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they were together again, and she
was a lot and a circle. Over time
had never been apart. She saw
of loving her. Like there was
open a little with her hands, and
more there was to see, as if
and diamonds way inside were you.

she loved her VIII April, Charley, and Goodbye

Afterwards, she said, never
or never went to New--things did
it was the Hitting. Hitting it
not start. It was as if Gary had
that killed off the electrical eye.

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April, Charley, and Godings

1.

Her younger sister April came to visit for a couple of days. Talk of electrical systems, April had been half out of her head ever since three black guys enjoyed a party with her in Hawaii more than a year ago. Having her around now was like having a vacuum cleaner with a fan belt that kept slapping.

First off, she was tired, she told Nicole, of their mother. "Like she's the queen, and I am just a princess. I'm tired of her power games. She tries to make it look like I'm a rotten defiant child who's playing games. All I'm trying to do is get away from threats. If I say one damn thing that is right, which she thinks is wrong, she threatens me with the keys and the hospitals and the doctors. Whereas I," said April, "don't sit around and watch my mother's behavior. If she keeps watching mine, she's going to have to go. Kings and queens never get along."

Nicole said yes. She was never around April for more than a couple of days before she began to decide they were all crazy. It was just that April was in touch with the heavier strings on the fiddle.

In a funny way, April and Gary really got along. April respected Gary. She thought he was powerful, witty, and very intelligent. The first night, after a few beers, he began to show her how to paint. April said he must love

-- which was what the family called Nicole --

Sissy very much and certainly the kids.

Everything Gary painted was sharp as a razor. If he painted a bird, you could see every feather as though under a magnifying glass, but he didn't teach that way. "Now just mix this color so it comes out the way you feel," he said. April was looking at him like Gary was her guru.

Nicole never knew what to make of April's looks. She was short and chunky whenever she didn't watch her diet which was almost all the time, and she would have been beautiful if she had needed no other features than eyes. April's eyes were purple blue and yet had green in them--a fabulous color like one of those transparent stones that change their hue according to your mood. Or was it your body temperature?

April had other features besides her eyes. Her hair hung down like cooked spinach, and she had the damndest mouth. Nicole had put enough time in the nuthouse to know the lips of a disturbed person. April could look one way and her mouth start to quiver in another, like the rear end of a car going off on its own. Sometimes her lips would shiver like a faucet just turned off, or her upper lip would relax and her lower lip get stiff. Her entire face could clamp like lock jaw. Most of the time she had a toothache in her expression.

Her voice really got to Nicole. April had an awful big voice for a little girl. You never knew where it came from. She was so goddamn sure of herself. Except when she wasn't. Her voice could grate on you with just how impressive she thought she was. Then she could whine like a brat.

April let them both know that Gary seemed high, and full of knowledge. She thought of him as a very distinguished person. He was kind of very humble, like a master to his slave, very humble and appreciative. At the same time very tired and sad. He'd been through the same thing a slave'd been through. He was on a much higher level of existence.

than anybody she knew. Just focusing on his body, April said, you could feel that.

Before they had been painting very long, April wanted to tell them about Hampton. She held off, being that Hampton had been married to Nicole, but as far as April was concerned Hampton was everything. "My nearest past," she whispered. She wanted to hate him for having an affair with her, when he was still crazy about Sissy. Worse. All those nights with her and never mentioned that he had a new wife. He had had April thinking he was living at his folks home. ~~He would get up at 4 or 5 every morning to say good-bye and April would think he loved her for not going off silently in the dark but wanting to say goodbye.~~ big voice for a little girl. You never know where it came from. There was a space in her stomach that got hungry if she didn't talk. "You've heard the song 'Backstabbers,' haven't you?" she asked in their living room ~~where the bed was the sofa, and she was sitting on the floor.~~ "They always want to take your place. Well, backstabbers wouldn't be in my shoes if you paid them. That's because I have some super-freaky memories." When they did not reply, April said, "Do I sound like a robot tonight?" very tired and sad. ~~She had been through the same thing before.~~ "I," said April, "got up this morning and cooked me a two-egg omelet with cheese in the middle and pieces of thin

toast, some Tang, and some strawberry milk with sliced banana. Too much. I never tasted anything like that food. Just made me sick. I stuffed myself. Then I dropped my contact lens down the sink. I'm careless." When they didn't say much in return, she said, "I fall in love too easy. It's the kind of love that doesn't wear out. I'm possessed. . . I mean, I was obsessed with my body being so roly-poly." She looked sternly at Gary. "I was not as fat as I am now."

"You're not fat," Nicole said.

"You, Sissy," said April, "were skinny!" She confirmed this with a most definite nod of her head to Gary, and added, "Sissy was most of my childhood." She said this in a strong voice as though that were the last matter ever to argue with her about. "Me, Mike, and Sissy would go for walks with Rikki down by the gulch. We picked snails out of mossy logs."

There was a space in her . . .
She held the snails in the expression of her eye. She was remembering the moss and how it was slimy from everything that oozed out of the snails,--that was how she felt. You could rub slime between your fingers and never feel a thing but slipperiness, and that was how you could feel making love. Like you were the center of slipperiness. If anybody yelled in your direction like a husband or a wife you could feel the world whirl and you were in the middle and they were yelling at you like you were in a glass cage. "I miss Hampton," she two-egg . . .

said. She didn't want to talk about him. She knew Sissy would be pissed-off for talking about him. She was getting to the point where she wanted to be deaf and blind. Sometimes her thoughts came out so strong, she could hear them twenty seconds later coming from her head. Especially after a real strong thought. "I've gone cold turkey before," she said. "I've said farewell to the idea of love, and turned my back on it. But I get tired and need affection when I go cold turkey."

~~the Gary's records were mostly Johnny Cash. Full of the love and sorrow of men at how cruel and sweet and full of grief life feels. It wasn't her trip. The men could love the men. Still, she went on a trip with Gary listening to the music. She thought she was very much in his music, and Johnny Cash, wherever he was now, could feel his song stirring in her like he had a magic spoon to stir his soup. Johnny Cash. April decided she was listening to music with the best name, listening with Gary. People could get down without playing an instrument. It was in the way they put the record on.~~

~~but slippery discs, and that was bad~~

Hampton was a hood for what he had done to her. A good one though. He hoodwinked her. "I was crazy about him," April told them. "I loved his personality. He had so much green in his eyes you knew right away he was going to tell a story."

"He always bored me," said Nicole.

"He was good in bed," said April. She sighed. "We both got tired of it. I got tired when I found out he was still married. ~~She was thinking of that day she was still going with Hampton, and Sissy had come over and said to him, "You need a haircut." "You want to do it?" Hampton had asked, and Sissy said, "Sure." She had done his hair all right. Like she owned his head. Each time Nicole's scissors cut a lock of his hair, April could feel Hampton's love for herself ending. She could hear it in the sound the hair made when it was cut. Goodbye. Now she could hear that hearing the same sound.~~ "Oh, I loved Hampton," April said. "He was

very spacey."

Still Nicole snorted. "You loved him cause he was spacey?" She April was truly fierce now. "That was cause I could live in his spaces. Time went by slow with him."

he had a magic spoon to stir his

Some April had a nightmare on the first night she slept in the house in Spanish Fork. Sissy came in and talked to her and April was crying, and then Gary came in and gave her a Fiorinol. "One of things I hate most in life is going to the bathroom," she told him crossly, and felt her muscles relax and like she was sitting quietly, and then she fell asleep.

"I loved him,"
a story.

Next day, Fourth of July, she was gone. Ran into a couple of boys she knew at the Carnival. Gary and Nicole turned around and she was gone. No great matter. April was that way. She was there and then she was not.

asked, and Charley said:

right. They got home just in time to catch the telephone ringing. It was Nicole's father. Charley told Nicole he was up the road at her grandfather's, and ~~he~~ ^{they were} having a big birthday party ~~for her~~. Would she come?

she said sound.

very. That had Nicole mad. A whole family party and they couldn't get around to inviting her before it started. She could hear the noise over the phone. "Well," she said, "I'd like to come, but I hope you don't get mad when you see my boyfriend."

"What is it I'm not going to like?" asked Charley. and he "You'll have to wait and see," said Nicole.

and April was crying.

Richard. "One of

the all-time," she

relax and let the

asleep.

Next day, [unclear] of [unclear] [unclear] [unclear]
 couple of boys she knew at the Carnival.
 turned around and she was [unclear] [unclear] [unclear]
 was that way. She was there 2, then the

They got home just in time to celebrate [unclear]
~~the Bicentennial Party~~ being given by Nicole's
 grandfather, Thomas Sterling Baker, ~~nicknamed Stein~~, had
 been planned in December, back before Christmas, by all of
 his six sons and two daughters, all coming from different
 places to celebrate his wife's birthday which happened to
 be on the Fourth. ~~Glade Christiansen and his wife Danny,~~
~~who was the youngest of the Baker children, came in from~~
~~Lyman, Wyoming, where Glade was a mine foreman. Danny and~~
~~Jeanne Baker, also from Lyman and from the mines, were there,~~
~~plus Shelly Baker. Wendell Baker drove in from Mount View,~~
~~Wyoming. Nicole's father Charley, with his brand new young~~
~~woman Wendy from Tooele, Utah, where Charley worked at the~~
~~Army depot, and Kenny and Vicki and Debbie Baker from Los~~
~~Angeles, came in. Boyd, who was Sterling Baker's father~~
~~and Verda Baker from Salem, Utah, were there, having just~~
~~come from Alaska where they'd been out working for some~~
~~years. The children were there of all the sons and~~

Poss
 ent

side where the Mormon grandfather had been old-style polygamist, six wives, fifty-four children, living out around Kanab, Utah. Since Stein and his wife had been married, however, since 1929, there were plenty of memories right here among the children without having to go back to the ancestors, plus a couple of things to be bitter about.

Still grated on Stein that he started out as a laborer and worked his way up to be superintendent of the Provo City Water Department over 27 years, but then had to quit because the mayor decided to bring in a college engineering graduate over him. He had the gall to ask Stein to teach the new boy about the water business. That was one memory to curdle the edges of remembering the better stuff when you give a party to look back over it all.

purple, red, orange, black, brown,

Charley Baker was in charge of the pit barbecue and might just as well have planned the goddamned party because he had the major share of the job. He'd bought all the beef, a big hindquarter, and he had marinated it three days in a sauce he prepared himself, and then, the day before, took the big beef leg over to his father's in Spanish Fork. *There,* ~~Charley~~ a hundred miles from home, leg first wrapped in cheese cloth to keep the moisture in, then in brown paper, just wrapped the hell out of it in brown paper, then wrapped the

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~~hell out of it with burlap. Of course, he kept it wet all~~
~~the while he was digging this big goddam hole, bigger than~~
~~a slit trench, and now packed with rocks, then ~~being a fire~~~~
~~planned to do a fire~~ ^{it} ~~through the night and watching that fire burn for hours~~ ^{it} ~~the night, because to~~ ^{through} ~~getting those rocks hot all the way through, had to get~~ ^{because you}

those rocks hotter than hell for the pit barbecue to work.
~~The idea is you put the leg in all wrapped up and then~~
~~two theories on this either pack dirt on top, or what~~
~~Charley preferred, use a lid so that you can get in and spray~~
~~the burlap every once in a while. That enables the brown~~
~~paper to keep the moisture in. Really makes for a juicy~~
~~tender barbecue.~~

to teach the new boy about the water ^{Since}
one ~~Now~~ Charley was going to stay up all night to watch
that fire, ~~he~~ he thought he'd better take a little nap before.
Went to ask his mother for a room. She had three bedrooms
available for company and he had had all the pressure of
buying that leg, marinating it, worrying it, and driving
the hundred and more miles from Toelle, digging the trench,
all he wanted to do was go to bed and take a little nap so
he'd be fresh through the night, and his mother said, "You
can't go down there and lay on Kenny's bed--you'll sweat on
it and make it stink." Real friendly. It pissed Charley
off something terrible. He was ~~even going to stay in the~~
~~house that night. it made him so mad. There was his new~~
~~bed to be Wendy, young as an angel and Charley feeling~~

ANYWAY,
 funny because it was the first time he was going to be
 seeing all his brothers and sisters without Kathryn^e if
 they'd been married a couple more years they could have had
 their 25th anniversary--but now they were divorced and he
 was here with ~~his new bride, Wendy, young as an angel,~~
 Wendy, half his age. And had to sleep in a
 tent out on the lawn.

The idea of
 two His feelings were building. It's a good deal to ask
 a man to watch a fire when he's tired and sleepy and has a
 lot of unhappy memories--nothing to bring out unhappy
 memories like a fire--^{and} darned if he didn't fall asleep out
 there. In the early hours of the morning when he woke up,
 the fire had gone out and the rocks were cold. Well, he
 kept working to build that fire back, but it was a lost
 cause. All during the day of the party, there was a lot
 of irritation building between people because they'd finally
 had to do the barbecue on a spit and that didn't compare in
 flavor--a lot of smoke you couldn't control, sooty, and
 the marinade gets charred. Instead of having a really juicy
 tender really deep old-fashioned pit barbecue, Charley
 wasn't about to tell anyone how bad some of those memories were
 before he fell asleep. Only thing a man could do when memories
 got too bad, was sleep.

off screen:

~~It started off when his father mentioned that Nicole
 was living down the road with a fellow. Of course, all through~~

All through the night ~~at~~ he had relived

~~He had~~

~~the night Charley was thinking of and in about Nicole and~~
~~that gave him some terrible memories. ¹ ^{how} ~~about the time~~~~
~~she was starting to know some boys equal in her case to~~
~~saying she was practicing sexual intercourse a little too~~
~~young was also the time he got back from Viet Nam. Kathryn~~
 e had used to write him loving letters while he was over ^{in Viet Nam,}
 Things were never better between them, than when he was far
 away in Nam. He hadn't been home a week before there was
 a terrible fight and Kathryn said, "I wish they'd shipped
 you back in a box." Hell of a homecoming. ~~it dropped the~~
~~two of them right into the fights they used to have about~~
~~him drinking beer in Germany, the best goddam beer in the~~
~~world for 18 cents, a big stein. How could you keep from~~
~~getting loaded every night on beer? Then have to come home~~
~~and face the wife's carping. Her absolute refusal to respect~~
~~his share in the disciplining of the kids. He was supposed~~
~~to be a sergeant. At home, she degraded him to fool. He'd~~
~~still get mad to think of that. The kind of thing that did~~
~~him no good at all. He could feel it getting into his organs~~
~~and reeling them up.~~

wasn't about to

~~had that memory of~~
 Then, of course, he ~~was~~ twice as upset about Lee ^{who's}
 hinted at doing something to Nicole before he got killed
 Hell, it was true. They told him as much at the nuthouse
 when Nicole was there. ~~And there was the~~
~~why hint? He had to recognize how~~

much Lee looked like him. The fact of the matter was that he and Nicole were never comfortable with one another. All the same, knocking her on her ass for spouting off at him when she was 13 sure hadn't done any good, what with the nuthouse and the youth home and her starting to run around.

Watching the flames sleepier and more miserable all the time, deeper woe was coming to him from the fire. The

time April got raped and nobody ever told him. Going back that day from Hawaii to Midway, Kathrynne said that April had a real bad case of gas and had to go to the bathroom all the time, maybe they should wait a day to fly. He made his decision in ignorance, said we're going to get on that plane. What's a few farts? There was April hurting so bad once they got in the air that he thought he'd have to ask the pilot to turn around and get her to a doctor. When they landed at Midway the news was still kept from him. It wasn't until he left the Cee-Bees that Kathrynne confessed she had been afraid to tell him because there were so many black sailors on the base, she was afraid he'd run amok. It hurt his feelings that she considered him that unstable to go shooting black people at random. What made it worse was that April became kind of unmanageable around the house, and he didn't know why. He had no idea what she'd been through. So he got really hard on her. He would never

forgive Kathrynne for that reason alone. April'd say she wanted to go somewhere and he would say, "Did you clean your room?" She'd say yes. He would say, "Okay, go ahead." But when he got around to looking at her room, she hadn't done anything. When she came back, he'd tell her, "I'm going to knock the shit out of you." She'd say, "You lay a hand on me and I'll go to the chaplain." You didn't have to be hot-tempered to kick somebody in the butt for saying that to you. In fact, one time he had bumped her pretty hard. She went straight to the chaplain, and then the Chaplains, Catholic and Protestant, both came to the house.

all the time. He told them, "Well, I understand what you think about me beating her all the time, and if you want to try socking it to me for child abuse, go ahead. But I haven't been abusing her. I only kicked her butt because she threatened me with you." The thing was, he had thought she was lying all the time when really she wasn't lying so much as going right out of her head. When she told him she'd cleaned her bedroom, she thought she did, you know. Didn't know the difference.

Then April'd have various opinions about the TV. It was looking back at her. TV was the one watching her, she wasn't watching TV. He really made a mess of it, because

he'd get so mad he'd kick ass again. Thought she was just being ignorant, you know. ~~Then she'd get to the point where she'd say, "I'm going to ground you."~~ He figured she'd been ~~talking to her girlfriends and they were urging her on into~~ shit like that, so he'd haul off and backhand her. It just went right to the fact that April had slipped out into the street the last night in Hawaii when she shouldn't have been let loose. ~~and she'd gotten raped.~~ That had been Kathryne's fault, and Kathryne was too ashamed to tell him and so pretended he might go off half cocked and kill black people when in fact he wouldn't.

Chaplains, Catholics and Protestants.

Sitting by that big barbecue, ~~watching these rocks heat,~~ ^{had} watching that fire, these kinds of things ~~were getting~~ heated up in him. ~~The time that Mike, the sweetest of the kids, also began to go off half cocked on Midway. He and a little buddy had gotten into the house of the Senior Chief when Chief was off the base on vacation and they dumped all the yellow food Senior Chief had left for his pet fish over a period of two weeks into the tank at once. That killed the fish. Then they wiped off a bunch of stuff. A real good kid, never been in trouble before, but on Midway began to go wild.~~

^{had caught} Toward dawn, it was all catching up on him. He was taking a breather from trying to get that fire going again, the smoke was bothering his nostrils, and he just didn't

know if he'd ever get the rocks hot enough now. He began to think of Sissy, and it came over him how much he missed her.

So, he

Charley hated to go back into the past, but he remembered that time Sissy was living with Barrett up above a bar in Lehi, and Kathryn had gotten him half crazy with the idea that this fellow Barrett was nothing but a low, dirty heroin pusher and had Sissy strung out--he had flashes of Nicole tied to a bed while Barrett poked needles in her. So he got himself fired up drinking down in the bar below in Lehi figuring his daughter was up above with a junkie who might be carrying any kind of weapon. Finally, he just walked up the stairs, stepped over a wino or two, and knocked on the door. This squirt opened up, this sweet, pleasant-looking little squirt, liked him on sight, but he said to Barrett, "I'm gonna cut your goddam balls off." Instead the kid just looked at him, smart kid, a lot of potential, cute, with small features, looked just like Sissy, and the kid said, "Well, uh, I know things haven't been going right." Before the kid got done running himself down, Charley got to feeling sorry. Something positive about the boy. Maybe it was the way Barrett looked at him when he told him there was gonna be a castration party, and only said, "Well, if it's going to make you feel better, here

I am." Anyway, Charley walked into that place, opened the refrigerator, looked in for a beer, took a full stare at Nicole when she strolled over, and said, "Boy, you don't look bad to me. You haven't lost any weight, you know." In fact, Nicole was looking terrific. Charley mumbled something about "Your mom said you was up here all strung out on heroin. Shoot, you're all right." He talked just a little bit and then he walked down the stairs and left. Felt foolish. Felt double foolish when he turned around and said to Nicole, "Sissy, will you ever forgive me for what I did?" Saying that in front of Barrett--he must have been out of his head. But he was brooding about what Lee told him, didn't know why he took it personally as if it was his own responsibility, as if he had just about done it himself to Nicole. This squirrel

pleasant-looking little squirrel, like

During the day, tension kept building. He finally put the beef on a spit, knowing they were now on edge with the disappointment of no pot barbecue, being careful how to talk to each other about how good it was. "Not too burnt?" "No, not too burnt." And all that anger in him about his mother not letting him have the beef, and his mother and dad mad he let the fire go out. Everybody a little uncomfortable at the idea of Wendy, and so put themselves out being nice. Some when where around this point, his dad mentioned how Sissy was

-- and --
 living down the road, why didn't they invite her? Charley
 gave a phone call, but it took something. ~~He just had never~~
~~stopped by to see her, when he went to visit his parents.~~
 Look had to go. You haven't lost any...

In fact, After the call, he was wondering what kind of long-
 haired hippie she'd chosen. Leave it to Sissy to find the
 undesirables. Or should he say the underdogs? Her kind of
 people. Just so long as it was some down-and-out jerk, or
 rotten bastard. The sorriest.

and said to Sissy, "Sissy, will you..."
 what. He was getting ready to picture a truly long-haired
 ugly son of a bitch when Sissy came in with her new guy.
 All Charley thought was that he looked a little too old, but
 seemed regular enough. In fact, Charley thought they might
 hit it off if they met in the army or something.

They said hello and right away the Gilmore fellow said
 he wanted to have a personal talk with Charley, so they went
 out in the back yard. Then he did something kind of strange.
 While Charley was standing right, the boyfriend lay down on
 the grass, put his hands behind his head, and started to talk.
 First thing Gilmore said had to strike Charley as real funny.
 He just didn't like it. Gilmore looked up and said, "You
 ever feel like killing anybody?"

Charley tried to pass it off as a joke. "Yeah," he said, "I feel like killing my boss all the time, the ignorant son of a bitch." But Gilmore didn't crack a smile for nothing. In the silence, Charley felt himself stepping in. He had to say, "I mean, you're not serious, are you?" Then the boyfriend said, "Nah, I was just wondering." They talked about miscellaneous stuff a little bit and Gilmore said he'd like to marry Sissy and Charley said "Well, it's not up to me. If she asks my permission, I'll say yes." What the hell, she was old enough to have already been married three times, two children. Charley didn't figure that they'd elect him to say no at this point. He hit it off if they met in the

It was only when this conversation was behind him that Charley started wondering if the remark about wanting to kill somebody had been aimed at him. It was the spookiest kind of talk. On second thought, Charley decided the boyfriend was a funny looking fellow, and somewhat on the battered side. The goatee he was starting looked like the three hairs of a goat. Obviously, the fellow was uncomfortable with all these strange relatives. He never felt like killing anybody.

Of course, when it came to family, Charley wasn't so comfortable, either. Just after Sissy came in, damned if

one of Charley's brothers didn't have to show off by pointing to Wendy and saying to Sissy, "Meet your new stepmother." Nicole just looked at Wendy, embarrassed her half to death, finally said, "You are my stepmother?" Wendy said, "I guess so." Nicole just looked at her real strange.

It was one tough evening. Charley was doubly embarrassed because he was trying to keep it quiet about Wendy until they got married. He didn't want Kathryn to raise too many kinds of hell. In fact if it hadn't been for Wendy being with him, he would have started getting ugly. But Wendy was enough to give a man hope that after twenty-odd years of living in a pig sty, and having raucous fights every night of his life, he could begin to put a couple of things together, find a little peace. His little angel from Alabama, Wendy. God couldn't be all mad at him.

Still it was a prickly, funny feeling, to be there with his bride to be, Gilmore with his, both of them the same age, the women close to each other in age. He found himself just standing around Sissy, keeping an eye on her, couldn't pretend he was happy with the way she looked. She had a couple of pimples on her face, and seemed generally run down, even a little seedy, for such a beautiful girl.

Her loss of looks didn't seem to be bothering her one bit, however. She and this fellow Gary were lying on the grass necking and carrying on in front of everybody like teenagers, until finally Charley saw his mother getting annoyed. She came by laughing, or pretending to laugh, but said, "Knock it off, you two." No humor at the bottom of that remark-- it was the way you'd shoo two dogs who were fornicating. Gilmore got up like he'd been shot, and walked away. Charley noticed he was drinking wine. Somebody else then told him Nicole's fellow was giving pills to the kids. A little later, Charley heard about how ~~he~~ ^{Gilmore} almost picked a fight with Glade, Bonny's husband, who was just the nicest man in the world for a mine foreman, and had been sitting under a lilac bush feeding the youngest boy, couldn't have been a year old. Gilmore came along with a football, asked him if he'd like to play catch. Glade kind of let him know he was busy, said, "I'm trying to get the kid fed." Gary sat down on a stool and started asking questions about what Glade did, nodding his head, carrying on the conversation, but he ran out of questions. So he looked at Glade and said, "Don't you want to know more about me?" Well, Glade really wanted to be alone feeding the kid. He liked doing that. So he replied, "Not really." Well, then Gilmore began to act like he was cruising for a bruising because he said to Glade, "You give me the impression that you're quite a man." Glade wasn't

looking for trouble, said, "How do you figure that?" Gilmore said, "Well, you just look like you're a real man." Kept looking him over as if he was waiting for Glade to stand up and bust him one. Glade didn't see any reason to say anything and Gilmore just walked away.

it off. you two. I'm sure

Then a little later he must have had words with Nicole. Whatever it was, he just took off suddenly. Charley could hardly blame him. He had a look on his face the way Charley felt when he went to church once in five years, and the regular pew-holders were looking him over. Enough to make you go out and buy a pew.

for a mine foreman, and he

~~feeding. Afterward, Charley heard that Gary went in the house, fell over a stool, fell down in the bathroom, Stein finally had to say, "Your friend looks pretty intoxicated." To which Nicole, just as suddenly, said "he's not bad. He'll probably be all right." Anyway, Gary took off. Nicole looked indifferent. She looked like she was enjoying talking to relatives for once.~~

Before he could even believe it, Charley slipped over to Nicole and found himself trying to talk to her about April. But her answers were all vague as if Kathryn had told her not to speak to him of this. Charley wanted to start smashing things. Felt like he was living in a barrel of snakes. Everybody just vague around him. Things slipping away. The worst

of it was that after talking to Nicole it got his feelings brooding again about how he had had to get out of the service before he wanted to, three years short of his pension, and that was a terrible time to think about 'cause April had done it to him. ~~What with her having~~ mental difficulties, after *Hawaii*, ~~he came back from Midway~~ *had just* it got worse and worse. Once she cut her wrists, another time she took an overdose. ~~It always came right after~~ *whenever* Charley left ~~her~~ *the family* to go overseas. Each time he had had to ask for a leave to come back. ~~That's where the difficulty started. Already, he had to carry all these bad reports on him and the children at Midway. Now they laid it out very clearly for him.~~ *when he* He was with Battalion, rugged duty, on Okinawa, and they sort of depended on him, ~~so~~ he had to go home twice on emergency leaves. Since the problem looked like it was going to continue, they recommended he get out. Charley said, "I don't want out. I'm not going out." "Well," they said, "you're going." They gave him a discharge and he refused to sign it. Finally they just handed him the discharge and said, "Buddy, signed or not, you're out tomorrow. Don't come to work. Get on the airplane." Like that. He only had three more years to go. That was the kind of thing really slipped it to your organs. ~~not to speak to him of this.~~ *Now* ~~It was that kind of night.~~ He asked Nicole to call Kathrynne to see if Angel, the youngest child, could stay over

with him. He was always upset about Angel. She was beautiful and she needed him, and he was away from her just now when she was six and needed him. At that point, Verna, his own mother, started to give him hell. Said there were too many children around. For a woman who had raised eight kids and he couldn't count how many grandchildren, she sure didn't like little ones. Then his father started to get on him. "You ain't stayin' here. The kids ain't stayin' here." They got in a fight. His father might be 68, but he used to be a big old son, and Charley was tempted to knock him on his ass, would have if he hadn't been so old. Charley actually did give him a little push down once, and then left without speaking. ... on Okinawa, and then ...
 But it's a true bummer for a Fourth of July Bicentennial celebration and family get-together.

... commended he got out. Charley

I'm not going out." "Well," to

... you his a dissonance, ... he began to feel proud of war

they just wanted him the dissonance so much that, and he'll

or not, you're old Lincolnton, my strong background, people, and

the airplane. ... like that. The same thing in Gary. He could

go. ... that was ... of that his own way, especially when

organs. ... thought was to get drunk on red wine, ... pills

on the side--big man--and just generally head out. So, the

... didn't ...

... Backyard ...

with her, he was always there for her and she needed him. And as they loved her more than when she was a little girl, but they didn't love their own mother, started to give him a hard time, they were around many children around. For a while nothing but that kind of kids and he couldn't count. 3. He didn't like little ones. And he was sure how long she was him. "Now ain't sweet?" here.

Nicole didn't feel right when she let Gary leave the party without her, but she also felt indifferent. There had been a turn in the evening. At first, she was sort of hating her relatives and feeling double-loyal to Gary. Loved necking with him on the grass in front of everybody. But she lost a little respect for him when he jumped so fast after Verna said, "Knock it off." It was like he was snapping shit to a command.

Along about then, Nicole began to feel proud of her family in a crazy way--there was so much beef and balls and juice in her family, so many strong cockeyed people, and tonight there was that dull lonesome thing in Gary. He could really tire you out with having his own way, especially when his own way tonight was to get drunk on red wine, shove pills on the kids--big man!--and just generally bomb out. No, she wasn't sad when he left.

For a night or two, she never loved him more than after the trouble at Grand Central, but they might just as well have been taking cocaine. Coming down, they came down. Back on beer and Fiorinol, there was nothing but flat dull death off Gary. Sometimes she felt prison walls breathing through his pores. She just didn't know how loyal she was still feeling.

There was a super-sweet Mr. Clean tucked away in the corner of her life now, and she had told Gary nothing about him. His name was Roger Eaton, a perfect name for a young executive dude over at the University Shopping Mall, and he had come into her life this unbelievable way. A letter had arrived at the house in Spanish Fork from an unknown guy saying he wanted to give her help and would pay \$50 if she slept with him Wednesday night. Could she leave her front door light on? As a signal? He would find a way to follow up.

She showed the letter to Gary. He just tore it up and said he'd kill the son of a bitch. She forgot about it. Part of the weirdness of things.

