

ALBUQUERQUE

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The notebooks of Arthur Bremer,
who wanted to kill President Nixon but instead assured his reelection

AN ASSASSIN'S DIARY

*See pp. 52 →
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2235 UNITED NATIONS
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AN ASSASSIN'S DIARY

The grandiose delusions of the lonely nobody who tried to cure his impotence by killing Richard Nixon, but instead struck down George Wallace and thereby assured the President's reelection

On May 15 of last year an unemployed bus-boy named Arthur Bremer, twenty-one years old and disappointed in love, attempted to assassinate Governor George Wallace of Alabama. Bremer failed to kill Wallace, but he wounded him severely enough to shift the balance of votes in the recent Presidential election. Wallace lost whatever advantage he had gained in the spring primary campaigns, and by the time he reached the Democratic Convention in Miami in July, he had been reduced to a ceremonial figure in a wheelchair, rolled on and off the speaker's platform as a testament to the American violence he had both exploited and deplored. The television cameras tended to avoid him.

Bremer apparently chose Wallace as a secondary target of convenience. He had hoped to assassinate President Nixon, and with that hope in mind he followed the President to Canada in early April. He missed the chances he imagined he had been given, and he concluded that the assassination of a President might present too difficult a task. The notion of killing Wallace seems to have occurred to him in a Milwaukee movie theater, while he was watching a performance of A Clockwork Orange.

His trial lasted five days. He had been arrested within a few seconds of shooting Wallace at point-blank range during a political rally at a Maryland shopping center. He also wounded three other people (a bodyguard, a Wallace campaign worker, and a Secret Service agent), and the jury appeared to be convinced by a CBS News film of the incident. Bremer was convicted on various counts of assault with intent to murder, and he was sentenced to a total of sixty-three years in prison.

The defense offered pleas of not guilty and not guilty by reason of insanity, and in support of the latter pleading it introduced into evidence a document identified by the FBI as "Manuscript Found in Bremer's Vehicle." The manuscript consists of the last 113 pages of a diary in which Bremer confided for some months. The first 148 pages of the diary he presumably buried in the ground somewhere in the vicinity of the furnished room in which he lived on the near west side of Milwaukee.

It is probable that he began to write the diary during the week of January 12, 1972, the date

on which he was rebuffed by the sixteen-year-old girl with whom he believed himself in love. At about the same time he shaved his head bald, acquired a .38-caliber revolver, and began to dream of assassinating President Nixon.

Medical witnesses at the trial testified to Bremer's condition of paranoid schizophrenia, and the manuscript seems to bear out their testimony. Bremer conceives of himself as an American hero, and he has assembled his image of the hero from the available found objects that decorate the landscape of popular culture. His delusions coincide with the commercial mythologies; it is as if he had broken down a thousand television melodramas into their component parts and then had put them back together in a surreal collage.

But the manuscript acquires more than pathological interest when one weighs Arthur Bremer's effect on the Presidential election. Consider the 1968 election percentages: Nixon 43.4, Humphrey 42.7, Wallace 13.5. The numbers suggest that George McGovern's chances in 1972 depended far less on his idealistic supporters than on George Wallace's proved ability to hold Richard Nixon to a minuscule plurality (only .7 per cent in 1968). A week before the recent election a national poll assuming Wallace's presence on the ballot showed only 44 percent of the voters favoring Nixon, compared with 15 percent for Wallace, and the remaining 41 percent either for McGovern or undecided. By November 7, roughly three out of four Wallace supporters had chosen Nixon as the only available object of their conservative sentiment. In many states the Nixon vote was almost precisely the sum of his and Wallace's combined votes in 1968.

The arithmetic suggests that Wallace's departure in May doomed McGovern's candidacy two months prior to his nomination. The Pentagon Papers may have raised all the solemn questions of war, peace, diplomacy, and the freedom of the press, but the few pages of a bus-boy's almost illegible scrawl may have had more to do with the history of the nation.

The abridged text that appears on the following pages of Harper's has been taken from the FBI typescript of the holograph copy found in

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Bremer's car on the day after his arrest. The FBI typists retained the misspellings that often lead Bremer into grotesque puns and juxtapositions.

The first entry in the diary, dated April 5 and appearing on the second page of the manuscript, places Bremer in a motel room near LaGuardia Airport in New York. He had arrived the day before on a plane from Milwaukee. He never explains his reason for coming to New York, and neither does he explain how he acquired the \$1,055 that remains in his possession. In his luggage he had brought two guns, a Browning automatic pistol and a Charter Arms .38-caliber revolver.

The second entry, dated April 13, appears to have been written in Canada during the evening of the day on which Bremer missed an opportunity to assassinate President Nixon. He doesn't mention his presence in Canada; instead he continues to describe his adventures in New York. He concludes that narrative in the third entry and then proceeds to reconstruct his Canadian journey in chronological sequence. The text seems to indicate that he returned to Milwaukee on or about April 19. He remained there until he followed Governor Wallace into Michigan during the second week in May.

Consider yesterday, the last minute rush, the burying of the book and the trip & NO CAR one of my worst days in years. If I attempted to say half of what was done to me, I wouldn't do the emotion of despair justice. You heard of "One Day in the Life of Ivan Dyerovich"? Yesterday was my day. I could write 150 pages alone describing that day.

