

# Vain Tries to Kill Nixon Cited in Bremer Diary

By Philip A. McCombs  
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Telling himself "You can't kill Nixy-boy if you ain't close to him," Arthur H. Bremer wrote in his diary that he followed the President back to Washington from Ottawa in mid-April after narrowly missing six chances to shoot him.

Bremer became enraged, he wrote, when he discovered that he had missed a chance to be at the White House on a day the President emerged briefly for a public greeting of some visitors.

"I never got in the building," he wrote in the diary. "Man, he was right there, so close. I could have killed him right there." He said he "tore the whole paper to shreds" when he learned Nixon had greeted the visitors.

The passage was written in a diary that was read into the record of Bremer's trial yesterday by his defense counsel, Benjamin Lipsitz. Bremer is charged with shooting Alabama Gov. George C. Wallace and three others at a Wallace campaign rally in Laurel May 15. The defense completed its case at the end of the fourth day of the trial yesterday.

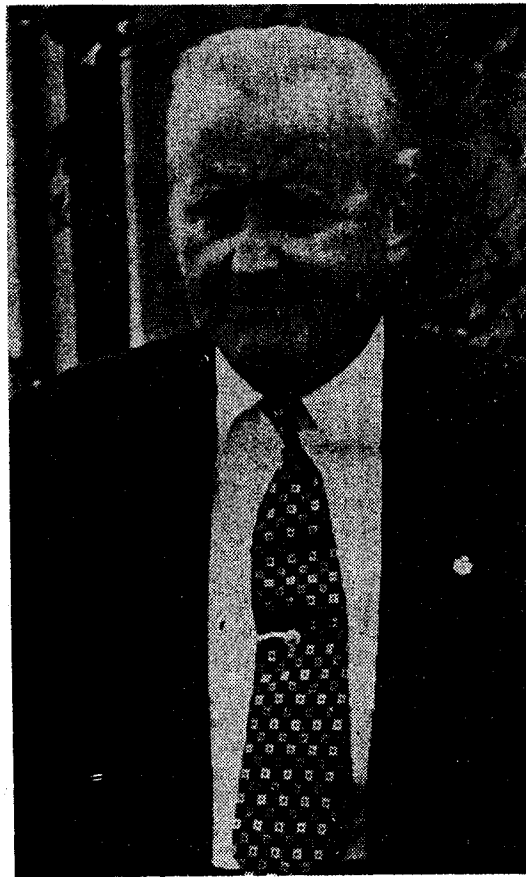
As the 21-year-old former Milwaukee busboy sat with head resting on his arms, Lipsitz, read the diary in a loud clear voice to a hushed courtroom.

He read it to strengthen Bremer's defense that, even if he did shoot Wallace, he was insane at the time, his mind twisted in a schizophrenic frenzy that was the result of an emotionally starved childhood.

The diary told a confused tale of Bremer's trip by car to New York, Ottawa and Washington to kill Nixon; of his return to his hometown of Milwaukee to rest; of his sudden decision to assassinate a lesser political figure—Wallace—after seeing the movie "A Clockwork Orange." It said he decided to give Wallace "a little of the ultraviolence," of three near-misses at killing Wallace; and finally, of his intention to follow Wallace to Maryland in mid-May.

"Call me Ishmael," he wrote at one point. "I am one sick assassin."

See BREMER, A6, Col. 1



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William Bremer heads for court where son is on trial.

## BREMER, From A1

The diary also mentioned Bremer's fleeting thought of killing Democratic presidential candidate George McGovern—"Yesterday (he wrote in Milwaukee after failing in Ottawa and Washington) I even considered McGovern as a target . . . Why not? I have to kill somebody. That's how far gone I am."

Bremer wrote of his repeated encounters with the U.S. Secret Service during his travels and how he was photographed and almost caught several times. He said he realized how he had managed so long to avoid capture by the agency charged with protecting the presidential candidates.