But a couple of weeks later, this really good-looking well-built fellow, blue eyes, nice blond hair, came up to her at a gas station and introduced himself as the one who wrote the letter, and wanted to buy her a coke. She talked to him a little that day, saw him a couple of more times for coffee, and then she really went to him for help the morning after she had the fight with Gary on the highway. When she awakened at her grandmother's house that day, she had bruises all over her body from the scuffle in the car. This got her so upset she thought of Roger Eaton, and dropped into his office. He was sympathetic and fascinated with her troubles so she had gone to see him more often since, and they really talked.

She had never known a fellow who had to wear a suit to work every day, and it intrigued her. So the first thought to go through her head when Gary got so drunk he had to leave the party, ^{Family} was that she had Roger Eaton's home phone for emergencies. Maybe she could call him for tonight. But that would probably feel improper all around. ^{So,} ~~It could spoil whatever little thing was there, and she liked the little thing. It was so long since she'd been touched by the idea of somebody new who had a special quality she liked about them instead of having to live with the whole thing - sweat, habits, gross-out, all. She did nothing at the party, however.~~

She just talked to her father a while, uncomfortable as hell, wanted to kiss his cute black mustache, and took off for the carnival, ran into a friend, then another, a nice night of liberty with nothing happening, then went home. Gary came in later. He was full of drinking all night at Fred's Lounge with a couple of heavies in the Sundowners and was talking of getting a motorcycle. He had told them he was going to rip one off. Then he looked at her kind of sheepishly and admitted they almost laughed out loud at him. The one thing, they explained, a cop always looked at was a motorcycle! Still, they were real dudes--equal to himself in balance. He looked forward, he said, to doing business with them.

She had never known a father like that. He was like a nineteen year old kid getting into bikes. It softened her enough for things to get sweet enough for ~~them to start~~. The party had done some good after all. It had left a little sugar in the gut of her feelings. All that meat and drink and human relatives in the flesh. So they started to get it on. And then like a ghost walking out of the grave of all the bad nights, Gary had to have his hard time getting it up again.

She couldn't think of how she had been once so sure it would improve. They had talked a lot about it. But when

she started to hear the same stuff again, same back and forth, Gary putting the blame on the years spent in prison getting his precious rocks off on those nude pictures in Playboy instead of learning on a real woman, she got mad enough to tell him it was bullshit. He was simply drinking too much, using Fiorinol too much. He defended the Fiorinol, said, "I don't want to make love with a headache. I have headaches all the time and the Fiorinol relieves it."

She was hardly buying that. She sat there with her anger pushed in like a spring waiting for him to start again. Sure enough he did. Something desperate, dead, and wet but he was going at it. Don't start what you can't finish, she told him. Be straight.

It didn't matter what she said. The hard work began. Now they wouldn't get to bed till three or four, and he'd be up at six, as if trained to a signal. She thought maybe it would help if she allowed herself to feel what he was feeling right now, if she let herself live a little inside his body, and all she felt was a hideous headache and knew what it was to be all dredged out. Now, he did a little speed. At four in the morning it started to work. He wanted to fuck. She was so tired she could think only of sleep. Of course, it made him most confident of doing it. They were doing it. On and on. He couldn't come. It was the speed.

was started to hear the door

forth, Gary was not the only one

Lying there, she said it clearly to herself, "He's a bad package." Playboy instead of learning to

enough to tell him it was built

Now he was saying that he didn't think he was good too much. Gary said, "I'm not enough for her. She told him, "No, it's my problem. I said, "I can't make you come." Headaches all the time and she

In the second week of July, she went over on a hot morning to her mother's, and Jim Hampton was there. She certainly didn't like the guy after the way he had played again. Sure she was with him, but she went bumming around with him anyway. After all, he had his little sister and little brother in finish, she told him. He said, "It didn't matter to me else for once. It ended up for a little while at the house Now they wouldn't get up in Spanish Fork, where she had to stop and get something. be up at six. He had to be up at six. Then she returned Hampton all the way to her mother's. Finally, she drove her own car back. She was with the to and fro, and general cruising, have driven close to a hundred miles that day.

When she got in, Gary was already back from work and doing something with his car. She sat down on the front step. There wasn't a very good feeling between them. Just a silence you could push back and forth.

He finally asked her what she'd been doing. I, Nicole said, have been sitting on my ass over at my mother's. I didn't have enough gas to come back, so I had to stay there all the god damn day. "Yes," she told him, "I've been sitting on my ass." Well, he told her, something feels different in the house than when I left this morning. Were you back here today?

In the second week of the morning, She answered, Yeah, I got back here today. Gary said, I thought you said you were sitting on your ass over at your mother's all day. She gave a smile and said, "That's exactly what I said."

After all, he had his little sister, and she kind of enjoyed the else for once. Gary walked from the car, looking as casual as if he was going into the house, but when he passed, he slapped her front-handed across the face. It was pretty sneaky, and it practically knocked her block off.

Nicole was twice hurt. She was stunned, but she also felt like she deserved it. She had been extra rude, and rudeness that came out of nowhere was something he absolutely couldn't handle. Still, he had hit her again. It was piling up.

One day she had a chance to let a little ugliness out. In the summer, she liked to let the kids play naked in the ditch. ~~She was probably too lazy to get them dressed, but she also liked to see them running around naked. Besides she didn't always have money for diapers, or laundry soap, and there wasn't any clean underwear. Some of the neighbors must have gotten uptight, for~~ on this day, ^a ~~while~~ ³ ~~Jeremy~~ ~~was resting on the grass of somebody's lawn, and the rest of the kids were sitting on the side of the ditch, their feet in the water, a cop car pulled up and bellowed some thing to the kids. They all jumped in his car. Nicole couldn't believe what she was watching. The cop drove at no faster than a walking pace right up to her house, and let the kids jump out. Then he came right up to her door and started laying down some unbelievable shit like you know, your kids are in danger of their lives playing in the ditch down there. Your little boy could drown. Nicole said, Mister, I don't know what you're talking about and I don't think you do either. My little boy wasn't anywhere near that water. He doesn't have one drop on his body. He didn't~~

came by

~~The cop started to say~~ the neighbors had been phoning in complaints about her not taking proper care of the kids.

stet

Nicole told him to ~~get his fucking ass out of there.~~

~~Get it off my property, she said, standing in the doorway. She knew she could say anything she wanted as long as she stayed in her own house. The cop stood out there making some threats about welfare, and she shut the door in his face. He hollered, I better not see those kids outside. She swung the door open again.~~

~~Some of the neighbors must have gotten up there for a look, while Gary~~

~~was in the house. He said to him, "Get your dirty mother-fucking ass down the road. Those kids are going to play outside all the god damn day, and you better not touch them, or I'll shoot you."~~

stet

~~What a bunch of bullshit. Except the guns were back in the house and hardly even hidden. The cop drove faster than a walking pace right up to her house, and the in. The cop looked at her. He had an expression on his face as if to say, "What do I do?" In the middle of the anger she could feel embarrassed for him--it was such a crazy position for a cop. Then she closed the door, and the cop drove off, and Gary got up from the bed which for these hot days was smack by the window. He was near that. He doesn't have one finger in his mouth. He didn't.~~

He looked like his nerves these last couple of minutes had been scorching his flesh. He said nothing but she knew what he was thinking. The guns. He probably figured the

cop came over to arrest them. The sight of that squad car outside the window had to add up to a lot more beer and Fiorinol.

First thing, next morning, he was over at Kathryn's house. She thought he was real abrupt the way he spoke, he said, "Come outside." Kathryn for some reason felt scared to go out. "Can't you tell me here?" He said, "No, outside."

She didn't like the way he was acting but it was daylight. Nothing could happen. So she went out and he said, "I've got something in my car I want to leave here for a little while," and went over to the Mustang and took a diaper bag out of the trunk and moved it over to the back of her car. Kathryn said, "What have you got, Gary?" and he answered, "Guns."

"Guns?" she said. "Yes," he said, "guns." She asked him where he got them. He said, "Where do you think? I stole them." Kathryn just said, Oh. Right there on the back deck of her car he started bringing them out for examination. "I'd like," said Gary, "to leave them here." "Oh, God, Gary," said Kathryn, "I don't think you better." I can't keep them here."

"I'll be back," Gary said, "at five, when I get off work. I just want to leave them for the afternoon in a safe place."

She couldn't believe the way he had them all laid out right on the trunk of the car. If any of the neighbors looked out the window, they wouldn't believe what they were seeing.

Then he took each one out deliberately and showed it to her and described it to her like they were beauties. One was a three-fifty-seven magnum this-or-that, and another was a 22 automatic Browning, next a Dan Wesson 38 something-or-other. Kathrynne just said, "Gary, I don't know much about guns."

"Well, how do you like this one?" he asked.

"Oh, they're nice, they're all nice, you know." She said, "What are you going to do with them, Gary?"

He said, "A couple of dudes are going to buy them."

By now he had all the guns unwrapped. He said, "I gave Nicole one to protect herself. Pretty little over-and-under Derringer. I want you to have this one. He pointed to another.

"I don't need it, Gary. I really don't want it."

"I want you to have it," he said, "You're Nicole's mother."

"God, Gary," said Kathrynne, "I've already got a gun."

"Well," he said, "I want you to have this Special. It's just not safe for two women living out here alone like you and your sister."

She tried to explain that she already had her husband's Magnum. But Gary said, "That's too big a gun for you even to attempt to shoot it."

Since he had laid the guns in her car trunk, she let him know she definitely didn't want to be driving around today with them. So he said, "Let me leave them in the house." Then he told her he'd return at five o'clock. Well, she declared, she wouldn't be home then.

That was all right, he'd just come and get them. With that, he carried them into the house, and put them behind the couch, seven or eight guns. Then he wrapped the Special in an old jacket, and she went into the bedroom to put it under the mattress.

That evening around five o'clock, when she and Kathy got home, they ran and looked behind the couch and yes, the guns were gone.

Gary stopped off to visit Vern and asked whether he wanted a pistol. Vern turned him down. Then he asked, "Are they hot?" Gary said, "No, I got a couple sent to me by a guard at Marion, Illinois." Gary had this special gun. It's : Vern couldn't understand how guns got sent to Gary from a prison, but he let it go at that. Tried to put it out of his mind. He contented himself with saying, "If I see something I know you've stolen, I'm going to tell them." to attempt to shoot it.

Gary peeled off to see Brenda and John. She said, "You're not supposed to have guns." Gary said, "I got them in the car trunk, in his car." Well," said Gary, "a guy owed me a favor, and gave them in return for the favor." Then he said, "I have nine out in the car. Would you like one?" At five o'clock, she and Johnny assured him he didn't. He said he had plenty of guns. Gary took all pistol out of the car and put them in the trunk. Then, he carried them into the house and put them in the trunk. While Gary was at work that day, Barrett came by in his truck and Nicole drove up with him to the Canyon. Sunny and ~~Johnny~~ ^{Jeremy} went out to play. Before they could light a stick, Barrett's pants were off, hers' were off--they were like too hot kids getting it off. She heard herself say, she was sufficiently disloyal to hear herself say, "This guy Gary is crazy. We might end up dead." Then she told ^{Barrett} ~~him~~, "If anything happens, I want you to know that I love you."

She really loved him as she was saying that.

Gary came home in a sloppy old windbreaker with the sleeves cut off. His pants were a mess, and he was half drunk. He told her to go over with him to Val Conlin's to see the truck he was going to buy. She asked him to get cleaned up first. She didn't really want to be seen with him. He looked like he slept next to animals.

his mind. *Later, when they were ~~not~~ driving,*
~~Gary kept talking to that man Conlin as if he really had the money to buy the truck. That was a real irritant.~~

~~Gary peeled off to see Brenda in
 "You. Next, he decided he wanted to stop off and see Craig Taylor." That was the dumbest thing. Craig's wife Julie was in the hospital so Craig obviously had his mind on his own problems. Now, there were Nicole's kids, and the Taylor kids, all over the little place, all the while Gary got to play chess with Craig. Whooped when he beat him.~~

Then Gary started to tee off on Val Conlin and what he was going to do to him for making him wait on the truck. Sometimes the only thing that still seemed real about Gary was his anger. "I'll wreck the place and a couple of his cars too," he said. "I'm going to kick them windows in." It was like opening a bottle that smelled real bitter.

Gary is crazy. He's going to do it.

"I'm going to do it," he said.

As they were leaving, Gary asked Craig, "What do you think of me?"

"Well, it seems like you're trying," said Craig.

"Just have a few breaks and you'll be all right."

Going up from Craig's to Kathryn's, right on the long road to her mother's house, darn if the Mustang didn't stall again. Gary got so pissed he broke the windshield.

He simply reared back with his feet and kicked the windshield. It cracked.

That got the kids upset. Nicole didn't say two words. She got out and helped him push the car to get it started. It still didn't go. Then somebody came along to give them a shove. They drove in silence for a couple hundred yards.

For a week she had been trying to say that maybe they ought to live in separate places and see each other time to time. Even every day. Only not live together. Now, when it came to it, it was Gary. He said, "I'm taking you to your mother's house. I don't ^{want} to ever see your face again."

He dropped her off with the kids as easily as going down to the grocery to lift a six-pack. She thought she'd be glad, but she wasn't. She just had more of that ugly "Just have a few breaks and you'll be all right," feeling.

Nicole wasn't at Kathryn's twelve hours before Gary was there again. Last thing in the morning, just ahead of lunch. He wanted her to come back. He was drunk even as he asked her. She said she wouldn't. She said, I want to think about it a while. He simply stood there with his feet and kicked the windshield. It cracked.

He didn't want her to think. He wanted her to agree. Still, it amazed her, how mellow he was. He didn't force a thing. After he left, she decided it had been too easy. He was starting that way but by tomorrow he would be over every few hours. He would leave you about as fast as a wolf would leave you in the desert. So she called Barrett and asked if she could stay at his place. Nicole made it clear she didn't want to hang in. Just wanted a place for a few days. She was certainly not planning on spending her life with him. Your mother's house. I don't to ever see your face again.

Making that move, however, going into hiding from Gary, it was obvious there were better places to disappear

than in Barrett's pad. She went looking for an apartment. IN the next day, Barrett found one for her in Springville. She swore the few people who knew about it to secrecy. She didn't want Gary to catch up with her now.

be glad, but she wasn't. She just

feeling. It was spooky living not five miles away from the house in Spanish Fork. If Gary took the highway instead of the Interstate, he would almost pass by her place in Springville while driving to Provo.

lunch. He wanted her to stay in the house.

asked her. In the meantime, Barrett was wanting them to try it one more time. One more trip of the mind. When she was young and used to read animal stories, Kathryne told her about reincarnation. As if it were one more fairy tale. That was when Nicole made a choice to come back as a little white bird. Now she thought that if she didn't straighten out the unsatisfactory way she lived with men, she was going to come back extremely ugly and no man would ever want to look at her.

ever. He wanted her to stay in the house.

and asked if she could stay in the house.

clear she didn't want to hang in.

a few days. She was certainly not

life with him.

looking at the house,

Gary, it was certainly there.

303

Fork. He had been looking
of dealing. Concrete work.
attitude for him to keep it
people, successful people,

VIII Between Barrett and Roger Eaton

Barrett was strong, yet willing to think of himself as
and they could, categorically, but used to tell him that when
that he wasn't religious, bigger than a kitten you put in
bounced him. It was hard to
truck, getting paid a couple of hundred bucks--the
couple of hundred bucks--the
like the kitten, Barrett
was where you were your own first romance with Nicole, he

Still he was trying and pale yellow like a kid's
a going to Nicole's mother. He remembered taking his work,
work at concrete pouring in, then at the wall, throwing
concrete from one end of it was the only thing he had to do,
sixty miles a day. That of
straight as you could get.
make. But Barrett and Roger was always ready for the unex-
things in the past which he never had to worry that no
other. He was the only one who
had.

this in Barrett's mind. He didn't

In the next day, Barrett found

she swore that few people

didn't want

Between Barrett and Roger Eaton

It was spooky living in a

house in Spanish Fork. If Gary

of the Interspace, he would also

Barrett had this tendency to think of himself as

small, in fact, his mom and dad used to tell him that when

he was born, he looked no bigger than a kitten you put in

a shoebox. Now he was five-ten and could weigh 135, but

he never had the habit of thinking of himself as other than

small-sized and self-sufficient. Like the kitten. During

the period when he had his first romance with Nicole, he

remembered spending one week all by himself in a yellow

cell in the nuthouse. Painted pale yellow like a kid's

nursery, only it was a cell. He remembered taking his socks,

rolling them up, and throwing them at the wall, throwing

them and catching them. It was the only thing he had to do.

He got along.

So, on the one hand, he was always ready for the unexpected, he could roll with it. He never had to worry that he

had too much character like his folks, and so might be too stiff to find the supple way to get in or out of what he wanted. On the other hand, he wasn't built for the heaviest punishment. ~~That he~~

wasn't built for heavy encounters, was part of his under-

standing of himself, yet the bravest, heaviest things she'd ever done in his life happened because of Nicole. For

example: helping her ~~get away from crazy Joe Bob, who bounced her~~ move her stuff from Joe Bob's house

and garage up in Verno was scary. ~~All those hours with a~~

~~All the more reason than for feeling horror on a night he came home from Wyoming four or five months ago, which is to say four or five months before the horror right now in July of helping Nicole hide out from that old scroungey madman, Gary Gilmore. Five months ago, like now, Barrett had been horrified by her bad taste.~~

He had been through everything with Nicole, seen a lot of dudes come and go, studs, jocks, freaks, characters he saw as next to cripples, but they always had quality--good looking, strong, well-hung, something you could relate to, some good trick. Nicole was a beautiful person and really independent. If you had the misery to be totally in love with her like Barrett, then you had to live with who she would come up with next. But usually she had some crazy kind of taste. At least ~~Not like now, with that old~~ scroungey, madman, Gary Gilmore.

A while after he'd helped her get away from Joe Bob, Nicole had come to live with Barnett in the house in Spanish Fork, ~~But~~ But Barnett had gone away for a while, and pretty soon this guy

he felt she gave it to him because he'd get violent if she resisted. Next morning, he wasn't mad. It was just a funny thing, more funny than anything else. You know, there on the kitchen floor with his old lady, getting it on, kind of funny, you know, "God, couldn't you pick somebody a little better than Clyde?" That sort of thing. He really wanted to get back together with her. So he gave up Wyoming and stayed with his parents for a while, then got a place in Linden. He'd drop over every now and again to see Nicole. Two or three times a week until she told him to stay away. One time he went over and another low scroungey dude was there, Frosen (what a name!) Phelps.

Gilmore had moved in with her.

Barnett met

The first time he heard about Gary Gilmore, ~~and the~~ Nicole first time he met him. Barnett had stayed away a long time

before he went over to Spanish Fork again. This occasion some different things were around, you know. Different furniture. Somebody new had moved in. He sat down in the kitchen and had a cup of coffee with her. Before he could even start talking, Gilmore came in.

so."

Barrett's impression was that here was one more old scroungey dude. He didn't seem all that big to Barrett and he had short pants on. Didn't look right. His legs were too white. He looked a lot older than her. Considerably older

than her. She introduced them by saying, "This is Jim, Sunny's father," and he said, "Gary, how are you?"

~~He didn't feel hurt or anything, just kind of disgust, you know, like I don't believe this.~~

~~funny, you know, "God, what a fuckin' mess."~~

~~better. Barrett went on talking with Nicole. Gilmore never said a word, just sat at the table. He seemed interested in with Nicole. The second time they met, Barrett's presence. In a little while he got up and~~

to the front room. At that point, Barrett nodded at Nicole, and suggested they go outside. Sunny and Jeremy were playing, and they sat near them, and she talked a little about Gilmore, and told Jim he was an ex-con. Then Nicole went back to the house. Barrett was left outside playing with the kids. Pretty soon, the kids started saying the same things over and over like they had a crowbar in your neck and were prying you open. "Pop, poop, pop, poop," they'd say, and giggle. ~~say different things was.~~

~~He got up and left, went down to his truck, just picked up and took off. He could really feel his butt bouncing in the cab.~~

Then he met Gilmore for the second time. He dropped over to visit and Gary was out to the store. Came back while Barrett was talking to Nicole in the yard by the apple tree. ~~Gilmore didn't say, get the hell out, but he sure~~

~~acted as if his return was a cue to leave. So Barrett got up and Nicole went in the house, leaving him to walk around the other side of the house to the street. Just then Gilmore walked out the front door and confronted him on the sidewalk.~~

Gilmore said, "I want to tell you something. I accept the fact that you're Sunny's father, but Nicole is mine." Barrett said, "Look, buddy, you can have her. I don't want her." These words gave Gilmore a mean look in his eye, a mad look, cold. Gilmore said, "You don't have to insult her."

At that point Barrett got a scared feeling of Gilmore. ~~He was used to seeing Nicole with other men. He'd wanted her all his life, and watched her with other men. What else was there to say? You can have her. He certainly couldn't keep them from having her.~~

~~Besides, it would do no good for Gilmore to know his true feelings about Nicole. That would wake Gilmore up.~~

Barrett said, "I wasn't trying to insult her. Nicole don't want me, and I don't want her, I just wanted you to know."

Barrett got in his truck, and right there on the road, cruising along, he felt renewed hope. It was at the sound of Gilmore saying, "Nicole is mine." Those words, Barrett knew from experience, always came at the end of a guy's relationship

with Nicole. They got to thinking like that, and they lost her. She just didn't want to be owned for long.

Barrett was cautious after that. Sometimes riding around, wheeling high off a Thai stick, he might drive by her house. If Gary's car was out in front, he would not stop. If the scene was right, he would visit a little with Nicole, feel her out.

old. ~~the~~

the babysitter,

One Saturday, Rosebeth answered the door and said Gary and Nicole were out. It was the first time Barrett ever saw her, and he walked in like it was his house. After all, his kids were in there, everything he owned was in there. ~~He~~ He played with Sunny and Jeremy for a while, then they took a nap. Gary and Nicole, said Rosebeth, were away for the whole day for sure. There was nice warm weather in the room.

While the kids were around, Jim had been sitting in the chair, and the girl was sitting on the living-room bed that served for a couch. He thought she was pleasantly plump, sweet baby-fat, but really too young and virgin for him to fool around with. When she got up, however, to lift a blanket off the bed, he got beside her under it and they started to kiss. They kissed for a minute and she said, "Now, let's get undressed." She was like a kid, you know, getting into something she didn't know much about. "OK,"

he said, "I'll go for that." They took off their clothes and lay on the bed and she said, "Now let me suck it." Barrett said, "Don't let me stop you."

Barrett was cautious at first, but she got him around. She was on it, and he was eating her. All her doing, you know. Barrett just laid back and she spun herself around and popped it right on his face--he had no choice. She didn't really know what she was doing, actually hurting him with her teeth, but all the same she got pretty warm, even if her clit wasn't too sensitive, you know, he couldn't make her flinch. But. It was
 saw her, and he walked in like he was to stop, and Nicole said his kid ~~still~~, she was getting pretty hot. He turned her around and laid her down and she had an expectant look on her face. But he couldn't get in at that point, she was too tight. He realized she was a virgin and he was hurting her.

While the kids were there she loved him again, because she was saying, "Gary only wants me to screw him, you know." She said, "Gary wouldn't like this, you know." Now she told him how she and Nicole did it, and the way the three of them had been screwing around. Barrett just kept on licking her pussy. She told him afterward she started to like it. They let him, and then they came down from there. Now, ~~for some reason~~ she got pretty hot about that. It seemed to open her up. He climbed back on her and slipped

it in, went right in, really good, nice and warm, [#]no movement at all, that's all he needed. That was it, you know.

He got up and put his clothes on and she got up and put her clothes on. He hadn't been in her more than ten seconds. She hadn't really done anything, just laid back, she had really nice breasts, she just looked really hot. After he got off and put his clothes on, he got a phone number from her. A real tremendous deal. All free. And he dared to do it with his back open to Gilmore.

her flash.

Some days after, he happened to stop, and Nicole said she wanted to go for a ride. Her took her up to the Canyon and Sunny and Jeremy got out and played. She seduced him right in the truck. In at that point, she realized she was a virgin and he was hard.

He thought it was cause she loved him again, because she had special feelings for him. But maybe it was just sexual desire, just a fluke that he could turn her on. Half the time anyway, it was her wanting the sex, and her coming up to stroke him, her getting him hot, having him lay back. That's what happened that day. She told him afterward she still loved him, all that stuff, and then they came down from the Canyon, all that beautiful country, and he took her home.

started to open her up. He started back.

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It sure flared up his love for her. It made him miss her more. Sex was something to him that it wasn't to her, he thought. Like a sacred thing to him, like a way to express a feeling.

second.

she had Shortly after that, the next day or the day after that, she called him up. "I'm pretty upset," she said, "pretty down." She was depressed over the fact that Gary had become very dominating. Now he was always saying, "You're mine."

When Barrett went over to see her, she was sad and really depressed and he just loved her. He stood naked with her, he gave her the attention she needed and told her he'd help, that he'd get her out of the mess. He said, "I'll go over and I'll rent you an apartment some place else. We'll live together and I'll lay it down to all concerned that you don't want Gary to know where you are. All right?"

sexual ~~But~~ ^{broxy} When the break came and he ~~took~~ her ~~from Kathryn's~~ ~~house~~ to his dinky little flea bag motel room, it didn't take but one night there to know they needed like more space. So he went to see a friend who owned a couple of apartment houses in Springville and said, Hey, let me work on your swimming pool for the rent. The fellow went for that, moved them into an apartment right away on Third West in Springville. Then, same day, while Gilmore was on his job, they

went over to the house in Spanish Fork and got all the stuff and brought it back, all her clothes and belongings and furniture.

He thought that a good idea.

express a feeling.

They were kind of worried while doing it, and Nicole gave him a 22 Magnum Derringer over-and-under that Gary had given her. This scene was even heavier than ^{the one with} Joe Bob. While they were at the house, Barrett noticed a piece of paper tacked up against the wall, saying, "Where are you, girl?"

When Barrett went over to it.

Barrett had the gun in his back pocket, loaded. He really didn't know about the other guns. He was scared. If Gilmore came home, he would have a shootout right there. Luckily, he never showed. Even after they moved to the apartment, however, nothing really let up. Nicole kept telling him, you don't know Gary, he's dangerous. If he finds out where we are. . . Barrett carried that gun.

But when the break came and

Living with Nicole this trip was not exactly lovey-dovey. She was giving him sex like a professional. Not a hooker or a whore, not taking money, but more as if she thought he'd done a favor, so he deserved it back. It certainly wasn't one of their good periods. She was not coming as regularly as otherwise. It was a tense time. With all

vile. Then, one day, while in

he knew about her, it still took a few days for him to figure out that Nicole was seeing somebody else. A new boyfriend or something. It was just as well, [#]he thought, that he figured it through before she stayed out on him for an entire night.

They were
gave him a 21.

given her. This

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Spencer asked how the windshield got broke and when Gary said he kicked it, Spencer asked, "What for?" Gary

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he knew about her, it still took a lot of time to get to the point where he was on something. It was just as well, it thought before she was out of it.

2,

On the Tuesday evening he broke up with Nicole, July 13, two months to the day that he met her, Gary ~~came back~~ ^{went} to ^{4:30} ~~his~~ ^{Taylor's} house and spent a quiet evening. "She's out of my life," he said. Next morning, on awakening, Gary said he had to get back with Nicole. He took a Browning 22 automatic out of his car, and told Craig to hold it for him. Craig did. He wanted to mollify ~~him~~ ^{Gary}, keep him off the deep end.

From Craig's house in Pleasant Grove, they went to work. Gary asked if Craig knew anybody who wanted to buy the automatic. Craig said he didn't. Gary said, "You can have it." Craig wasn't certain whether Gary meant he was giving it to him or just letting him hold it, handy. "I can get \$75 to \$100 if you want to sell it," said Gary.

Thanks, Craig told him. He'd just hold it.

Spencer asked how the windshield got broke and when Gary said he kicked it, Spencer asked, "What for?" Gary

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said he was mad at Nicole. Spence said, "Well, why didn't you kick her?" Gary said he didn't want to hurt her. Spence said, "You got to have a windshield to pass a safety inspection. That kick cost you \$50 to \$80." Gary said he didn't really care.

This got Spence mad. Gary owed him money after all. **But**
~~He had some pretty strong words about the driver's license. Asked him again if he had one, and when Gary said no, Spence said he must have been lying to him all along. Gary didn't seem to get mad, in fact, he acted as if he deserved a dressing down. Then Spence accused him of not playing it straight, and said they would have to alter their program a little bit.~~ Gary's head seemed to be somewhere else **and he**
~~Right along, Spencer could see that Gary felt more intelligent than anybody else he had, Spencer decided, an awfully large ego.~~

Spence
 Gary now presented him with a new idea. What did Spence think about him buying a pickup truck? Maybe the trouble with the Mustang came because he wasn't happy with it.

Spencer said that if he got a newer and more expensive vehicle, and tore it up as bad as he had the Mustang, it was going to cost more to get it fixed. Do you know, Gary Gilmore, how not to abuse your car and give it proper care?

Gary said he would do it.

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Gary told him that he thought he deserved a better set of wheels.

During the lunch break, Gary ~~came over to Nathalie's~~ really care.

~~Baker's house and talked to Nicole.~~

~~This got Spencer mad. Gary~~
~~After Nicole said she did not want to go back to~~
~~he had, she said, Gary didn't argue the fact. When he dropped~~
~~Anna, he didn't argue the fact. When he dropped~~
in to see Val Conlin. Got ~~Val~~ to give over the keys to the white truck and drove it to the shop for Spencer to approve. ~~seen to get mad, in fact, he~~

dressing down. Then Spencer said
It was a '68 or '69 Ford. The motor wasn't too clean straight, and said they would and they wanted \$1700. Spencer told him it was about a thousand dollar pickup. Gary said he really didn't care, he wanted it. Spencer said, "I do care. You're asking me to sign for a vehicle that costs \$1700 but is only worth \$1000.