Wallace got his big votes from Republicans who didn't have any choice of candidates on their own ballot. Had only about \$1055 when I left.

Took a 4 hour walk around this slum. Alleys and some parts of sidewalks are dirt. Not concrete dirt covered, but dirt. Some of the weeds between the curbs and the sidewalks are taller than me 5'6. But mostly they average between my waist & chest level, some times growing this high on both sides of the sidewalk giving an impression of walking thru an animal trail in a woods. Litter abounds. A junk dealer with a truck to pick up from the vacant lots & streets has his fortune made. Cars are often parked very near or on the pedestrian walks between city blocks, some with a tire or two removed & other deformities. My Howard Johnson's is \$23 and \$1 occupation tax and some other tax. I'm charged 20¢ per call from my room which is very noticeably smaller than my Madison, Wis. room for under \$17 total. I'm at 140 St. and 135 av. (it may be the other way around). Downtown is barely visible with binoculars, being a

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good 12 miles off on the horizon. I'll spend tomorrow there & get out of this cold peopled place.

Read the sexy parts of the Little Red Book [presumably a Bible furnished with the room]. Whores and cleansing and circumcision and incest. Must of been hot stuff 2,000 years ago. I'll pick up the modern version tomorrow.

Got a little tanning from the clear skys. Must of began to cry 8 distint times yesterday night. Watched T.V. 'till 2:10 am. Great movies of the '40's. Surprisingly got up at 8:00.

A life time of events has happened since I last wrote in here. I didn't write because I was tired of it bored with it. I wanted to ACT instead.

My last night at the Howard Johnsons' in the Jamaica Area, New York City I didn't sleep much, a beautiful naked lady across a parking lot in the next motel out by her window (floor to ceiling) smoking cigarettes & I had to watch her. Her table room light was on & thin veil of curtain allowed me to watch as she passionately kissed a man who wore clothes. I never saw them in each other's arms more than a minute at a time. They must of been fighting. Thru binoculars I saw them gesture like Italians & open their mouths very wide very often.

For \$16 I took a helicopter to Wall St., closer to Le Guardia. Some guy asked me what I thought of helicopters & the possible improvements that could be made upon them. I guess he designed 'em. Couldn't help him. Got a limosine (Lincoln Continental [Nixon was in one today]) for \$11 (an hour) [\$2 tip] & the choffuer in choffuer's hat (was hack driver for a long time, but not in last 7 years) gave me a tour thru the open markets & Chinatown & the Bowery and narrow streeed financial district. I asked him for help in getting me a hotel (a lot of 'em are residential only) & he got me the Fifth Ave. Hotel. Sounds impressive but it didn't compare to the Howard Johnsons'. Kids running in the halls (in diapers) a stink in the hall & room, a dump. Nice looking resteront from the outside but it wasn't open till 11:30 the next morning. I ate at a hero sandwich joint, got sick on the shit. Walked 20 miles (10 blocks to a mile) thru mid-Manhattan. Never saw so many street venders. On a few streets were signs "This street patrolled by----private police." WOW! I always carried my gun outside my hotel in N.Y.C. I really felt good being stared at by the poor people in my limosine. Took a taxi to the Waldorf-Astoria & never got looked at by ANYONE. I thought the Wardorf was the best N.Y.C. had to offer. I was wrong. For \$37 plus I got a room little better than the \$23 Fifth Ave. joint. I took a lot of their stationary that's what I payed for. They spend all their money on their lobby, & hallways to a lesser degree.

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After 3 days in N. Y. I decided to go to a massage parlor at 11 pm I looked up their ratings in Screw newspaper, checked the ones I wanted & was going to 3 or 4 that night. I couldn't do it. I walked past a place & then got lost (on purpose maybe). I felt like I was going to get raped. Called the best place for a reservation & was told "You just come in, sir." I twisted my guts for hours sitting before the phone with fear & anticipation & then was told that. I put the phone right down cussed them & went straight to bed for an anticipated 3 hours before my flight. Overslept. Made a 4pm reservation. Was kind of glad I still had time to go to a model studio. It was 3 blocks from the Waldorf, the Victorian. I walked past it about 6 times then ate lunch at a self-service, then walked past it AT LEAST 12 more times. Walked into an Adult book store to try to get a horny feeling. Lousy boring fuck books and the good photo magazines were wrapped up in cellophane. Tried to see a 25¢ dirty movie but they were closed, it was Sunday. Had just watched that morning & made fun of a dopey preacher on T.V. & figured if he was against it I wanted it.

Guess I was too bored with writing to even finish my last entry. I have to turn back to see how far I got.

Saw a hairy hippie type leave the entrance to the Victorian. Two old ladies standing & talking right in front of the place finally left (they were begin to give me funny looks) & I some how walked up the screky stairs into the place on the 2nd floor. It was nicely furnished, you could see they made an effort. A hairy character asked if I was there before & showed me a booklet of about 20 nude & near nude girls & said that 2 of them were working that day, a Sunday afternoon.

