

Doris Krause & Barry Levine

Allison's Story

This summer I hear the drumming.

Four dead in Ohio.

—Neil Young

In May 1970 college campuses across the country erupted in protest following President Richard Nixon's announcement that America had unilaterally extended the Vietnam War by invading Cambodia, a neutral country.

One of the smallest protests against the invasion of Cambodia occurred at Kent State University, a generally conservative campus in Kent, Ohio. However, Governor James A. Rhodes, who was locked in a tight primary battle for the U.S. Senate, called out the National Guard to occupy the campus on May 2. Two days later, Guardsmen let loose a sixty-one-volley fusillade that killed four unarmed students and injured twelve others. None of the students was closer than 300 feet from the troops. Although the FBI later found no cause for the shooting, no Guardsman was every prosecuted for the murder.

The four dead students were Allison Krause, Jeffrey Miller, William Schroeder, and Sandy Scheuer. This is the story of Allison Krause, as told by her mother and her boyfriend.

DORIS KRAUSE: Even when she was in the Bluebirds as a little girl, Allison was the leader of the pack. She was very pretty, and people took to her. She was also very headstrong, just like her father, who landed in Normandy during the D-Day invasions and went all through Europe. They were two of a kind that way.

She had a way of charming people. She worked as a volunteer at a home

for mentally ill people. She'd talk to the patients there, play volleyball with them. One night, she came home so elated because she had gotten this man to talk to her while they were playing ball, and he hadn't spoken to anyone in something like fifteen years.

BARRY LEVINE: In high school, I was somewhat interested in architecture, and Kent State had a pretty good architectural school. It also had an Honors College, which promised all kinds of academic freedom, so I applied. By the time I was done with high school and had been accepted at Kent, I had lost interest in architecture. Still, there was something intriguing about the school, and the campus was very pretty, so I went ahead and enrolled.

DORIS KRAUSE: It was pretty. When the children were born, we lived in the Cleveland area, and we always enjoyed taking Sunday drives out there. When Allison was applying to colleges, we still had relatives in Cleveland, which meant that at Kent State, Allison would always be close to some family, so she applied and was accepted.

BARRY LEVINE: From the time I got off the bus, I realized I had made a huge mistake. I was bursting with excitement about books I had read, music I was listening to, or different political, social, and cultural ideas I had read about. Hardly anyone I met in the first few days shared that excitement, or even knew what I was talking about.

Socially and politically, it was as if I had stepped through a time warp back to the '50s. I was assigned two roommates, who turned out to be high school buddies from Cleveland. On their side of the room, their wall was plastered with *Playboy* pullouts. On my wall, I put up a poster of a Harvard professor, and these guys were convinced I was a "fag." First of all, I was a long-haired Jew from New York, and they didn't know who Timothy Leary was, so they would tell their friends, "He's got a picture of a man on his wall. There's something really weird about this guy." They liked bubblegum music, and if I was listening to Dylan or Joan Baez, they'd say, "Oh, he's listening to that hippie shit again."

Guys would push me down the stairs, and my books would get knocked out of my hand, which was real high school stuff. Or I'd get my sheets shorted. That kind of thing used to happen in summer camp when I was ten years old.

I also smoked pot once in a while. To them, pot smokers were all communist, hippie radicals. Clearly, Kent State was the wrong school for me. On the other hand, that's where I met Allison.

At that time, you could tell somebody's political leanings by the way they dressed and carried themselves, so if I would see other freshmen who looked like me, I would seek them out. One of the girls I met was constantly talking about her friend Allison. She said her friend was very nice and I should meet her. Then one day I was walking through campus, and I bumped into the two of them, and this girl, Liz, introduced us. Almost immediately, I knew there was something very special about Allison. I made it a point to run into her again, and we started to become friendly.

We discovered very quickly that even before we met, not only had we read the same books and listened to the same music, but we also had thought the same thoughts and felt the very same deep convictions about almost everything. She was also very soft and friendly, very attractive, and had a wonderful sense of humor. She was just a lot of fun to be with.