I think you have to realize what you're doing. Its unfair. You don't have a driver's license. If you take that thing out and wreck it, or somebody steals it, if you get into another fight and they arrest you and put you in jail, or if you can't in any way make the payments on it, then I have to pay off a \$1700 pickup that's not worth half of what I signed for. You should think real serious about what you're asking me to do." That didn't bother Gary. There was no doubt in his mind, he told Spence, that he was going to pay

for that pickup. He did not think Spence should ever be concerned about losing a cent.

That night Gary went looking in the bars for Nicole and then went home to Spanish Fork. When he could not sleep, he got in his car and drove all the way to Sterling Baker's new place.

Sterling had moved from Provo to a town called Lark near Salt Lake City. It was late when Gary pulled in. It had spooked him, he explained, to keep walking through the rooms wondering where Nicole might be. He couldn't shake off the idea he had lost her. Gary looked so sad that no matter the hour, both Sterling and Ruth Ann had to feel sorry.

Gary began to talk about reincarnation. After death, he said, he was going to go somewhere else and start all over again. Have the kind of life he always wished he had. He talked about it as if it was certain, so real in fact that Sterling got confused at times and thought Gary was talking about an actual place like moving bag and baggage up to Winnipeg or Vancouver, Canada. Finally Sterling said, "I don't know. I don't even know if there is a God. Nobody ever proved it to me." When he saw that displeased Gary, he added, "I don't know what to believe, I don't."

In the morning, Gary left with Ruth Ann and they spent the day looking for Nicole. Gary just phoned in sick to work.

They went searching through a lot of streets in Springville. Both of them had a feeling that if Nicole was going anywhere, it was to Springville. Barrett knew a lot of people there. They dropped in on Sue Baker, but she said she didn't know where Nicole was. Gary said he'd be back. There was a bad smell of sour diapers in Sue's house and she just looked miserable. She didn't know where Nicole was; she didn't know where Rikki was; she didn't know anything. Ruth Ann began to feel really sorry for Gary. She had never seen a man suffer so much over a woman.

Yet he was really nice to talk to, she thought. He had a lot of concern about her daughter. One time he stopped off and bought her daughter a toy. Before the day was over, he asked if he could lend her any money. It was just they had no luck finding Nicole. He must have checked the laundromat five times.

Toward the middle of the afternoon, Ruth Ann went back to Lark, and Gary showed up at the job. He had hardly come in when there was a call from Nicole.

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"Are you drunk?" she asked.

"I'm stone sober," he said.

She was telephoning him, she told him, to say that she had moved her furniture out of the house in Spanish Fork but he could stay there for a few days until the rent was up. She doubted they'd rent to him after that.

He asked if they could get together and she said she did not think so. She was afraid one of them might kill the other.

To her surprise Kathryne felt like she wanted to cry. Gary came in so pathetic, just kind of sat. He put a carton of cigarettes, and a box of Pampers on the table, and said, "She'll probably be needing these." There was a silence, and then he said, "Would you do something for me?" Kathryne said, "Well, yes, if I can." He said, "Will you give her this picture of me? That's the best one I could find. It's not very good, but it's the best I could find." Kathryne looked. It was a picture of Gary standing in the snow with a blue windbreaker. She thought it had probably been taken in prison. It was a nice-looking picture of Gary, he was looking young and tough, and he'd written on the back "I

love you." After she lay the photograph down, he said,
 "Well, I've got to be going," and he left.

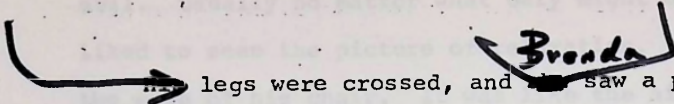
Nicole

~~she~~ happened to come in later that evening and Kathryn gave her the picture. But Nicole just glanced at it, made an umph sound, and threw it on the cupboard shelf. Later Kathryn put it up in the cupboard closet where it would be safe from the kids and the jam and the peanut butter.

Toward evening, Gary went to sit on their patio with Brenda and Johnny. *Gary's* ~~It wasn't much of a garden spot, more like a shed with corrugated plastic material that let light through and a couple of wrought-iron chairs and dirty old canvas camp chairs. Brenda never tried to make her yard too much, but it was pleasant to have a drink there in the evening.~~

~~Gary came in so pathetic, just kind of sad. He put a carton of cigarettes, and a box of Band-Aids on the table, and said, Gary might be having his emotional pains but Johnny was going to be hurting soon, too. In a few days, he would have to go to the hospital to get a hernia operation. It wouldn't take long, but it wouldn't be fun. Brenda wouldn't have minded a joke or two about being sure to sew up the right hole or watching that the doctor didn't clip an extra piece of meat, but that, unfortunately, was not Gary's mod.~~

~~in prison. It was a nice-looking picture. Gary, he was looking young and tough, and he's worth the back~~


 his legs were crossed, and he saw a pair of white and yellow socks on him. They looked better than what he'd usually wear. So she remarked, "I like your socks, cous." He looked at her and said, "They're Nicole's." He looked like he was going to cry.

It was awful. Brenda could feel that house in Spanish Fork stripped of its furniture. "I can still smell her perfume," Gary said. It was obvious he was in that advanced kind of suffering where he was so lonely that he could wander out of his own head into the thoughts of others and never pick them up.

"I've got to find her," he said.

~~"Honey, these kinds of things take time," said Brenda. Maybe you and Nicole need a couple of days. If she's angry right now, you won't get much settled." "I can't wait," he said. "Will you help me find her?" "It don't work that way," Brenda said. "If a woman don't want to talk to you, she'll kill you first."~~

Brenda
 thought his goatee looked awful. He was losing weight, he looked unkempt. With that goatee he even looked

evil. Usually no matter what Gary might be feeling, he liked to seem the picture of relaxation. Today he was on the edge of his chair. It was like the air was being eaten by the nervousness he felt. She didn't want to think of his stomach. It must be in shreds.

He looked at her and said, "They're Nicole's." He

like he was saying, "I don't know what I've done that's so awful," he said aloud. She could feel the thought. "The only real thing I loved," he was about to say, "is being denied me." He did say aloud, "This is the first time I've experienced a pain I can't take. I used to be able to handle myself on the inside with men, but it's tougher out here. Everybody's wandering out of their business." The thoughts of others would never pick them up.

"I've got to feel Gary brooding over Nicole in the company of other men. A dread went into the air with the evening. They just kept drinking. After a couple of hours he passed out on them, dead drunk. And in the morning, he went to work.

He said, "Will you help me with this?" "It don't work."

Brenda said, "Before he left, he mentioned a letter from Debbie."

She had told him that a house in England where they had lived when he was a boy had been torn down to make room for a real estate development.

He was looking awful. He was looking awful. He was looking awful.

"Why look so hard," Spencer asked, "for a woman who doesn't want to get back with you? Leave her alone. She knows where you are."

Later that day, Gary started to drive the Mustang into the shop so he could use the electric sander. He was planning to buff the car, then paint it. But he didn't have the big door raised high enough. So he bent it up. Spencer didn't even groan. Gary probably could have had the car painted for fifty bucks, and now it would eventually cost three or four hundred to get it working. For now, Spence just tied a rope to the dented part and winched it back to useable condition. The door looked like hell.

During lunch, Gary went down to Spanish Fork and walked through the empty rooms. Next, he came back to Springville and went to the laundromat. He stopped to visit Sue Baker, and then drove over to see Vern. He wanted Vern to co-sign on the pickup truck. Gary got out a number of guns and showed them, and asked Vern if he wanted one. It was Vern's impression that Gary was showing the guns to lower sales resistance before he asked you to co-sign. After Vern refused a second time, Gary drove over to see Kathrynne.

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"Gary," said Kathrynne, "Sissy just doesn't like drinking. She won't put up with it no matter how much she cares about you. She really hates drinking. I can tell you times when Sissy was over here crying, cussing, saying 'Damned, rotten drinking men! They can't live without their beer and their wine.' She could really love you," Kathrynne said, "and I think maybe she does, but you have to make up your mind. What means the most, drinking or Nicole?"

even "I'll give up the drinking," he said, "if she'll come back to me. I'll give it up."

four They sat there and Kathrynne felt close. "Yes, I'll give up the drinking," he said.

condition. The door locked 11

~~He went on to tell Kathrynne how brilliant Nicole was, what guts she had. He had never met a girl with such guts. He told Kathrynne about the time Nicole went over to Pete and warned him that if Gary went to prison, it was Pete's ass. Gary, she had said, meant more to her than life. "She'd do it too," Gary said.~~

~~Yes," Kathrynne said, "she just might."~~

They sat there and Gary looked at Kathrynne in a way that touched her right to the center of her heart. He said, "You know, here I am, thirty-five years old, and I've only known three women in my life. Isn't that ridiculous?"

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Kathryne just laughed. She said, "You're two up on me, Gary. I'm almost forty and I've known only one man."

They just seemed to get along. She felt so sorry for him that day. He said, "Sometimes I feel so left out I don't even understand what people are talking about." He drank a couple of beers and said, "When Nicole gets back, tell her I love her. Will you do that for me?"

"I will, Gary," Kathryne said.

"I promise you, I'll quit," Gary said. "I'll leave the booze alone." I'm a mean rotten bastard when I drink."

stet
~~A few hours later he called to find out if Nicole had been by. "No," said Kathryne, "I haven't seen her." In fact, she hadn't.~~

That evening, Gary went by Spencer McGrath's house with the guns. "I want to leave them here as security so you can co-sign that truck."

"Two problems with that," Spencer replied. "Number one, I don't need the guns. Two, I'm not going to co-sign. Take them with you."

Gary said, "I'm going to leave them. I want you to know I'm real serious."

Spencer wanted to hear how he got them. Gary said a friend of his in Portland owed him money, so he'd given over the guns. He mentioned the guy's name. ~~The story got~~



Kathryne just laughed.

~~drawn to the point where~~ Spencer decided to let him leave the weapons overnight. That way he'd have the serial numbers. After Gary left, he made a few calls to see if any pistols had been stolen locally or a sporting goods store broken into. Couldn't find one. He never called as far south as Spanish Fork, however.

"I will, Gary," Kathryne

Gary stayed with Sterling and Ruth Ann again. They had a basement in their house in Lark, just a little cement area with a coal furnace, and Gary went down with Sterling this night to help him clean it. But he sure didn't like to stay down. Before long, it reminded him of the cemetery, and he said, "Let's go upstairs. I've always dreamed of a place where they put me and I can't even move, just lay there."

That evening, Gary went

with ~~the~~ Saturday ^{Gary} spent driving between Lark and Spanish Fork. He dropped ~~his car~~ ~~near Kathryne~~, but the Elders from the church were visiting, so through the open door he called, "Where is she?" "I don't have any idea where she is," Kathryne said sharply, and knew Gary didn't believe her. ~~He could tell by the way he took off mad.~~

Now I'll tell you

~~He~~ dropped in to see Sue Baker. Drove around the laundromat; drove around the park; drove out to the house

Start
 at Spanish Fork and walked around the rooms; he went to different bars; he approached a few people about selling the guns. ~~In the lounge where some of the bandits hung out, wally, the President, talked to him for a while Gary said he wished he was young cause he would have been a biker.~~ *was*

~~Wally was a tall, lanky-built dude who had a bit of a goatee himself. He looked like a Chinese mandarin, sort of long and thin and wise. He had been in the slammer too. Not as long, by far, as Gary. So he felt sorry for Gary. The dude was a little over the hill, but crazy enough to make a good biker, if he had only started all those years ago.~~
 where Gary

Toward midnight,

~~Gary made one more trip to Spanish Fork. It was getting toward midnight but he drove out to see if Nicole might be there in that dark house without furniture. He went around the block a couple of times and parked and went into the house and walked through the empty rooms. He took out a little more of his clothing and put it in the trunk of the Mustang. He was living out of the Mustang by now. Then he drove to the Silver Dollar and had a couple of drinks. They were playing pool at the table where he used to play pool with Nicole, and they were drinking at the bar and talking a lot. He had a beer and looked at the wall.~~

was there, a bishop, a little... Gary came up wearing a white... tennis shoes, and then, Gary... the house in Spanish... practically came down to his knees... the floorboards, it... nating stripes of maroon, 3,... head he had a little hat. He sat... conversation with the bishop. Now...

The apartment in Springville was not near as nice as the house in Spanish Fork, but it might prove okay. It was one in a string of equal components, all cheap and built with cinderblock, two tiers in a little old side street. There were kids all around, and dog shit on the stairs, and on the balcony of the upper tier, on the lower walk, and in the parking lot. The day she took it, three mattresses were leaning against the side of the building, and an overturned bicycle was lying in a puddle with a candy wrapper next to it. The doors to the apartments were unpainted plywood, and her's had a hole punched in. The bathtub had been painted blood-red. Still, she had a view from her balcony. Just two blocks away, the town came to an end, and the land went up into the mountains. She was free of Gary. She was free even though her breath was heavy with fear.

Sunday, she had to go back to the house in Spanish Fork for her vacuum cleaner. Without the Electrolux, it was impossible to keep the new apartment clean. So she took the car and popped over with the kids, parked on the road right in front of her house and his car wasn't there at all. Still she had a feeling that Gary was in the house, and the Mustang was hiding around the corner. When she walked up, she could see the door was open, which could be the landlord, but she could hear water running in the tub and then she saw Gary's clothes on the floor. Her vacuum cleaner was sitting in the middle of the room. While he was lying in the tub, she picked it up, and carried it out to the trunk of her car. Then she came back for the accessories. She might have rushed away but she couldn't bring herself to pick up the vacuum parts and sneak out while he was still in the tub. If she didn't have the gun, she might have been more afraid, but, no matter how, she stood there long enough for him to come out of the tub. She wanted to look into his eyes.

He didn't look vengeful or furious, but drained. He told her he loved her and asked her if she loved him. She said no. He began to hug her. It felt better at first than

she had expected. She tried to push him away, but he held her. She soon started to feel as if what was in him, was now going into her, and then started to feel drained herself. She wasn't really scared, but she felt something nauseating get into her and it really made her sick. Like she was going to pass out if she didn't breathe some fresh air. She said, "I have to sit down." She wanted to walk out of the house, but she knew he wasn't going to let her unless he had his arm through her arm. That was the way they walked out of the house.

lord, She sat down on the steps. She told him she couldn't come live with him anymore. They sat there. She had to get away. After a few minutes, she began to think of getting back into her car. She got it up, at trunk She got the kids in, and the vacuum cleaner, and finally herself, and looked at him, but he wouldn't let her go. He had his hands inside the car. She opened her purse and took out her gun and pointed it at him.

been more afraid, but, no reason enough. Since it was a .22 Magnum, it was capable of putting on a hole like a .45. Gary stood there for one minute after another. She knew if he made a reach for the gun, she would pull the trigger.

told her he loved her and she said. Then he said, "Go ahead and shoot if you want to." She only said, "Get away from my car." He wasn't about to

get away, he told her. Finally she put the gun in her purse.

"You left the accessories for the Electrolux," he said.

"Come back and get them." That was the one thing he had bought her and not ripped off--the Electrolux. If she left the accessories, someone else would rip it off. Too bad.

She started the motor, put the car in gear, and drove off.

She said, "I have to sit down."

the house, but she knew he wasn't

he had his arm through her arm. Besides a buddy or two walked run of the house.

She sat down on the steps. Besides the car, she came live with him anyway. Gary also began to get away. After a few minutes, she got together for a bid of back into her car.

She got the kids in, and she finally herself, and looked at him and allow herself to go. He had his hands inside the car, she knew that like a and was sure that the car was gone, was this new business in Gary's hands. She was keeping it cool, however.

Since it was a 12 Wagner, on a hole like a 45. Gary stood kind of pleased with his another. She knew if he made like a whole star at his would pull the trigger.

She was in high school, and then he had a nice time with his wife, who was sweet and smart, just that is all. She was from a good Mormon family, which she only said, "I'm sorry for it."

get away, he told her. Finally
"You lost my accessories for me."
"Come back and get them." That
bought her and not ripped off at
the accessories, someone else
she started the motor, put it 4/

Besides Gary, besides Barrett, besides a buddy or two
of Barrett's who certainly had eyes for her, besides three
or four dudes from the unfinished business of the past whom
she could now see again, there was also Roger Eaton. Nicole
couldn't get over how much he had it together for a kid of
twenty-one.

In all the sadness she would not allow herself at the
look of bewilderment in Gary's eyes, she knew that like a
seed beneath the weight of other feelings, was this new
interest in Roger Eaton. She was keeping it cool, however.

Roger was one fellow who was kind of pleased with his
looks. At his own level, he'd been like a movie star at his
junior prom and senior prom in high school, and then he had
a nice time dating his wife, who was sweet and smart, just
a little home-town Provo girl from a good Mormon family, which

was all right with Roger since he was technically a Methodist, but didn't practice anything, and didn't mind having a little religion in the family. What with the salary he and his wife were making, she had a Dodge and he had himself a nice little Malibu hardtop, and all would have been well except here ^{he} was married for only six month and his wife had developed colitis. They were having trouble with that.

Roger was no native of Provo. His dad had been a Chief Petty Officer and his family had moved around the Sunbelt but Roger really got to like the country out in Utah when they moved there. He liked to ski and fish, get in some hunting, and just generally go four-wheeling in the canyon trails, or get down to Lake Tahoe and Colorado. Playing football was also good in high school around Provo. He wanted to go on and play college ball, but didn't want to wait all those years to make real money. Wanted it right away, he guessed. He got a position in the administration of the University Shopping Mall, and there met his wife who worked in the administration of the supermarket. She used to be in charge of the cosmetics department. He had been there now for a couple of years, and was into management training, earning pretty good money, about twelve thousand a year. Felt right about life. Except for his wife's ailment.

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was all about the Roger thing. He
wasn't his presence anything. He
She had been a virgin when they married. To some
degree, it may have derived from that. In any case, this
politis certainly had her out of action. Maybe that was
why Roger fixed on Nicole. He had two friends, brothers,
who lived down the street from her in Spanish Fork, very
proper young Mormons, people he knew in the office. He got
along pretty well with their folks, and he visited them all
the time. There's no accounting why you get along with some
older people, particularly these folks who were tremendously
strait-laced, as Mormon as you come. Nicole had to stand
out in a place like that. Even though these parents liked
him, were practically like relatives (and were trying to
convert him) they were also some of the biggest bullshitters
Roger had ever known. One story they told about Nicole was
that a fellow and a girl drove up to her door one day last
winter with a big bag of groceries, got out and went up to
see her, the fellow did, that is, and handed her the bag of
groceries. Then, right there on the street, he put his hand
on her halter and started feeling her breast. Roger didn't
really believe that story because, one, it was winter so why
was she wearing a halter? and, two, when it came to sexual
things, these people couldn't see straight. But he was
fascinated all the same with stories about that girl and her

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kids. She was the gossip of the block. After he got a look at the girl, he felt real drawn to the situation. She was so attractive, almost angelic, and there she was, divorced, with kids, and living with a man. Roger found he was travelling up to Spanish Fork just to get a look at her. He thought it was stupid to feel sorry for people like that, but he did. Somehow he wanted to get in touch with her. It didn't even phase him altogether that the guy she was living with, a tall thin man who was usually sitting on the stoop with a beer in his hand, was there.

older people, particularly

straw Roger wrote her a letter. In it he said, if she needed help or wanted help, she should turn on her front door light come Wednesday evening. He would get in touch with her. Naturally he didn't identify himself in the letter, but on Wednesday night he went by to visit the bullshitters and there was no light on. He tried to forget about it.

A few weeks after he wrote the letter, he was getting gas in Provo, and saw her Mustang. Now, Roger was afraid of what he was getting into. If his wife found out, it'd be a catastrophe. He simply didn't understand what was drawing him. Never done anything like this in his life, but the kids looked like ragamuffins and he felt sorry for them. One way or another, it was obvious he couldn't help himself, and he said to her, "Aren't you Nicole Barrett? When she said

they would talk. He felt like they were each prob. interested

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she was, he said, "I'm the one who wrote you that letter."

She kind of laughed.

so attractive, almost angelic. For this

with He said, "No, I really am." She started to walk into the office to pay the bill on the gas, and he stopped her and said, "Let me buy you a Coke." She still went in, maybe she expected him to be gone, but when she came out, and he repeated, "come with me, let's all go, I want to talk to you for a minute," she hesitated before she said, "No." Finally she said, "Okay. I'll follow you to the High Spot." So they met at the place, a drive-in. He told her where he worked, stuff like that. Found out that the fellow in her house was an ex-convict. At which point Roger said, Well, okay, let's just forget it. He was frankly scared to be dealing with an ex-con. He didn't identify himself to her.

Wednesday She said, "Well, you know, I'd like to talk to you. I might need your help." Well, he said, if you really do, come down to the Mall and he told her how to find his office.

gas in Provo, and saw her Mustang.

of who Sure enough, she came, the very next day, without the kids. They talked a lot. Before she left, he gave her ten dollars she hadn't even asked for, but was not embarrassed to receive, just pocketed it.

way or another, it was obvious he was

After that, she'd visit him once or twice a week and they would talk. He felt like they were each pretty interested

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in what they had to say since the other's life^{was} so different. He could really sympathize with her troubles. That ex-convict was something apparently to be afraid of, and harder to live with all the time. One morning she came to see him, and he had the feeling she had been beaten up. There were a couple of bruises on those juicy thighs.

she expected him to be gone, but

After a couple of weeks, she got in the habit of meeting him every day, or every other day, and Roger always slipped her a little. Sometimes she would come to the Mall, but usually they met in a park over in Springville after work.

They'd talk maybe an hour. A couple of times they went off and parked and made love. It was interesting, maybe even a little beautiful, although Roger could never tell if it was that special because frankly they didn't have time enough to make love, it was usually just a half hour or less, and he was always in a state that somebody he knew would recognize him and bring his house down around him with the wife. So he was always driving around on back roads. It was dangerous to say the least. And then of course her kids were often with her when he'd meet her, and they were not calculated to put him in the best mood. ~~They were truly very dirty. Roger~~

~~remembered the first time he met her over at the High Spot.~~

~~The little boy was wearing no pants at the time, and went out in the parking lot and took a shit right there on the asphalt,~~

they really had. He felt it was

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Roger was awfully embarrassed, Jeez. But Nicole didn't care. She just said to Jeremy, get back in the car where you belong. Put him in with no pants, hadn't wiped him or anything. He started bawling and screaming and went to sleep after five minutes. Roger wondered what it would be like to get in the back of her Mustang the way she let those kids move around, in no diapers or anything. Naturally, she didn't make a move to clean up what was on the asphalt. Didn't seem bothered about it. Roger got the impression she didn't really give a damn. That was downright unpleasant. Nicole was like two women to him. On the one hand she could live in this filth, yet--he kept telling himself--she was just about an angel in distress.

little beautiful, although

that s: One day she came over and laid it right on him. There was an awful lot going on. She wasn't living in Spanish Fork anymore. In fact, she had fled this fellow Gary in quite a bit of fear, and was living in a little apartment her ex-husband had found her in Springville, All the while she was talking, it got to him how much she needed clothes. So he told her to come by after six and he would take her to Sears for an outfit and stuff. After he bought it, she stayed with him and they really had a night. She was living with this ex-husband now, she told him, but was not afraid of him. They looked forward to seeing each other real soon. The

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weekend was hopeless, but Roger was dying to make it that Monday, only he couldn't find a trick in the deck. His wife's family was coming over. So they agreed Nicole would call him Tuesday morning, July 20. All through Sunday night Roger was thinking of getting through Monday so he could begin to enjoy thinking of seeing her on Tuesday. move around, in no diapers or anything.

side "I'm going to find Nicole and kill her," Gary said. Didn't "Nobody," offered Brenda, "said it was going to be easy out here."

Nicole He said, "I just don't understand a thing." live "I do," she told him. "It's called heartache." She might as well have pooted. The sound was bad.

He said, "I can't handle it."

She said, "I know. At the time, it feels like you can't." awful lot going on. She wasn't

anyone "No," he said, "You don't know. You and Johnny have always been happy."

husband "John and I," said Brenda, "have come very close to divorce. Gary, I've been through separation and divorce. It can be awful frightening."

for Gary looked like he was mulling over his pains. "Hey," he said, "I'm beginning to find that out."

this She said, "Nobody out here is ever really free, Gary. As long as you live with another human being, you're not free."

Gary sat there like he was grinding bones in his brain. When he spoke, it was to say, "I think I'm going to kill Nicole."

Brenda really bombed out. "My God, Gary, are you that selfish of a lover?" This pep talk was backfiring in her face.

He said, "I can't take it. I told you I can't take it."

"OK. Some things in life we can't handle. Maybe this is yours. But, God, it'll pass! If you kill her, that won't pass. She'll be dead forever. You're damned stupid, do you know that, Gary?" He didn't like to be called stupid.

When she pulled the gun on me today," he said, "I thought about walking over and taking it. But I didn't want Nicole to start screaming." He shook his head. "She was frantic to get away from me."

Brenda was not unhappy when he left. ~~What with Johnny~~
~~overnight at the hospital nursing his wounds, this was too~~
~~much emotion to be nursing in a living room.~~

Gary, I've been through
can be Craig had told him that if he couldn't find a place to stay, to come on back and sleep on the floor. After visiting Brenda, Gary did, in fact, go over on Sunday night and sleep on Craig's couch. He told Craig that he practically had an ulcer now from misery and beer. As of tomorrow, he was going to give up drinking.

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IX Colleen Jensen

Colleen Walling was of British descent, but had once been told she looked like a Botticelli. She was tall and slender with light brown hair, ivory skin, and the long attractive nose with the small bump on the bridge that is characteristic of Botticelli's women. Colleen was quiet, and did not talk a great deal about Botticelli or Dutch State in Japan where Colleen was a teacher in art education.

It was at Dutch State that Colleen met her husband, Dan Jensen. ~~Colleen met Dan Jensen at Dutch State. They were both teachers. Colleen was a teacher in art education and Dan was a teacher in English. They met in 1945 and were married in 1946. They have two children, a son and a daughter. They are both still living in Japan.~~

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1.

Colleen Halling was of Danish descent, but had once been told she looked like a Botticelli. She was tall and slender with light brown hair, ivory skin, and the long attractive nose with the small bump on the bridge that is characteristic of Botticelli's women. Yet she hardly knew his work. They did not teach a great deal about Botticelli at Utah State in Logan where Colleen was majoring in art education.

It was at Utah State that Colleen ^{met} ~~would meet~~ her future husband, Max Jensen. ~~Afterward they would laugh at how long it took. The few times Max Jensen saw Colleen Halling on the campus she happened to be talking to her cousin. There-fore, Max thought she was her boyfriend. It never occurred to him to ask her out.~~

~~The following year, however, Max happened to be rooming with the cousin, and asked if he was still interested in that.~~

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Steel

~~girl, and his new room-mate started laughing and explained that there was (no romance--just cousins. This conversation didn't take place until Colleen was already out of college, but since she was living in Logan in a house with five other girls right next to the University, it didn't matter. Given her job in the College of Education, she was, for all practical purposes, still on campus.~~

Steel

~~if Max had been noticing Colleen for quite a while, she ^{him} only became aware of ~~Max~~ when he spoke in church at the beginning of the school year. ~~He was wearing a suit that day and looked very distinguished. He seemed a little older than the other students, but then he had already finished his two-year mission. That stood out. He talked on the importance of not tearing other people down but building them up, and managed to show he had quite a sense of humor as he spoke. It was neat the way he got back at the fellow who introduced him. Max told a story about how that fellow, who was a football player, happened to wake up in the dark from a dream one night yelling signals, then looked into the line except it was the wall. Max related that to the Scriptures in a clever way. He pointed out that it was not enough to devote one's life to living by the Scriptures. One also had to know just where one was in life. Otherwise,~~~~

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~~... might not relate the teaching of the scriptures properly
to your own situation.~~

→ Max was a tall fellow, six-one, and weighed about a hundred and ninety pounds. With his even features and his hair cleanly parted on the side, he looked real handsome up there in the pulpit. ~~Colleen liked the way he had to wear extra large clothes to fit his shoulders.~~

Def

~~In fact, he created a little ripple among the girls when he began to speak. The ward Colleen belonged to at the University was what was called a single ward, that is, just single girls and single boys there to meet each other. Before Max got up to speak, the fellow who was later going to get to hear it about clobbering his head, told a funny story on Max while introducing him. In this church, the fellow had said, many couples meet each other right here and later they get married, but there is one guy who didn't meet anyone last year, and that is Max Jensen. "He really wants to get married, you know," said the friend right out of the pulpit.~~

At that point, since Max hadn't gotten up yet to speak, all of Colleen's roommates and herself were looking around, and asking, which one is Max, and laughing about it.

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Max was a roommate of Colleen's
cousin ~~and a~~ few weeks later, Colleen invited her cousin and his

five roommates to come over for a little dinner party with herself and her five roommates. It was a dinner where everything was laid out and people walked by the table to get their porcupine meatballs, that is, their hamburger-and-rice casserole, since they were all strict Mormons, there was no iced tea or coffee, just milk and water to drink. Then they sat around watching The Skin Game on television. A pleasant meal on regular plates, no paper plates. Afterward, they talked about school activities, quite a bit about basketball, and church activities. Colleen remembered Max sitting several feet away from her on a big pillow and laughing with the group. ~~He had a distinctive voice that was in some ways a little bit raspy. She learned later, he had hay fever because of living on a farm and so his voice had the deep throbbing sound that comes from having a cold. Yet it was very much a part of him. One of Colleen's roommates later described his voice as being very sexy.~~

The next day he called her. ~~One of the five other girls in the apartment told her she was waked on the telephone. The girls had a little thing in their apartment if just a girl friend was calling, they would call out "Hello!"~~

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Stel

~~but if it was a guy, they could cry "telephone". Colleen~~
~~was used to hearing "telephone" associated with her name,~~
~~so she had no idea who it would be. She hadn't gotten the~~
~~feeling the night before that Max was making any special~~
~~attempt to communicate with her so much as that they all just~~
~~had a good time. While she expected to see him again, it~~
~~would have been as a member of his group of roommates.~~ He
~~now~~ asked her, ~~however~~, if she would like to go to a show
that night, and she told him yes. *They saw*

~~It was kind of funny when they got to it because they~~
~~both had to admit they'd seen the show before.~~ "What's Up
Then
Doc" with Barbra Streisand and Ryan O'Neill, ~~but it was the~~
~~only good one in town.~~ Afterward they went to the Pizza
Hut in Logan and talked about their ideas and feelings on
life and what they wanted. They explored into how they were
both devout Mormons and how active both their families were
in the church. Max told her he was the oldest of four chil-
dren and his father, a farmer in Montpelier, Idaho, was also
a Stake President. *[define in clause]* That impressed Colleen. There couldn't
be that many Stake Presidents in all of Idaho, if you got
down to it. He also told her about his mission to Brazil.
DEFINE "MISSION" IN HALF-SENTENCE. What got her respect was that he had earned all the money to
do that by himself. Missionaries had to pay their own way
over, of course, and then also pay for living expenses on

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the mission, so most of them were helped financially by their family. It was hard for an adolescent to earn enough money by the age of 19 to keep him for two years on a mission in a foreign country. Max, however, had done that.