"These Secret Service men are a different crew than in Dearborn (Mich.)—no suspicion," he wrote after wondering why Secret Service men at a Cadillac, Mich. Wallace rally a day after the Dearborn rally failed to recognize him.

After the assassination of presidential candidate Robert Kennedy in 1968, the size of the Secret Service was increased substantially so that agents would not be overworked as they tried to cover many campaigning candidates on a 24-hour basis.

By contrast, CBS cameraman Laurens Pierce, who had followed Wallace consistently, with little time off, for six weeks previous to the assassination attempt, testified in court Monday that he had recognized Bremer at the Laurel shopping center rally before Wallace was shot there because he had seen Bremer at several previous Wallace rallies.

Pierce even went up to Bremer and said he recognized him, the cameraman testified, but Bremer denied it.

Both the defense and prosecution finished their cases yesterday. Today, said Prince George's Circuit Court Chief Judge Ralph W. Powers, the jury of six men and six women will hear closing arguments and instructions, then go into seclusion to ponder the fate of the blond young man who in his diary declared himself a disciple of Sirhan B. Sirhan, convicted assassin of presidential candidate Robert F. Kennedy.

The jurors must first decide whether Bremer did actually

shoot Wallace. They have been shown Pierce's film of the actual shooting—film on which Bremer can clearly be seen behind the hand holding the gun.

Psychiatrist Sheila Gray testified Wednesday that although she cannot be absolutely sure Bremer shot Wal-



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Arthur A. Marshall, prosecutor in the trial of Arthur Bremer, arrives at Prince George's Courthouse.

lace, Bremer told her that "at a certain point he did fire a gun (at) the governor of Alabama."

The jury must decide whether Bremer was sane when he allegedly shot Wallace. If they find he was insane—or not able to appreciate the criminality of his acts or conform his actions to the requirements of law—they can acquit him.

In that eventuality, Bremer would undergo civil court proceedings to determine if he should be committed to a mental institution.

Bremer's attorney has brought on psychiatrists, including Dr. Gray, who said Bremer was suffering from schizophrenia or split personality, a serious mental disorder, at the time he shot Wallace.

Other psychiatrists for the prosecution brought on by Prince George's State's Attorney Arthur A. Marshall Jr. testified that Bremer's symptoms—including the "silly smirk" he usually wears—are merely indications of a mild mental disorder called "schizoid personality." They said Bremer is a "loner," but not insane.

Maryland laws governing insanity pleas.

Lipsitz has said a defendant's constitutional right not to testify against himself can be violated if the defendant talks to state psychiatrists who may testify at his trial.

Lipsitz feels different juries should try the two issues of guilt and sanity. Prosecutor Marshall's pressing psychiatrists to tell the jury whether Bremer told them he shot Wallace, exemplifies the situation Lipsitz says is unconstitutional.

Lipsitz raised thousands of objections in court this week to Marshall's prosecution.

In this way, lawyers seek to build a record to which they can refer in appealing to higher courts. Lipsitz has said he will appeal every possible point as high as he possibly can.

For undisclosed reasons the



**ARTHUR BREMER**  
... "one sick assassin"

In other testimony yesterday, three psychiatrists from Clifton T. Perkins Hospital in Jessup, Md., testified they do not think Bremer is schizophrenic. They said they drew the conclusions even though Bremer refused to give them interviews at the hospital, where he had been sent for psychiatric examinations.

Lipsitz had instructed him not to talk because the attorney said he plans to challenge

judge dropped three counts against Bremer of assault with intent to maim.

Bremer is still charged with four counts each of assault with intent to murder, assault and battery, using a handgun in commission of a felony and one count each of carrying a handgun without a permit, and assault with intent to maim.

Wallace is paralyzed from the waist down by a bullet that lodged in his spine; the other three persons shot are recovering from their wounds.

The diary that Lipsitz read is written in a staccato style, a jumble of odd thoughts and narrative, full of misspellings and strewn with obscenities.