When everyone else would go out partying, we would go for long walks just to talk endlessly about everything. I have never met anyone who could read my mind the way she could. Sometimes I would be able to convey a complicated and complete train of thought to her without uttering a word. She used to smile at me and say, "I know what you are thinking," and she would get it exactly. When that happens once, you laugh about it. If it happens two or three times you think it's strange or spooky, but when it happens regularly over and over, you know there is something special going on.

A few weeks into the semester, she organized an antiwar parade from the campus to the downtown area in October 1969 to coincide with the national moratorium against the war. It was staged early on a Saturday morning. This was a football school. Most of the students were out drinking Friday night and slept late on Saturday, so not many people showed up. A few weeks later, we visited my friends at SUNY Buffalo in New York and decided to transfer there, so after a couple of months we were just marking time at Kent, waiting to leave. Through the rest of the school year, our relationship deepened and got more intense. By the springtime, we were already making plans to work together and live together during the summer. We even talked about what we'd do after we got out of college, maybe start a bookstore, live on a commune, or go to an art colony. Allison painted, and she drew. She had a real interest in art and art history. Who knows what we would have done. We were only nineteen years old.

DORIS KRAUSE: We went to see her on April 23, and she was as happy as a



Barry Levine and Allison Krause on the commons at Kent State in April 1970, less than a month before the shooting. (Courtesy of the Krause family)

lark. She had no reason not to be. It was her birthday. She had found a boyfriend, Barry, and they were so happy together. We met him for the first time that night, and he seemed like a wonderful man, but that was the last time we ever saw her.

BARRY LEVINE: I don't remember any more antiwar demonstrations until May 1, when there was a rally in response to Nixon's decision to invade Cambodia. Not even a hundred people showed up out of a campus of 20,000 students. At other campuses, there were rallies with thousands of people. It seemed like students across the country were outraged—everywhere but Kent.

We went to the rally because we felt it was important and that finally there was some activity on campus opposing the war. Also, our English professor, Barbara Agte, whom we liked a lot, was speaking at the rally, so we made it a point to be there to hear her speak.

On Friday nights in town after the bars closed, typically, a couple hundred drunk kids would be dumping into the middle of the street. That night, May 1, maybe a few of them yelled antiwar slogans. Someone threw a rock. Soon, a couple of windows got broken. It was more blowing off

steam than anything really political, but the local newspaper turned it into “these antiwar radicals, student communists who destroyed our downtown area.” The local politicians also jumped on the bandwagon, saying that truckloads of student radicals were being bused in from Columbus, which was another fantasy.

The next day the buzz around campus was that there had been an antiwar riot downtown, even though there had been nothing of the kind. By midday, there was word there would be an antiwar rally on the Commons Saturday night. It started off with maybe fifty students. There were speeches about the war, and then a decision was made to march out to the front of the campus. They went from door to door chanting antiwar slogans, and at each dorm more students would come out, and the crowd got bigger. By then, you had students who couldn’t even spell the word Vietnam coming out to watch, just to see what was going on.

On the Commons was the ROTC building, which was actually two old wooden structures. They were empty and were about to be torn down by the university because they were so dilapidated. Before that night, there had been no demonstrations directed against those buildings, while on other campuses around the country that were more politically active, the ROTC buildings were the first things that went. Well, that night, they became a symbol of what the U.S. was doing in Vietnam, and some students started throwing rocks at the buildings.

After a while, someone else ran up to the window and tried to light the curtains with cigarette lighters, but the flame died out. Then another person tried. They were still trying when we left. By the time we came back after a half hour or so, the building was in flames.