He enjoyed Brazil, too; his conversion rate had been high. On average in Brazil, you could hope to convert one person a month over your two-year stretch, but he had done considerably better. He remembered it as a time of great challenge and much necessity to learn how to live with different people.

Sheel

~~Naturally, she knew quite a bit about missionary work but he explained some of the nitty-gritty she had always wondered about. For instance, he told her how a missionary could have trouble with his companion. Sometimes, it was tough to live with a fellow who was a complete stranger, even if a fellow missionary. You and your companion were together all the time in a foreign city. It was closer than marriage. You did all your work and living together in pairs. Even people who really knew how to get along, had to begin to grate on each other with their personal habits. Just the noise you made brushing your teeth. Of course, the church had a practice of rotating the missionaries before too much~~

irritation built up. You didn't have to put up with one companion for too long.

Handwritten: St

The most valuable part for strengthening your character, he thought, was the way you had to develop your ability to take rebuff. Sometimes you would really be reaching somebody and have fruitful conversations where they might even declare they were close to converting. Then one day you'd go over, and, lo and behold, the local Catholic priest was there. He wasn't feeling too friendly to you. There were a lot of set-backs like that, made it the test it was. You had to learn that it wasn't you who was doing the converting but the readiness of the other person to meet the Spirit. You were only an agent to bring them into the presence of the Spirit.

Colleen told him about her own family life. It wasn't different from his. Her family did a lot of things together that centered around the church. In high school, she told him, she had been the Yearbook Editor, the President of the Service Club, and the School Artist. She had also done portraits out at Lagoon Resort, which enabled her to save money for college. She mentioned how from the time she entered first grade she wanted her drawings to be better than anyone else's.

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stat

All the while, she kept feeling how strong a person he was. You could tell straight off that Max was strict and wouldn't bend spiritually or mentally. She could see it even in the way he felt obligated to tell her that he was dating another girl. However, he took the edge off by mentioning that things were not going well with the girl. He felt she was certainly not strong enough about the church. Then he mentioned that he had a sister named Colleen and kind of laughed about that and said he really liked the name.

Afterward, he drove her home in his car, a bright red Nova that he kept sparkling clean. Her roommates told Colleen they thought the two of them really looked good together as a couple.

stat

On their second date they went to hear a speaker on Sunday night meeting in church, a Fireside. On their third date, they saw "South Pacific."

~~Afterward, she got him to go to a dance. He didn't care for dances, but this was a nice one, slow tempo and waitress, nothing exhibitionistic. She teased him because he didn't like to dance. After all, Norma approved of dancing.~~

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~~Hadn't he been told in Sunday School how their ancestors
danced their way across the plains? That had been the only
entertainment.~~

~~and
they began dating pretty steadily. Colleen never
did think, however, that it was exactly love at first sight.
It was more than May was impressed with her, and she was
impressed with him.~~

still
~~Her birthday was on December 3rd, and that night he
made reservations at Sherwood Hills, about 15 or 20 miles
from Logan, a special place to go and eat. That evening
he also bought her a red rose. She really appreciated his
thoughtfulness. She wore a velvet dress and he was in a
suit, they spent about two hours at Sherwood Hills eating
steak.~~

~~On February 1 of 1975, they got engaged. Just that
morning he had received a letter from BYU Law School
accepting him. They went to a basketball game in the evening
and he kept turning to her and saying, "when we're at the Y
next year" by which he meant BYU. But he hadn't asked her
to marry him. So Colleen kept saying, "when you're at the Y."~~

~~That began to bother him. Later that night, they were
driving to Montpelier, Idaho, to hear his father speak at~~

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Text

could take the criticism, but there were times she thought he gave it a little too hard. He didn't worry about hurting her feelings. It was natural for him, to come out and tell her, "You made a mistake," and expect her to correct it.

He was very proud of her painting and drawing, however. He didn't know a lot about art, but then it was understood that she was the expert there. Sometimes he would rib her in company by saying that if he wanted her to talk, all he had to do was say, "art". She'd start like crazy.

They really got along pretty well, however. Before they were married, her mother once asked her, "What bothers you about him?" and Colleen answered "Nothing." Of course ~~she meant nothing that could be said out.~~

The wedding took place in Logan Temple on May 9, 1975 at 6 o'clock in the morning before thirty close friends and members of their family. For the ceremony, Colleen and Max were both dressed in white. They were going to be married in time and eternity, married not only in this life, but as each of them had explained to many a Sunday School class, married in death as well, for the souls of the husband and wife would meet again and be together through eternity. In fact, one of the most powerful and interesting discussions

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they would have with their older Sunday School students, was how the Mormon Church saw marriage in other Christian churches as equal to divorce, because such marriages were made only until parting by death. That was one big reason other Christians denominations were spoken of as gentiles by the Mormons. No other Christians could be as serious about marriage as Mormons, or any marriage doctrine in other churches be as free of contradictions as in the Church of Jesus Christ of the Latter-Day Saints. That was what Max and Colleen taught their students. Now they were marrying each other. Forever.

still

~~In the evening, they had a reception at their own church. The families had sent out 500 invitations and light refreshments were offered. They had a wedding line. Relatives came and walked through to meet the couple. It was like a large double family reunion. The organ was playing a song by Gloria Newton Dunn, "I honestly love you." Colleen really liked that song.~~

For their honeymoon, they went to Disneyland. They had calculated their money and decided by cutting it close, they would have just enough. They were right. It was a nice week.

Colleen got pregnant soon after they were married. ~~it was kind of difficult for Max to understand why she didn't~~

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~~feel good all the time. They were both working, but would come home for lunch and she felt as little like eating that she would prepare just a small sandwich for each of them. He would say, "You're starving me to death." She would laugh and tell him she had quite a bit to learn about a guy's eating habits.~~

~~Actually he was sweet concerning the pregnancy.~~ When he found out she was expecting, ~~he~~ ^{max} bought her a ~~red~~ ^{even} rose. She thought he was ~~really~~ ^{even} treating her better after they were married than before. Now he would always open the car door for her and she in turn liked to sit close as she could get to Max.

~~On the other hand, they did have a few differences small things. Mostly matter of getting used to each other.~~

He never raised his voice and neither did she. If, occasionally, she felt like speaking sharply, she wouldn't. They had decided right from the beginning that they would never leave each other without kissing goodbye. Nor would they go to bed with personal problems unsolved. If they were mad at each other, they would stay up all night to talk it out. They were not going to sleep a night being mad at each other.

~~Of course,~~ ^{\$} they ~~also~~ ^E had fun. Shaving-cream fights. Throwing glasses of water on each other. Stuff like that.

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~~When she'd have morning sickness, he'd keep saying, "Can I help you? Can I help you?" Later, Colleen would try to keep her discomfent to herself. She saw quickly that he was getting tired of her say, "I'm getting fat."~~

Saying

at Brigham

When Max was to

Young University, they

By August, close to the start of law school, they moved from Logan to Provo. That was a good time. Colleen was over morning sickness and had no trouble working. Max was squared away on studies. They had found a nice basement apartment with a small front room and one tiny bedroom about 12 blocks from the college where they had to pay \$100 a month, and got along in it really well until the baby was born.

Doss
stet

~~she had natural child birth. She actually got Max to take the class with her. At first he said, "Oh, no, I can't stand to do that." But then~~

The week before she had the baby, Colleen typed a 30-page paper for Max, and he sent her a dozen red roses in return. She loved him for that. It was a fairly easy birth, and they had a little girl born to them on February 14th, 1976, Valentine's Day, a little over nine months from the date of their marriage. The baby had lots of dark hair and

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weighed seven pounds and Max was real proud of her and called everybody he knew and took snapshots before she was a day old. They named her Monica.

Max was finishing up first year law school, so he was gone nearly every night till ten o'clock and needed sleep when he got in. At that time the routine was to fix Max's breakfast and he'd leave; he'd come home for dinner at 5, and go out again at 6 for the law library, back around 10. She was in charge of the baby for sure.

~~In the beginning, Monica was a little too small for Max to enjoy playing with her. But when she got older, he would lay her on a pillow and let her roll off, and he'd catch her and lay her back up and she'd roll off again, and they would laugh together.~~

It was obvious they needed a larger place to live, so they spent about a week looking for a trailer, until they found one they really liked. It was 12 feet wide, 52 feet long, and had two bedroom. Colleen's parents loaned them the money for the down payment.

Maybe there were a hundred trailers in the court. They had all kinds of neighbors, mostly about their age with

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children, and nice enough. There were even several couples they went to church with.

The trailer was not furnished but they had a couple of old things her parents gave them, and the crib, of course, and Max built bookshelves that were really nice. The longer they lived there, the more Max was able to enjoy working around the place. They had a little lawn, and he took care of that. Max had also planted a small garden out to the side of it, and every day he'd water his tomatoes.

~~At Max was supposed to spend~~

~~himself, however, in the period between the~~

~~Max was supposed to~~

~~end of school year, and a construction job promised for the~~

~~summer. But the construction job, but~~

~~and the construction job was not yet ready, Max did not want to just work~~

~~on the trailer. So they went up to his dad's farm during~~

~~those weeks. Max dug ditches for cattle, branded them,~~

~~planted crops, helped irrigate. It was really good to see~~

~~him physically exhausted and relaxed instead of worn out from~~

~~studying. The summer working on a~~

~~construction crew. But at the end of the~~

~~school year, then they went back to Provo, and the man who promised~~

~~the construction job, which would have paid \$6.50 an hour,~~

~~told Max that it had been given to somebody else. It turned~~

~~out the spot had gone to the son of one of the men working~~

~~there already.~~

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Max had a temper but kept it under control. This, however, got him truly upset. It was the first time Colleen saw Max really depressed. Colleen had to do a lot of talking to turn his mood around. Finally, he said, "Okay, I'll start thinking about another job." He went to the University employment office, but it was late to look now, and he only found a listing for a service station attendant paying \$2.75 an hour. At least, he knew the manager, who worshipped in their ward.

It was a self-service station. His job was limited to giving out change, cleaning windows, and taking care of the restrooms. He would work the swing shift until eleven at night. The pay, of course, was a whole lot less than they had counted on, but Max thought that unlike some people, a commitment for him was a commitment, and he agreed to stay on through the summer. For all of June and the first weeks of July he worked and came home hot and tired. Nonetheless, things were agreeable. Max liked to enjoy recognizing people who drove in, and he was beginning to make friends with them.

Two weeks after the Fourth of July, he and Colleen were asked to give a talk in church. When his turn came, Max spoke of how

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there were too few people in this world who were really honest. He gave a powerful speech on the importance of being honest. That was the difference between being able to build on a foundation or not being able to. Colleen's talk for that Sunday was on joy: on the joy she experienced when she met Max, and when they married and when they had their baby. Afterward, on the way home, he gave her a big hug, and she said, "We're really beginning to live and love each other more than ever." They came back from church that night and went to bed with a real good feeling.

Monday morning, Max was excited about getting some shelves finished for Monica, and spent the morning hammering and sawing and drilling. Colleen had a lot of things to do, the wash, the ironing, fixing dinner. Usually they ate in plenty of time before Max went off to work at 3 pm, but today they were a little rushed because Max said, "Let me get these shelves done first. He kept calling her into the bedroom to mark his progress and Monica was also watching. Max was bending over and hammering, listening to the radio, in — his Levis, feeling comfortable and good. Finally he said, "I'm ready to put them up, come help me." She went in and they got them installed quickly, then he kind of backed away, gave a sigh, said "Well, that's done."

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They ate. Max was kind of in a hurry to finish. He was never late to anything, and usually ready one minute before her. As soon as he swallowed dinner, he walked down the hall, grabbed some things he needed, and started to walk out the door. Colleen was still sitting at the table. She looked up because he hadn't kissed her goodbye and he turned around, and kind of grinned and said, "Well, I'll meet you half way."

So she walked around the table and he gave her a kiss, and a really good hug and looked into her eyes, things were just going well, and Colleen said, "I'll see you tonight." He said, "Okay," went out, got in the car and drove off.

He was a very conscientious driver, never broke the speed limit, or anything. Fifty-five miles an hour all the time. She saw him driving down the road that way. In her mind he was moving along the Interstate at such a speed and went around a slow graded turn and left her mind to think of one and then another of the small things she must do that day, and that was how she said goodbye and saw him alive for the last time.

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2.

About the same time that Max Jensen was getting ready to go to work, Gary Gilmore was in the showroom at V.J. Motors coming to terms with Val Conlin on the white truck. There wasn't going to be a co-signer, after all. Gary, however, was going to turn over his Mustang on which he'd already paid close to four hundred dollars (if you gave him credit for the battery and ignored the windshield) and he was going to produce four hundred dollars in two days, cash. Then he would come up with six hundred more by the fourth of August. ~~But she couldn't see how he could do it. The~~

~~terms went back and forth, and she had to smile to herself. She knew Val well. She and Val had been friends a few years ago. Now she had come in to work part time on his books, to reconcile his bank account, get license plates, do general stuff. Val could use that help. She had, for instance, been down town getting license plates for another truck just before~~

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~~she came in to hear Gary talking about taking acquisition of the vehicle.~~ *(past-time)*

Val's bookkeeper, Rusty Christensen, could hear them talking. Her

~~private~~ private opinion was that said vehicle was disgustingly overpriced, selling for \$1700 which with interest would come to \$2300 and it wasn't worth it. Val probably hadn't paid a thousand for that carcass. Now Val would have again, the Mustang and would get his thousand and be clear by the middle of August. Otherwise, he would repossess the truck. He wasn't taking that big a chance. She thought Gary could sure have found a truck in better shape for the money, instead of this white Angel with 100,000 miles on her. It was what you called falling in love with a paint job.

~~Before he left,~~ Rusty watched Gilmore shake hands with Val who naturally told him 15 times that he, Val, had an extra set of keys with which to make sure Gary would walk if the money wasn't there, the old pep talk. Val would have made a good coach for a team of mental defectives. "Get that money, Gary," Val said as Gary drove away.

~~He took Sterling for a ride in the new truck. He was talking pretty proud, gunned his new job for Sterling. It had more power than the Mustang. For sure, the acceleration was better. Gary didn't abuse it, though. Drove it like a~~

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~~Cadillac. Gary was sitting in the highway for
little.~~

It was getting toward dark when Kathrynne saw him. Some of her family was over that day. The cherry trees were ripe in the yard, and her mother and a couple of her brothers and sisters were out with the kids picking fruit, while Kathrynne's friend Pat Blakeley was with her in the kitchen. At that point, Gary came to the back door and said, "Could I talk to you outside?" Kathrynne invited him in, but he wouldn't come. Kept saying "I want to talk to you outside; it's important."

She went out, took a look at his truck, oohed and ahhhed. Then he asked--big surprise--had she seen Nicole. He looked odd to Kathrynne, not drunk, exactly, but he made a point of telling her he was sober and not drinking. In fact, she couldn't smell alcohol on his breath. He did seem odd, however. She said, no, she hadn't seen Nicole. He said, "No? Well, as far as I'm concerned, she can go to hell." Then he looked at Kathrynne like some nut in him was being tightened right off its threads, and he said, "She can get fucked."

That really shocked Kathrynne. For Gary to use those words about Nicole. Then he looked into Kathrynne's eyes

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in that way he had of getting into every little thought you might like to keep to yourself, and he told Kathrynne he wanted his gun back. She could only say, "Gary, I don't like to give it to you. Not the way you're acting." He said, "I'm in trouble. I gotta have it. I've got all the guns back now but three. A cop knows, you see, I done the robbery."

She had the feeling Gary was making it up. "This cop said if I get the guns back in the store, nothing can happen."

Kathrynne said, "Gary, why don't you come back tomorrow and get it when you're sober."

He said, "I ain't drinking and I'm not going to get in trouble. Besides, if I want to use a gun"--he pulled his jacket open--"this little baby takes care of it all." He had a German Luger stuck in his pants. "Moreover," he said, "I got a sackful." At that point he opened the truck door, and a sack tipped over. It looked like it must be holding six or seven guns.

Kathrynne said to herself, What's one more? She got her piece from under the mattress and took it out. Then she stood with Gary in the twilight trying to calm him down. He was so angry.

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As he got into the truck, April came running out of the house. She was close to hysterical. "Where's Pat?" she asked, "where's Pat?" Kathrynne said, "She's gone, April, you waited too long." Oh," said April, "Pat told me she would take me down to K-Mart to get my guitar string. I've gotta get that guitar string." April had been waiting all day to go out, and now Pat had taken off without her.

At that point Gary said, "I'll run you over." Kathrynne said quickly, "Oh, April, you don't need to go," but April jumped into the truck and Kathrynne barely had time to say, "Gary, she don't need to go." He replied, "that's all right. No trouble. I'll bring her back," and they were gone.

It was ⁱⁿ at this moment that Kathrynne realized she didn't know Gary's last name. She knew him as Gary, just Gary.

~~They sat in the kitchen among all the boxes of cherries they'd picked. Kathrynne was afraid that if the police stopped Gary, he might open up on them. She wasn't about to call the cops. Instead, she got in her car and went out with Pat. Finally, to look for the white truck. They drove till one or two in the morning, going up and down roads. No way they were going to find him, it seemed.~~

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April moved in close, turned on the radio, said, "It's hard to get along if you have to wait too long. The rooms all get narrow and very often there are dogs." She began to shiver as she thought of the dog. "Every day," she said, "is the same. It's all one day," and nodded her head. "You have to get them used up."

"That's right," he said.

Before he arrived, she had been lying in the grass, watching others pick cherries, and she was playing Mike's guitar with the broken string. It came over her that grandmother was going to die if she didn't fix the string. April was letting her soul run wild playing that guitar, thinking of how Jimi Hendrix and Otis Redding were dead and April, therefore, had better start thinking of all the diseases. The bugs, spiders and flies bring in most of the sicknesses, you know, and the fevers give a humming sound until they are angry. Then they make a noise like a breaking string. Disease and death could certainly come to her grandma if she didn't fix the string. That was her thought in the grass.

When April looked up from this thought there was a dog in front of her, and the dog started crying. It sounded just like a man. A female dog, but inside, it sounded like a man crying. A poor man freaked out pretty bad. The tragedy of that got April to nodding full force, which she didn't like. When she nodded that way, she might just as well have been galloping on a horse. Her head was certainly being snapped each step the horse landed. It got her to the point where the motor turned on again as it did last night in the hour when Satan was running her body, and pulling in people who had been floating around like personalities from Mars and Venus, that is, the black man staring at her with a cold black eye, and the white man acting like he was ecstasy in the worst way in the entire galaxy, but they were getting down to her level. She knew the guitar needed a new string to attract more harmonious spirits. "I," said April to Gary, "am the one swinging on the string." She nodded, careful to do it so that the galloping horse would not snap her neck.

"Look," she said, "my grandma's washing machine is next to the sewer. That's why all those people are floating around. It's filthy. I hate filth." She could feel her mouth twisting

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from her nostrils to the corners of her lips. "Oh, Gary, I'm cotton-mouthed," she said, "I need Midol. Can you get me a toothbrush to brush my teeth?" She could feel him patting her, telling her he would get her what she needed.

It was crucial to get it across to people that you didn't go into a store and pull things from the counter but you walked over and waited and looked at the object you were going to buy and you inquired of it. There were all sorts of answers: The object could say, "Go away", or whisper "steal me". It could even ask to be bought. The objects had as much concern about themselves as anyone else. Gary just went plink, plink, plunk, got her the Midol, got her the toothbrush, just got her out of there. He wasn't drinking beer. Boy, he was uptight.

Now they were driving in Pleasant Grove again. "I don't want to go home. I want to stay out all night," she said to him.

"That's cool," he said.

Craig Taylor was alone because Julie had to stay in the hospital one more night. He was just puttering around, putting the kids to sleep, when Gary knocked on the door and Craig saw he had a girl with him who was introduced as

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Nicole's sister, April. They looked odd. Not drunk, but the girl was in bad shape. She couldn't sit down. Paranoid. She walked around Craig like he was a barrel or something.

Gary came out of the bathroom, and asked did he still have the gun. Craig said, Yeah. Gary asked to borrow it back then. Plus a few shells. "Oh, yeah," said Craig, "Well, it's yours, I'll give it to you," Craig said. Added, "Why do you want it?" There was a pause. Gary didn't give any answer. Finally he said, "I just think I'd like to have it." Craig didn't exactly have a good feeling as he passed the shells. Gary seemed awful emotion-less. He said, "Gary, I can't refuse you, it's your gun," but Craig took a good last look as he handed it over. It was a gold-trigger Browning automatic with a black metal barrel, and wood handle.

"I don't want to go home, Gary," said April back in the truck. "Hell," said Gary, "I'll keep you out all night." He drove to Val Conlin's to sign the last papers. On the way over, April realized they hadn't gone to the K-Mart after all. She still didn't have the guitar string. It got too complicated to ask again. She felt like she was fighting spider webs getting across the idea why she needed that string.

When they got into Val Conlin's, April said aloud, "Hey, that's a show for free." This fellow Val and Gary kept looking

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at car keys like two old magicians studying magic nuggets, weird! She wandered around, and the room began to get distorted. Warp was in the atmosphere. So she went over to a corner and sat down. That way you could hold the thing together. Once they came over, but she didn't know what they were talking about. Just said, "Look at this. You're the witness." They were signing a paper. For the car, she supposed. The truck he had already.

~~Rusty Christiansen was bored stiff. By the time they could get Gary out of there, it would be 9:30 at night. She wouldn't be home till a quarter of ten. The contract had to be worked out, the interest calculated, the payments settled. They kept going in and out to take numbers off the car. Once in a while, this little girl April in the corner would say something in a big voice.~~

Stet
~~For that matter, Val's voice was pretty good, too. "I'm going to take a chance," said Val, "because you've been good with me. But God damn it, Gary, you better pay." "Right," said Gary. "OK," said Val, "I'm going to take a chance on you."~~

~~Gary went to make a transfer from the Mustang to the truck, and Val looked at the little broad sitting over in the corner and said, "Hey, what are you on?" She looked at~~

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him like she just arrived from the last century--or was she coming back in from the next one?--and then she honked, "Wha-whaa-wha. . ." Val said, "Come on, what are you taking?" "I'm not taking nothing," she said sulky.

Val thought, whee, she's just plain out here in orbit. The girl looked at him steadily and said, "Sometimes I'm not even a girl." She began to cry.

~~Val said~~ Val said, "Now, look, Gary, I'm going to tell you something, no kidding, if you don't pay me, I'll take that truck back so goddam fast you won't even know you had wheels. I'm laying the law down, understand? Gary, you don't have that money, you walk, understand?" "Understand," said Gary, "no problem. Okay." He signed the last papers and Val turned the truck over.

When they got in, Gary told April, "Let's go looking." They drove around looking for Nicole. "Use your radar," Gary said. "I thought you had the power." She didn't want to tell him about interference; he would think she was copping a plea. Interference could keep the most powerful forces of mind from entering a focus. So, they kept driving. April had the feeling if she could say something right, she could regain a lot of force. That was what it took. A word could go out and get everybody in harmony.

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"When I was young," said April, "my grandpa put me on the back of a hog in the pigpen and scared me half to death. There was a bunch of wild hogs loose and they was chasing us. I hid in the bath tub. Wasn't much to do that night but I learned to hide. You hide by getting half-inside." She snickered like a full grown witch. "You see, Gary," April said, "I always wanted to be a pig." She was feeling the force of the pig. Gary pulled the truck over, and parked it. "I'm going to go make a phone call," he said, "see if your mother's heard from Nicole."

After he got out, she listened to a group sing "Let Your Love Flow." Two guys, not a sad group. It was all right if she didn't think of Hampton. "Let your love flow, and let your love grow." She was trying to remember going through people's medicine cabinets on times she babysitted. "Let your love flow and let your love grow." It used to be like love was flowing through her fingers as she went through those cabinets taking out the pills she thought would get her stoned. She wanted to be inside a trance again with black beauties, loved the way she got on them. They could be sweet as the harmony of the spring. "I mean," said April to herself, "I can always talk to the radio if I'm that

Gary walked around the corner from where he had parked the white truck and went into the Sinclair Service station at 176 East 8th North in Orem. It was a self-service station on a back street. It was now deserted. There was only one man present, the attendant. He was a pleasant-looking young man with broad jaws, broad shoulders, and an intent expression that stared at you head on. He had a clean straight part in his hair. His jawbones were slightly further apart than his ears. On the chest of his coveralls was pinned a name-plate, MAX JENSEN. He asked, "Can I help you?"

It was a bathroom with buff-colored walls above the chest-high green tile. It had a floor of little dull-^{gray} white

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~~hexagonal~~ tiles, and the room measured six feet by eight feet. There was a yellow plastic wastebasket in the corner. The sink had a soap dispenser. A rack for paper towels on the wall, with Towl Saver printed on it, was attached to the wall. There were small mirrors above the sink, and the toilet had a split seat with slats for the thighs. It was the kind of toilet you could find in an isolation cell. A small metal-framed window looked to the rear of the station. An overhead light was in the wall.

Gilmore brought the automatic to Jensen's head. He let the muzzle touch the head. "This one is for me," he said.

He fired. "That one is for Nicole," he said to the dead man, and fired again. The body reacted each time.

Then he stood up. There was a lot of blood. It spread across the floor at a surprising rate as if a large vessel had just been emptied. A little of the blood ^{run onto} ~~splattered~~ on the bottom of Gilmore's pants.

He walked out of the restroom with the bills in his pocket, and the coin changer in his hand, walked by the big Coke machine and the phone on the wall. It was a real clean gas station. Jensen had been smiling all the while.

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It was quiet on the street. The truck was parked on a little back street in Orem. April thought it was probably Orem. It was probably quiet. She couldn't tell because the radio was on so loud. Except she could. The trees looked quiet. There was a long night just sitting there.

After a while Gary came back. She had been sitting in the white truck smoking a smoke and waiting for Gary. "Come on," he said, "let's go."

Just working along, Colleen had accomplished more that day than ever before, ~~and getting ready for the night to~~

~~She~~ She did the ironing and the cleaning and the dishes, worked in the garden, picked the beans. She'd been planning to wait up for Max but ~~a while~~ before it was eleven o'clock, ^{felt} she was tired and climbed into bed.

On the edge of falling asleep, she felt like somebody was knocking at the door, but when she opened it, nobody was there. She thought it was probably a cat. It was still too early for Max to be home. She went back to bed, fell right into sleep.

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3.

Gary took April to a drive-in theatre. As they pulled up, she saw Cuckoo in the title and thought they would see "The Sterile Cuckoo" with Liza Minelli. April had always thought she looked the way Liza Minelli must feel inside, so she was looking forward to The Sterile Cuckoo. But as they stopped at the ticket booth, she could see in the light that Gary's pants had blood on the cuffs.

They parked. He skewed around a little in his seat and said he was going for a leak. She could see him rummaging in the back of the truck. It looked like another pair of pants to her. Then he went off to the men's room. "One of the things I hate most in life is going to the bathroom," she told him crossly. To herself, April was saying, "The FBI look in on houses to see if people are committing crimes. Through the TV, you know."

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Watching the movie, while Gary was gone, she began to think of the night she was raped. She was down in the street in Hawaii with three black fellows and they said there was a party going on, a good party. There would be cocaine and they would all get high. She was fascinated with the high class looks of their pad, but the red couches aggravated the problem of her odor. She sweated when she did a drug and the odor was very bad. The black boy called Warren told her she stunk; she guessed she was wet and she stunk. She turned purple inside from those red couches and black people and started to dance around. They asked her if she wanted to take a shower. She said yes. Then she was in the tub and wet and streaking through the place. She was naked, and she was dancing. "I think I'm a nymphomaniac," she said. "You're a maniac?" they asked. She said it again slowly and they asked, "Info with a maniac?" She replied haughtily, "You are trying to make myself and my face black." She danced with them right on the floor and they danced her right down to the floor and hurt her pretty bad. She was bleeding all over the place. Like a whore. Warren was forceful on cocaine, he was awful mean. Even when he relaxed he was hard in her. She was hallucinating so bad that the one called Bob had his face come together at the top and the bottom

while his nose wib-wobbled from side to side. They kept raping her. One time, two times, three times, intercourse. Then they turned the lights off and she saw Bobby. She was sitting on the floor and he said, "Why don't you sit on the couch? Get high, don't sit so low. Think of yourself not so low, you know." Then he was on top of her and she was screaming to the song. She thought he cared enough not to let his friend do it, but he made her feel unloving, like she couldn't hear the harmony. Then she went to sleep on the bathroom floor.

On the way back, they walked her a little way and she asked in the morning for some flowers, standing on the sidewalk. She was thinking of how much it had hurt, and how much it hurt now. But she liked it. The twist they gave was vertigo and she was a turntable once the motor started and Satan could dance in the whirlpool the turntable made.

Suddenly, she started seeing the movie she was looking at. It wasn't "The Sterile Cuckoo" after all. It was "One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest."

