

Chapter 1. TWO EXPLOSIONS IN THE DARKNESS

It was the evening of June 12, 1975. That same afternoon, 20 hours of hearings to determine if I should be dismissed from my tenured professorship at the Kent State University ended.

The time was about 11:20 P.M. when I left the large Kent State main library and was on my way to the faculty parking lot. When I was approaching a lamppost on this relatively dark path to the lot, about 35 yards from my car, there was a startling, somewhat deafening explosion just behind me. I turned reflexively to the flash of that explosion, almost like a moth to a flick of a lightswitch.

My right eyelid and the back of my neck were burned in that split second. It was as if an angry stranger had slapped me hard on the eye and neck for no rational reason. Stunned, bewildered, not knowing what was going on, I walked, almost ran, very quickly toward my car.

That was a warm evening, June 12, 1975. I was dressed in my shorts. The brisk walking sent cool air circulating freely about my legs. For a moment I had forgotten what took place seconds ago. Even the sting from the burns on my eye and neck disappeared.

But when I was less than 5 yards from my car, a dark blue '71 VW Squareback, I saw a brilliant, white flash of light from Manchester Hall, a men's dormitory across from the parking lot, and then there was a second explosion close behind me. This explosion burned my left calf. It felt like the excruciating initial pain of a wasp sting.

Suddenly there was no time for wallowing in the warm summer air, no time to enjoy the soothing songs of crickets. Plunged into reality again, I was frightened! I sprinted to my car and left the parking lot as if I had just taken off in the Indy 500. I left the parking lot with my headlights off until there was a good distance between me and the whole macabre scene.

After getting away from the area, I turned on my headlights and drove to the Education Building, about three quarters of a mile across the campus. There in my office on the third floor, trying to regain some composure, I called the Campus Police and told them what had happened. They suggested that I come to their office and fill out a report.

At the Campus Police office, located on a remote little hill at the southwest corner of the campus, a somewhat sleepy-looking police officer heard my story. He said rather matter of factly, yawning a little between phrases, that what I described to him was in all probability shots from a rocket gun, a kind of bazooka.

I asked another, more alert officer what kind of damage a direct hit with such a gun could do. He said: "It could tear a ball of flesh as big as your fist right out of you. And, if it hit you in the head, it could kill you."

A bit flustered by this revelation, I asked this alert officer who would be wanting to shoot missiles like those around campus. Rather nonchalantly, he answered: "Probably just someone trying to get rid of a little steam. After all it's the end of finals week."

"Oh, is that all," I said in a somewhat satirical tone. "Does this happen every finals week?"

Seemingly unmoved by remarks, the officer replied: "It's nothing unusual, but we'll try to find out who did it."

The indifference of the police made me feel doubtful about whether or not their effort would produce anything. I had been teaching at the Kent State University for more than 8 years and I never heard about anyone shooting rocket gun missiles randomly or specifically at anyone. I, consequently, began wondering if the two shots might have been intentional.

There were probably a half dozen unfriendly colleagues that would have liked to get rid of me but I couldn't picture any one of them, alone or in combination, trying to kill or even physically hurt me. Yet, I couldn't see students just shooting potentially deadly missiles randomly at anyone just for the "fun of it." Those shots were too close for comfort.

I called the Campus Police the next day. They said that someone was sent out to investigate the shootings and found nothing. But I felt uneasy about those two explosions in the darkness which could have killed or maimed me. Those shots made me think of May 4, 1970, the day of the Kent State Massacre.

Chapter 2. GHOSTS OF THE KENT STATE MASSACRE

May 4, 1970 was a special day in the lives of almost everyone connected with the Kent State University. It was much, in its impact, like the day President John F. Kennedy was assassinated. There was a great deal of disbelief, of anger, and of fear among campus people, but there was also a strong desire to make amends for the dead and wounded students.

For a few months following the massacre many people began relating to each other in a more concerned and caring way. Formal, useless rules of the past vanished and suddenly there blossomed a real sense of community never felt in recent years. This significant change in the campus atmosphere occurred in spite of shutting down the University, establishing curfews, not permitting people to assemble in public, and other kinds of marshall law measures. For example, many professors, as I did, held classes in their own homes so that students who wished to complete courses interrupted by the massacre would have an opportunity to do so.