That kind of stuff wasn’t unusual. Around the country, antiwar demonstrations had moved from protests in the streets to acts of violence against property, and I think Allison and I were of the same mind about it. We both expressed dismay that things were getting to that point, but on the other hand if you balance that against the U.S. government napalming innocent civilians in Vietnam, you come to believe that maybe it’s worth destroying a few empty buildings if that helps bring enough attention to the need to stop the slaughter of people in Vietnam.

There have been questions for years about who set the building on fire and why it burned for so long. Some people think that it was set by agent provocateurs among the police. Another theory is that the school let it burn

down because it was old and going to be destroyed anyway. Either way, that was the excuse they needed to call in the National Guard.

These people just move from one campus to the other and terrorize the community. They're worse than the Brown Shirts and communist element and also the night riders and the vigilantes. They're the worst type that we harbor in America.

Governor James A. Rhodes, after calling out the National Guard to the
Kent State campus

After we got back, the word started spreading that the National Guard was on the front campus, and sometime that evening we did see them, marching across campus with their helmets and gas masks on, carrying exposed bayonets. There was almost a script to demonstrations in those days. The police would come, and they'd throw tear gas or march in uniforms with their billy clubs. But it was always police, and it was always batons, and that's what you expected. The worst thing that could happen was you'd get roughed up or hit over the head with a baton. But here was the U.S. Army with rifles. I remember seeing their steel bayonets reflecting off the moonlight. It was surreal. That the National Guard would be called in in response to the destruction of a couple of old wooden buildings was a ridiculous overreaction. We were indignant.

There were jeeps and personnel carriers as big as tanks. The whole thing looked like something out of Czechoslovakia in 1968. By then, the crowd had dissipated anyway, and there were local police surrounding the ROTC building. Police were also driving around the campus in the jeeps, announcing through their bull horns that everybody was to get off the campus and must be in the dorms or be subject to arrest. We went back to the dorm, and I remember people watching out the windows saying the same thing: "What the hell is the National Guard doing here?"

On Sunday morning, the 3rd, we went outside to assess the damage and were greeted with Guard troops positioned around buildings all over the campus. They were standing with their rifles in front of them, but they were relaxed, and it was pretty quiet. Many students approached the Guardsmen, and there was friendly chatter back and forth.

On the front campus, we saw one particular Guardsman standing at ease, talking to three or four students. He had a lilac in his rifle barrel. We walked over to him and just stood there, listening to their conversation



The friendly National Guardsman with the flower in his rifle barrel whom Barry and Allison encountered on May 3, 1970. (Courtesy of the Krause family)



Allison Krause listens as Meyers is reprimanded by his commanding officer for his friendly behavior. (Courtesy of the Krause family)

about a mutual friend they had. He was twenty or twenty-one, and his name was Meyers. (Myers?)

Off in the distance was an officer watching from the corner of his eye. You could tell he wasn't very happy with the fraternization. Finally he approaches this guy Meyers from behind and barks at him right into his ear, "Private Meyers."

Meyers snaps to attention with fear in his eyes. The officer says, "What division are you in?"

"The Third Division, sir."

You could see the muscles in his neck tightening, and you felt for him, because he was the kind of regular guy you could have been drinking a beer with.

"Don't you have target practice next week?"

"Yes, sir."

"You gonna go to target practice with that silly flower in your rifle?"

"No, sir."

Meyers is looking at us, and his eyes are saying: Help me.

"Where'd you get it, Meyers?"

"It was a gift, sir."

"Do you always accept gifts, Meyers?"

"No, sir."

"Then what are you going to do with it, Meyers?"

Meyers doesn't answer.

"Why don't you take it out and stop all this peace crap?"

Meyers takes the flower out of the barrel, and the officer puts his hand in front of Meyers, waiting for him to deposit the flower.

Just as Meyers is about to deposit the flower in the officer's hand, Allison, who is standing right in front of Meyers and is getting increasingly aggravated at what is going on, grabs the flower from him and looks at the officer sternly and says, "What's the matter with peace? Flowers are better than bullets."

There was a instant there that was frozen in time when she just stared him down, and he stared her down, and then he turned around and walked away, and we walked away.