It was like all the kooks she had been seeing in the mental hospital. Jack Nicholson bothered her enormously. He had a numb spot just under his nose, like the numb spot under her own nose. That reminded her of Gary and the blood on his pants, the stiff way Jack Nicholson walked. Just

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then, Gary came back. She said, "Let's blow this place. I hate the movie. Fucker's freaking me out."

Gary looked disgruntled. "This is one movie," he said, "I wanted to see again."

"You insane fool," she said, "don't you have any taste?"

At eleven o'clock in the evening, a man drove into the Sinclair service station at 800 North, 175 East in Orem, and served himself twelve gallons of gas and one quart of oil. He couldn't find an attendant so he left his business card with a description of what he had purchased. A little later, Robbie Hamilton who lived in Toelle, Utah, stopped off at the same service station. After filling his tank with gas, he went to the open door of the grease-room and hollered, "Anybody home?" No answer so he went back to the car. His wife told him to knock on the restroom door. When he received no answer there, he pushed the door open just a crack, and saw a lot of blood and two feet. He did not enter. He just called the Orem City Police Department. It took them fifteen minutes to get there. Mr. Hamilton did not know where he was at. Being from Toelle, Utah, he was not familiar with Orem, and had to describe the location in general terms to the dispatcher.

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~~John was back from the hospital and sleeping on the couch again and~~ Brenda was ready to go to bed when there was a knock on the door. It was Gary with this strange little girl.

"Well, cous," she said, "where you been?"

"Oh," he smiled, "we went over to see 'One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest'". "You didn't see that again," asked Brenda. "Well," Gary said, "she hadn't seen it."

Brenda took a good look at the girl. "It looks to me," she said, "as if she wouldn't know what she's seen."

Gary said, "This is Nicole's sister, January."

The girl got mad. She came alive for the first time, said, "It's April." Gary chuckled. Brenda said, "Well, April, May, June, or July, whatever your name is, I suppose I'm glad to meet you." Then she said to Gary, "What's wrong with her?" Brenda was hardly in the mood for a visit. This girl looked awful.

"Oh," Gary said, "April's having flashbacks from LSD. She took it a long time ago, but it keeps catching up."

"She's sick, Gary," Brenda said. "She's awfully pale." The girl looked at her then, and said she wanted to go to the bathroom. Following her, Brenda asked, "Honey, are you all

right?" The girl said, "I just feel sick to my stomach."

Brenda came out to Gary and said, "What's going on?"

He said nothing in reply. Brenda had the impression he was nervous but careful. Very nervous, and very careful. He was pinching his fingers in a way Brenda had never seen before. Also he was sitting once more on the edge of his seat, as if he was concentrating on every sound in the silence.

April came back and said, "Gary, man, you really scare me when you act like that. I can't take it."

"What scared you, honey?" Brenda asked.

April said, "Gary, man, he really scares me."

Gary drew himself up then. "April, tell Brenda I didn't try to rape you, or molest you, or anything of this nature."

"Oh, man, you know I didn't mean that," April said. "You've been nice to me tonight. But man, I really get afraid of you."

"Afraid of what?" asked Brenda.

"I can't tell you," April said. There was something so broken-assed about it, that Brenda was now getting ill herself. "Gary, what have you done?" she asked. To her surprise, he kind of winced.

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"Hey," he said, "let's drop it! Okay?"

Johnny, who'd just returned home after a

hernia operation, was on the couch. Gary said to Brenda,

When he got her to the kitchen, he said, "Look, I know John

is just out of the hospital, and you guys won't be getting your check right away from the hospital insurance, so, listen, Brenda, I got a little dough. Could you use fifty?"

"Gary, no," she said, "we've got groceries. We'll make it."

Gary said, "I really want to help."

Brenda said, "Honey, you are generous." She knew what he was up to, but she was moved in spite of herself. Ridiculously moved. She felt like crying at the fact that even in this phony way he could think of her a little. Instead, she said, "Keep your money. I want you to learn to handle your money." Saying that, she was suspicious as hell, and looked at him out of the side of her eye, and said, "Gary, where in the hell did you get that cash?"

"A friend of mine," said Gary, "loaned me four hundred for my truck."

"I think you stole it."

"That's not very nice," he said.

"If you didn't rob somebody," said Brenda, "I guess it's not very nice."

He took ahold of her face and kissed her on the brow and said, "I can't tell you what's going on. You don't want to be involved."

"All right, Gary," she said, "If it's that bad, you don't have the right to involve my family in your bad affairs."

"Okay," he said, "fair enough." He wasn't angry. He just walked out of the room, took April, and went to the truck. Picked April up by the elbows, so to speak, ushered her out.

Brenda found herself following. He had a half gallon of milk in the back of the truck and a bunch of clothes with a rag wrapped around them. She said, "Gary, you'll tip your milk over. Let me fix your milk." He said, "Don't touch it. Leave it alone!" "All right," Brenda said, "spill your milk. See if I care." She kept wondering what there was about the bunch of clothes that he didn't want her to see. My God, he had made no secret of his guns.

When Gary asked April if she wanted to go to a motel, she said she just didn't want to go home. So he began driving around, April was guiding him and they soon got lost. Then they got lost again. They were on one back road or

another. Just as he discovered he had come all the way from Orem to Provo by back roads, he ran out of gas.

The car came to a halt on a deserted part of Center Street between the exit from the Interstate and the beginning of town. He got out and plunged into a little ravine off the road and hid the gun, the clip and the coin changer under some bushes. Then he headed for the nearest store.

Wade Anderson and Chad Richardson were at the 7-11 grocery down on West Center Street looking to cash a check when this fellow came up to them. He said if they would take him to a gas station, he would give them five bucks. The fellow looked all right, except he was kind of tired and reminded Wade of a few of his buddies who would get wired out like that even though they were just in the second year of high school. Anyway, this fellow was in a hurry the whole time. He gave up the five as soon as they got in the truck and sat by the window kind of looking out. He kept saying that his girl was sitting alone in the truck and he didn't want no one to hassle her, especially cops, she'd mouth off.

They said, Well, okay, you know, we'll hurry as quick as we can. The trouble was, when they got to the gas station that was open, sure enough they had no gas can. Wade then said, they could go to his house and get one. The guy said, Well, we gotta hurry.

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It took a few minutes and more to go up Center Street over to the east side of town, get the can out of his folk's garage, come back to the gas station. After they returned to his truck, Wade started pouring the gas in. Since he was trying to get a little better at talking to girls, he sprung up a conversation with them every chance he got and now just chatted with the one in the truck. Out of the corner of his eye, he could see the fellow who gave them the five walking down to this little ravine below.

The fellow had borrowed a flashlight from Chad's truck, and was now flashing around in the field looking for this or that.

Wayne said to the girl, "How you doing?" and she looked at him very seriously and said in this big voice, "Are you Gary Gilmore's son?" He said, "Oh, no, ma'am, I'm...I never met him before tonight," and about that time he saw that the fellow in the field had found what he was looking for, and then Wade saw him pull a pistol out of the bushes, and a clip with it, and a coin-changer and come walking right back to the truck. He even slammed the clip into the handle of the gun. Then he put it under the seat with the coin-changer.

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Chad had been standing back a little, watching Wayne pour gas, and they just kind of looked at each other. Wow.

After they finally got the gas in, this fellow said, "Thanks a lot" and got ready to take off. Went to start his truck and it wouldn't go. They primed the carburator with the little drop of gas left from the can, it still wouldn't start, he obviously had wore the battery down. So they gave him a push with their truck. That was it.

Back on the road, Gary said to April, "No more of your smart-ass. I want a fancy place like the Holiday Inn." He turned onto the Interstate and bore down the two miles to the next exit.

"I'm not going to fuck you," April said. "I'm feeling too paranoid."

"I've got to go to work in the morning," Gary informed her. "We'll get two beds."

Frank Taylor, the night auditor at the Holiday Inn was at the front desk when a tall man and a young woman came in under the portico, got out of a white truck, and came walking toward him. The woman was holding aloft a long Olympia beer can as if she were the Statue of Liberty. Frank Taylor thought, here comes a real case. Since he was not only the

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night auditor but doubled as a desk clerk, his next thought was that he wasn't going to get a lot of auditing done early tonight. This girl didn't look like she'd quiet down too soon. Still, when the tall man came over ^{to talk} about the rates, and register, he seemed sober.

The girl kept asking sarcastic and snippy questions of Frank Taylor. Did he like doing this for a living? Were there bedbugs? Then she inquired for the ladies' room. The moment Frank Taylor said, Across the lobby on the left, she started going down the hall to her right. Taylor was almost yelling by the time she disappeared. The tall man only smiled. He was hardly surprised she was going in the wrong direction. A couple of minutes later she came back and passed across the lobby the other way. The tall man asked where there was a place to eat, and listened carefully to the answer that the Rodeway Inn two doors down was open 24 hours a day. Then he reached into his pocket, pulled out an awful lot of small bills and paid for the room in advance.

Taylor assumed they were shacking up but that was not really any of his business. You could get in a lot of trouble if you were inquisitive of guests who came in. Just once, ask a married couple if they were really married. So it was established practice that a guest who came in and paid for a double room presented no problem. Anyway, this man signed his name in large block letters, GARY GILMORE, ~~and gave "Spanish~~
~~York" as an address.~~

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4.

At the switchboard Frank Taylor inserted the plug to room 212. Gilmore was calling down to say he'd gone out in the hall and put some money in the machine to buy toothpaste and razor blades and Alka Seltzer, but the machine had not worked.

It never worked, thought Frank Taylor. He got the items out of the supply case and walked along corridors with green carpeting and yellow-brown walls, past brown-plywood doors, past an ice chest and a candy vending machine. He went past an iced-drink machine and reached Room 212. When he came to the door, Gilmore had on red slacks and no shirt, was barefoot. Gilmore reached into his pocket and took out a big handful of change, kind of held it down as if to scrutinize it, then picked out what he needed for the brush and the paste. Taylor couldn't see the girl, but listened to her giggle as the door closed.

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"My lips like a big mouth," April said. She walked away from him and added, "I had a chance to go ice skating once, but I didn't want to. I was afraid I'd fall and one of those shoes would cut me in the mouth." Walking around the room she started taking off clothes. She felt as if they were congesting her. First her peasant blouse, then her levis. Walking around in her bra and her panties, she felt better. "Did you ever get up at four in the morning, Gary, and make cookies?" He was lying on the bed ^{Smoking} ~~and taking~~ ~~his time on~~ marijuana. He just waved a hand. Then he sat up and burped. A look of pain came over his face, and she thought of his stomach suddenly and knew he had a bellyache. His stomach was no better than a barrel of gasoline that was burning. He looked at her and made a face and reached for the carton of milk he had brought with him. He took a long swig of the milk. "Hey, kid, let's unwind," he said. "I'll give you a massage and you give me one."

"The FBI," she said, "look in on houses to see if people are committing any crimes in the houses. They do it through the TV, you know." She lay back on the bed and her head was spinning. The room was awful. It was like a motel room she had gone to with a rich man, awful. She had felt so alive that night because the plastic was so dead.

"Gary," she said, "I feel like I almost died tonight. I feel like I really did. Gary, give me a toke. I'm kind

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of messed up." He passed her the stick and she sucked in. She must have taken a trip because there was Gary kissing her face, waking her up. "Leave me alone," she cried. He gave her a little kiss and she said, "Gary, you and Nicole were meant for each other."

"Nicole can go get fucked."

She started to get up and walk around, remembering the night in Hawaii when she was walking around and Bobby and Warren were massaging her and dancing with her and then Gary was sort of giving her a massage, walking behind her. He walked right behind her, his legs locked with hers as if they were in prison lockstep, and they walked around the room that way with his thumbs massaging her shoulders and the back of her neck. After a little while she began to feel very close to him and whispered, "It isn't very good for us to do that. Sissy wouldn't think that was very good." In her head, she decided to turn on the radio and listen to Paul McCartney. "Open the door and let them in," went the music in her head, and she and Gary turned into Paul McCartney, a couple of times. It got to be a carnival. Gary would smack her from behind, or finger her panties, then he would growl in her ear like a lion. She'd think of rich men in motels and kick off his hand with her elbow. She would say, "Fuck you. I don't want to hear about it. Let me sleep."

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"We're sleeping standing up," he would say.

It was just like they were a king and a queen and she began to get pleased at the thought of them sleeping each in a separate great big bed, deep in a sleep that gave a very heavy feeling, like pictures she had seen in the Bible of demons coming down from space to torment people on this planet and really tear us apart from limb to limb. She could picture not millions, but thousands at least in the sky coming down like eagles on mice. She felt all this coming down in a very bloody sense. It was awful. She and Gary were walking around the room together while thinking of different mates. Then Gary tried to turn out the light and she flipped it on again. He smacked her. "I said put the goddam light out."

All the while he was crawling on her, giving her a back massage. She saw a flying man in the air when she closed her eyes, a man flapping his arms. He had about eight arms on each side and was flapping them, an evil force, bringing disease and everything else that was like Satan, the strongest, to earth.

Now she knew there was something wrong with the way Gary was giving her a back massage. He had changed his

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personality. Gary was always so manly around her, more manly even than her father, the master, and now she could swear that Gary had turned female and was crawling on her from behind with this back massage. If she would turn around and look at his face, he would be a woman. He was feeling her in order to feel his own breasts, his own belly. April could feel a woman's presence behind her. That turned her off cold, man.

"Let's go to sleep," she said. He didn't fight. He got into his bed and she got into hers, and he turned out the lights and she lay down in the dark and looked up at the sparkle on the ceiling. It looked like a thousand stars in the sky, and she couldn't stand the smell in that room and turned on the lights. He said, "Turn off the light, I need some sleep."

She lay there some more, and he came over to her bed in the dark, and tried to make her. She didn't know if he was serious or not. They just scuffled a little in the dark and he tore her underwear, but she held the pieces together, and said, "No." She said, "Gary, I don't feel like doing this." She said, "Gary, you're losing your mind." She said, "Sissy, Sissy, Sissy wouldn't think this is very good." At last he gave up, and she lay there in the dark.

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5.

Deep down in sleep, the first thing Colleen knew was that somebody was knocking on her door. It kind of startled her. She didn't know what time it was. It was not a heavy, but a light knocking. She got up, put on her robe, it was a bright purple robe, pulled it about her, and walked to the window that was set in the door. She turned on the porch light, and then she was very scared.

When she had passed the kitchen clock, it was 2 o'clock in the morning and Max was still not there. Now, outside the window were five men, and the first was President Kanin of ^{her} Stake. She was still groggy from waking up with Max not there beside her.

She opened the door now at 2 in the morning. President Kanin said, "Colleen, may we come in?" He was wearing a suit,

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and the other men were in summer shirts.

President Kanin put his arm around her shoulder and said, "Colleen, Max won't be home tonight."

She looked at him, still feeling puzzled and yet from the sound with which he said it, she received a feeling that Max would never be home again. President Kanin said, "There's been a robbery at the station and Max has been shot."

She asked, "Is he dead?"

All five men nodded their heads. President Kanin said, "Is there someone you need to call?"

She cried for a minute. It wasn't real to her.

President Kanin helped her to sit down on the couch.

At this point, one of the two men she didn't know, said to President Kanin, "Will she be okay with you?" When the answer was yes, he and the other stranger left. She realized they were plainclothes policemen.

President Kanin helped her dial home. No one answered. It was then she remembered her parents were camping and had left that morning. She dialed Max' parents. The lady who answered said Max's parents had also gone camping, but she would get in touch with them. President Kanin now asked if there was somebody else she could call and Colleen, said,

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"My cousins." They lived across the street from her parents in Clearfield. When she reached them, they said they'd drive right over. That would take an hour and a half.

In the silence, Bill Farnsworth, who owned the service station said, "Isn't it awful that a dishonest act would take Max's life? Here he just spoke on honesty last night." She heard that distinctly. It came through the space of the silence.

President Kanin now asked her if there was somebody who could stay with her until the cousins arrived. She said there was a girl in the ward who lived two trailers down. They called her and she came over. The three men left.

The girl stayed nearly two hours. They lay down beside each other on the bed and talked. Monica was asleep all the time and Colleen was numb. She had no desire to see where they had taken Max's body; she did not feel like saying "Let me go to him," she just sat and talked to her neighbor and it all seemed unreal. She would talk for a while, and then it would come back. It was a quarter to five when her relatives came.

April had taken out her earring, and in the dark she was using it to stick herself in the neck. She had this

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dream that one day she was going to take an injection in the neck and end it all. She wanted to know what it felt like. So she kept trying the point of the ear-ring post against her neck.

In the morning while it was still kind of dark, Gary moved over to her bed again, tried one more time. Not that hard. Then he drank more milk. It certainly was love he wanted more than sex, but April knew she could not let Sissy down by making it cause Sissy still loved him as much as once she told her she had.

By 6:30 when Monica awoke in the dawn, Colleen was saying to herself that she was still alive, and her baby was still alive, and the baby had to be nursed. It would be terrible to totally upset the baby. So she went in and greeted Monica with "good morning" and picked her up and loved her and gave her a bath and got her ready for the day.

When the light came through the window April and Gary dressed and he drove her home. As he dropped her off, he said, "April, whatever last night was like, I want you to remember that you'll always be my friend and I'll always care about you."

She went in the house and nobody was there. ~~Kathryn was off driving Mike to work and so~~ April started sweeping

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the floor. Right in the middle of it she said out loud,
 "I'll never get married, never."

home and
came home and asked,
 #L ~~where~~ Kathryn ~~stayed up all night waiting for him and~~
 April. ~~About five, she must have fallen asleep. The alarm~~
~~went off not long after. She had to take Mike up the Canyon~~
~~every morning to where he worked for the Forest Service.~~
~~That was a 20-mile trip. She was a sleepy girl along the~~
~~twisting roads of the canyon that early summer morning and~~
~~she was worried sick. After living with equal amounts of~~
~~cigarette smoke and fear in her lungs all night it was as if~~
~~her terror was now ready to whistle up a storm on every~~
~~breath. She felt as if she were on a little ledge looking~~
~~down on a big drop.~~
~~Anyway, she got Mike off and turned back down the~~
~~canyon, drove the twenty twisting miles down to her house,~~
~~walked in the door, and there was April, enthroned like a~~
~~queen in the chair.~~

"Where in the hell have you been all night?" ~~Kathryne~~
~~asked.~~ April did not answer. She just sat and stared straight
 ahead. "Were you," Kathryn asked, "with that dirty crumb
 all night long?" ~~For all the relief of her fear, nothing~~
~~came in as relief.~~ She just felt sick. My God, April was
 in a trance. She didn't answer at all. "April," Kathryn

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said, "damn it! Where in hell have you been? Did you stay with Gary all night?"

Suddenly April screamed, "Leave me alone! Can't you leave me alone? I know nothing." She ran in the bedroom and was screaming at the top of her lungs. "You're noseey," she cried from the other side of the door.

~~April~~
Kathryne was just thankful ~~she~~ was home. She said to herself, "I can't do anything about it." It was just one more part of the wall Kathryne was holding up with her life.

XI Debbie Bushnell

The only fight Debbie and Ben Bushnell ever had, came during the first spring Debbie was pregnant. She was feeling off, and Ben kept wanting to take her to the doctor, but there were always kids over that afternoon from her class, and Ben was a teacher. Ben finally raised his voice a little. At that point she told him he begged her. That was the worst fight they ever had. It hurt his real bad. He sat down and wrote a great letter to her.

Debbie was hardly five feet tall and didn't weigh a lot more than a hundred pounds. She came from a family where

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de [unclear] [unclear]

1.

The only fight Debbie and Ben Bushnell ever had, came during the first spring Debbie was pregnant. She was feeling off, and Ben kept wanting to take her to the doctor, but there were eleven kids over that afternoon from ^{the place for whom} ~~the~~ ^{she} ~~worked, the~~ Busy Bee Day-Care Center. Ben finally raised his voice a little. At that point she told him he bugged her. That was the worst fight they ever had. It hurt him real bad. He sat down and wrote a sweet letter to her.

Start

~~They were proud that was the worst fight. They saw marriage as a constant goal of making each other happy. It was like that song, "I Never Promised You a Rose Garden." They kind of promised each other. They weren't going to be like other marriages.~~

Debbie was hardly five feet tall and didn't weigh a lot more than a hundred pounds. She came from a family where

her father was six-three and her mother and brothers and sisters were all small. Ben was six-five and weighed one hundred and ninety when they were married. Two years later, he weighed two-ninety. At two-fifty, he would still have looked good. The way a professional football tackle can look good. At 290 he looked big and fat and fine to Debbie. He was always on a diet or splurging off a diet. He would lift weights to try to keep in shape.

~~For a good young woman couple,~~ they lived well. They had steaks in the freezer, and loved to go out and get pizzas. They also made the best pizzas at home. Ben would cover every square inch with meat and cheese. They dressed well and they managed to meet ~~each month~~ a \$100 payment on their Pinto; Ben could have been the huge man who gets out of the little Pinto in the TV commercial.

~~By consequence of putting their priorities into living well, they didn't have life insurance or any kind of coverage.~~

~~They continued, however, Ben was always trying to get back to his courses in business management at BYU, but it seemed as if he had his energy and time ~~working at~~ as many as three jobs~~

~~a day, plus managing the day care center for her in order to keep even with what they spent living happily with each other.~~

They hardly needed friends. They had their baby, Benjamin,

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who was their first priority, and they had each other. That was all of it. It was enough.

Debbie knew little about matters outside the home. She knew a lot about plastic pants and disposable diapers and anything to do with the care of children. She was terrific at taking care of kids in the day care center.

Since she didn't have a license, however, she couldn't go to the grocery store, the laundromat, or drive anywhere without Ben.

She was also dependent in financial matters. She didn't know what bank accounts they had, or which debts. She lived in a world where she took care of children, and babies, she took wonderful care of Benjamin, and of their house, and they went out to eat maybe five nights a week. Except when Ben was on a diet, that cut their entertainment. They would share one of those de luxe eight-dollar pizzas.

Debbie was never one to enjoy reading very much. She would rather mop her kitchen floor than sit down and read. Ben, however, enjoyed it very much. He read the novel "Hawaii" and "The Good Earth," and "Reader's Digest." He liked to read for relaxation when there was time. Or work out with his bar bells.

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Ben worked at as many

~~The truth, however, was that there was rarely time to~~
~~as three jobs a day.~~

~~road. He always had to carry two or three jobs. Before~~
~~Benjamin was born, there was one stretch when~~ *he* ~~used to~~

~~get up at four in the morning and drop Debbie at the Day~~
~~Care Center at~~ *ten a.m., then* ~~she would get play materials ready~~

~~for the children who would start coming in at seven. In~~
~~the meantime, Ben would drive up to Salt Lake where he~~

~~managed a quick food restaurant. That work began at 6 A.M.~~

~~he wouldn't get home until seven or eight at night. Later,~~

~~he had another job where he couldn't have to drop her off~~

~~at the Day Care Center until 10 A.M., but would then have to~~

~~go to Salt Lake for a scene that began at noon in a chain~~

~~called Mac's. She is. (It later changed its name to Bandy~~

~~Burgers.) He would get home~~ *not until* ~~at~~ *until* ~~two A.M.~~

It was rough in the winter when the roads were icy. Ben began to get a bad feeling about doing that forty-five mile drive in each direction day and night.

At that same time, Ben

~~or, but for other sources of income, he would~~
~~work at BYU on the maintenance crew, plus any cleaning jobs~~
~~he picked up. In~~ *at* ~~any, Debbie kept Benjamin with her at~~

~~the Busy Bee, even had a crib in the of~~ *at* ~~any, Debbie kept Benjamin with her at~~
 Sundays, and whatever spare time Ben found, he would do work as a home teacher for Bishop Christiansen. If a widow needed some

electrical work or simple plumbing, if her walk required shovelling or her windows cleaned, why, Ben would help with it. He must have checked on the needs and well-being of five or six such families a month.

With all that time spent driving, Ben leaped to take the position of Manager at the City Center Motel when it came open. It paid a minimum of \$150 a week plus an apartment, ~~and~~ ^{and} the business was there for him to build. It was not a large motel, and not very new, and it was not on a highway, ^{if he brought in enough business} but he could still end up drawing as much as \$600 a week. In addition, they could have all the time they wanted together.

Debbie wasn't so happy about working in a motel at first. It meant they had to give up the house they had just rented, a cute little house, with low rent around \$120. Besides, they had changed places about five times in the last two years. Nonetheless, Debbie told him that if he really wanted the new job, she would go along. Debbie didn't care if they never moved, and Ben was always looking for something better.

They became motel managers. Their clientele was mostly tourists, or parents coming up to see their kids at BYU. So

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the majority who stayed at the motel were quiet. If occasionally a couple looked like they weren't married, Debbie didn't exactly approve of it, but tried instead to give them a nice, noisy, dirty room.

~~They'd get up around seven and the busiest time was at nine to get the maids out and working. They used to keep between four and six chambermaids who each had a certain number of rooms to do in a certain time. If it took six hours but should have taken two, they got paid for two. When they began, Ben and Debbie did a little maid work together to know how long it should take. While a lot of other motels paid girls by the hour, Ben did it by the room. Of course, if there was an extra room, Ben would make an adjustment. He was always fair.~~

After a while, Debbie began to enjoy the motel work more than she'd expected. There was lots of time together. After the morning rush, things were quiet again. Nothing much would happen until evening when the majority of people checked into the motel. Ben began to talk of going back to school, **of trying to get back to his business management courses at BYU.**

~~The work, however, was time consuming and a little confusing. They couldn't, for instance, leave~~

~~the motel together unless they made arrangements in advance. That interfered with going out to a restaurant together. It also rushed their dinner hour. Sometimes they had to eat~~
~~little by little.~~

 On the other ~~hand~~, almost nothing ever went seriously wrong. Once Ben had to apologize to his next-door neighbor, Vern Damico, because Vern's driveway had gotten cluttered with materials from a little construction they were doing in the Motel. But Ben apologized, got the carpenters to keep their stuff well away from Vern's house, and afterward, relations with the Damicos were all right.

~~They never felt any need to mix with other people. They were just close to the motel.~~

Ben went
~~any social life he had.~~ around town to drum up business. He wanted to get the name of the place well-known --City Center Motel. He worked out special arrangements with a few of the larger motels to send their overflow. He had an arrangement where the clerk would receive a dollar for each guest sent Ben's way. Ben even left special discs with the clerks to give to anyone coming over, as a way of identifying the particular clerk. After the larger motels filled, CITY CENTER was always the first small place to put out a NO VACANCY.

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They were never afraid of being robbed. It didn't seem part of the motel situation. Bennie's uncle had once been held up while working in a jewelry store but that was the nearest a robbery ever came to them. Once in a great while, they talked about what they would do if they had to face a gun. Ben had never gone hunting or used a fire-arm. He said that a little bit of money wasn't worth, you know, risking your life for. He would do what the robber asked.

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2.

service station

Craig Taylor heard about the murder on the radio ~~next day~~ ^{in the morning.} ~~morning~~ while driving to work. His first thought was that Gary had done it. Then he heard the voice say that ^{Max} Jensen had been killed with a 37. That gave him hope. The Browning automatic was a .22.

Craig

Gary was at work when ~~he~~ got there and seemed normal. It wasn't that he was exactly relaxed, but then he had been on edge from the day he broke up with Nicole. This morning he was just normally on edge, rather than giving promise of soon being out of his head.

in the
Later ~~that~~ morning, Spencer got a call from a lady ~~in~~ ^{in Provo} ~~Provo~~ who said she had an apartment for Gilmore to look at. If he was going to take the place, he had better come by around noon and give a deposit. Spencer felt that if there

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was any chance left for the guy, it was to get out of Spanish Fork and learn to live by himself. So he told Gary to take the afternoon off. The sad truth of the matter, Spencer thought, was that he was happier now when Gary wasn't around.

Craig and Gary didn't have a chance to talk until right before the lunch break. But as they were slowing down about a quarter to twelve, Gary said, "Want to pitch pennies?" With this, he pulled out a handful of change. It sat there in his palm, a mountain of change. After Gary left to see the apartment, Craig couldn't help but wonder if that was change from the service station murder. Of course, last night's murder was in the air.

Gary stopped at Val Conlin's to thank Rusty Christiansen for pretending to be the landlady with an apartment for Gary. Val took the opportunity to remind him that he better get the money for the truck.

Gary went by Vern and Ida's to ask if he could take a shower. Ida, however, was just leaving the house, and she wanted to be able to lock up. It got complicated. Before they had figured it out, Vern came over and suggested that that they could lock the house and leave if Gary would take his shower in the basement. Vern felt something was wrong

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with Gary. He had a funny wild-eyed look. On the other hand, he was also looking a little hurt that they were locking the house on him.

Soon after lunch, Val Conlin got a call from Gary. Gary was stuck with the truck.

"What are you talking about?" asked Val.

He had lost his keys. He was down at the University Mall, and he needed somebody to come and get him since he couldn't lock the cab. He had stuff in there he couldn't leave.

Val sent Rusty Christiansen. When she pulled up in the parking lot, Gary was sitting there grinning. "Got the boss' car, huh, baby?" he said.

Rusty was certainly good-looking. The various assumptions Gilmore was now making that she was the boss's girl didn't please her. Nor did she think much of his acumen. The car she was driving was her own blue Thunderbird and it wasn't all that new.

Still Gilmore started making up for it. He got almost too gallant opening car doors for her. He had a great big pair of slalom water skis sticking out of the window of his truck with the price tag from Grand Central still on it. He wanted to put them in the trunk of her car and lock them up.

Then they went looking for the keys. He retraced his steps to the various stores he had been in. In the health food store he found them--a great big bunch.