It contains an account of an unconsummated sexual encounter with a New York masseuse and then goes on with Bremer's travels to Ottawa and elsewhere. The diary read in court says that an earlier portion is buried somewhere and hidden.

"One of my reasons for this

action is money," he wrote—indicating that he hoped to sell the manuscript for a large sum of money, then appear on television talk shows as an important national figure, according to testimony.

The diary details how the President in his limousine passed by Bremer in Ottawa. "I had a good view as he went past me . . . the sixth time still alive."

Bremer said he had been too far away to get a good shot at the President with .38 caliber pistol he said he carried in his coat pocket, apparently the same gun he is charged with having used to shoot Wallace a month later.

Because of demonstrations against the Vietnam war, Nixon was accompanied on his April 13-15 state visit to Ottawa by some of the heaviest security he ever had.

Bremer cursed the demonstrators for harming his chances of killing Nixon. He thought them ineffective and repeatedly called them "hippies."

"You stupid bitch," he said he thought as one protester handed him a leaflet, "let the security loosen and I'll show you something really effective."

Although trying not to be noticed, he wrote that he came under Secret Service suspicion.

"Somewhere along the line I got photographed by a Secret Service man," he wrote, "I'm sure of it." Bremer was right. The photograph was published in the newspapers shortly after the Wallace shooting.

Another time Bremer wrote that when he noticed what he took to be Secret Service agents on top of a building in Ottawa looking at the crowd with binoculars, "I waved and looked right at one of them to mock their whole security system."

He thought his hotel room in the Lord Elgin, where several Secret Service agents also were staying, was searched. He never found out for sure.

At one point, Bremer wrote that he walked into a press room for White House corre-

spondents and copied the President's schedule.

Bremer was "thoroughly pissed off about a million things" after he missed getting to Nixon a third time in Ottawa. The circumstances of the previous misses were not revealed.

Failure. Again. It was the story of his life. "Just another goddamned failure," he wrote. Failure was the theme of Ar-

thur Bremer's life and it is the theme of his manuscript.

Faced with dwindling funds and his failure to shoot Nixon, Bremer grew increasingly desperate.

"I gotta get him," he wrote. "I'm tired. I'm pissed. I'm angry."

In late April and early May, Bremer began what amounted to regular commuting from Milwaukee across Lake Michi-

gan to Wallace rallies. The Michigan and Maryland primaries were May 16—the day after Wallace was shot in Laurel, Md.

"I'm gonna get Wallace," he vowed in his diary, "It's going to be very similar to Sirhan . . ."

But he missed Wallace in Dearborn. He missed him in Cadillac. He missed him Kalamazoo . . .

Again, the failure, the persistent failure that just wouldn't go away. After the third missed opportunity, he wrote, "I walked to my car swearing."

But then, he wrote, he heard that Wallace was going down to Maryland for a couple of days.

Shortly after that, Arthur Bremer's diary ended.



By Joe Helberger—The Washington Post

Windows of the bus used to transport jurors from the motel to the courthouse are taped for safety.



By Joe Heiberger—The Washington Post

**Benjamin Lipsitz, Bremer's lawyer, arrives at courthouse to close defense portion.**

# Bremer's Father Haunts Courthouse in Pr. George's

By Herbert H. Denton  
Washington Post Staff Writer

William Bremer looked around this week at the lawyers and clerks who drink in the tavern next door to the Prince George's County Courthouse and asked, "I wonder how many of these lawyers are rooting for my boy."

The elder Bremer, 58, a stooped, nervous man with white hair combed back from his pink forehead, has stopped by the Olde Towne Inn every evening since his son Arthur, went on trial for the shooting of Gov. George C. Wallace and three others May 15.

He has won a drinking companion and fierce protector in Harry Serine, a deputy court clerk, who shoos reporters from their table.