After the shooting, we got the roster of guards who had fired their weapons, and we looked to see if Meyers' name was there, and it wasn't.

On Sunday night, there was another rally on the Commons. This time

the rally was not about being against the war, it was that the Guard should get off the campus. There were a few speeches, and then a decision was made to march to the front of the campus at Main Street and have a sit-in in the middle of the street, which is what happened. Maybe a couple of hundred students marched and sat down. It wasn't that organized, and Allison and I stayed on the Commons, but after an hour, we wandered over to Main Street and saw the Guards with their jeeps and their bayonets drawn, surrounding this small contingent of students who were sitting in the middle of the street. Suddenly, some tear gas was being thrown at the students. The students got up and moved out the street and the Guards started advancing on them with their lowered bayonets. They chased the students off the front campus and back onto the main campus to the Commons.

Suddenly a couple of helicopters came flying overhead with the spotlights dancing all over the campus, and with the jeeps driving around, it was like being in a war zone. And why? Because of a sit-in? We headed toward the dorms, but we ran into a contingent of Guards. They chased us with their bayonets drawn while the helicopters overhead followed us, shining their spotlights on us.

We got to the dorm, but when we tried to get inside, we found that all the doors were locked shut, and there was this big jock inside holding them closed and not letting us in. It wasn't a joke. There were bayonets at our backs. Finally, one of the kids either broke in or got in through an open window and pushed the jock aside. As soon as we got in, Allison lit into this guy, "What the hell are you doing? There are people out there choking on gas. The guards are coming at us with bayonets. Are you crazy?"

She went nose to nose with him. Meanwhile, the Guards surrounded the dormitory, and the helicopters were flying around, broadcasting on their PA systems, "*You are not to go out of the dormitory. You will be subject to arrest. You are under martial law.*"

We had a friend, Jeff Gelb, who lived in the dorm, so we spent the night in his room on the floor with about ten other people. At one point, we were all pressed up against the windows, watching what was happening outside. This was a ten-story dorm, and the helicopter was flying real low around the tower, warning us: "*Get away from the windows. If you don't move away you will be subject to arrest.*"

DORIS KRAUSE: She called home that Sunday night and told my husband

some of the things that were going on on the campus. My husband warned her to be very careful. He never spoke to her again.

BARRY LEVINE: When we woke up the next morning, we heard there would be another rally around noon. I got out there before she did. The crowds were already gathering. Across the field was the burned-down ROTC building, where the Guard was now gathered. It was like two opposing teams on a football field. Maybe we were a hundred yards apart. People were milling around, but there was no tension, really.

Finally Allison came up to me. We talked about what might happen and what we would do. We always had this tendency, instead of going with the flow, to figure out what might happen and what our contingency plan would be. She was real organized that way.

After a while, the chanting started. “One, two, three, four, we don’t want your fucking war.” “Pigs off campus.”

We threw rocks—or, more exactly, I did. Allison would carry them so I could throw them. I had a better arm than she did, but we weren’t nearly close enough to reach the Guard. It was more of a symbolic protest.

This was again following the script, except this time we were dealing with National Guardsmen holding rifles. After a while, a jeep came out to announce that our gathering was illegal and that everybody had to disperse.

The students started screaming back, “Fuck you!”

The Guard responded by shooting tear gas at us. As it turned out, the wind was blowing against them, so the canisters would land and the gas would blow back in their faces.

That’s when the Guard started to advance, so all the students started retreating back up the hill. We retreated with the crowd of students back up toward the top of the hill as the Guard came towards us. We went over the crest of the hill and down the other side into a parking lot. The Guard followed us over the hill and down, but instead of coming into the parking lot where the students were, they moved into a football field adjacent to the lot. For a while, they stood in this practice field in formation and then, amazingly, several of them kneeled down and pointed their rifles at the crowd of students. Neither Allison or I knew they had live ammunition. We just thought they were empty rifles, but even that was scary to see ten guys lined up, pointing their rifles at you. We learned later they were equipped with M-1 rifles, the same weapons used in Vietnam. They were very, very powerful rifles. I read somewhere that they could kill up to a mile away.