Walking back through the Mall, Rusty stopped in front of Kiddy Ville. Her little girl collected Madam Alexander International Dolls and she could see they happened to have one in from Spain that she'd been looking for. So Rusty said, "Have you got a minute?" and he said, "Hey, you know, sure." They walked in and two old salesladies were clear down the other end of the store. Rusty waited and waited--must have waited five minutes long. Nobody ever acknowledged they were in the place. Gilmore was getting nervous. She could just about feel how painful it was for him to wait when he wanted to reach over and take it. Finally he said, "Which one do you want?" She told him. He smiled. He said, "Don't worry about it." Then he opened the case, took the doll, took her elbow, and out of the store they went. There was a bright red satin dress on the doll and there was Gary holding it in his hand, saying, "Well, you know, it's really cute."

Rusty didn't know if he was showing off, but at this stage of her life, nothing was going to shock her. She just wanted to get out of the mall before the security found them.

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There were more than a few of such cops around. As they went around the long way in the parking lot, Gary said, "You know, you're really a pretty cool lady. You handle everything really good. You don't fall apart." When she nodded, he said, "I've been looking for someone to work with."

"Oh, that's nice," Rusty said. She just wanted to get to the car. She'd already decided he was a hair unbalanced, so she certainly didn't want to insult him. "I'm glad you think I can handle things," she said.

"You're not bad looking," he said, "but you're too old for me." Looked at her critically. "How old are you?" he asked.

"Oh, I'm 27," Rusty said.

"You don't have a little sister, do you?" Gilmore asked.

Rusty thought, Lord, if I did, she'd be locked in the basement!

Gary said, "It's really too bad but you're just a little too old. I like younger girls."

"Well," Rusty said, "that's my loss."

Since Gilmore ~~was~~ ^{ed} stopping to pick up a couple of six-packs, she got back to VJ Motors before him. ~~He d.d.~~ "Hey," she said, as she came in, "don't do this to me any more, Conlin. You go next time." And told about the water skis.

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Gary came in with the loot. "I don't want no water skis, Gary," Val Conlin said. "They're worth," Gary told him, "\$150."

"Hey, Gary, I don't have a goddam boat. What do I want water skis for?" When Gilmore set them down in a corner, Val said, "When are you going to take the shit out of your Mustang so I can clean it up and sell it?"

"Take a look at the water skis," Gary said.

"Hot?" Val asked.

Gary said, "What difference does it make?"

Val said, "Do you understand that I'm not a hock shop? I don't want hot merchandise. I sure as hell don't need new problems."

"Well," said Gary, "I thought it was a good buy."

"They're not worth a turd without a boat," said Val. "Where's the boat? Just remember you owe me \$400 as of tomorrow."

Gary said, "I'll have it."

"Gary, you son of a bitch," said Val, "you better understand this and understand this good. If I don't have the goddam money, you walk. You won't even know you had wheels."

Gary said, "Val, you've been good to me, and don't worry."

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"Gary, you know I want to be friends. I want to have you as a good customer."

"I'll have it," said Gary.

"Okay," said Val. "Fine."

In the silence, Val picked up a newspaper and began reading. After a bit, he put the paper down and exploded. "Judas Priest, can you believe this murder?" he asked. "What kind of idiot would do it? Guy gotta be nuts, just shooting a guy in a gas station. For nothing." It really upset ^{Val} ~~him~~. He slammed the paper on his desk. "You know, I can understand a son of a bitch shooting somebody if you can't get the money. But anybody that would take the cash, and then put the kid in the back room and lay him on the floor and shoot him in the head twice, has got to be a psychomaniac--son of a bitch! They ought to string that bastard." Conlin heard himself raving even as he was saying it, and Gilmore looked him back in the eye and said, "Well, maybe he deserved to be killed."

^{Gilmore's}
The expression on ~~his~~ face was so blank that Rusty decided he knew something about the killing. ^{had he} ~~Maybe he~~ sold a hot gun?

(415)

Val was yelling, "Oh, Gary, come on, for Christ's sakes, to shoot a kid in the head? You got to be crazy, man. Nuts!" Gary just said, "Well..." He got up and asked if Val wanted another beer. Val said, "No, we got some. Take it with you, Gary." Maybe it was drinking all that beer so early, but there was definitely a pall on the afternoon.

~~From there,~~
~~On Tuesdays, Gary would get off work early and go to~~ ^{went to}
~~his regular Tuesday meeting with [redacted]~~
~~Mont Court. Their meetings, since Gary had stolen the~~
~~stereo at Grand Central, took longer now, and~~ ^{and} ~~on this hot~~
~~Tuesday in July, it lasted for over an hour. Gilmore had~~
~~finally begun to confide in Mont Court, and the parole officer~~
~~saw it as his opportunity to reach~~ ^{Gary} ~~him. In a few days,~~
~~Court would have to make a recommendation on the pre-sentencing~~
~~investigation, that is, he would be asked, but the~~
~~mini-entry he was supposed to receive from the judge's office~~
~~had not come in. That must be just one of those clerical screw~~
~~ups. In any case, Court thought he would probably propose a~~
~~week or jail for Gilmore. It would give Gary a taste.~~

~~Court would hardly look forward to that, however.~~
~~it was obvious that Gilmore used every opportunity to manipulate~~

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~~his environment, still it was hard not to feel sorry for him,
particularly on a day like this when he was ready to reveal
what was vulnerable in him, and showed some ability to see
into his problems.~~

Gilmore was talking about drinking, and how much he wanted to cut it out. As Gilmore saw it, that was the only way to get back to Nicole. He had to get back.

Felt
They talked about it, and Court ~~found out that Nicole
had left because she was frightened. That disturbed Gilmore.
He didn't want her to think he was a violent person. Court
listened politely, but he thought Gary was being unrealistic
in wanting Nicole not to be afraid of him. You couldn't
turn somebody's rear around by your desire that they not
be unhappy. Court thought that the only way Gilmore was
being realistic was in understanding how much he needed
Nicole, and how small was his chance of getting her back
unless he cut out drinking.~~

Pos's
Stop
Of course, he badly looked like a teetotaler now. His
goatee was on the way to becoming a beard and his clothing
certainly looked sloppy.

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Still, it was the nearest they had ever come to intimacy. Gilmore ~~just~~ sat there forlornly, saying in a flat sad voice that he thought he might have problems as a lover. It carried their relationship a step forward, Court kind of thought. In fact, as he was leaving, Gilmore struck a personal note and commented that Court looked to be in good physical shape. Had he ever wrestled?

Well, said Court, he had. In high school. But there had been two guys in his weight class who were ranchers and they had shoulders built like wedges. He used to hate to wrestle those two guys. They were too strong and well-coordinated, for him. He supposed it soured his enthusiasm that he could never beat them. He loved to play tennis, however, Mont Court said. He played a lot of tennis in high school.

Gary spoke of handball, and said he was good at that. They said goodbye.

418

3.

Gary spent the next few hours looking for Nicole around Orem and Provo, then in Springville and Spanish Fork. While he was driving over some of the roads, Nicole and Roger Eaton were going along some of the others. She was in a state. Before long, Roger Eaton was in a state as well. The Tuesday afternoon he had been looking forward to, wasn't turning out well.

First thing, Nicole told him about Sunday in Spanish Fork when Gary had been there. She showed Roger the little Derringer she was carrying. By the way she pulled it out of her pocketbook, Roger was pretty sure she could use it if she had to. He said, "Put that away." He never knew anybody who began to live the way Nicole had to live.

While driving around, Roger told Nicole about the murder at the gas station in Orem. That was the first Nicole

419

had heard. She said if she had known, she wouldn't have left her house. "I'm scared," said Nicole.

After a little while, she said, "I think Gary did that murder last night." "Are you kidding me?" he asked. "I think he did it," she repeated. "But you don't know for sure," Roger said. She wouldn't answer. The afternoon had just fallen right out of the day.

He took her to the University Mall and bought her a pair of jeans that ran around \$25 and a shirt that cost \$35. Then he took her back to her apartment in Springville as quickly as he could and let her off about a block away. Before she got out of the car, she warned Roger that Gary had seen the letter he sent.

Now Roger began to think that Gary[#] should he ever find Nicole, might beat her a bit, and get her to tell his name. Then Gary would come over to the Mall where he worked. When that thought went through Roger's mind, he said to himself, "My ass is grass."

As they were saying goodbye, Roger couldn't help himself. He said, "Nicole, I'm afraid Gary might find me." She said, "He'll kill you if he does."

420

"What did you do to him?" Roger asked.

She said, "Nothing. He just wants me."

Roger said, "He must want you a lot worse than I do, because I don't want to get killed over you."

She said, "I can understand that."

He said, "I want this thing to end if it's going to mean my damned life or yours. Let's just forget this crap."

It was getting dark when he said goodbye to her.

That evening over the newspaper, Johnny said to Branda, "Hey, they had a shooting over here." He waited for her to read the account, and then said, "It has all the earmarks of Gary Gilmore."

Brenda said, "I know he's an asshole in a lot of ways, Johnny, but he's not a killer."

Johnny said, "I'm afraid he is."

All day at the motel, Debbie Bushnell had been nervous. All afternoon, she kept calling her friend Chris Caffee. It was most unusual. She and Chris liked talking to each other ~~maybe once every two weeks. Chris had worked for her at the bus, and dropped in at the motel now and again. Maybe they were comfortable together because both were short and just a little overweight, and worked together well. So they~~

(421)

weren't exactly close friends. Still, Debbie was so restless this Tuesday afternoon that she kept calling. Chris finally said, "Debbie, I have five hundred things to do. Why do you keep calling? I don't have anything to say." Debbie couldn't help herself; she called back two hours later. "What are you doing?" she asked. Chris said, "Nothing. Why are you calling?"

Debbie had been having a strange feeling from Sunday on. It continued all day Monday and was worse on Tuesday afternoon. Same with Ben. They had gone to visit Ben's best friend Porter Dudson up in Wyoming on Sunday, a rare Sunday off from the motel, and Ben had been possessed. Couldn't sit still all day. Rushed poor Porter and his wife Pam through the meal and everything. Now, he had spent part of Tuesday afternoon working on his weights and then he took a nap. He was over whatever was bothering him, but she didn't know what to do with herself. When Ben got up, she fixed him a steak and a salad and they sat down to dinner. Benjamin was already bathed and asleep and finally it got dark. She was glad it got dark because at least they got busy. People started coming in for rooms and then Ben turned on the TV in the office and began to watch the Olympics. After a while Debbie left him there to handle incoming guests and she went back to cleaning the house.

422

Gary stopped at a gas station on University Street and Third South. It was just a couple of blocks from Vern's house and Gary got a few gallons there often. He knew a fellow named Martin Ontiveros who worked in the place and in fact Gary had put in a little time that week painting Martin's car. Now he stopped off to ask Ontiveros if he could borrow four hundred dollars from him, or from ~~his~~ ^{Ontiveros'} stepfather, Norman Fulmer, who ran the gas station. They told him they'd just bought 6,000 gallons of gas that day, they didn't have a dime to their name. Whatever was in the station now they said, came to credit card slips and very little cash. Gary drove off and went to Orem. On the way his electric system started to act odd so he left his truck at the Penney Service Station for work. He went to a lounge near a bowling alley in the K-Mart.

Around 9 o'clock he went back to his truck from the lounge and drove out to Spanish Fork to look for Nicole. On the way he stopped at a store, and the motor wouldn't start. He had to have a push. So when he returned to Provo, he stopped again at the gas station on University and Third South to complain to Norman Fulmer. Not only did he have trouble starting it, but in addition, the motor was overheating.

423

"Well," said Norman, "just put it in the bay. We'll change the thermostat." Gilmore asked how long it would take and when Fulmer said 15, 20 minutes, Gilmore said he would do a little visiting.

After Gilmore was gone, Martin got into the truck, turned the key and pressed the starter. The motor turned on with no trouble. He checked the water and the battery, the cables and the solenoid. He hoped the new thermostat would keep Gary happy.

in their apartment,

In the middle of washing the couch cushions, Debbie ~~went out to the front office~~ and Bushnell asked Ben to go ~~out~~ to the store and get some low-fat milk. She was hoping he would also bring back some ice cream, which he liked ~~for himself~~, and some candy bars for her ~~self~~. She began to giggle at the thought of how she must be pregnant again. She had certainly felt telltale craving at the thought of a candy bar. Ben, however, didn't want to go. He was too interested in the Olympics.

Washing the cushions proved to be a job. She couldn't get the job done properly with a damp cloth. So she decided to unzip and take them off, wash them, dry them, put them on again. In the meanwhile, she was planning to vacuum out the corners of the couch. She started to turn the vacuum. Three times for the oddest reason she just didn't do it.

424

She just kept looking at the label--Kirby--on the vacuum, and not turning it on. She would walk over, but she wouldn't turn it on--she didn't know why, she just didn't.

Then she heard someone talking to Ben in the other room. At least, she could hear two people talking. One of them seemed to be Ben and one an unknown voice. She thought there might be a child out in the office, because she heard a balloon pop. So she went out to talk to the child. No reason. She just felt like talking to a kid.

When she walked out, she saw a tall man with a goatee. He had been about to leave, but he turned around and came back toward her. The craziest word went through her head. "There's poopy-doo," she said to herself, and quickly she turned around and went back to the apartment.

She actually retreated into the farthest corner of the apartment. In her mind, she kept seeing that man in the office looking her square in the face from the other side of the counter. She had a cold and ugly feeling inside as if the man was after her.

Then she got herself together, and peeked into the office through the inch of space between the television set and the square hole in the wall that separated the kitchen

925

from the office. You could sort of squint into the office through that space. So she just sat in the kitchen and watched the man as he walked out the door. Then she walked in.

Ben was on the floor. He was face down. She couldn't even see that he was injured right away. He just lay there and his legs were shaking. She bent over to look at him and saw his head was bleeding abominably. She had had first aid courses once and they told you to put your hand to a wound and apply pressure. But this was such heavy bleeding. It was as if a soft wave of blood rose out of his hair. She just put her hand on it.

She was sitting there with the phone in her free hand, the hand that wasn't on Ben's head, and the phone was ringing. ^{the Operator} It rang five and ten and fifteen times and a new man came into the office and said he had seen the other man with the gun and the phone was ringing the eighteenth and the twentieth and the twentysecond, the twenty-fifth time. There was still no answer. She said to the man, "I need an ambulance." The new man didn't speak very good English, but he held the phone, and the operator still wouldn't answer. The man went out to call the police.

Now she called Chris Caffee. It was easy to remember her number after calling her four times that afternoon. Then she just sat there with her hand on Ben's head and time became a long time. She couldn't tell how long it was before help came,

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4.

Peter Arroyo was coming back to the CITY CENTER MOTEL from the Golden Spike Restaurant where he had gone with his wife and his son and two nieces for supper around 9:30 that evening. It was now around 10:30 and he was coming back to the City Center Motel where they had taken a couple of rooms for the night.

As they came along the sidewalk, past the picture window of the motel office that looked on the street, he could see a strange sight. When he had registered, there was just a large motel attendant and his small wife. Now neither of them were visible, but a tall man with a goatee was coming around the counter just as Arroyo was coming up the street. The man had a cash drawer in his hand.

As Arroyo and his family came around the turn, and walked past the door to the office, he glanced in and the man was looking out at him. Arroyo could see that ^{the man} he had a pistol with a long barrel in the other hand.

The kids saw nothing. One of Arroyo's nieces even said she wanted to go into the office to get some stamps. Arroyo told them, "Just keep going." Out of the corner of his eye he could see the man turn around and go back to the counter. Arroyo looked no more but went to his car. Arroyo kept hoping that what he had seen was somebody fooling around with a gun. He hoped he had just imagined the scene, and there was a simple legitimate explanation for what was going on in there.

When he came to his Matador which was parked about 50 feet from the office, he sent the girls upstairs to their room. Then he started unloading the car carrier on the roof. Two men were coming down the stairs and he wondered if they were going to the office, but they were just down for ice, and went right upstairs again.

Now the man who had the gun came out of the office, turned left, and went up the street on foot. He walked in the direction of the mountains at the end of town. Arroyo went right to the office.

He could see the man on the floor, and the man's wife next to him, but he could not see ~~the~~ ^{the} injury. He just saw

blood all over the place. The man, however, was still alive. Arroyo ^{The man} could see him move a little. ~~He~~ didn't say anything, he just made noises. His foot was moving a little. Arroyo tried to help the woman turn him over, but the man was laying in too great a puddle.

((Can there be a better way to establish Gary as the killer?)))

As soon as Gary left the motel, he put the money in his pocket and threw the cash box away. Then he passed Vern's house, took a look in the window and kept walking. About a block from the gas station, he stopped to get rid of the gun. He took it by the muzzle and pushed it into some bushes. A twig caught the trigger and the gun went off. The bullet shot his hand in the soft meat between the thumb and the palm. Through the middle of the shock was the pain. It rocked through the flesh of the living and the reverberations of the dead.

Norman Fulmer took a bucket of water and threw it over the walls of the bathroom. Then he took a big sponge and washed the tile and scrubbed the floor. Then he went out to see how the work was going on Gary's truck. Instead, he saw Gilmore come back and head right to the men's room. There was a trail of separate drops of blood coming from Gilmore's ~~se~~ right across the work-bay to the door Fulmer had just closed. "I don't know," Norman said to himself, "I guess he ran into

430

a wall or something. ↓ He just mopped up the blood on the bay floor.

Fulmer
The police scanner was overhead and ~~he~~ heard somebody talking about an aggravated assault and robbery. When they gave the place, City Center Motel--which was not three blocks away--Norman began to listen real hard. He was in the habit of listening to the police scan anyway. It was more interesting than music. The scanner was now saying that one man got shot and another had left on foot.

Fulmer went right back into the bay and asked his stepson Martin if he had Gary's job put together yet, and when Martin said that he hadn't even begun to get the old thermostat out and added ~~having~~ having heard the scanner too--"I think he shot somebody," Martin started putting one bolt back in, and Fulmer screwed in the other, and soon as that was done, they got out from under the hood, and slammed it down, just as Gary came through the door. He said, "Got it done?" And Fulmer said, "Yep. I got it all done."

Gilmore got in on the shotgun side of the truck, had to slide all the way over to the driver's seat. He looked nervous. Fulmer could tell he was hurting. He was leaning over to the left of the steering wheel trying

to get the key in on that side of the panel with his right hand. When he finally got it started, Fulmer said, "Hey, take care," and Fulmer said, "See you tomorrow" and Gary said "All right" and backed out, and sure enough, he backed into the pole that was there to prevent people from backing into the drinking fountain. Fulmer said, "Oh, God," to himself. Gilmore wasn't moving now with his truck and Fulmer was thinking Gilmore still had a gun but he went back out and slapped the side of the door and said, "Hey, looks like you're a little wasted. You ought to go and get some Z's." Gilmore said, "Yeah, I'm gonna go crash." "All right," said Fulmer, "take care."

As he was driving out, Fulmer got the license number, and wrote it right down. He noticed that Gilmore turned west on Third Street. Gilmore was probably going to drive right past the City Center Motel. Fulmer put a dime in the phone and called the police and told them what kind of car Gilmore was driving. The dispatcher said, "How do you know it's the right man?" He told her about the blood, and then she asked how Gilmore parted his hair. Fulmer said, "Right down the middle. He's got a little goatee." The girl said, "That's him," which made Fulmer realize somebody else had given a description already. Then he could hear the scanner telling the police the suspect was heading west from University Avenue. At that moment, one of the cops came screaming through

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the intersection going East. Fulmer called the dispatcher back and said, "Hey, lady, one of your friends just went the wrong way with the siren on," and had the pleasure of hearing her say right over the scanner, "Turn around and go the other way."

That night Vern and Ida had been sitting in their living room next to the motel and they never heard a sound until the sirens began. Perry Mason had been on television first, then Ironside. Then the sirens began to sound. They were right in front of their house. Naturally they went out in the street to see what was happening. Vern had his clothes on, but was wearing slippers, and Ida had an orange robe and was actually barefooted. That's how sudden the sirens were.

Ida had never viewed a scene to compare with it. Patrol cars were coming in every moment with their lights turning and their sirens going. Loudspeakers kept making different kinds of sounds. Some seemed to be blasting out orders, others were just droning the same remark over and over, "WOULD YOU KEEP THE SIDEWALK CLEAR, PLEASE? WOULD YOU KEEP THE SIDEWALK CLEAR, PLEASE?" There were blazes of light, and pools of light, and now an ambulance came up and paramedics started coming out of it. Around everything was one great big white light that kept circling and circling as if it were

433

looking for the guilty party. It wasn't hard to feel important and guilty every time the light revolved past your face. The sirens were frantic. Every thirty seconds a new car kept screaming into the motel compound. People were running in from Center Street three blocks away. There was more noise than if the town of Provo was burning down.

SWAT arrived. Special Weapons and Tactical Team. Two teams of five, one after the other. Moving around in their dark blue two-piece fatigue uniforms they looked like paratroopers with their black high-laced jump boots, except the word POLICE was spelled out in big yellow letters on their back. They were certainly carrying some formidable artillery --shotguns, .357 Magnums, and semi-automatic rifles, tear gas. The night had turned cool after a hot day, but they were sweating plenty. Those armored vests under the fatigues were hot to carry.

In the courtyard of the motel, one guest had kicked off a prodigious false alarm. He kept shouting, "I saw somebody run into that room," and pointed to 115.

The police were in for it. Hardly the easiest matter to go breaking through a door in a room with an armed killer

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inside. They were sweating plenty as they stove in the door, and maced the hell out of it. Then they put on their gas masks. A bad business for taking on a killer. Your vision is cut by the goggles. But they jumped through the door. Nobody in the room. The smell of the mace, so close to the odor of vomit, drifted out into the courtyard of the motel.

Outside everything was bedlam. People kept rushing to look through the office window. They would come tearing up, look in, and take off. At one point, a crowd got to gather in front of the picture window of the office, and stood there looking at the paramedics pounding away on the chest of Ben Bushnell. He was on a stretcher in front of the counter now. Ida had one nightmarish glimpse of the gore. The office looked like a butcher shop.

Outside the motel, paramedics kept running back and forth between the office and the ambulance. They wouldn't let Chris and David Caffee inside. Chris still felt half-unconscious. When the phone had rung, she and David had been asleep. The sound of Debbie's voice screaming, "Ben's been shot," had been awful. Christ had said out of her sleep, "You know, this is a really good joke for late at night. You know, this isn't funny." Being half asleep,

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after being completely asleep, nothing made sense. They had rummaged around the house looking to find what to wear, then rushed over to the motel. It was only hours later that they would see how they had gotten dressed so fast that David's zipper was down all night.

Now Chris worked her way to the front door of the motel and yelled, "Debbie, I'm here." She could see Debbie, whose head barely came over the top of the counter, had heard, for she walked out of the office back into her apartment. Then ~~Debbie~~ came out of the back door. She had Benjamin wrapped in a blanket and was carrying a large plastic bag of diapers. Debbie threw Bennie on her, just dumped him over. Like he wasn't real. Debbie wasn't screaming, but she looked weird.

Debbie said, "He's been shot in the head and I think he's going to die." Chris said, "Oh, no, Debbie. Remember when my mom fell down the steps in D.C. and cracked her head open? Her head bled a lot but she's all right now. Ben'll be just fine." She didn't know what to say. How many times did somebody get shot in the head? She really didn't know what it meant.

Debbie went back in the house, and David looked at Chris and said, "If he's been shot in the head, he's already gone."

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About this time, Chris began to notice that the baby was acting very odd. ~~Benjamin~~ ^{The baby} usually knew her and recognized her. Chris had worked with Debbie so much in the day-care center that little Benjamin had spent time with Chris just about every day of his early life. He was usually very lively and perky with her, but now Benjamin lay there like he was dead. His eyes were completely still. Just laid in her arms and didn't move.

~~Gen: The children's spouse, the
that shaped him to this.~~

~~Verms. Just not. Don't show real flesh holes & things.~~

437

5.

Ben

Vern had known Bushnell slightly. They would chat when Vern would be watering his lawn and Bushnell watering his flowers. One time a number of boards with nails had been left out on Vern's driveway. He brought that to Bushnell's attention who said, well, that shouldn't be. I'll get after that construction crew. Next morning they weren't there. That gave Vern the impression of a conscientious man.

Now, a kid named Martin Ontiveros came up to Vern and said, "Gary did it." Vern said to him, "Gary who?" The kid said, "Gary Gilmore did it." Vern said, "How do you know Gary did it. Did you see Gary Gilmore do it?"

"No," said Martin Ontiveros.

Vern said, "Then, how do you know I didn't do it? You didn't see it happen."

438

This conversation was going on right outside the motel. Vern repeated, "You don't know."

Vern then said, "Go tell an officer. If you think it was Gary, go tell." Martin didn't move, but he said Gary had just been up at the station, and had blood all over his pants.

Vern thought, "Well, it has to bear looking into." He saw a cop who was married to a niece of Ida's, Phil Johnson, and he asked Phil to check. Some talk went back and forth, on a police radio, and then Phil came out and said, "I think it must have been him, Vern."

"Do you think he did it?" asked Ida.

"Yeah, he did it, the stupid shit," said Vern.

Glen Overton, who owned the City Center Motel, had just finished listening to the news and turned his TV off, when Debbie called him. He lived in Indian Hills at the other end of Provo and he came over fast in his green BMW, running through just about every red light on the way.

When he arrived, ~~the street was in chaos. Nothing but police and spectators in the road and all over the sidewalk.~~

There was an unheard sound in the air like a scream that still hadn't gone off. ~~Glen thought it looked like a scream between~~

~~a shooter and a carnival.~~

439

Start

Before he even tried to get into the office, Glen Overton noticed that Debbie was also standing there all alone in the little walkway between the office and the apartment. She looked to be in total shock. When she saw him she ran up and he put his arm around her and held her. She kept asking, "Is he going to die?" Since they didn't want to let her back in the office, Glen finally asked her to stay outside for a minute while he went in. *e*

After Glen identified himself, and was allowed into the office, he could see a few paramedics working over Ben. People kept running in and out. The police were making marks on the carpet next to the blood, and photographing an empty cartridge on the floor. He thought it was like "Powering Inferno". When he saw a paramedic giving Ben heart massage right on the floor, the heel of the man's hand thumping in brutal all-out rhythm against Ben chest, he knew that Ben was dead, or near it. ~~Heart massage was a last resort.~~

NE ~~Now~~ a detective asked Glen to count the receipts and estimate the loss. Glen told them straight out that they never kept more than one-hundred to one-hundred fifty dollars in that cash box. Anything more was concealed in the apartment. \$125, Glen estimated, would be the size of the loss.

At this point, the medics got ready to take Ben outside to the ambulance. Glen Overton left the office, found Debbie

(440)

and held her, tried to comfort her. So soon as the ambulance took off, he put her in his BMW and they followed.

Glen tried to
On the drive, ~~he didn't try to take the same route as the ambulance. There were a dozen equally good routes to the hospital. He was just sitting behind the wheel trying to~~ digest the irony that Ben had wanted this job because it would safeguard his life.

Glen
On the day ~~he~~ hired him, Ben had said he was working in Salt Lake but hated the drive. He had the feeling he was going to be killed on that drive. That if he didn't get off the road, he was going to be dead. Somehow, Glen felt Bushnell's conviction. There were a number of good applicants, all about at Ben's level, but the intensity of Ben's feeling that he had to get off the road, got him the job. Glen never regretted it. Ben was always asking him if he could do more and more. Overton had never known a man who was so anxious to do more. He talked about wanting to get his life in order, cause he didn't know when he'd be leaving. It obsessed Ben a little that he hadn't finished college yet and a new baby might be on the way.

Ida was on the phone to Brenda. "Honey, somebody shot that dear Mr. Bushnell next door." Ida started to cry. In between sobs, she said, "Somebody seen Gary running away. They've identified him."

441

Brenda just said, "Oh, mom." She had been walking around with a sense of disaster all evening.

Then Ida said, "You know he'll come to you. He always does. He'll be there."

Brenda called the police dispatcher in Orem whom she knew pretty well, and said, "This is nothing more than a suspicion, but I think I'm going to need help with my cousin.

^{Toby?} Catch Toby Bath and have him call me. ["] Toby will know what I mean."

Toby Bath, was ~~Debbie's~~ a police officer, was a neighbor of Brenda's.

Then they locked the doors, and Johnny got out his 22 rifle. They had hardly more than done this, when the phone rang. It was Gary. He said, "Brenda, is Johnny home? Can I talk to him?" Brenda thought, "Now that's different. Usually he wants to talk to me first."

"Johnny," he said, "I need some help, man."

"What's the matter?"

"I've been shot," said Gary. "I'm hurt. Bad. I'm over at Craig Taylor's and I need your help."

At the hospital Glen Overton was trying to keep Debbie's mind on other things, so he got her to call her uncle in Pasadena, then when Chris and David Caffee walked in the emergency entrance with Benjamin, Debbie seemed to wake up

442

for an instant, and asked Chris to contact Ben's bishop,
Dean Christiansen.

~~Chris had a time. There were a slew of Christiansens
in the Davis ORCA phone book and they all had different
spellings. That was one super-Mormon name. Besides she
didn't know if Dean was his first name or his title.~~

At the hospital, they finally put Debbie in a little
office. She sat there thinking she had to believe in some-
thing. So she kept thinking Ben was going to be all right.
Then she realized that the doctor had come into the room with
Bishop Christiansen, and they both had been sitting there
for a few minutes. Why wasn't he with Ben? Then another
doctor was there. They were all right there. It came in on
her slowly that they were waiting to get up their nerve.
Bishop Christiansen looked at her, and he whispered something
gently. She didn't hear it. She kept looking at his silver
hair. Then the doctor said that if Ben had lived, he would
have been a vegetable. Debbie said, "If he had lived, he
would have been warm, and I could have fed him and taken care
of him." She had never felt more clear-minded about what
she knew. "At least," she said, "I would have had him with
me."

443

When they took her in to see

him, Ben was covered with a sheet up to his neck, but Debbie walked forward, at first with hesitation, then put her arms around him and hugged him. She really threw her arms around him. They had to sort of pull her away from him. She held on. They let her stay for thirty seconds more before they asked her to come on out. Then they had to pull her away after all.

A doctor took Chris aside. "Would it be all right if Debbie Bushnell went home with you? She doesn't have anyone else in Provo." Chris said, "Well, yeah, if the police'll check my house every minute on the minute all night long." They certainly hadn't found the murderer yet.