At the informal classes held in my home, much of the initial time of each class was spent talking about the massacre, what we thought and felt about it. For those students and faculty who remained in Kent much time was spent in and out of class attempting to work out the grief that gripped us, to do something constructive with the anger which tortured many of us.

During the weeks of mourning following the massacre there occurred a rash of engagements and marriages which,

I feel, were triggered by the realization that life was fragile and tenuous, that one needed support, commitment, something and someone to lean on.

I was one of those unattached persons caught up in the expression of this great need which manifested itself at this time. And so that August, 1970, I entered into a marriage which ended three years later.

Less than 6 months after the massacre, things returned to their pre-massacre state with the addition of an added feature. There was a real chilling effect on most people who had survived. These people were now, more than ever, reluctant to express their constitutional rights for fear they would end up like Krause, Miller, Scheuer, and Schroeder, the four Kent State students killed on May 4, 1970. Although some faculty and students were radicalized by the massacre, most of the people who felt relatively secure, unafraid, and free on May 3, 1970, felt like one of the frightened masses, alienated and alone on May 5, 1970.

When I joined the faculty of the Kent State University in the Spring Quarter (late March) of 1967, there was in this conservative University an air of optimism and adventure. The federal government was pouring plenty of money into all kinds of programs and the University seemed to be moving forward on many fronts. It was, in fact, expanded federal funds which made possible an opening in the Rehabilitation Counseling Program which I accepted. When I started work at the Kent State University, therefore,

I was fully supported by a training grant from the U.S. Department of Health, Education, and Welfare, and what was then the Vocational Rehabilitation Administration(now the Social and Rehabilitation Services).

While federal monies supported all kinds of worthy faculty projects and programs, there were also monies being made available to meet special student needs. However, Black student needs only were addressed after Black students, organized mostly by the Black United Students(BUS), and supported by a few faculty members such as myself, staged numerous protest demonstrations seeking positive changes in their status on the Kent State campus. After those demonstrations Black students were able to get an Institute for African Affairs, a Black Studies Program, and a Center for Pan African Culture. In addition to these positive changes, a Human Relations Department was created under the able direction of Dr. Milton E. Wilson, Jr., formerly Coordinator of the Rehabilitation Counseling Program (from 1964-1968). Under Dr. Wilson's influence new and significant services for students were established, including one of the best Office for Handicapped Students in the nation.

From 1967-1970 Kent State University was a lively campus. However, the incidents occurring in May, 1970, and the months following, changed Kent State University --- changed most of its staff, faculty, and students into timid, fearful, somewhat paranoid, insecure neurotics. While there

were dramatic changes in the facades of people on campus, that is, men letting their hair grow long, sporting beards and mustaches, and women letting their hair grow much longer than usual, wearing miniskirts, etc., these changes did not lead to changes in the guts of people in a positive way. That is, for most people on campus, if anything, fear seemed to make most people more fearful, spreading like cancer feeding on itself, and people became more dependent than ever. That fear manifested in Kent, at the University and in the town, was not merely a local phenomenon. The extent of this fear was shown in the fact that Richard Nixon carried 49 out of 50 states in the 1972 presidential election. Here is dramatic evidence of how real behavior validly manifests the temper of the times.

My writing and publishing skills were utilized to their fullest during my first few years at Kent State. During that time I was able to "co-author" and publish enough research articles in professional journals to get all three of my colleagues in the Rehabilitation Counseling Program full membership to the Graduate Faculty,^{1/} a status which made it possible for them to be masters thesis and doctoral dissertation advisers, a requisite generally necessary for tenure and associate professor rank in the Kent State University Graduate School, as well as for promotions and pay

^{1/} Full membership in the Graduate Faculty requires the regular publication of empirically based research papers in professional journals. It should be noted that two of those people were Dr. Keith Palmerton and Dr. Robert Sakata, about whom you will hear much more later on.

raises of any consequence.