Forty-five minutes before the shooting, Allison Krause (left of center, facing left) can be seen carrying wet cotton balls in her pocket for use against tear gas. Barry Levine, in the dark coat, is next to her. (Courtesy of the Krause family)

After a while, we could see some activity going on among what appeared to be the officers. It seemed like they were asking each other, “Now what do we do?”

They couldn’t come after us because they would have had to get around a fence. We didn’t know what they would do next. It occurred to us that maybe we won this round, because it looked like they had to go back to where they started from. For a few minutes there was actually some exhilaration on the part of the students as the Guard started marching back in the direction from which they came. We thought they were retreating. As they climbed the hill, the students started screaming at them, “That’s right, go back to where you came from.”

When they got to the crest of the hill, they stopped for a split second. Then, suddenly, a few of them turned around, pointed their rifles, and this time started shooting. Then the rest of them turned around and started shooting.

We were still very far away, over a hundred yards, and when they stopped marching, we stopped. When I saw one of the Guardsman turn, I grabbed

Allison's hand and we turned around to run away. It didn't seem like we were in any immediate danger, but I wanted to be as far away as we could. After we took our first couple of steps, the guns began firing. Pop. Pop. Pop. Pop. Pop. Pop.

In split seconds you don't know what's going on. I thought they were shooting blanks, but by instinct I pulled Allison behind a car for cover. While we were falling behind the car, the pop, pop, pop continued. We kind of fell down onto the asphalt. As I looked at her to see if she was OK, she didn't respond. Then I heard her whisper to me, "Barry, I'm hit."

I had no idea what she was talking about. What did she mean she's hit? I looked at her, and she whispered it again. "Barry, I'm hit."

I couldn't conceive that they were shooting live ammunition at us, but then I saw a smudge of blood on her face, and in an instant it became clear that this was very, very serious.

What do you do? You're nineteen years old, attending college, and exercising your right to free speech. The next thing you know you are face to face with armed troops pointing rifles at you. Then I was on my knees in a parking lot with the love of my life in my arms, bleeding, dying. I gave her mouth to mouth. I stroked her cheek. I talked to her, told her the ambulances were coming. From the front there were no wounds. I didn't know if she had a flesh wound or if it was more serious. She was shot in her side near her back. She was on her back with my arms under her. I'm not sure why, but I had gloves on that day. When I pulled my hands out, the gloves were all bloody. She wasn't saying anything. Then she slipped into shock. She turned white. Her breathing became labored, and she started to lose consciousness. Something was seriously wrong.

After the shooting stopped, people started coming over and yelling for ambulances. It seemed like hours until they got there, although I read later it was like fifteen minutes. People were screaming, crying. Finally someone showed up with a stretcher. We put her on it and carried her to the ambulance. They said, "Sorry, this ambulance is full."

We carried her to another ambulance down the other end of the lot. We put her into the back. During the trip, the attendants were just holding her. One of them kept saying, "She'll be OK. She'll be OK."

There was a stretcher above hers, like bunk beds, and there was a student in the top stretcher. As we were driving, I looked up at the attendant and said, "How about him?"



After the shooting, students carrying Allison Krause desperately search for an ambulance. (Courtesy of the Krause family)

He shook his head, indicating that it was a lost cause. He had been shot in the face. I didn't recognize him at that moment, but it turned out to be our friend, Jeff Miller.

Allison was still breathing, but it was labored. Maybe it was a five- or ten-minute ride to the hospital. When we pulled into the driveway, I was saying, "C'mon, Allison, just hang on a little bit longer."

As we took her out, her eyes rolled up and her arms fell off the stretcher, and although I didn't know it at the time, that probably was the moment when we lost her.

