

On Arthur Bremer
Robert S. Griffin
www.robertsgriffin.com

On May 15, 1972, twenty-one-old Arthur Bremer shot presidential candidate George Wallace at a rally in a shopping center in Laurel, Maryland, paralyzing Wallace for life. At approximately 4:00 p.m., a few minutes after the rally ended, Bremer pushed his way forward, stuck his .38 revolver in Wallace's stomach, and opened fire, emptying the weapon before he could be subdued. Bremer had stalked President Richard Nixon in Canada before turning his attentions to Wallace. Below are excerpts from Bremer's diary. Source: *On Arthur Bremer, An Assassin's Diary* (New York: Harper's Magazine Press, 1973).

I'm as important as the start of WWI I just need the little opening and a second of time. Nothing has happened for so long, 3 months, the 1st person I held a conversation with in 3 months was a near naked girl rubbing my erect penis & she wouldn't let me put it thru her.

I gotta get him [Nixon]. I'm tired, I'm pissed, I'm crazy. Was gona get drunk last night—WOW—what a personality change. Decided against it—just wanted to pick a fight with the bartender some where or someone. Get arrested & then where am I. I got something to do—something big befor I ever get arrested again.

I go crasy with delight when I hear Jhonny Cash's new record, "You put me here."

"I shot you with my .38.
And now I'm doing time."

I've decided that Wallace will have the honor of—what would you call it?

I had to get away from my thoughts for a while. I went to the zoo, the lake front, saw "Clockwork Orange" & thought about getting Wallace all through the picture—fantasing my self as the Alek on the screen come to real life—but without "my brothers" & without any "in and out." Just "a little of the old ultra violence."

I hope my death makes more sense than my life.

A few days ago I felt sick—a slight fever & hot feeling in my chest, sides, & back. A sharp pinprick moving pain in my left temple.

I hope everone screams & hollers & everything!! I hope the rally goes mad!!!

Soda water radio commercial says, “you gota lot to live.” My answer, “Yeah, about a week.”

Funny, I’ve got nothing to say.

Still don’t know weather its trail & prison for me or—bye bye brains. I’ll just have to decide that at the last few seconds. Must secceed. Gota.

Saw a photo of his hand shaking [referring to Nixon]—man he was right there! So close! I tore the whole paper to shreds.

I remember from High School that a man can drownd on one drop of water. I think I could do it if I held my head back & jaw open & quickly dropped an ounce of water down my throat without swallowing.

I took the toll roads from Washin [on the way to Maryland]. Soon as I went 200 feet on my last toll way, I took a wrong turn & went 20 miles back the wrong way, 40 miles total.

Ask me why I did it & I’d say “ I don’t know”, or “Nothing else to do”, or “Why not?” or “I have to kill someone.”

One thing for sure, my diet is too soft. Weakens my posture maybe affects my insides too. I’m one sick assissin. Pun! Pun!

I dreamed last night. Forget it.

When Wallace appeared behind the curtain we “supporters” went wild. Crys of “I see him. There he is. He’s right here.”

Two SS men flank the stage on each side as Wally talks, center stage behind the usual high bullet-proof podium. More agents flank the crowd & the stage entrance. Bored gargoyles.

I try to push the people in front of me & in my row forward or out of the way so I can get close.

I DID THE MOST HAND CLAPPING, ALL THE SHOUTING, & WAS GOING TO START 3 DIFFERENT STANDING OVATIONS BUT FELT THE CROWD WOULDN'T FOLLOW ME.

My cry upon firing will be, "A penny for your thoughts."

Bremer was released from prison on parole on November 9, 2007.