I picked out the blonde (the best looking I thought). The 2 were sitting on a sofa off to my left. I was conscience of someone there but never looked directly in their direction untill the guy said, "Alga, you have a 1/2 session in studio 2." (\$18) This was right after I signed a statement that I would "behave in a gentelmanly manner." Alga & I looked at each other, I thought her rear end was kind of fat & her face & hair & figure generally attractive. She led me into a room locked it, turned the lights out & lit incest all with her back generally towards me. Piped in music began. I handed her 3 tens and said we'd have to take it easy as I just ate lunch, she didn't hear me (I think I was kind of wispering rather than my voice cracking) & had to repeat it one or twice. She glanced at my offering hand & said "put it on the table."

Again with her back toward me she began to undress. I took off my vested business suit & overcoat & layed on my stomach on the mas-

sage table, nude. She didn't see my organ yet.

She started by massaging the fleshy part above & behind my collar bones, then the upper back, lower back, buttocks, & legs. She was completely nude except for a yellow nylon bikini panty.

"Do you want to turn over now?" I obliged & was fully erect & pretty much relaxed. I looked at her more closely and saw she was beautiful. Beautiful. Her breasts were perfectly beautiful her rear end was not fat AT ALL. I glaided my hand over her back & side & rear for a closer inspection.

"You're not supposed to do that."

"What?"

"Touch me."

"Why?"

"That's the rules."

"Are you kidding?"

I had gently held & caressed her waist line with one hand as I lay down & she did not protest. She saw I was looking at her private parts. I thought she wanted more money before we started the heavy stuff.

I sat up & looked in to her beautiful big brown eyes.

"Are you kidding?"

She talked about "the rules." Customers aren't allowed to touch the girls. By this time she was massaging my erect penis with one hand. Up & down too quickly to be enjoyed. I moved her hand in mine in slower more pleasurable moton. We talked about "the rules."

I sat up gently & tried to put my head to her breasts she stepped back just out of head resting range. Later I slowly reached out to brush her breast with my hand, I moved slowly enought for her to move away but I surely didn't want her to. She covered with her arm a little. I sat up again & looked into her eyes. She looked directly into mine. I think I recognised that same look in Joan. She was not going to give ground.

I layed back down & started talking about her tips. "Some times I get \$2, \$5, \$10, \$15, \$25, or \$30." I had given her \$30 & didn't know, wasn't sure that she had counted it.

"Why do you get \$30 some times?"

"Because the customers like me."

"Why?" a silence befor I said, "What do you do for \$30 that you don't do for \$2?"

She looked right at me & damn it cause she said, "Nothing."

Another short silence. "You said that one of the rules was that the customer was supposed to climax if you can't do it this way (she was using her hand) then lets' do it another way."

"This is the only way I can do it?"

"What. Don't you read books?"

"Sure."

"What books do you read?"

"Oh, mostly horoscope books?"

We both knew I was talking about sex books.

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So I changed the subject a little. Tried to talk about something she was interested in "I'm Leo. What sign are you?"

"I'm Virgo." Damn, she was still defensive! She said this with a very very little smile & nod & looked at me. Damn!

"You don't like your job do you?"

"Not really."

"Then why are you here?"

"I have another job, I'm only here on the weekends."

"What do you do?"

"I'm a telephone operator at an airlines."

I never heard of a phone operator for an airlines. I had told her I was in N.Y. for 4 days & was leaving in 2 hours by plane. Thought she wanted to satisfy my question with a lie. Thought she didn't like me for my crew cut & straight cloths. She was dressed somewhat like a hippie, when she was dressed.

She told me she was 20. I said I was 21. I know I look older in that suit. I felt sorry for the kid. It was a job & she was only in it for the money. I sat up for the last time, "I'm sorry." Maybe she didn't understand. I'm sure she never layed with any one on the job. Any one.

Earlier I had told her she could push & pull on that thing for a week & I couldn't come. It was true. I needed, I wanted & was prepared for a wild 1/2 hour of sucking & fucking & tonguing & everything. Just looking at bare however beautiful tits & getting a hand job weren't going to do it.

I commented that she must have strong fingers. She invited me to feel her forearms & smiled when I did. Time was up.

A little buzzër rang & went off by itself. We had never even begun.

I went to my cloths to dress & she went to hers. She commented about my yellow underpants being like hers.

She I refer to her in my thoughts as "Brown-eyes." She opened the door & I left without looking back, a mistake, a great mistake in my life time.

It surprises me that I could remember everything we said April the 8th & today is the 19th. Thought I'm still a virgin, I'm thankful to Alga for giving me a peek at what its like.

I went straight to the Astoria & took a cab to the Westside Airlines Terminal on 42nd Street. Arrived with a resevation but without a ticket 15 minutes before my plane was scheualed to leave, about 4:00 p.m. United had the biggest counter at Le Guardia & the most people waiting in lines in front of it. I got to the counter 10 minutes after scheuled departure. The guy couldn't hold it for me.

He directed me way across the building to the Northwest counter. It was the week-end & the whole damn airport was busy. Northwest had a 5:00 (I think) flight to Milwaukee all full up.

But I got a stand-by ticket on it. I carryed my bags to a seat & paced all around the seating area. I needed a car to hide the guns in to get across the border with them. I felt that alone in my baggage or on my body they would be found out right away. And I had to meet Nixon in Ottawa by Thursday the 13th (his arrival).