William Bremer rarely mentions his son in conversations, say those who have sat with him in the evening. It is the fishing back home in Wisconsin, the Bratwurst Festival in Sheboygan and

the short-haul truck he drives for a living in Milwaukee that he talks about.

"If you're going to write something, just write that Mr. Bremer is a nice old man who's trying to help his son," Sal Costanza, owner of the tavern, told a reporter. Costanza refused to discuss his talks with the elder Bremer, saying he considered them "off the record."

William Bremer is staying in Baltimore because he said he could not find a motel in Upper Marlboro, the small town where the trial is being held. That means a trip by Greyhound bus to Baltimore every night at 9 and another back to Upper Marlboro in the morning.

Bremer said he still has not talked with his son since the trial began Monday, although he and his wife visited him at the jail two weeks ago. He would not explain why he had not talked with his son.

Because he is a witness, the elder Bremer was barred from watching the trial until yesterday, when

he testified for the defense.

He had said jovially the night before, when a reporter asked if he would be a witness, "I didn't come here 800 miles for a fish fry."

In his brief appearance on the stand, the elder Bremer said his wife was home because "she said she didn't think she could make the trip."

Yes, he said, he is blind in his right eye. He lost the sight of that eye when he was 9 years old and was struck by a branch of a thornapple tree as he walked through the woods.

Later, he sat near the back of the courtroom, his hands steadied on the wooden bench in front of him. His son, Arthur, walked briskly and confidently from the courtroom with an entourage of the law officers after the day's testimony was over. William Bremer walked toward them, one hand slightly raised in a shy effort to get attention. Arthur appeared not to notice him.

# He Waited an Hour to Shoot At Nixon: Bremer's Diary

"I planned all along to get him at the airport as he addressed the happy, eager crowd...I will shoot him right over the shoulder of that cop...Would the assassin get a good view?"

Thus wrote Arthur H. Bremer of his plan to assassinate President Nixon last April. The account is contained in a 114-page handwritten diary that was read yesterday into the record of Bremer's trial by defense attorney Benjamin Lipsitz. Bremer is accused of shooting Gov. George C. Wallace on May 15.

The diary, a narrative that includes a jumble of flashbacks, musings, thoughts and detailed reporting, covers the period from April 4 to May 13. Here are excerpts compiled from stenographic notes taken by Washington Post staff member Maureen Joyce:

*Bremer arrives in Ottawa, apparently April 13, the day President Nixon flew into Uplands airport to begin a three-day Canadian state visit. A policeman directs Bremer to a place along the route from the airport to the city:*

"It was a long wait, 40 minutes, maybe an hour. Stayed out of the car 10 minutes, fingers got numb...That would not do.

"President Nixon's Lincoln Continental and all cops and guards going...I will shoot right over the shoulder of that cop. I was conscious of my hands. Did not want to keep them in...did not know if 'stop and frisk' law in effect or what rights were as an American.

"Would the assassin get a good view? Everyone moved in close (as the motorcade approached.) Went by before I knew it like a snap of the finger...I walked back to my car. I had missed him that day, the best day to make the attempt was what I thought."

"The news next day (said) there were very sparse, un-waving crowds. Began shopping for a Democrat to

shoot up.

"Security beefed up... It's this that I blame for personal responsibility in failing my attempt..."

*Later the same day:*

"Walked around and ran into art gallery. Not sure I would have a chance to get Nixon in Canada after missing him on my target date.

"Out of gallery, walked down street. A woman, middle age, gave me an antiwar, anti-Nixon leaflet. You stupid bitch, stop this useless nothing form of protest. I will show you something really effective. Lots of leaf-

lets around over the years. What have they accomplished? I looked away and walked on. Wonder what they would have done had they read my mind. Was Nixon really afraid... of them?

"They are nothing, the new establishment, wearing new suits and staying polite. Now that's rebellion!"