On the way out of the hospital, a nurse followed them to the car and handed over a paper bag with Ben's bloody clothes, his valuables and his watch. The nurse said, "Do you want his wedding band?" Debbie looked at them and asked, "Do I want it?" David said, "Well, why don't you take it?" Chris said, "If you decide you don't want it, you can have it put back on him." They stood there waiting while the nurse went in, and came back out, and said, "We can't get his ring off. He's too fat. Do you want us to cut it off or

444

leave it on?" She was terrible. They said, "Leave the ring." Debbie was getting wimpy now. She wasn't crying hysterically or anything, but she had kind of collapsed.

445

6.

Julie Taylor had come home from the hospital that morning. **Following [WHAT KIND OF TREATMENT.]** She and Craig were sleeping in their double bed, when the knock on the door came. Craig put his robe on and went to the window and looked. Gary was standing out there on the porch. Just like that he said, "I've been shot." He made a point of showing a bleeding hand to Craig, and said that he was in a lot of pain. He looked like he was. Craig imagined it hurt pretty good.

Gary didn't ask if he could come in the house and Craig didn't exactly feel ready to let him in. He didn't know why, he just didn't want to ask him. He thought it might be because of Julie just being out of the hospital and all the bleeding of Gary's hand. He didn't want blood all over the house and Julie having to clean it.

Gary, however, didn't seem to care if he came in, or else he understood. He just said he needed help. He had to

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have a set of clothes. And he wanted Craig to take him to the airport.

"I'll take you to the hospital if you like," Craig told him.

"No," Gary said through the screen door, "I can't do that." He wasn't the least bit boisterous or violent, but he did say, "Call Brenda, then." Craig said, "Yeah, I'll do that."

When he heard her voice, he took the long extension cord that ran from the kitchen and passed the phone out to Gary on the porch. Out of the corner of his eye, Craig could see that Julie had already gone back to sleep.

Even as Johnny was talking to Gary, Brenda's policeman neighbor, Tony Bath, and his partner, Jay Barker, arrived outside. They motioned to Brenda through the door. Just as she came outside she heard an All-Points Bulletin on their radio. The voice said, "He is considered armed and extremely dangerous. Be prepared to shoot on sight."

She felt her blood run cold. For the first time she knew what that expression meant. She was living in ice water. And she started to bawl. "Come on in," she said, "Gary's on the phone."

447

Well, Johnny couldn't find a pencil to write down the address that Gary was giving him, so he handed the phone to Brenda, and she said, "How are you doing, Gary?"

"I'm shot," he told her.

"Oh, good Lord, Gary," she said, "how did that happen?"

He told her some story about how a man was robbing a store and there he was getting shot in the attempt to prevent it. It was a shitty story and he was a shitty liar, he really was.

"Will you come to me?" Gary asked.

"Yeah," she said, "I'll come to you. Or Johnny will.

I've got some codeine and I've got bandages. Where are you?" He gave her the address. She said it out loud for Johnny to write down. Tony Bath and Jay Barker in their uniforms were standing there and they also wrote it down.

It hardly improved matters that he was at Craig Taylor's. Craig had a wife and two little children. Brenda could see a shootout. As soon as she hung up, the cops proposed that Johnny go over there in his truck, and they would hide in the back.

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Johnny was thinking that if he went over like that, and Gary discovered the cops with him, everybody was going to get wasted. He felt really scared. He discovered himself lighting a cigarette right after putting the previous one, which was still lit, in the ashtray and he said, "I don't want to go over there." It was about as good a fear as Johnny had ever felt. On reconsideration, the police agreed it was too risky.

Now Brenda said, "I'll go to him. I don't think Gary will hurt me. Just let me go there and take care of his hand."

He gave
Johnny said, "You're not going."

write
The cops said no. It was flat-out no.

scribble
Brenda didn't know if she were relieved or miserable.

Johnny went down to Orem Police Headquarters with Toby Bath and Jay Barker to see what the plans might be. Meantime, Brenda talked to the police chief in Orem. He said, "Stall Gilmore as much as you can. We need time." They agreed that Brenda would keep her telephone line open, and communicate with the police through her CB.

Before long, Craig was calling. He said, "Hey, Gary's getting kind of nervous. How long has Johnny been gone?"

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"Tell Gary," Brenda said, "that Johnny had to get some gas. As usual, Johnny's out of gas again. Sometimes I think he loves to run out of gas." This might pacify Gary for a few minutes. Johnny was famous as the family character who always had to delay everybody while he got gas.

Outside her house, there were police cars screaming around the corners. Now, there was a lot of chaos ~~going on~~ in Orem. Johnny called to say he was coming home. The police had a plan. In the meantime, she was to stall.

Craig called again. She said she hadn't heard from Johnny but he'd probably gotten lost on all those difficult roads up in Pleasant Grove. People who lived in Orem, she explained, had a checkerboard for streets and that got them spoiled. They didn't know what to do with the weirdly curved streets in Pleasant Grove where Fourth North didn't mind getting skewed behind Third South.

She called the police to tell them what was happening. Gary was obviously getting impatient. It was also obvious to her that she felt very much like a traitor. Gary's trust was the weapon she was using to nail him. It was true she wanted to nail him, but she didn't want, well, she didn't want to have to betray him to do it.

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Craig had gone outside to sit with Gary on the porch. He was wearing his red velvet bathrobe. He turned the light off, and they sat out there in the dark on the bungalow porch. Craig didn't know anything about tonight, but he did ask Gary if he had killed the guy the night before at the service station. Craig didn't exactly ask him, but he did say, "Gary, if I knew you had anything to do with the murder last night, I'd turn you in right now."

Gary said, "I swear to God I didn't shoot that guy." Looked him straight in the eye. He had a powerful knack of staring you in the eye.

Gary asked him to call again. Craig went inside, picked up the phone, and talked to Brenda a second time. She was nervous. Craig could more or less sense she had called the police. She didn't say anything like that to Craig, she just asked if he and his family were all right, and if Gary was being decent, and Craig said, "We're all right. He's fine."

He went back to the porch.

Gary said he had friends in Washington State, and he believed he would go in the underground. He mentioned Patty

Hearst. ' He said he could connect with her old network. Craig didn't know if Gary really knew her, or was bragging. Craig asked once more if he wanted to go to the hospital. Gary said he was an ex-con, and they wouldn't understand.

They sat out there about half an hour just talking. About nothing really. Gary spoke to him about April. Said she was a real slick chick. He was kind of bragging. He didn't indicate that he had had her, but he said she was "Real nice." The longer they sat out there, the calmer Gary got. He almost got despondent. Then he said he would send a painting, when they got settled. He also said, "I'll send you my new address and you can send me my clothes and stuff." That was because he had brought his paintings, his poems, his manila envelope full of snapshots and all his other few belongings over from Spanish Fork. He said, "You can send me all them things when I get settled."

To himself, Craig kept saying, "Come on, Johnny, you son of a bitch, get here."

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7.

When the Caffees got home, they discovered that Debbie was covered with blood. Chris had to take her into the other room to change. Then Debbie wanted to make phone calls. She wanted to call everybody. She called her mom and Ben's sister and all her own brothers and sisters and Ben's friend Porter Dudson up in Wyoming. There were a lot of people. She just called and called. She would start crying and say, "Ben's been shot and he's dead." It was like a memorized line. She'd wait for a reaction. It was one o'clock in the morning and she called everybody except Ben's mom who had a heart condition.

Chris and David had a sofa bed in the living room and they opened it up. To Chris's surprise, it was made up. She caught herself thinking, "That's probably because I didn't change the sheets," and David and she lay on the sofa bed and Debbie sat in the rocking chair and rocked Benjamin.

#

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Now, it was Gary, not Craig, on the phone. He was getting angry. "Where's John?" he asked.

"He should be there by now," said Brenda. "It's not that far."

"God, man," said Gary, "he's not here."

"Well, honey, calm down," she said.

"Cousin, is Johnny really coming out or not?"

Brenda said, "Yeah, he's coming, Gary."

She had a flash. "Gary, what was the house number again? 67 or 69?"

Gary said, "No, it was 76."

"Uh-oh," said Brenda, "I gave him the wrong one."

He was getting very impatient with her. "Will you get it right this time?" he snapped.

"Okay, Gary," she said meekly, "Johnny's got the CB in the truck, and I've got one here. I'll wire him that he's at the wrong address. Just hang tight." She took a breath, "If you feel kind of faint," she said, "or kind of badly from the wound, why don't you go out on the porch where the air is cool and take some deep breaths. Turn the light on so Johnny can find you."

"Say," said Gary, "how stupid do you think I am?"

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Brenda said, "All right, stay inside. But get by a window where the air is cool and fresh. That way you won't pass out."

"All right," he said. He still must ~~trust~~ her.

have been trusting

Coming off the phone, she began to bawl again. It seemed so wrong to do it this way. But she called the police department, and said, "He's getting very impatient."

To Gary, when he called again, she said, "Listen, I know you're in pain, Hang loose. Don't do something stupid. Just stay put."

Brenda was now patched in with the Provo, the Orem, and the Pleasant Grove police chiefs and she could tell from what the dispatchers were saying that the neighborhood around Craig Taylor's house was being evacuated. The police were moving up. They were getting into position. One of the police chiefs wanted to know which room Gary was in and she told them, she thought he was in the living room. Was the light on, he wanted to know. She said, she didn't think so.

Just then Gary called back again. "Hey, if John ain't here in five minutes," he said, "I'm splitting."

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"My God, Gary," she said, "are you on the run or something? If you haven't done anything, be patient."

Gary said, "I'm leaving in five minutes."

She said, "Be careful, Gary. I love you."

He said, "Yeah." He hung up.

Back to the police, she said, "he's coming out. I know he's got a gun, but for God's sakes, try not to kill him." Brenda added, "I mean it. Don't fire. He doesn't know you're there. See if you can surround him." She didn't know if she was reaching anybody.

After the last call, Craig just talked to Gary through the screen in the window, until finally Gary said, "Stick your head out through the screen and let me see your face." That was the moment that Gary said, "You know, you'll never beat me at chess." He acted, right then, like he knew he'd had it.

The way Gary's friendship with Craig Taylor had begun was that one day Craig had found himself stranded at work, and Gary drove him home. Having found out where Craig lived, Gary had begun to drop in on him after work, and would stay just long enough to play a game of chess. Craig wasn't that phenomenal a player, but he certainly never beat Gary. They'd put the board on a white chair and Gary would get on his knees

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and go at it wholeheartedly. He took the game serious^{ly}. He loved it every time he won.

Now, he shook hands with Craig and said, "Well, they're never coming, so I'm leaving." They shook hands, thumbs up, pretty good handshake, Gary still looking Craig in the eye, and then he dropped off the porch and went out to his truck. Craig turned the porch light off, and watched him go down the road. Then ~~he~~^{Craig} went back to the bedroom.

For a little while, Brenda got the play-by-play. A voice came over the special channel on the CB, and it said, "Gilmore's leaving right now. I can see the truck. He's pulling out right now. He has the lights on." Then she heard a little more. He was heading down to the first roadblock. She didn't know what happened next, but somehow he seemed to have just driven around that first roadblock. He was out and he was loose in Pleasant Grove.

She heard somebody from the police say, "I've got to cut you off now." Cut her off, they did. For an hour and a half. It was all of that before she knew what had happened.

After Gary left, Craig and Julie sat talking for a little while. Craig said, "I think he killed somebody. Not tonight, that is, but last night."

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Craig now called Spence McGrath and told him that Gary was in trouble, and he thought the police were after him. Craig was concerned that Gary might try to come over to Spencer's place. He wanted to warn him. When he told Spencer what had happened, Spencer said, "Wow, that's kind of wild."

After they hung up, Spence went looking for his deer rifle, got it out, and he had it laying right next to the door ~~and~~ while he and Marie were sitting watching television.

There were lights through the window and Craig went to the door and the cops said, "Come out with your hands up." They searched the house. They still didn't believe Gary had not been inside. Julie appeared in her bathrobe, but the cops weren't all that courteous. The kids slept through the whole thing.

Craig had given Gary a cloth to catch the blood from his hand. When the bleeding slowed down, Craig had thrown it in the garbage can. Finding it, the cops were confirmed in their conclusion that Gary had been inside. Craig kept telling them he hadn't.

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They went through the house, and found Gary's clothes and Gary's drawings, and said there'd be an officer up to take a statement.

A little later they changed their mind and told Craig to drive down to Provo and give a statement from there. He was up all night.

All the while Gary had been talking to Craig, the police had been setting things up. A SWAT team from Provo had come over; another five officers from Orem, and a few from Pleasant Grove, a couple of County Sheriffs and Highway Patrol and they met at the Pleasant Grove high school and established an impromptu command post right there. Since there was every chance of a shootout, they had decided it was better to start cleaning out the area around Craig Taylor's house. That meant tip-toeing from door to door, waking people up, getting them out of the neighborhood--it was going to be tricky. In the meantime, they set up a roadblock on a couple of the streets leading away from Craig Taylor's house.

When the word came down that somebody was driving away from Craig Taylor's house in a white truck, everybody was expecting a vehicle to come barrelling through going fast

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out of hell. What fooled everybody was that the white truck just drove at a moderate rate of speed, slowed down and then went right around the roadblock. It wasn't that heavy a roadblock, just a barrier across half the two-lane, and a police car parked to the side, close enough to be able to describe each driver. After the guy in the white truck had driven past, it was reported that he was a man in a white truck with a goatee. Then it registered. It was him. Two of their vehicles took off after him.

A couple of the cops stayed right where they were. At the time they were thinking that the first fellow might have been a decoy leaving the scene in hopes everybody would chase after him. Then Gilmore could walk right on out of the house.

The trouble with a roadblock is that it was too much of an invitation to a shootout. So Lieutenant Peacock, who was running the operation from the command post at the Pleasant Grove High School, had already told his people to let any white vehicle go through if there was some doubt. Next thing he heard all the news about the white truck leaving the Craig Taylor home, passing through the roadblock, and that the driver did look like Gilmore. ^{space} From his position at the high school, he could actually see the truck just a few hundred yards away, driving east toward the mountains on a street

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called Battle Creek Drive. Going along at no great speed, in fact, Maybe it was five or ten miles over the speed limit, which was only 25 miles an hour right there. Peacock radioed for a car to follow, and when he heard that all vehicles in the vicinity were locked or tied up, he got into his unmarked patrol car, and proceeded after him. Within a few blocks he got near enough to see the truck ahead. Since he had been radioing his position, another car driven by Ron Allen fell in behind him at that point. The vehicle Peacock was driving was a plain 1976 Chevelle four door sedan, also white, a basic model. Of course, if the man in the white truck was familiar with the Orem city police, he would know it was a police vehicle, but there was nothing to see on the exterior. The oscillating light was behind the windshield mount on the dashboard and the two red lights were concealed behind the grille. Naturally, he didn't have any lights on at this time.

They went along for a couple of blocks on Battle Creek Drive. Then the man in the white truck made a right hand turn and started going west down a long gentle grade on an empty country road at the edge of Pleasant Grove. There were just a few houses on either side, but he was heading back towards population. At that point, another patrol car had come up, and Peacock decided he now had sufficient

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assistance to make a stop on the truck. While the road they were on was not real wide, it would be broad enough for three cars to get abreast. So, at that point, he radioed for the other two to come up on the left hand side of him, and they turned on their spotlights at once, their overhead red lights and they blasted out with their PA system: "DRIVER IN THE WHITE TRUCK, STOP YOUR VEHICLE, STOP YOUR VEHICLE." The truck wavered, slowed down, came to a halt. Peacock opened his door. He had a Remington 12-gauge shotgun in the front seat. But, instinctively, he came out with his service weapon.

The white truck stopped in the center of the road. As Peacock got out of his car, he stood behind his open door. He could hear Ron Allen commanding Gilmore to put his hands up right where he was sitting in the driver's seat of the white truck. Put them up, so he could be seen through the rear window. The man hesitated, Allen had to order him a third time before he finally lifted his hands so they could see them. Then Allen told him to put both hands outside the open driver's window. He was to open the door from the outside latch. The driver hesitated again. Then he finally obeyed. Once the door was open, he was told to get out of the truck.

By now, Peacock had walked around in back of the Chevelle, and was standing out of the line of the headlights, on the

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right hand side of the road where it was dark. He had his weapon ready. He knew the suspect couldn't see him for ~~him~~ ^{the suspect's} eyes would be blinded by the lights of the car. The other officers were still standing by their patrol cars each behind an open car door for protection.

As the man walked a step or two away from his vehicle he hesitated again. They told him to lie down on the road, but he hesitated. At that moment, his pickup truck started to roll down the incline. They commanded him again to lay down, but he kept hesitating. He was acting like he didn't know whether to go after the truck or to lie down. At this point, Peacock hollered, "LET THE TRUCK GO." Then he bellowed, "LAY DOWN IN THE ROAD IMMEDIATELY. LET THE TRUCK GO." The man did. He lay down.

The truck rolled along the street for 100 feet and then another hundred, and then slowly, gently, almost thoughtfully went off the shoulder, through a fence, down a pasture, and came to rest maybe 200 feet after leaving the road.

Now all three officers came walking along the blacktop, weapons out. Peacock had his service weapon, the next officer had his, the third was holding a shotgun.

When they reached the man who was lying face down on the pavement, Peacock put his gun away, and frisked the man

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lying on the ground. At the same time, Officer Allen began to read off his Miranda rights. All this while the suspect hadn't said a word.

"You have the right to remain silent and refuse to answer questions. Do you understand?" asked Allen. The man nodded.

"Anything you say may be used against you in a court of law. Do you understand?" asked Allen. The man nodded.

"You have the right to consult an attorney before speaking to the police and to have an attorney present during any questioning now or in the future. Do you understand?" asked Allen.

The man nodded.

"If you cannot afford an attorney, one will be provided for you without cost. Do you understand?" asked Allen.

The man nodded.

"If you do not have an attorney available, you have the right to remain silent until you have an opportunity to consult one. Do you understand?" asked Allen.

The man nodded.

"Now that I have advised you of your rights, are you willing to answer the questions without an attorney present?" asked Allen. He had asked each of these questions in a penetrating voice, like a referee giving instructions at a prize fight.

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At this point, Peacock was putting handcuffs on him, and the man said, "Be careful of that hand, it's been hurt. Be careful of my hand." Peacock fastened the handcuffs, and turned him over and began to go through his pockets. He had upwards of \$200 in small change and currency in various shirt pockets and pants pockets, and he certainly had a wild look in his eye, like an animal in a cage that seems to be saying, "What am I going to do now? What's my next move?"

All the while they were going through this procedure, Peacock had the feeling that the prisoner did not make any move without looking for the possibility that a moment would come and he could use it. ~~It was as if the center of his head was saying, "What's my next move? What's the next thing I do?"~~ Even though he had the fellow handcuffed, Peacock remained completely on guard, almost as if he were still capturing the fellow. It was because he got such a sense of resistance from the way the fellow hesitated every time a command was given. Of course, he also looked dazed.

A number of people had begun to come out of the nearby houses on this road and stood in a circle staring at the captive, like he was some kind of wildcat in a bag. Peacock had been

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concentrating on the prisoner so much that it was almost with surprise he saw they had an audience. At that point the man in the handcuffs looked around and saw Gerald Nielsen who had come up in another police car and was now standing next to Lieutenant Peacock and the prisoner spoke up suddenly and said, pointing to Nielsen, "Hey, I'm not going to talk to anybody but him."

They took Gilmore over, and put him in the back seat of Lieutenant Peacock's car and Gerald Nielsen got in with him. Nielsen said, "What's going on?" and Gilmore said, "Hey, I'm hurtin', you know? Can you give me one of those pills?" He pointed to the official plastic bag where they had put the money and the pills and everything else they had taken from his pockets, and Nielsen said, "Well, we'll take you down, get you taken care of." They drove off.

Sissy was staying in the house with Kathrynne and the kids when the police arrested Gary on the road right outside their house.

What an upsetting evening they had spent. April had taken off again, and it was hot beyond belief all day. They had left the doors open and the windows open. They kept waiting for April to come back. They watched television and the pressure in the house got so great and Kathrynne and her

sister Kathy were so upset they couldn't even go to sleep. They let the others bed down wherever they wanted, but they just sat around talking, scared to death. In April's condition, anybody could kill her. After a while, Sissy took the kids and went to sleep in one bedroom on the floor. Kathy and Kathryne went to Angel's bedroom and sat there talking on the bottom bunk bed. They didn't want any light on, just sitting there. Worried talk, like where in the hell could April be?

Then all of a sudden, a floodlight went right on across the bedroom window. My God, they didn't know what was happening. A huge loudspeaker boomed in, sounded like a huge loudspeaker. It was shouting, "YOU IN THE WHITE PICKUP." Instantly, it jumped to Kathryne's mind: Gary. "Oh, my God," she said, "it's that crazy Gary." Then they heard the loudspeaker say, "AT THE COUNT OF TWO, PUT UP YOUR HANDS, PUT UP YOUR HANDS." And a voice saying, "Get ready to open up on him if he doesn't obey."

At that, Kathy and she hit the floor at the same instant. They could have been soldiers, they did it so instinctively. The bedroom was bathed in light for a second as the spotlight circled around. Then Kathy crawled into the kitchen, and turned out the kitchen light. They could see red lights

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flashing everywhere outside, then the circling light went out, and they could look out the window, and Kathrynne could see the white truck. Police were walking up the road carrying guns, my God, the guns looked long! Someone yelled, "They got him!" Sissy woke up then, and she started screaming and carrying on. Kathy grabbed a hold of her and Kathrynne said, "Sissy, don't go out there. You can't go out there," but Nicole broke loose and was out. They ran right behind her and Sunny was with them, and Nicole walked over to where Gary was laying on the ground. With all the lights on, he looked like he didn't know what was going on. He was looking around him with a dazed expression like "What's happening?" and the police wouldn't let Nicole up close. She just stood a distance away looking down at him, and one of the cops started questioning Kathrynne and asked, "Do you know him?" Kathrynne said, "Yeah, we know him." And the cop said, "Well, he was coming here. He was right about up to your driveway when we got him. You were lucky," the cop said. Then one of them said, "I think he killed a fellow the night before too." That's when panic hit Kathrynne. They still hadn't found April. And now Nicole looked like she was out of her mind.

With the cops outside and the loudspeakers going, and the white truck there in the field through the trees, Nicole

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was shaking. Because, man, that was the moment when everything came down. She knew they had found the murderer who had killed the man last night and the murderer was right there. Gary was handcuffed but he didn't even see her.

She didn't know whether she wanted to go up to him or not, and when she started, a cop stopped her, and she didn't feel like fighting a cop, she just stood there, watching them handcuff him, watching them point all those rifles at him. Then she went inside and there was nothing in her. She remembered how the truck had begun to roll just as she came out the door, and he had tried to reach in and set the emergency, and they told him just get out and hold his hands up, and the cops had let the truck go. Nicole felt like a zombie.

When she came back inside, she was shaking and screaming and crying. She took his photograph and threw it in the garbage. She said, "That crazy son of a bitch, I should have killed him when I had the chance!" Now she shouted, "Why didn't I kill him? Why didn't I kill him?" She was going through all kinds of changes. She knew no love for him that night, not after the police had gone away. She had vacated the love over these weeks. She lay there and things went through her mind like a broken record. Sentences they had said to one another played over and over.

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Toby Bath called Brenda and said, "We've got him. He's in custody." "Is he Okay?" asked Brenda. "Yes," said Toby, "he's fine." "Anybody else get hurt?" asked Brenda. "Nope, nobody got hurt. We did a good clean job." "Thank God," said Brenda. She had never been in a more shattered state. Just sitting there trying to keep from shaking, she couldn't even cry. She said, "Oh, Gary's going to hate me. He's not too happy with me anyways. But now he's going to hate me." She was more worried about that more than anything.

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XII Gerald Nielsen on July 21

After the arrest, they took Gary to the hospital, and
as they drove along, he said to Gerald Nielsen in the rear
seat, "What we got about, I want to tell you about it."
Nielsen had observed Gary in the hospital.
When Gary was taken to the hospital, he was taken to the
first floor, and Nielsen was taken to the first floor.
Nielsen had to make up whether he was going to
give any information to the police. Should he be kind or
was it best to be stern? Most of the time on the way to the
hospital, they were silent, but Gilmore did say a couple of
times, "When you get a chance, I want to talk to you about
it, you know."

At the hospital, they proceeded to doctor him. The
Provo police had already called to say they wanted a hotel
detention test on his hand, but Gilmore refused to do it. He

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1.

After the arrest, they took Gary to the hospital, and as they drove along, he said to Gerald Nielsen in the rear seat, "When we get alone, I want to tell you about it." Nielsen said okay.

It alerted ~~him~~ ^{Nielsen} to look for a confession. The first decision Nielsen had to make was whether he was going to play the good or the bad policeman. Should he be kind or was it best to be stern? Most of the time on the way to the hospital, they were silent, but Gilmore did say a couple of times. "When you get a chance, I want to talk to you about it, you know."

At the hospital, they proceeded to doctor him. The Provo police had already called to say they wanted a metal detection test on his hand, but Gilmore refused to do it. He

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said to Gerald Nielsen, "I want to talk to an attorney first." Gerald said, "Well, we'll get you an attorney, but he can't help you on that. That's legal evidence."

Gilmore said, "Do I have a legal right to refuse it?" "Yeah," said Gerald, "you can. And we always have the legal right to do it by force." "Well," said Gilmore, "you're going to have to force me." He swore a couple of times and cussed and hollered and said he wasn't going to do it, and a couple of times Nielsen thought it might end up in a brawl, but finally he consented. The tests revealed he had held metal in his hand. Gilmore replied, "Well, I had to do some filing today at work. I'm sure that's what it is." It must have been four in the morning before they got to the Provo city jail.

While the doctors were putting the wet Plaster of Paris on Gilmore's hand, Nielsen decided to take a gamble and said, "Put a ring in it, will you, so we can get the handcuffs on." Gary said, "God, you've got a sense of humor." Nielsen felt it had gotten them started.

Noall Wootton, the prosecutor for Utah County, was a small guy with light hair, a high forehead, and a large nose that looked like it had once been flattened. He was usually a bundle of energy. When he got stoked up, he was like a

tugboat chug-chug-chugging on any behemoth assigned to him.

In Noall Wootton's opinion the best lawyer he ever met was his father. Maybe for that reason he could never go into a courtroom without a stomach tied in knots. He felt as if his true judge was his conscience, and so he cared about his faults. He had won cases and still felt badly because they hadn't been up to what they should have been. For that reason he was more than careful to observe the legal amenities on the night they brought Gilmore to the Provo City Police Station.

On Tuesday night, or rather Wednesday morning at 1:00 A.M. when the call came in to Wootton's home that the police had a man in custody for the motel murder in Provo, Noall immediately called an investigator and a deputy. Hearing the suspect was not yet at the jail but at the hospital being treated for a wound in his hand, he sent a deputy to the hospital and proceeded himself to the murder scene. Once there, Wootton[†] spent an hour and a half directing the search for a gun. Having talked to the service station attendant, Martin Ontiveros, and found out that Gilmore had come in bleeding, he found a trail of blood leading back to the motel, and they followed it to its origin near a bush on

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the street. They looked into the twigs and there was a Browning automatic 22.

About this time Wootton got word that Gilmore was leaving the hospital to come to the Provo police station. Wootton was therefore sitting on the desk in the detectives' room wearing his boots and levis and not looking very official, when Gilmore was brought in looking pretty messed up. His arm was bandaged in a cast and his hair was mussed. His Van Dyke goatee looked kind of wild in that situation, and he had a glassy stare in his eyes. He was looking pissed off about the whole deal. "Pissed" was the legal word for it, Wootton would say.

Gilmore was particularly angry that he had chains on his feet. But, he looked like the kind of guy to make Wootton glad there was a bunch of burly cops around. Chains and all, he would not have wanted to be alone in that room with Gilmore.

Just so soon as Wootton learned that the only man Gilmore would talk to was Gerald Nielsen, he took the Lieutenant aside and told him the strategy he thought to use, which was to calm Gilmore down, get him into a befriending type of thing, and be sure to advise him of all his rights. Make

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sure he was unintoxicated, or at least not under the influence of alcohol, that he knew where he was and what he was doing, that he was coherent, and most important, not to put pressure on him, just talk to him.

Wootton then recorded the conversation that Nielson had with Gilmore, and had a transcript made of it. Wootton actually listened to the conversation through a speaker in another room. He was taking care not to have a direct role in the investigation. He didn't want to get into a dialogue with Gilmore because such a conversation could easily become evidence, and then he might eventually have to get up on the stand. Since he was going to prosecute the case, he didn't wish to be in court wearing a second hat.

* TRANSCRIPTION FROM TAPE
BETWEEN GARY GILMORE AND
GERALD NEILSEN, July 21, 1976 5:00 A.M.

GILMORE: I want to ask you two or three questions. What am I being held for?

NIELSEN: I don't know except I suspect armed robbery. I'm almost sure that's what it is. Like I say, I believe from what I've seen and heard tonight...the thing that concerns me...

GILMORE: What robbery?

NIELSEN: The one here in Provo tonight at the motel and the one last night in Orem at the service station.

GILMORE: You know, I can account for last night real well, and I can account for tonight...

NIELSEN: Not too well, Gary.

GILMORE: Yes I can.

NIELSEN: You know, here you are, there at the scene...I went and had some work done on my truck down at Penneys. You'll see the receipts in the glove box, and I did some drinking. The truck kept stopping so I took it down here. . .and told them, "Listen, I'll leave my truck here and I'll pick it up in the morning and go to work and go down here and rent a room." I walked in and this guy had a gun on this guy. I grabbed it and he tried to shoot me in the head, and I pushed the gun up, and it got me in the hand. By that time, we was about outside, so I just went back down and got my truck and went out to Pleasant Grove. . .

NIELSEN: That's your story?

GILMORE: That's the truth.