I GOT A SEAT, seat C (of A, B, C) in row 33 (of 33 rows in the plane). Whereas befor in a sparsly populated plane & in the 3rd row from the front (1st class) I had a smooth trip & excellent service, this trip was lousy. A fat boring sheltered snob of a therolgy student talked non-stop with a equally sheltered & fasinated (always smiling) high school student. I waited 30 minutes for dinner & when I got it, last in the whole plane, we had turbilence & the "fasten seat belts" sign went on. I hurried & drank down half my coffee befor it spilled over my pants. Got away with only a tie stain and an everlasting preduice against theology students & capacity plane trips.

I could hear & watch the stuardesses privately talk & work way back their. It's a job their in it for what they can get. One of 'em wispered "shit" a couple times.

Wonder how much money there is in theology.

Bremer begins by describing his arrival on April 9 at Mitchell Field in Milwaukee; it is Sunday evening, and he is in a desperate hurry to get to Canada. He packs his clothes, his guns, and his maps, and he decides to take a ferry across Lake Michigan. But first he must fix a flat tire on the right front wheel of his blue Rambler Rebel.

Went to a place which had charged my dead battery once. Pulled off to the side of the service area. The place gave a free car wash (inside) to any one buying any amount of gas that night. Some fucking thing I never heard of be for— not just a fill ANY amount.

The guy said sure he could fix the flat but I'd have to wait for the wash jobs a head of me.

I had another guy check my oil in the mean time. I checked the water & left the hood up for him. He put in a can of 10-40. I was still waiting around & at that time I thought I would drive to Canada that night. I paged thru the Sunday Journal for news of Nixon's trip. Nothing there. I asked each station attendant if he heard anything about Nixon going to Canada. No, they were to busy to read a paper or watch the news. They must of smelled too much gasoline & it ruined their brains. I pulled up to the pump to get a fill up befor going into the enclosed area to get the tire patched. Then one of the guys motioned me forward into the service stall. I figured

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I could get a fill later on & pulled up just in front of the door. Then a 1/2 minute wait. Conversation inside between the guys.

"Can you pull in tomorrow?"

"I'LL PULL RIGHT OUT THIS FUCKING STATION!"

They wanted to close for the night. I backed up & flip-floped around the block remembering just then that I didn't pay for the oil.

I pulled into a smaller station (one I deliberately passed up on my way to the first) & the guy said he didn't have the jack he needed. I told him I'd move my car in 2 minutes & ran 2 blocks to the 1st station to pay for the oil. Ran back & drove off to the place the jack-less guy recommended.

A high school kid & his girl were there talking quietly. Kid seemed disturbed that someone would pull into his station, a big name place like the first and disturb his romance. He didn't have the patches!

"If a servicestation doesn't have the patches who does?"

"I don't know."

"Maybe I should try a negligy store."

He walked back to his girl in silence.

I drove across the 16th St. Viaduct. The big Car Care Center was closed. Completely closed down. I drove further up the street & found a dingy place, the only place open. It was about 10 o'clock. The hole was too big to be patched & I had put an even larger one in the tire by driving on the flat. He changed tires for about \$3. I don't really remember. His fat ugly girl friend made jokes about my car antenna, dents, etc. as she feed her face with a soda. I drove across the street for a gas fill at a penny less per gallon than that place.

It sure felt real good to be riding tall in the saddle again! But I did notice a dent in the wheel. The tire wobbled back & forth when I shook it. It cost about \$22 to get across the lake. The ship's clerk struck up a conversation with me & we talked about travel. He let me have a room at the day rate (about \$5) rather than charge me the night rate (about double). Good man! I wanted to get some sleep that night because I felt sure I would be driving all the next day. The people laying on the sofas in the lounge looked liked uncomfortable dogs.

It took 6 hours to cross the Lake. I was in bed & we were moving before I knew it. Had a very comfortable ride & a good deep sleep, about 5 hours. I had a surprising amount of energy on that short a sleep the next morning. The big ship had only about a dozen passengers that night. But lots of fright cars down below.

Call me Ismal.

Drove along Highway 10 thru beautiful green Central Michigan. Drove from about 9:am to 3:pm I guess. Worryed that my wobblely front right wheel would come right off but it settled in

somewhat & gave no real trouble. Stopped & spent the night in Port Huron, Michigan & that was an adventure too.

I filled my guns with all the bullets they would hold 14 in the Browning, 5 in the Charter Arms .38. That night I thought of where I could possible hide the guns.

Picking up the big Browning 9mm I accidentally fired off a shot! I squeezed the trigger on purpose but I forgot that I had loaded it just hours before. My entire head rung from the powerful blast. In the room my ears felt the blast vibrate off the walls & return. I felt sure the woman who rented me the room would come running & pound on my door to see if I had killed my self with that one loud bang or what.