We took her inside, and they stopped me. I couldn't go any further, so I sat in the waiting room. It was chaotic. All the wounded and dying students were coming in. Finally, I went to the desk and inquired, and somebody came out to talk to me. I asked how Allison was, and they said, "Oh, she was DOA."

DORIS KRAUSE: I was working at the time, and my younger daughter called to say that some reporters were trying to get me, that something had happened. I drove home as quickly as I could. When I got home, someone

from the Westinghouse TV station called to say that Allison was in the hospital in Ravenna, Ohio.

I called the hospital. At first I couldn't get through. Finally, I got hold of an operator and told her who I was and that I wanted to speak to somebody in the hospital. I was put through to the hospital administrator. He came on the phone and said very casually, "Oh, yes, Mrs. Krause, she arrived DOA."

That's how I found out my daughter was dead.

I just couldn't believe it. Who would think that this could happen? Be shot by representatives of your government for speaking your mind? That doesn't happen in the United States. Does it?

BARRY LEVINE: All during the time I was in the waiting room waiting for news, I was saying to myself, "It's ridiculous to be in a place where they're shooting at us for an antiwar demonstration. As soon as she gets better, we'll pack up. I've got friends in Canada. We'll go there. I hope she's not in the hospital long."

"She'll get better. We'll go here. We'll do this. I'll never take her to another demonstration." And then you're confronted with a nurse who tells you, "Sorry, it's all over."

I tried to see Allison again, but they wouldn't let me. At that point, I was all alone in the world, and all alone in this little redneck town filled with police. Who knew what they were thinking? The immediate report over the wires was that one or two Guardsmen were killed, which turned out to be not true. Even the FBI later said the Guard were never in any danger at all. But here in this little right-wing college town, stories were circulating about these radical communists coming in from other parts of the country who killed some Guardsmen. I was sure they were going to think I was one of them, so I knew I couldn't go back to campus.

As it turned out, after I heard that Allison was dead, one of the nurses came up to me and gave me a slip of paper with her name and phone number on it, saying, "If you need anything, just call me."

I didn't know who she was, but I had nowhere else to go, so I called the nurse. She lived nearby. I went over to her apartment, she let me in, and I just sat in her living room and cried my eyes out for hours. Finally, she and her boyfriend offered to take me to the airport and buy me a ticket home. They said, "When you get there, send us the money back."

When I got home, I was still wearing my bloody clothes. My parents took them and threw them away. The next morning, my mother woke me up, saying, “Doris Krause is on the phone.”

You can imagine how difficult that was. “What happened to my daughter?” What do you say to her? Even if I could have explained it to her, I wouldn’t have been able to. I didn’t know what happened other than we were in a demonstration and for no apparent reason armed troops began firing at us. She told me the funeral would be the next day in Pittsburgh.

I got calls from many friends who knew Allison. Two friends from Buffalo said they would come down to be with me. They started driving down from Buffalo that morning, and as they traveled on the New York State Thruway they were stopped by a state trooper. They had a bottle of prescription medication in the glove compartment. The cop pulls out the bottle and says, “What do we have here?” He takes out the prescription, tears it up, and throws it away. “You’ve got some illegal drugs here, boys.”

That’s the kind of thing that happened regularly in this country during those days. The police hauled them off to jail in some little podunk town in upstate New York. They finally were bailed out and arrived at my house the next morning, just in time to go to Pittsburgh with me and my parents.

DORIS KRAUSE: I don’t remember a lot about it, other than there was a tremendous number of people. I can’t remember who spoke. That’s one of things I still can’t face. I guess I don’t want to remember.

BARRY LEVINE: Her coffin was in a curtained area, and before the actual funeral I asked if I could have a few minutes alone with her, and they said yes. I got to speak to her body and say good-bye, which is something that you just naturally feel the need to do. I’m glad I did, but I think I ended up saying good-bye to her in much more meaningful ways by just walking around the campus or in a park where we had been together. The night before the funeral, I went out to the beach with my friends. As we walked along the shore, I began the process of saying good-bye, and I continued to do so for a long time afterwards.