In addition to teaching numerous required and elective rehabilitation counseling and core courses, I also created three new courses. A course called Sex and the Handicapped. Another called Writing for Professional Publications which, although officially a part of the Graduate Education curriculum, became a kind of all-university course in its appeal. The third course I developed was one for the Sociology Department. The course was a seminar called the Sociology of Art.^{1/}

During the Winter Quarter of 1970 I was given the task of taking over the teaching of the general departmental course (a so-called core course) which nobody particularly wanted to teach, namely, Community Resources. I took what was previously an uninspiring course for my colleagues and worked hard to make it an interesting course by, among other things, bringing in the most articulate spokespersons from various community resource agencies and institutions throughout Northeast Ohio.

When I was given the task of teaching the Counseling Practicum and the choice of teaching it on or off campus, I chose the latter. I chose to have it in cooperation with the Akron Model Neighborhood Commission, part of the Model Cities Program. In this practicum I had students work in a fashion similar to that developed in the clinical experience Case

^{1/} I received my Ph.D. in sociology from the Ohio State University in 1961. My Ph.D. dissertation was in the area of the sociology of art. I have had a deep interest in art from early childhood and have been a free lance artist since adolescence. Although sociology was my major, I had almost as much coursework in psychology while working on my Ph.D. While at the Kent State University I took a number of counseling courses, practicums, and an internship before teaching counseling practicums.

Western Reserve University Medical School students are challenged with. That is, each student was assigned to work with the members of at least one family instead of relatively isolated individual clients for the entire school term. Thus, for example, a practicum student might spend time observing and/or working with a child in his school setting. Then, after school, he might see the child in some recreational pursuit (as, for example, involvement at a neighborhood art center), and then, in the evening, at home where he might work with the child, his siblings, his parents, or some combination of these significant persons in his life. On another day the student might work primarily with another sibling or concentrate on working through some problem with one or both parents. Briefly, my approach was not to treat the individual client as an isolated unit but rather to try and understand him as a person interacting and influenced by significant other persons in a particular subculture. The student was often, in actuality, working, therefore, with the entire family, helping the family to become stronger and to help those members of the family most in need of counseling.

In my course in the Social Psychology of Disability I feel I did a good job of getting students to develop some insight about and deeper understanding of how social forces shape people's lives in general and the lives of handicapped persons in particular. I felt that this course was one of my best courses and some students felt it was the best course they had in our rehabilitation program. My broad background in all the behavioral sciences, I think, prepared me well for

teaching this required course.

During my two years as Coordinator of the Rehabilitation Counseling Training Grant(1973-75) I helped the University obtain almost \$95,000 in federal funds to support the rehabilitation program in our department, the official title of which is the Counseling and Personnel Services Education Department (often abbreviated the CPSE Department). The rehabilitation program was one of five programs in the department. During my coordinatorship of the grant I was able to help many students, a good proportion of whom were handicapped, complete our program and obtain jobs commensurate with their special abilities and talents.

It was during the early seventies that I was, in addition to working within the department, involved in the Artist-Lecture Series Committee activities of the University. Thus, in the summer of 1972, I arranged a special program on the plight of the American Indian which was a great success and contributed to our better understanding of America's forgotten people. Also helped to arrange other important programs, including a concert, master class, and lecture by an outstanding pianist and composer.

This is a very incomplete picture of the kinds of things I was involved in as a professor at the Kent State University. After two years on the faculty I was granted tenure, a continuing appointment, that is, a permanent appointment. The point of all this discussion is that I was an active, involved member of the faculty from the beginning and until I left.

Less than one year following the Kent State Massacre, the ghosts of Krause, Miller, Scheuer, and Schroeder made themselves known to me through the apprehension shown by some of my colleagues and the Administration when I heard, in December, 1970, from a national organization, namely, the American Personnel and Guidance Association, that they had approved my proposal to chair a symposium to be held at its annual meeting in April, 1971 in Atlantic City, New Jersey. The title of that symposium, my title, was "The Kent State Massacre: Its Impact on the Counseling and Personnel Services Education Department Faculty at Kent State University."

Within three weeks of having received this notice I was asked by the executive committee of my department to resign from the University or face dismissal proceedings. The ghosts of the Kent State Massacre linger on. They reminded the living, especially the staff and faculty, that it is important to maintain the status quo, to try to forget May 4, 1970 as if it never occurred, and to rid the campus of any person who doesn't fit into the Procrustean expectations of the University's power elite. These are restless ghosts whom most of the people around Kent wanted laid to rest.