I turned the T.V. on. In the movies they always turn the T.V. or radio on & way up to muffle gun shots. I gave it a real life test, only AFTER THE SHOT WAS FIRED. I thought I'd be hauled off to jail for carrying a gun at the least. I rehearsed a speech to the lady, "I accidentally fired my gun." What the fuck else could I say? Would she believe anything else? I found a war movie on & if I wasn't fucking lucky the Americans were giving the Japs every thing they had. I turned the sound WAY up to pretend to be an inconsiderate nabor to the rooms next to me. (The small Howard Johnsons' lobby & my room shared a common wall, I wasn't sure if the room next to me on the other side of my room was occupied but knew the one next to it was.) A lot of Japs must of been slautered but none of the T.V. shots bounced off the walls like mind did.

I thought maybe the lady didn't rush into my room right away because she was calling the police to investigate it for her. "There's a man with a gun in here, officer!" 15 minutes passed. I knew cops were slow to come when you wanted them. I put the gun out of sight but somewhere where I could surrender them right away if asked to. I didn't want it to look like I had hid them. I put 'em in seperate places, prepared to give up the Browning on a Carrying Concealed Weapons charge & still have the .38 for bussiness. (The lady knew I was going into Canada. The cops would ask why I was taking a gun across the border. All this & more going thru my mind . . .), after 25 minutes I sat back & started enjoying the movie. Nothing happened.

The night befor this I had disposed of all my excess ammunition, cartiage boxes (2) & a booklet explaining the operation of the Browning.

I carefully tore the booklet up & likewise the boxes. I drove thru the quiet residential areas. All the [excess] bullets went into one sewer. Thru the 2 gun cases into poond in a vacant lot. They floated damn it but it was the best I could do & I wasn't about to go in after them.

I picked up the mat in my car trunk & found a snuke little hole that the .38 fit perfectly. The

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9mm, half cocked & safty on I put in a corridor in the trunk over the right rear wheel. It was visable when looked at closely. The morning of the border crossing I took my long armed ice scraper & pushed the gun further in as far as I could.

A mistake. It fell forward and down in front of the rear wheel never to be recovered.

I wanted to wash the filthy car befor border inspection. To look more respectable and innocent. But I thought an automatic car wash would rust my .38, exposed to the elements by a hole in the bottom of the car. I found a self-wash 100 yards from my room across a parking lot. Confussed, I rinsed the car clean & never switched on the "detergent wash" button. Except for the dents, it did look respectable. I had also dusted the inside.

I knew dogs were trained to smell gun powder & hoped that the heavy smell of gasoline & gasoline additive in my trunk would ward off the nice doggies from my cargo.

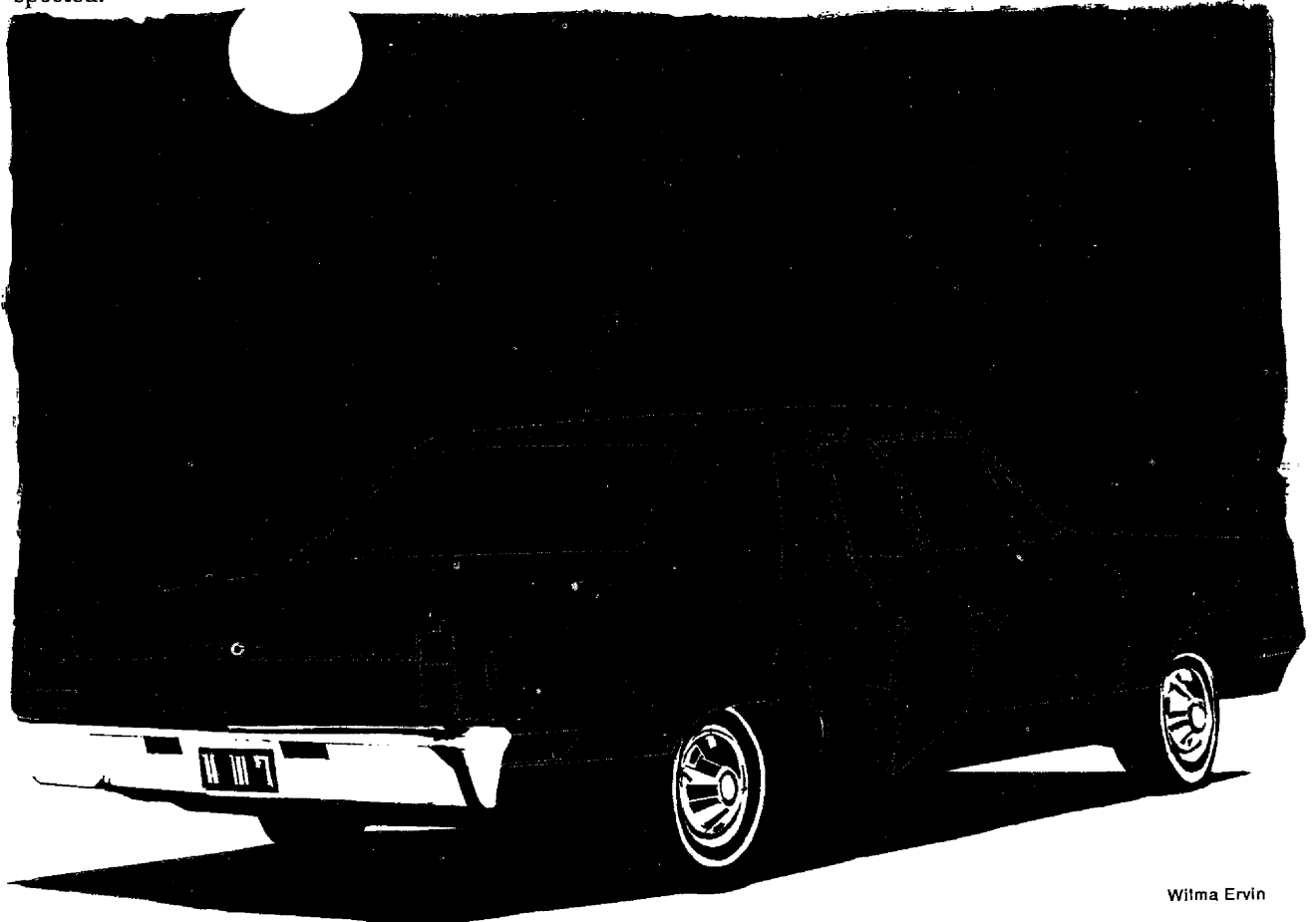
After unloading the gun cases & dripping dry from the car-wash, I went to the border. I turned the radio to a conservative station to relax me & show the nice border guard I wasn't a hippie. With my short hair cut, I worried that he might take me for a Army deserter. Clean shaven, I had taken my beard off the night before, relaxed & confident with all the proables & possablities in the back of my mind, I slowed down to be inspected.