*Later, Bremer stood outside the American Embassy on the chance Nixon might be inside.*

"I did not want to attract too much attention standing here... waiting for Nixon. Highly concerned with my appearance yesterday. Wanted to shake the shit out of the Secret Servicemen with my calmness. All these things were important to me... Does the world remember that Sirhan's (Robert F. Kennedy's assassin) tie was once stained?"

*The diary then describes Bremer waiting outside a government building most of the afternoon of April 14, while some demonstrators protested. He spots what he thinks are Secret Servicemen photographing the crowd:*

"He should have photographed the quiet ones. Never pointed his camera at me. Saw two Secret Servicemen... So easy to find. Crowd passed close to barricade, did not succeed trying

to get through barricade.

"Nixon would never come up and shake hands with such a crowd. Something I had hoped he would do sometime during his trip..."

"Noticed two Secret Servicemen with binoculars on top of the embassy. Mocked the whole security system... they looked at me through binoculars.

"That night Nixon went to a concert in his honor at the art center. I walked around on my way to dinner. While wearing a sweaty tee shirt, some of the fun and glamour would definitely be worn off."

*By strolling "into press room like I belong there," Bremer discovered Nixon was scheduled to sign a treaty Saturday morning before departing for Washington.*

"At this time, I was beginning to think of following Nixon to Washington... Get him at 9:25, signing a Great Lakes treaty..."

*Bremer stood outside the building where the signing was taking place.*

"Not enough people there for my taste. Walked past cops and dopey Secret Servicemen with my gun.

"Nixon was leaving, driving out of gate just 20 yards



to my right. Secret Service  
and ~~some~~ confusion. Gar-  
bled voice came over wal-  
kie-talkies. They force a  
man to hold back the crowd  
. . . Sixth time and still  
alive.

"I (watched) him for a suc-  
cessful attempt. Waiting for  
him to come out that last  
time, I even thought of kill-  
ing as many Secret Service-  
men as I could . . . Some-  
thing to show for my efforts,  
killing them right in front  
of Nixon . . .

"Was not sure my .38 (pis-  
tol) would go through glass.  
Did not want to get killed  
for nothing . . ."

**Bremer sees a man with a  
camera whom he is con-  
vinced is an agent filming  
the crowd.**

"He was certain the lens  
was pointed at me between  
the eyes. Maybe this was it.  
The big guy got me to turn  
right into the lens so 'this  
man was in Ottawa when  
Nixon was . . ."

"Thought it would be cute  
to do a Charlie Chaplin  
walk, maybe even call after  
the big fell, 'Hey, stupid, I  
am leaving . . . Come on.'"

"Always some of the clumsy  
and confused Secret Service  
always in the back of my  
brain . . . The Secret Service  
(may have) known my name,  
address, etc., a phone call to  
MAC (Milwaukee Athletic  
Club) and they knew I was  
unemployed . . . All together  
enough little tidbits to ques-  
tion me. I don't remember  
being nervous . . . Being  
calm . . ."

*One page of the diary said  
only: "Just another goddam  
failure."*

*Later, Bremer wrote: "But  
I want them all to know I  
want a big shot and not a  
little shot . . . I am tired of  
writing about it . . . What I  
was going to do . . . What I  
failed to do. What I failed to  
do again and again.*

*"I am as important as the  
start of World War . . . Just*

needed a little opening and a  
single shot there . . . nothing  
has happened for so long . . .  
three months . . .

*Another entry: "I had a  
bad pain in left temple just  
in front . . . I had one night-  
mare, bad, frightening,  
dreams . . . that's nightmares,  
ain't it? Almost never dream  
and now I am . . . I do . . .  
It's terrible . . . kept me  
awake for a long time . . .  
half awake . . . everything  
drags on . . . drags on . . . It  
was all supposed to be over  
now . . ."*

*A later entry: "I go crazy  
with delight when I hear new  
record, You shot me . . .  
here I shot you with my .38  
and now I'd doing time . . ."*