Chapter 3. FIRST DISMISSAL ATTEMPT

Before the May 4, 1970 massacre occurred there were already signs that at least one or two members of my department wanted me out. One of those persons was Dr. Keith Palmerton.

Palmerton came to Kent State in September, 1967 as an assistant professor with an A.B.D. (All But Dissertation)-Ph. D. He and I were both members of the rehabilitation counseling staff. I had become a part of that same staff in March, 1967. Palmerton became coordinator of the rehabilitation counseling program in July, 1969, replacing Dr. Milton Wilson who had given up that position in order to become the Dean of the new Human Relations Department.

One of the first things I did when Palmerton came to Kent State was to help him complete his dissertation so that he could get his degree. After he received his degree (December, 1967), I thoroughly examined his dissertation research and, with relatively little help from him, produced four research papers. These papers, with Palmerton as senior author and me as junior author were published in a professional psychology journal, made Palmerton eligible for full graduate faculty status. It meant he could now advise doctoral candidates on their dissertations. Those four papers were accepted for publication in 1968 and published in 1969. It meant also that he would more easily get a promotion and eventually tenure, that is, a continuing, permanent appointment which could only be terminated (outside of a bona fide financial exigency) for just cause, that is, for serious misconduct, gross incompetence, or moral turpitude.

When I had completed my first full year at Kent State, Dr. Clayton Schindler, Dean of the College of Education at that time, was moved to write the following letter to me on May 25, 1968:

Dear Dr. Frumkin:

At the conclusion of your first full year with us, it gives me pleasure to write to you and congratulate you on the work you have been doing by way of research and writing and encouraging others in the department to do so. We note that you are beginning work with doctoral students now and we know that this will be successful. We are indeed happy that you have joined this team.

Very best personal regards to you.

My colleague Palmerton's appreciation was very different from that of Dr. Schindler. Following the publication of the four papers, like a person who feels hostile toward the one upon whose shoulders a very high wall was scaled, Palmerton, as the new coordinator of the Rehabilitation Counseling Program, began his campaign to get rid of me.

A few days after Palmerton received reprints of the newly published papers, I received a memo which spelled out some of the "concerns" he and others had with my work at Kent State. Ironically, one of those "concerns" he and others had with my work was my allegedly marginal or inadequate performance in writing and publication and inability to relate to colleagues. In a memo dated October 8, 1970, Palmerton summarized a list of things he claimed I had agreed to but, in essence, never fulfilled. The memo stated that I "failed" in the following areas:

1. Making myself available to students.
2. Giving more substance and content to particular courses I was teaching.
3. Getting a large research grant which would pay a large part

or all of my salary.

4. Regularly attending and participating in staff meetings.
5. Meeting core courses and interns regularly.
6. Learning university and college rules well enough to advise students expertly.

The memo concluded with the warning that "Dr. Frumkin must work hard to improve his involvement in the department before he incurs the displeasure of the whole CPSE staff."

I was extremely puzzled by this memo because, from the very beginning, I had posted and kept regular office hours and scheduled meetings with students way beyond minimum expectations. I met all my classes regularly, never missing a single class. My courses were known as among those having the most substance and content. In fact, Palmerton often turned to me for sources, materials, and even lecture notes which I had prepared to help him in the preparation of some of the courses we both had taught independent of each other.

I had tried to get a large research grant but that was virtually impossible with the very tight money for research at that time. I was unable to even get small research grant money during that stark, lengthy, impoverished period.

My attendance at and participation in staff meetings was average, no better or worse than most people in the department.

It was my feeling that Palmerton wanted to get rid of me because I might stand in the way of his getting promotions and tenure. I might stand in the way of his getting tenure because as a tenured professor I was a regular member

of the promotions committee of the department and he, as a non-tenured assistant professor, was ineligible to be on that powerful committee.

It was noteworthy that when Palmerton was asked to document any of his allegations against me he was unable to come up with a single fact to support them. His tactics were highly reminiscent of the late Senator Joseph McCarthy who suggested there were traitorous Communists everywhere but was unable to produce even one.