Canada had crooked teeth and a moustach. He asked where I was from, where I wanted to go, for how long & if I had anything to declair. (I was prepared for this last question, I was going to say, "I declair its a nice day." But I just asked, "What should I declair?")

"Anything you might leave in Canada? Do you have any merchandise?"

I looked around & said I had a type recorder. Nothing I would leave or sell in the country. Thought thoughts of a few hundred bucks & a few bullets raced thru my head. He said, "O.K." That was the great border inspection. He never looked thru my baggage I never left my car. I instantly lost all respect for the Big Bad Canadian Customs.

Driving on I thought of what an ass hole I was. I could of had enough guns in my baggage & in the trunk to start a revolution in Canada. Two artilery pieces & 1,000 machine guns & a million rounds of ammo & 12 pigmyes to carry it all on their heads. Enought drugs for everyone & his brother. I took the fastest route possible, the M-C freeway in southern Ontario, within sight of the water seperating the country's at times. Speed limit—70 m.p.h. I did over 90 once or twice—danger gave me an erection. There are no speeders in Canada. Gas is about 55 cents a gallon—the bargain places offer 42⁹ regular. A can of oil is \$1 & up. The right front wheel gave me no trouble.



Wilma Ervin

APRIL 22, 1972

The remainder of the entry continues with a recollection of Bremer's arrival in Ottawa on the evening of either April 10 or April 11. The date isn't clear from the context. He had hoped to stay in the best hotel in the city, to "live it up" before shooting Nixon on the thirteenth. He assumes that he will be killed by the Secret Service, and he wants to enjoy a last holiday. But there is a geology convention in town, and Bremer must drive fifty-eight miles out of Ottawa before he can find any kind of room. On the following day he moves into a "dumpy little runt of a room" near the city limits. He begins to reconnoiter the terrain and discovers that Nixon's plane will land at Uplands Airport. In the entry dated April 22 Bremer describes the day of Nixon's arrival.

The T.V. gave his expected motorcade route, Riverside Road. I drove up & down it to get familiar with it. The T.V. & papers had said, were saying, & continued to say that Nixon was getting the heaviest surcurity coverage of any President to visit Canada (& they all did since 1948). I gathered all of my things into my car. It was a drizzling day, cold in the lows 40's, about 2:30. Earlier I had driven all around town & got lost for a couple hours. It was confussing.

I tried to conceal the gun in my rubber boot, it was raining & the puddels were bad in places. I drove to the International Airport & took a couple aspirin & adjusted the bulge in my right boot. I couldn't make it look as flat as the left one. And wouldn't it look funny me bending over & grabbing my boot as the President spook? I left the boots on & put the gun in my pocket. Fuck it.

With the tightest sucurity ever I felt for sure a metal detector would be used on everyone. I thought the rubber of my boot would fool it, I don't know why. Dressed in my vested conservative bussiness suit & overcoat with gun & a tie that was just rediculus for anyone my age, I pulled up to the intersection of the Uplands entrance, the road to Internation, the road to town & a road along side the Uplands airport. This last road was patrolled by cops. I watched as about 4 cars got into the place without too much hassel. I wanted to wait a little longer but didn't want undo attention. I pulled up to the guards. Asked if I could get in to hear the President speak. A guy who looked just like me in short hair & just showered features asked if I was a member of the armed forces. No, I just want to hear him speak.

He said there was nothing for the general public, would I just make a U-turn please.

Today I wonder if he checked military I.D.s. The drivers of the car that got thru must of had their I.D.s ready befor they got at the gate. It seems that way now. From the very beginning of

this plan I planned to get him at the airport as he addressed a happy Canadian crowd. Security was tightened because of 12-15 or so deserters organizing a protest & about the same number of Canadian pafasists who were planning to protest his arrival & visit.