I still had my stuff on campus, but it had been closed down. I called the university about picking it up, and they said I could come on a certain day. I called my former English professor, Barbara Agte, and told her the situation. She said, “Why don’t you stay with my husband and me, and we’ll help you if we can.”

In a sense going back there meant that I could still feel close to Allison,

but I was very paranoid—and for good reason, it turned out. Before I left, I told my parents, “I’m going to be in Ohio for a week. If you get any calls from anybody, newspapers, police, FBI, you don’t know where I am. You have no idea.”

Sure enough, after I left, the FBI came to the door, and my mother told them, “I have no idea where he is, and he’s definitely not with his English teacher in Ohio.”

So they knocked on Barbara’s door. Her husband answered it and told them he hadn’t seen me since the shooting. I was upstairs sleeping at the time. They went away, but whenever we would leave Barbara’s house in the car, even to go to the grocery store, we’d always see in the rearview mirror a car with two or three guys in short-sleeved white shirts and real short hair. They could have just as easily had a sign on their car that said FBI.

They followed us wherever we went. In every restaurant, a few tables over, there were always three guys in their shortsleeved shirts trying to act real cool. It was frightening, really, because I had already seen what they had done to Allison, and I had no idea what they wanted from me. Then a day or so later the Krauses came out to pack up Allison’s room.

DORIS KRAUSE: It was like an armed camp. There were literally tanks there, and they were not going to let us through until my husband said who we were. Finally a professor took us to Allison’s dorm.

BARRY LEVINE: She had had a single room at that point. It was just large enough to fit a bed and a dresser. Doris, Arthur Krause, and Allison’s sister Laurie came. They were accompanied by a representative from the university, a representative from the dorm, and a highway patrolman. Then there was me and Barbara. Eight of us in this little room the size of a closet.

The room was blocked off with yellow tape. I was the first one in, and as soon as I got inside, I saw immediately that people had already been through the room. There was stuff that had been moved. There were also a few things in there I didn’t want anybody to know about, including a small amount of pot that I used to keep in her room.

My heart was in my throat the whole time, because I figured that’s all that had to happen. People were already smearing her even though they didn’t have anything to smear her with. There were stories in the paper that Allison Krause was riddled with syphilis; Allison Krause was six months pregnant; Allison Krause had met with members of the Communist Party a week before the shooting.

I told Barbara that we absolutely had to get the pot out of there undetected. There we were with seven other people. How do you do it? What I did was create a diversion, and then managed to sneak the small bag into Barbara's purse. She didn't know I had done so, and when she left the room with her purse, we had dodged that bullet.

DORIS KRAUSE: We hadn't heard anything from the university at that point. In fact, we never did, except a short time later we received a check made out to Allison for the return of her spring tuition.

We got a condolence letter from President Nixon. Clearly it was written out of duty and not out of genuine sympathy. Just before the shootings, he had referred to the students as "bums." The day after she was killed, my husband spoke to the press, and one of the first things he said was, "My daughter was not a bum," and he asked if we've come to a place in our country where someone can't speak their mind.

By that time, we were getting so much mail we couldn't believe it. There were hundreds of letters, pro and con. Some said, "Go back to Russia," with Russia misspelled, or "Dirty Jew." Then there were so many people who were so aghast at what had happened and were so kind.

BARRY LEVINE: At some point, I got picked up by the highway patrol to be "interviewed." I said, "I don't know anything. I was there. My friend got killed. That's all I know."

"Who are you kidding?" they said.

They took out a stack of surveillance photographs. They had pictures of people I knew, myself included, and as I was looking through them it felt like somebody had been watching us for many, many months. That was very scary.