There was another colleague who wanted me out, namely, Dr. Lawrence Litwack, then Chairperson of the department. In writing the yearly faculty evaluations in 1970 he rated me as marginal or inadequate on every single criterion, including research and publication. His unusual, almost venomous, prejudice, I feel, was due, in part, to the fact that he had asked me to help him get a research paper published and my honest answer to him, after a careful examination of the paper, was that I thought more research was needed before it might be ready for publication. He never talked to me about the paper again but he showed his animosity toward me in ways which his office granted him. Where he was able to carry his considerable weight in the department, he was able to see to it, along with Palmerton, that I received no promotion, little or no salary increases, and teaching assignments which nobody else wanted. When I challenged him on his evaluations, that is, when I asked for factual evidence supporting his ratings he was not able to support a single one of them!

As indicated in Chapter 2, following May 4, 1970, some

people associated with the Kent State University began to act toward each other with the humanistic caring that is hoped for but seldom experienced. This kind of caring lasted but a few months. During this period and for several months afterwards I was one of the faculty members involved in what was then known as the "100 Homes Project." This project was an attempt to reintegrate and/or integrate the Kent State University staff and student community with the alienated community off campus. I was thus one of the leaders in this program in which persons from both communities met informally in the homes off campus in order to get to know each other by talking about May 4th, themselves, important social issues, Kent State University, and anything else of interest. While the program lasted it was beautiful but when the initial impetus had faded into history the project quietly vaporized into oblivion.

But at the same time that things had changed back to relative normalcy there were pervasive signs of fear lingering on and off campus. The Portage County Grand Jury (Kent is located in Portage County) was in hot pursuit of people to blame for the May 4th Massacre. Not the national guardsmen or Governor Rhodes or the killers of the students but rather Kent State University staff and students were sought as criminals. To say that there was a "chilling effect" on campus would suggest only a superficial view of how people felt. It would be much closer to the truth to say that there was a kind of mass paranoid condition in which everyone and everything was suspect. I remember eating at a small off-

campus restaurant and hearing students talk about the feeling that they were being watched by FBI informants, having suspicions about their phones being tapped, and their movements watched.^{1/}

On October 17, 1970 the department had an all-day retreat at which many departmental issues were discussed, including my status in the department. At this meeting Palmerton and Litwack made many allegations against me. Again, being research oriented and a civil libertarian who knows something about due process, I asked for facts upon which such judgments were made. No facts were presented. However, I pledged that within two weeks that I would have a report for the department discussing the allegations made against me and my view of them. However, before I had an opportunity to complete that report Palmerton asked me for a letter of resignation and suggested in no uncertain terms that dismissal proceedings would take place if I didn't resign before the end of the quarter. I refused to resign and Palmerton backed off for a moment. I feel certain now that Palmerton's urgency in wanting me to resign had to do with the fact that I was to be on the promotions committee in December, 1970, and that he was up for promotion. I think Palmerton felt I would oppose his promotion because I viewed his philosophy toward people as being contrary to the fundamental goals of our profession and because we had some

^{1/} It later came out that the students were partly right because it was discovered that informants working for the FBI were enrolled in a number of classes throughout the University in order to spy on students and professors who were suspected of being involved in campus unrest, the anti-war movement, etc.

bitter conflicts over whether several unique students in our program were to be permitted to graduate.^{1/}

One of the students Palmerton objected to graduating was a handsome Asian student who had, with his considerable oriental charm, won over Palmerton's lover. The Asian student's success in taking away this young, very attractive woman infuriated Palmerton because his self-concept had been much enhanced by this relationship.

In December, 1970, I had heard from the American Personnel and Guidance Association that my plans for a symposium on "The Kent State Massacre" was approved for the April, 1971 national convention in Atlantic City, New Jersey. I was very happy about that but some members in the department, especially Litwack and some public relations conscious University administrators strongly objected to that title.

A special meeting of the symposium participants and those critical of the title was called. A bitter battle over the title took place. In the end there was a vote. The title I had selected won by a very narrow margin but it won. In the process, however, I had made some new enemies inside and outside of my department.

1/ Palmerton's hunch was correct. When the promotions committee did meet in December, 1970, I did in fact vote against his being promoted and wrote a four-page statement in support of my position. Appendix