I spent about 2 hours driving up & down the riverside area over & over & over again. Surprised I wasn't stopped & questioned with my strange yellow American linsense plate & easily identifiable dented blue Rambler. Cop cars, very few, were parked along the road along Uplands, not even a fence to divid the airport from the courious. I could of walked in but didn't know my way around once inside. And binocurlars were probaly scanning this area. Three men in reflective orange overalls & carrying flashlights (it wasn't really dark yet) searched the road the President would travel for bombs, wires strange diggings near by etc. I guess. Had heard that snowbanks were watered down to nothing to destroy a hiding place for bombs.

All the homes & bussinesses along the route were questioned by Secret Service men & asked to be on the look out for strange movements in the bushes, strange cars etc. I saw a trench coated guy, an obvious SS cop, leave a home along the route & go into his car, he looked at me as I passed him.

Pulling up from a side street I asked a fat cop in orange traffic control vest where a good place was to watch the President. He pointed to a empty gas station at the corner. I thanked him & pulled in. A few cars were there befor me & had the choice places. I pulled behind them & had a good view of the road 'till more cars pulled in. Maybe 10-12 cars in all. A young handsome cop with a mustach took down all the liesens plate numbers of the cars coming into the lot. Any thing to keep busy I guess.

It was a long wait. 40 minutes at least, maybe over an hour. I turned the heater on, still listening to the radio for news flashes. Earlier, I had seen the empty Presidents' Lincoln Continental & all his cops & cars going in to the Uplands base. Against ten-of-thousands of people & tens-of-millions of dollars . . .

I had worn a 3 inch "Vote Republican" button & a 3 inch "Richard Nixon (with his picture)" button to watch the motorcade. I exchanged looks at the Mr. Moustache, my gun inside my pocket. Fantasied killing Nixon while shooting right over the shoulder of that cop.

I was conscience of my hands. Didn't want to keep them inside my pockets & get searched. Didn't want to keep them out & nume them too much.

Some folks there kept their hands in their pocket almost all the time, they weren't questioned & either was I. But I wanted to be careful, didn't know if a stop & frisk law existensed or what my rights were as an American here. Felt

AN ASSASSIN'S DIARY

added confidence with my suit on & short hair & shave. Didn't recognize my self clean shaven at first. My head hair came in nice & thick.

People jumped from their cars. Would the assassin get a good view? Everyone moved in close (about 20 people). We were the only people other than cops for a few blocks.

He went by before I knew it. Like a snap of the fingers. A dark shillowet, waving, rushed by in the large dark car. "All over," someone said to no one in particular. The following cop cars had 2 antenas each & probably walkie-talkies too—jam proof communications. Umbrella in one hand, pocket in the other, I walked back to my car. I had missed him that day. The best day to make the attempt was over, I thought.

The news the next day said there were very sparse unwavering crowds. Said the rain stopped some demonstrators from showing up to protest his arrival. All along the fucking Ottawa visit I cursed the damn "demonstrators." Security was beefed up—overly beefed up—because of these stupid dirty runts. To this day I blame them for partial responsibility in foiling my attempt.

I started back toward my cheap motel. Realized that I had checked out & today was Thursday—the fucking Geologists (I kept asking myself "What the fuck is a Geologist," as I carried my baggage to the parking lot of the Chateau & all thru the next day) & that city rooms would be available. The Chateau was filled with another convention—I wound up at the Lord Elgin about 4 blocks away from my first choice. Nice decent place.

I can't remember what Nixon did or where he went Friday. Let's see—I toured the National Gallery of Art—an excellent showhouse of the work of the masters if only because there are more guards than gallery visitors. Vandilism & graffiti do not exist there. I locked my gun into my carry-on-bag & but it into my hotel closet as I had always done before. Not being sure if I would ever have a chance to get Nixon in Canada after missing him on my prime target date, I killed time inside. Some good mind-expanding work. On a "closed" floor (no exhibits) I ran into a male & a female guard sitting & chatting. The guy in a dark blue uniform, the girl, a blond, in a light blue miniscrit uniform the female guards all wore. Sitting in the middle of the place on a small seat with the girl the guy walked all the way over to me (me in my square suit) and kicked me out (I could see myself I was lost). Then he walked back & continued the romance. Waiting for the elevator a guard-boss came into the place & the lovers bounced up & apart like they had springs in their asses. "Just talking," the girl explained. Both of 'em acted real guilty about something. Bet you there're engaged by now. And fired.

Out of the Gallery I walked down Sparks Street shopping area where cars are prohibited. A

woman, middle age gave me an anti-war/anti-Nixon leaflet. I glanced it over & handed it back to her, politely. What could I say to her? You stupid bitch stop this useless accomplish-nothing form of protest, let the security slacken & I'll show you something really effective? Tons of leaflets have been handed out all over the world for years & what did they get done?

She was dressed decently. The hippie-types also tried to give me this stuff, I looked away & walked on. Wonder what they would do or thought of me if they could read my mind?

Were the cops really afraid of these people?! Was Nixon afraid, really scared, of them?!

They're nothing. They're the new establishment. To be a rebel today you have to keep a job, wear a suit & stay apolitical. Now

THAT'S REBELLION!

