America's a scream.

Lloyd Mills