The pictures were not only from the four days of demonstrations but also from previous rallies. They put pictures in my face and said, "We're not going to go into your activities, we just want you to help us here. There might be a couple of people in this picture who are politically active. Do you know any of them?"

I wouldn't answer them. Somehow I bullshitted my way out of that situation and got out of there. I did end up talking to a couple of reporters from the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*, though. One day after the interview, one of them called to say that the state of Ohio was going to indict some students. "Some of them are trumped-up charges. We just wanted to let you know that you're name is on the list."

"For what?"

“For possession and distribution of LSD.”

I said there was no way they could pin that on me because I never had any LSD, and the guy laughed. He said, “If they want to pin it on you, they’re gonna pin it on you.”

Clearly the state was trying to divert blame from the Guardsmen. I mentioned to Arthur Krause that I was about to be arrested for something I didn’t do, and he made a phone call. I found out later that he spoke to one of the attorneys at the White House and told them, “Keep your hands off Barry Levine.” He made some threat to them if I was arrested. Later I talked to the same reporter again, and he told me my name was now off the list. Eventually, twenty-five students were indicted, but all the charges against them were dismissed.

In September, I went to school at SUNY Buffalo. I had a support system of friends who got me through the next year, year and a half. I went to see the Krauses a few times. In the beginning, it was very difficult and uncomfortable when I was with them. I didn’t know them. I was their daughter’s boyfriend. I had met them once before she died, and I’m sure at some level, even though they really were wonderful to me, they must have thought, “Maybe if she wasn’t involved with this kid Levine, she wouldn’t have been at that rally.” It never did come up, and when I did talk to them, they were nothing but comforting and loving, but it was still uncomfortable. It was also upsetting, because I would sit and talk with Doris Krause, and I’d see Allison in her face, which was devastating to me.

As time passed, we drifted apart, but years later, I got back in touch with them, and it felt great. I enjoy Doris’s company. I see her twice a year, and it’s a healing now for me, and for her too, because it’s something that we share. She has since lost her husband, so who else is she going to share the memories of Allison with?

DORIS KRAUSE: There were no criminal charges filed against the Guard. We hoped the government would take these people to court, but it didn’t, so we filed a civil suit. We had professors of law from all over the United States come to help, free of charge, but we lost the case. Why? The case was heard in Ohio, where people felt, “How could Governor Rhodes be wrong?” When he testified at the trial, the judge called him “Your eminence.” It was just too slanted against us.

My husband had actually received a bribe offer of over a million dollars if he would drop the case. The offer was made by an attorney who had



Barry Levine and Doris Krause remain close today. (Courtesy of the Krause family)

connections to the federal government. The man said to Arthur, “Everyone has his price. What would it take for you not to take this any further? A million and a half?”

Then he named all these people on the board of Westinghouse where my husband worked and said he knew them and that maybe they didn’t like what we were doing. My husband, said, “Well, if they don’t like it, they’ll have to let me know.”

He came back home, and he went to see the president of Westinghouse, who said basically, “I don’t want you to stop.”

But you know we wouldn’t have cared if it meant the end of his job. My husband said he wasn’t interested in compensation. What he wanted was an apology and an admission of guilt from everybody involved.

In the end they came up with a sum of money, maybe \$600,000, of which the bulk went to the boy who was paralyzed. I think we got \$10,000. We also got the apology. It was kind of a half-measure apology, but it was an apology nonetheless, and they all had to sign it, including the governor and the entire guard.

It called the shootings unwarranted and unnecessary, and it was. She had every right to be there. How dare they?

BARRY LEVINE: I thought “What if?” a million times. What if we didn’t go there? But I have no guilt at all. I wish with every fiber of my being that it was different. But we were running away before they turned. We made it a point to maintain what we thought was a very safe distance.

The first couple of years were very difficult. You’re missing somebody, and you can’t let go. You don’t *want* to let go. You have no interest in doing things. Everything reminds you of her, but life takes care of it. In time, that fades a little bit, but not a day goes by that I don’t think about her.