APRIL 23, 1972

I walked from Sparks St. right on to the main drag with the American Embassy on one side & Parliament on the other. Ottawa police formed a line between the sidewalk & the Embassy, about 50 cops. About 3 city blocks were cut off to traffic, pedestrians only. And farther green barricades prevented them from crossing the street without going under additional barricades. SHOCK! SHOCK! I saw what I took to be the President's car parked directly in front of the Embassy! Was he inside? Wasn't scheduled to be and WHY would he be in there?

I went immediately home, ran part of the way. It was about 15 to 2 p.m. [when] I got to the hotel. I stupidly took time to, I'm now ashamed & embarrassed to say, brush my teeth, take 2 aspirin & I think change from a salt & pepper knit suit into my black business one. It was about 2:30 either when I left my room or when I arrived at the Embassy.

Car gone.

I had planned to get him as he entered the car. Saw about 6 white trench coated (thought that was only in the movies!) SS men in front of the place with the car there. Less men with the car gone. Weather the front of the Embassy was used as a mere parking place (as I now believe) or BIG SHOT was inside I don't know. I took my time on the hotel room because he had made me wait so long for him on Riverside Road. I didn't want to attract too much attention standing near the barricade for so long waiting for Nixon. And I was concerned, overly concerned, with my appearance & composure after the bang bangs. I wanted to shock the shit out of the SS men with my calmness. A little something to be remembered by. All these things seemed important to me, were important to me, in my room.

I will give very little if ANY thought to these things on any future attempts.

After all does the world remember if Sirhan's tie was on straight?

That night Nixon went to a concert in his honor at the Performing Arts Center, 1 or 2 blocks from the Lord Elgin. A white tie affair for 2,000 by invitation only. I walked around the joint any way on my way to dinner at the Chautau. Later it turned out that a political big shot was turned away by a mistaken Mountie. To wear white tie & tails & get Nixon—boy, WOW! If I killed him while wearing a sweaty tee-shirt, some of the fun & glamore would defonently be worn off.

Had a big Manhattan, straight, & an \$11 meal at the Chautau that night. \$1 for pea soup alone. Salads were \$2, I feared a meal in itself & didn't order any. Maybe vegetables (& fruit—orange juice in particular) are just expensive this far north. Had an expensive steak—always do when eating out. Was sitting their still woozy from the drink—maybe I had two of those things. Wanted it over ice, had said, "Manhattan—over," but what happened I don't know. Maybe ice is expensive this far north.

I went back to the bar. Another one of those things. Watching the band, the people talk, the people dance, the bar maids, watching the people watch others. No desair to talk. Canadians drink a lot of ale. Ale bottles everywhere. A guy came in & asked the bar-keep for a drink to take back to the press room. Ice-less said it was against the rules. A short argument. The reporter lost.

"Thats Canada for you," I said.

"It's not Canada, its just this (point to bar-keeper) fucking cunt!"

Walks quickly away.

"A fucking cunt is the best kind of cunt to be," I say to the amusement of a fat man in glasses.

About the press room. I had seen signs in the Chautau lobby pointing out the "White House Press Room" & a lot (25 maybe) typewriters & people in their. Earlier I had seen a ceromonial Mounity in tails & they (cops) all had a private party in a rented hall just off the hotel lobby. Couldn't join the party, didn't have the tails. Left my gun locked up for dinner.

Strolled into the press room like I belonged their. Red a blackboard & some papers on a corkboard. Only one thing useful. A note giving Nixon's time schual for Saturday morning. When leave Gov. House, when arrive west block Parilment, when leave Pariliment, when arrive Uplands Airport. And the press people were to have their baggage ready "at 8:50 am and NOT 9:00 am." I wrote it all down. The papers & T.V. had not given this out so detailed.

At this time I also began to think of following Nixon to Washington. Was about 1 am went I went to bed. Had a little admiration just then for Nixon. He must of been retiring about the same time. Was schualed to leav Gov. House at 9:10

am, but he could sleep on the plane. I planned to meet him at 9:25 at the Parilment. He would sign a Great Lakes Pollution treaty (without reading it himself) & arrive at Uplands 10:10 am.

I didn't try to get into the Parilment grounds. There weren't enought people there for my taste. I hung around the front of the Embassy. Walked past the 100 other cops & dozen SS men with my gun. A small accomplishment I thought.

Off to the left the protesters a large shouting mass, stronger & larger looking than Friday's petiful group, had pushed its way thru a driveway & marched up to the building. It seemed to serprish the cops & SS. Some men began to go over there. They were called back, "Let 'em thru." A new "hold" line closer to the building was set up. I was so busy trying to look saddened & concerned that they had gotton thru, I couldn't feel any satisfaction that security had broken down under a harmless group.

It started to rain lightly. I entered a hallway already occubied by a small 30tish woman. "You got a good place here," I said. She mumbled something. I turned to face the street & a trench coat stepped into the doorway obviously blocking my freedom of movement. It didn't occur to me at the time he wanted out of the rain too. Maybe he did. Yet I didn't want to be held in the doorway when His car went by.

A commotion on the left got him out of my way. I left the cobby hole right away.



Wilma Ervin