NIELSEN: I don't believe it, Gary, I really don't believe that, and I know that you know that I don't. . .

GILMORE: I'm just telling you what happened. . .

NIELSEN: You know that story doesn't convince me, okay? I can't understand why those people got shot. Why did you shoot them, Gary? That's what I'm wondering.

GILMORE: I didn't shoot anybody.

NIELSEN: I think you did, Gary. That's the only thing I can't understand.

GILMORE: Listen, last night I was with that girl all night.

NIELSEN: What girl?

GILMORE: April Baker.

NIELSEN: April Baker? Where's she from, how can I get in touch with her?

GILMORE: She lives in Pleasant Grove. She was with me every minute. Her mother will tell you that I went over there and picked her up pretty early in my truck. See, I was going with her big sister, you know, who used to live out in Spanish and we busted up, so I went over to show them my truck and April said, "Take me down here to get something for my brother," and I said, "Do you want me to drive around and drink some beer," and she said, "Yeah." She don't get along with her mother. She said, "Okay," so we drove around and drank some beer,

smoked some weed, and I said, "Let's get a motel, I have to work in the morning." She said, "Go out here to American Fork." Well, I couldn't find one, so I ended up coming back to Provo.

NIELSEN: Which place?

GILMORE: Holiday.

NIELSEN: At the Holiday? Did you sign in on your own name?

GILMORE: Yeah, we stayed there until about 7:00. I took her home.

NIELSEN: 7:00 this morning?

GILMORE: Yeah, then I went to work.

NIELSEN: What time did you pick her up?

GILMORE: 7:00. 5:00. 7:00, I don't know. I don't have a watch. I don't like to wear watches.

NIELSEN: Was she with you when you stopped at the service station out there?

GILMORE: I didn't stop at any service station.

NIELSEN: Gary, I really think you did.

GILMORE: I didn't.

NIELSEN: You saw that .22 automatic out there on the way in?

GILMORE: I seen a gun laying out there.

NIELSEN: Have you ever seen it before?

GILMORE: No.

NIELSEN: Well, if it's registered to you, you're sunk.

GILMORE: It ain't.

NIELSEN: Okay. I don't know, Gary. I can't. . .

GILMORE: Hey, that's what happened. I know you don't believe it.

NIELSEN: I really don't, Gary. I really don't, I really don't. I think you did 'er, and I can't understand why you ended up

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shooting the people. That's what I can't understand.

GILMORE: Listen. . .

NIELSEN: Gary, that's really the way I feel.

GILMORE: Do you think I'd shoot a person with that girl?

NIELSEN: I don't know. If you left her in the car down at the corner or she didn't know, that's another matter.

GILMORE: You can talk to her. . .

NIELSEN: How do we get a hold of her? . . .

GILMORE: She lives with her mother. . .

NIELSEN: Can you tell me how to get there? . . .

GILMORE: I can give you a phone number--785-4712. She might be kind of hot that I had her daughter out all night, but I don't. . .

NIELSEN: April Baker.

GILMORE: She was with me all the time.

NIELSEN: How old is she?

GILMORE: Eighteen.

NIELSEN: She's of age then. I don't know, it just looks bad, Gary. . .

~~New Gary went into a long description that repeated how he had spent his day. Nielsen interrupted him.~~

NIELSEN: Can you describe the robber?

GILMORE: He had long hair, dressed, you know, in levis, a brighter jacket, you know, a levi jacket.

NIELSEN: I'll check that, I'll check it, but I don't believe that. I think as it stands, especially with your past record, I think they have a good case of robbery against you. I still can't understand why they were killed, I can't understand that.

GILMORE: Can't understand what?

NIELSEN: Why they were killed. I can't understand that. Gary, why were they killed?

GILMORE: Who?

NIELSEN: The guy in the motel and the guy out there. . .

GILMORE: I didn't kill anybody.

NIELSEN: I don't know, I think so.

GILMORE: Like I told you, I knew just where I was at every minute.

NIELSEN: What if I go check with these people and they say, "He's feeding you B.S.?"

GILMORE: They won't.

NIELSEN: You sure? Everybody will say that? .

GILMORE: They might tell you a little different times or whatever.

NIELSEN: What will April say if I ask her about 10:30 last night?

GILMORE: April's a little spacey; she's been out here at the. . .

NIELSEN: What if I ask her last night where she was at 10:30-- if you and her ever stopped by a service station in Orem. What will she tell me?

GILMORE: I don't know; she's a little spacey. When she was young, some guys took her out and gave her some acid without her knowing it and raped her, and she's been up here at the place with her mother, you know.

NIELSEN: Does Nicole know that you've gone with April or have you and Nicole broken up again? . . .

GILMORE: What I just told you was personal and private. I don't know what she'll tell you. April was with me every minute last night. . . I got lonely for Nicole, so I just went by and got her little sister. First I just stopped by to show her my truck, and April wanted a ride. We got to necking and laughing and giggling, and I kept her all night. Well, look, that's it.

NIELSEN: I'll check it, I'll check her.

GILMORE: I ain't going to tell you nothing else without a lawyer. That's all, can I eat?

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NIELSEN: It's getting close to breakfast time, you hungry? I'll tell them.

GILMORE: My hand still hurts too.

NIELSEN: It's getting close, but I'll tell them to fudge a little bit and give those to you a little early. He said around 7:00, but we'll try it a little earlier than that. Gary, I'll check it, okay?

GILMORE: Talk to my aunt down there.

NIELSEN: That's your Aunt Ida?

GILMORE: Yeah, 130 West 300 South. My Uncle Vern's shoe repair on University.

NIELSEN: Okay, I'll check with them.

GILMORE: Yeah, you check them out and you know I don't know precisely what times and what the people might say.

NIELSEN: Without an attorney and off the record, you wouldn't answer what I asked you a while ago.

GILMORE: What was that?

NIELSEN: About why they were killed when you left.

GILMORE: I don't know why they were killed. I didn't kill them.

NIELSEN: I hope that's true because that just worries me, that part. I can't understand it. I can understand the other. I can understand the stick-up thing.

GILMORE: I didn't stick nobody up, and I didn't kill nobody.

NIELSEN: Is it all right if I come back this afternoon to talk to you after I check on some of this? I'll see what time they feed breakfast. I don't know their policies; they're going to keep you.

GILMORE: How about just telling them to give me those other two pills so I can go to sleep. I know they're going to keep me. I'm not charged yet though or booked or whatever.

NIELSEN: Yeah, they'll be doing that though. They'll be fingerprinting you though. They'll want to have you for a few days. Hope that gets better, okay? But I'll want to come back and see you later.

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GILMORE: I ain't killed nobody, and I ain't robbed nobody.

NIELSEN: Gary, I hope not but I have a hard time believing otherwise. At this point I have a hard time believing otherwise.

GILMORE: Will you check these things out and check the paraffin test?

NIELSEN: I'll be back, okay? Anything else?

GILMORE: I'm hungry, and I'm in pain.

When Wootton got home ^{early} Wednesday morning, he had about decided to charge Gilmore with first degree murder on the motel case. While their only thumbprint on the weapon was too smudged to check out, the paraffin test had certified that Gilmore had recently held something of a metallic nature in his hand.

Also, they had a witness, Peter Arroyo. He had seen Gilmore in the motel with the gun and the cash box. It looked promising to Wootton.

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Boss Stet

The wind had been blowing the trash, and she had been picking stuff up. She saw a sack stuffed under an old soft-drink chest that looked half-open, so she picked it up, and it was surprisingly heavy. There were several guns in there, wrapped in newspaper.

When Val saw them, he shouted, "Hold it, wait a minute, just right there. JUST DON'T TOUCH THAT STUFF! Get on the phone. Call a detective!"

When the police came out, they asked Val again if Gilmore offered him any guns. He said, "No. If he had, I would have shit. I don't like guns."

Later, the press was not above tying together the fact that three guns had been found at V.J. Motors thirty-six hours after Gilmore took the keys to the truck.

- 2. -

~~Earlier that morning,~~ at 9 A.M., Gary was on the phone. "Where are you?" Brenda asked. He kind of snickered. Then he said, "It's all right, I'm in custody. I can't get to you."

She said, "Oooh, God, thank goodness." The words sounded awful in her ear. She was as strung out from lack of sleep as she'd ever been. "Hey, really," Brenda said, "you okay?"

"Fine," said Gary. In a cold voice, he added, "How come you didn't come?"

"I was scared," said Brenda. "Anyway, they wouldn't let me come."

"What about John?" Gary asked.

"They wouldn't let him come either, Gary. I'm sorry."

"You betrayed me," he said.

"I didn't want to see you smeared all over Highway 89. I didn't want to see the policemen I had sent out there to have their wives left as widows. They're my neighbors." She took a breath and added, "You're alive, aren't you?"

"What in hell makes you think I want to be? It would have been a lot simpler if they'd wasted me out there."

~~She could hear her own voice in her ears as she was speaking, and it spoiled what she had to tell him. It sounded too sure of itself. "I really didn't want you to get blown away like some common criminal," she said. "To me, you're very uncommon. You're crooked, but you're not common."~~

~~"You could have come," he said, "and took me to the state line."~~

~~"Gary, that's good dreaming, but it wouldn't have been real. I wouldn't've done it."~~

~~"I'd have done it for you," he said.~~

~~She said, "I believe that. I'm sorry, Gary. I love you very much, but I couldn't've done that for you."~~

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~~Gary said, "I'd have gone to Canada. You betrayed me."~~

"I love you," Brenda said. "I didn't know any other way to round you up, without you getting hurt."

There was a long pause and then he said, "Well, I need some clothes."

space / "Why?" she asked. "did they take your clothes?"

"Yeah," he said. "Evidence."

"I'll bring some to you."

He said, "I gotta have them by ten o'clock."

She said, "I'll be there."

He said, "Okay, Coz," and he hung up, just that abruptly.

She went down to the Provo City Center where they had the jail, the new modern building on Center Street with the dark brown stone. It looked a lot like the modern Orem City Center with the dark-brown stone, that also had a jail. She took some of John's work clothes down. She knew she wouldn't get them back, and she didn't want to give away John's best things.

When she got there, they wouldn't let Brenda anywhere near him. Had him in some dungeon downstairs. Told her she couldn't see him because he hadn't been arraigned yet.

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"God damn," said Brenda, "I have clothes for him. The man can't go into court naked." "We'll take it to him," they said.

~~Before Gary had hung up, he had asked, "Will you be there?" Will you go down to the courtroom with me?" She had said, "Oh, Gary, I look like a damned spook."~~

space

~~Now, while Brenda was still there, a TV crew arrived and the hall became jammed with cables and mini-cameras and all sorts of people she'd never seen before in her life. She didn't have any makeup on, her hair was in a dumb pony tail, and she had a pair of shorts on and probably looked as overweight as she felt right now. She just wasn't about to get on camera like that.~~

~~She saw Gary being brought up the stairs, however, so she stepped behind the camera where he couldn't see her, and watched as he went down the hall. She could see he was looking for her, and she said to herself, "Oh, God, I guess I really hate facing him." She thought she probably shouldn't feel ashamed, but she did.~~

Mike Esplin, the court appointed defense attorney, looked a little bit like a rancher. In fact, he came from a ranching family. He was a nice height, pleasantly built, and wore a small brush mustache. He would have been a good

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looking man but for his eyes, which appeared a little tired and were a watery blue-gray. He was, however, dapper in his dress, real dapper: a gray shirt, red tie, a gray-plaid suit with a red stripe.

The first he heard of Gary Gilmore was when the Clerk in the City Court of Provo called ~~him~~ to say the judge had asked that Esplin come over, if he could, for the arraignment.

It was no problem, there was hardly a lawyer in Provo who didn't have offices within a block or two of the court. But things were moving so quickly, Mike didn't have an opportunity to discuss anything with his new client before the procedure began. In fact, he only met him in the court room. Of course, there was nothing unusual about that. Sometimes a court-appointed lawyer wasn't even there for the arraignment. They had probably called him in this early only because it was a first degree murder case. Esplin, therefore, only had a chance to go up to Gilmore and introduced himself, before they were standing together in front of the court as the charges were read.

Then they went to an anteroom. There was a brief opportunity to chat. But the scene was confusing. There were four or five officers and a few news people there.

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Gilmore seemed ill at ease. He immediately said to Esplin, "I'm new in the area and I don't know any lawyers here." Then he said he had no funds.

Since Esplin wanted to interview him a little more agreeably than this, they were moved down to the holding cell in city jail, a small room with two bunks, 8 by 8. Gilmore seemed paranoid at that point as if someone might be listening in on a bug. They whispered, therefore, to each other in low voices while Esplin took notes. Gilmore told him he had gone down to City Center Motel and happened to walk right into the robbery.

When Esplin asked Gilmore why he didn't go to the police to report the robbery after he got shot, Gilmore said he was an ex-con and was afraid they wouldn't believe him. That was the first time he mentioned to Esplin that he was an ex-con. Their story sounded to Esplin like a bunch of bullshit.

After the interview, Esplin went back to his office and called a few people to find out who would be good to get for the other attorney. When separate lawyers told him that Craig Snyder did good defense work, he called Snyder whom he knew slightly, and asked if he wanted to be involved. He would be doing this, he explained to Snyder, as part of his

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regular salary, \$17,500 a year, as court appointed attorney, Snyder, however, would be paid \$17.50 an hour for legal work and \$22 an hour for court time. ^{space} Esplin then went back to the jail around noon, saw Gilmore for a moment and told him the name of his new attorney. He also mentioned that he had heard Gilmore was going to be charged with the Jensen murder. Gilmore looked him in the eye and said, "No way, man."

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3.

Once Gary had been arrested, and the police had driven off into the dark, and Kathrynne was alone with her family again, Nicole kept saying that Gary was crazy and she should have left him a long time ago.

The next morning she cried quite a bit. She kept saying, "that crazy bastard, that crazy bastard." She'd say that every now and then. They were uptight all that day. Their imagination even had them wondering if Gary had done something to April. Maybe a buddy of his had picked her up. A little later, they went over to see Craig Taylor thinking maybe April was there. Just trying to trace what her movements might be.

A little before noon, the Orem police called and said they wanted Kathrynne and Nicole to come on down.

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Nicole was pretty deliberate and cool and kind of flat when she came into the station. Her voice was quiet. She told Lieutenant Nielsen that she had had some fights with Gilmore; that's why she had left. You know, she was afraid of him. One time, she said, she had had to get out of the car and run down the highway because he had started to choke her. Then she told Nielsen that she knew where Gary had gotten the gun. He had stolen it from Swan's Market in Spanish Fork and she added, "I can't tell you much more than that." "Look," said Nielsen, "I'm not going to prosecute you on it." Then she told him that Gary had given her a gun for protection, but after a while she felt like she wanted the protection against him.

Yet, before the interview was over, she said, "Please don't tell him I told you these things because. . ." she paused here and her mind seemed to slide away to get control of herself, as if she were fighting something a distance from this room, and then she said, "because I still love him." She sighed. A little later they drove over to the apartment in Springville and Nicole turned over the Derringer and a box of bullets.

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~~Lieutenant Nielsen was thinking that under ordinary circumstances she might be an attractive girl. But there was something so flat about her now. He was used to taking the deposition of people who were depressed, but Nicole was the equal of any of them.~~

Later,

~~After he returned,~~ Nielsen began to look into what evidence they had gathered. Two casings had been found under Jensen's body, and one in the blood by Bushnell's head. Those were useful acquisitions, because the markings for an automatic were definite and easy to identify. ~~It looked like~~
~~Prave had that identification for Bushnell, and Orem for Jensen.~~ Now, if they could tie the gun to Gary, the case was solid. The checking-out looked good.

Nielsen went over to see Gilmore about five in the evening. They had moved him already to the county jail which was one old jail. It was dirty. It was funky, it was noisy. It was a real slammer and Nielsen had a real interview.

~~He had brought along a hair case that asked no more than to flip the handle, and a tape recorder inside would~~

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~~start functioning. But he didn't dare take it into the cell.~~
Gilmore would have the right to inquire what was in that
briefcase, and whether he was being recorded. Nielsen would
then have to open it up. That would destroy all confidence
the prisoner might have in him. So he left it turned on in
the hall just on the other side of the bars from Gilmore's
cell.

Now the prison had to be one of the oldest buildings
in fast-expanding Utah County, and it was hot enough inside
to feel like a free ticket to hell, even if all its windows
were open. It was truly kind of warm. You could just about
breathe the exhausts of the freeway. The prison was tucked
down into a flat field of cinders between the ramp that
came off the freeway and the one that went on to it, and
the sound of traffic was loud with the windows open. Since
there was also a spur of railroad track that went by the jail,
a train went by once or twice during the interview. After-
ward, Nielsen listened to what the recorder picked up, but
you could barely hear a word. Just mumbles. The sound of
traffic on a hot summer evening was the clearest statement
on the tape recorder.

~~But~~ Gerald had ~~hoped for this interview.~~ He had had
a feeling that Gilmore would talk to him and him alone ever

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since that moment on the road in Pleasant Grove when Gary, handcuffed and under shotguns, had nonetheless said, "I'm not going to talk to anybody but him." ~~They had never met before~~ (?) ~~and~~ At that instant, Nielsen had a strong feeling he had learned to trust that there would be a good chance to get a confession, and he had gotten quickly and not at all unnaturally, into the role of the old-friend type.

space } Actually, he had found that one of the more interesting sides of police work. When he was a patrolman, Nielsen had done some undercover work in narcotics. There had been a working agreement then with the Salt Lake City Police. Because Orem was then relatively small, its police were well known, and any undercover work they needed had to be done by importing officers from Salt Lake City. In turn, Orem paid their debt to Salt Lake by sending some of their own cops up to do part-time undercover there. That was how Nielsen first got into it. His appearance, however, presented a problem. He had been a Scoutmaster in a Scout troop for seven or eight years and you could not say he did not look it. His solid substantial build, his early baldness, his eyeglasses and his red-gold hair, his look of being early in his middle-age--he was the kind of man who would appear to be between 35 and 45 from the time he was 28 until he was well over 50--gave him the appearance of a businessman, rather than a fellow who might be dealing in drugs. For cover,

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therefore, he had pretended to be a Safeway meat-cutter, a job he knew something about, since he had cut meat when he was working his way through BYU. He even had a union card. In Salt Lake City he became known for a time as the meat cutter who went looking for dope to have a good time on the weekend. That worked. ~~Let of meat cutters weren't known~~

~~as the straightest people. He got a rep as a guy who was always looking to buy what he could buy. He even used to wear the working clothes of a meat cutter that showed blood stains on the chest of his white smock and below the knees of his white slacks where the apron had given no protection.~~

So he was accustomed to playing a role from time to time. He liked it. The thing is, in this role he was supposed to show compassion. From past experience, he knew, however, that at a certain point it wouldn't be a role altogether. He would really feel compassion. That was not an uncommon experience between an investigator and a suspect.

Nielsen began by saying that Gilmore's story, unhappily, was full of holes. They were checking it out, but it did not add up. Nielsen asked if it would be all right if they talked. Gilmore said yes. Then he stared at Nielsen and said "I've been charged with a capital offense and I'm innocent and you're all screwing with my life."

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Nielsen said, "Gary, I know things are serious but I'm not screwing with anybody's life. You don't have to talk to me if you don't want to, you know that."

Gary said, "I know." He walked away and then came back a little and said, "I don't mind talking."

Nielsen was with Gilmore about an hour and a half.

~~There, in a maximum security cell, the two of them looked in together. They stayed locked together and they talked. Nielsen came on very light at first. He went through one or two necessary formalities, said to him, "Have you seen your attorney?" and Gilmore said he had. Then he asked him how he was feeling. "How's the arm?" Gilmore said, "Hey, I'm really hurting. And they won't give me a pain pill. They'll only give me one of them, and the doctor said I was supposed to have two."~~

~~"Well," Nielsen said, "I'll tell them I heard the doctor say two."~~

Gilmore seemed full of strain and Nielsen tried to be as relaxed and easy going as he could. He ~~implied to Gary if he liked to fish, and Gilmore mentioned that what with the time he'd spent in jail, he just hadn't done much fishing since he was a kid.~~ Nielsen began to talk a little about fly casting and some of the art of it. Gilmore ~~showed interest especially at the idea that you had to get good enough to enter the mind of the fish, and develop an idea of what they were~~

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~~likely to accept in the way of a fly, or what wouldn't fool them at all. Gilmore asked if he was able to fish all the time or mainly on vacation and Nielsen explained that he took frequent camping trips with his family up in the Canyons, but when he had a week or two, they generally went over--south to Mexico, up to Seattle.~~

Space ~~Gilmore~~ in turn, talked to him about a few experiences in prison. He spoke of the fat girl with whom he was in love, who died. And he told Nielsen of the time they had given him too much Prolixin and he had swelled up and couldn't move and felt like a zombie. He told how prison demanded of you to be a man every step of the way. Then he asked a little more about Nielsen's background, and seemed interested to hear that Nielsen had a wife and five children, ~~but wasn't impressed with such achievements since he came from a family of seven children.~~

~~Nielsen's~~
Was his wife a good Mormon? Gilmore asked. Oh, yes. He had met her at BYU where she had gone to get away from Idaho. What did she major in? asked Gilmore, as if he were really fascinated. Nielsen shrugged. "She majored in home economics," he said, then he grinned at Gilmore. "Her interest was to--you know, maybe, you know, kind of find a husband." Now they both laughed. Yes, said Nielsen, they had met in freshman year and were married the next summer.

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~~Well, said Gilmore, that was interesting.~~ How did Nielsen become a cop? He didn't seem much like a cop. Well, actually, Gerald explained, he had planned on being a science and mathematics teacher when he went up to Brigham Young University from the ranch at St. John's, Arizona, but he was a devout Mormon and in his church work he met a detective on the police force whom he liked and he got interested and he took a job as a patrolman.

(no space

Now he was a detective, Gilmore remarked. Yes, in a little more than ten years he'd risen to be first a detective, then a sergeant, and now a lieutenant. He didn't say to Gilmore that he'd taken courses at the FBI Academy at Quantico, Virginia.

Well, that was interesting, said Gilmore. His mother had been a Mormon, too. Then he paused and shook his head. There was a crack in his voice, and Gilmore said with feeling, "It's going to kill my mother when she finds out." He shook his head. "You know, she's crippled," said Gilmore, "and I haven't seen her for a long time."

"Gary," said Nielsen, "why did you kill those guys?"

Gilmore looked square in the eye. Nielsen was used to seeing hatred in a suspect's eyes, or remorse, or the kind of indifference that could lay a chill on your heart, but

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Gilmore had a way of looking into his eyes that made him uneasy. It was as if Gilmore were looking through him, staring all the way to the bottom of Gerald Nielsen's worth. It was hard to keep Gilmore's gaze.

"Hey," said Gilmore, "I don't know. I don't have a reason." He was calm when he said it and he didn't show any large emotion. He was just that sad. He really looked like he was close to crying. Nielsen felt the sorrow of the man; felt him full of sorrow at this moment, just a peek given, and then his eyes looked Nielsen straight again in the eye, looked right at him more than most people could.

"Gary," said Nielsen, "I can understand a lot of things. I can understand killing the guy if he was going to testify against you, or killing a guy if he hassles you. I can understand those kind of things, you know." He paused. He was trying to keep in command of his voice. They were close and he wanted to keep it just there. "But I can't understand, you know, just killing these guys for almost no reason."

Nielsen knew he was taking a great many chances. He was cutting the corners on the Miranda close enough to send the whole thing up on appeal, if it ever came to it, and he was probably making a mistake as an investigator to keep

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talking about "those guys" or "why did you kill those guys?" If any of this would be worth anything in court, he should be saying, "Mr. Bushnell in Provo" and "Why did you kill Max Jensen in Orem?" You couldn't send a guy to trial for killing two men on two separate nights in separate towns if you put them both into one sentence for two cases. Legally speaking, the killings had to be separated.

Nielsen, however, had the instinct it would be fatal to question him more formally. Nothing would come out. So he went on, "Was it because they were going to bear witness against you." Gilmore said, "No, I really don't know why."

"Gary," said Nielsen, "I have to think like a good policeman doing a good job. You know, if I can prevent these kinds of things from happening, that makes me successful in my work. And I would like to understand--why would you hit those places? Why did you hit the motel in Provo or the service station? Why those particular places?" "Well," said Gilmore, "the motel just happened to be next to my Uncle Vern's place. I just happened on it."

"But the service station?" said Nielsen. "Why that service station in the middle of nowhere?"

"I don't know," said Gilmore. "It was there." ~~He looked for a moment like he wished to help Nielsen. Now you take the place where I hid that thing," he said, "after the motel."~~

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Nielsen realized he was speaking of the money tray he had lifted from Benny Bushnell's counter. "Well, I put the thing in a certain bush," he said, "because when I was a kid I used to live right there--because I used to mow the lawn for an old lady when I was a kid living right there. I used to know the old lady that lived in the house behind that bush."

Nielsen was trying to think of some court decisions that might apply to a situation like this. He was all too aware that a confession obtained in an interview without the express permission of the attorney was not legal. On the other hand, the suspect himself could initiate the confession. Nielsen was ready to claim that Gilmore had done just this today, since he had asked Gary in the first interview early this morning if he could come back and talk to him after the story was checked out. Gilmore had not said no. Besides, Nielsen was now investigating an Orem homicide, while Gary was at present still only arrested and charged for the Provo homicide.

Also, the attorneys had been appointed for the Provo case, not For Orem. Nielsen had the idea that with the present Supreme Court, such a confession would probably hold up.

~~He was determined, however, to be very careful. Whenever he felt Gilmore was not ready to answer a question, he would~~
~~come off and go back to talking about his family or Gary's~~
~~family.~~

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Besides, a confession would be good for police morale. If they knew the man was guilty, it would provide more

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incentive to keep working hard on this case for weeks if that proved necessary. It would also avoid any power conflict where some officers might doubt that Gilmore was guilty, and so want to work other leads. A confession would integrate the case, make it a success, a psychological success. Nielsen decided, therefore, to continue as he'd been going. ~~Whenever he felt Gilmore was not ready to answer a question, he would sit down formally to advise Gilmore of his rights. That he would ease off and go back to talking about his family or Gary's family.~~

So they went through the cycle again. Nielsen talked about the Church of Jesus Christ of the Latter Day Saints ~~THE DEFINE IN CLAUSE~~ and how his family celebrated family night, and Gilmore was interested in the details, and mentioned again that his mother was a Mormon and all of her family, and talked about his father who was a Catholic and had moved around a lot when he was a boy, and drank one hell of a lot, and they stayed completely off the real subject as if they had earned a rest. Then they would try to get back to it. Nielsen would ask a couple of questions, and Gilmore would begin to get a look as if to say, "One more question--that's enough," so Nielsen would retreat and they would go through the cycle again, and talk of other matters.

Nielsen asked at one point about the coin changer. Jensen's coin changer had been missing from the service station,

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and the police had spent much of that day going through the garbage at the Holiday Inn with no results. Casually, as if it was the most natural transition to move from talking about fishing to talking about where the coin changer might be missing, Nielsen asked about that. And Gilmore sat there and looked at him for a long time, as if to say, "I don't know whether to answer you or not. I don't know if I can trust you." Finally he muttered, "I really don't remember what happened. I threw it out the window of the truck, but I can't recollect if it was in the drive-in or on the road." He paused as if he were looking back behind his eye-sight into a movie of the past and he said, "I honestly don't remember. It could have been at the drive-in."

"Would April know?" Nielsen asked.

"Don't worry about April," Gilmore said. "She didn't see a thing." He shook his head. "For all practical purposes, she wasn't there."

When Nielsen began to wonder whether she had had any idea of the murder, Gary repeated, "Don't worry, she didn't see a thing. In her head, that girl was never there." He developed this a little. He said, "I drove to the service station, and then to the drive-in, and went out to the bathroom and took the money out of the coin changer. When I got back April was flighty about the movie, so we had to leave."

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He said to Nielsen, "A drive-in is a good place to go. You guys were out searching the streets and there I was sitting in a movie." He gave a turn to his mouth that was almost a smile. "You know," he said, "If I'd been thinking as straight the last couple of nights, as I am today, you guys would not have caught me. When I was a kid I used to pull off robberies..." he shook his head. "I used to be scared in the beginning but then I began to plan them out. I must have pulled off. . ." He had the look on his face that a pimp might have when bragging about the number of women he had working for him over the years. "I guess," he said, "I must have pulled off 50 or 70, maybe even 100 successful robberies. I knew how to plan something and do it right."

Nielsen then asked him if he would have gone on killing, if he hadn't been caught. Gilmore nodded. He thought he probably would have. Then he sat there for a minute and looked a little amazed. Not amazed, but certainly surprised, and said, "God, I don't know what the hell I'm doing. I've never confessed to a cop before." Nielsen thought he was convincing; he probably hadn't. His record was certainly hard-core all the way through. Egotistically speaking, Nielsen felt bolstered. He had gotten a confession out of a guy who was a hard-core criminal.

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"How many guns did you steal?" Nielsen asked. "Nine," Gilmore told him. "Where did they come from?" "Spanish Fork." "Then we've recovered all but three." That left three unaccounted for. Where might they be? "They're gone," said Gilmore. Nielsen didn't even bother to follow that up. It was obvious the way Gilmore said it, that they had been sold, and he would never tell who he had sold them to. "I'm responsible," said Gilmore. "Don't blame other people."

Then he asked, "Did Nicole tell you about her gun?" "No," Nielsen said, "I asked her." Gary said, "I don't want her to get in any trouble about those guns." Nielsen assured him.

Nielsen tried to get him to tell a little more in detail about the homicides themselves. Gilmore would give him the details up to the point where he entered the service station and he would talk of everything that happened after he left. But he did not wish to talk about the crime itself.

Plot

~~Nielsen was trying to determine how much brutality was at the center of the act. Gilmore had asked Jensen to lie on the floor. He had obviously told him to put his name beneath him. No one would ever be found lying face down with shoes~~

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Nielsen was ~~also~~ thinking that not so long ago, he'd seen the body of a young man who put a high-powered rifle under his chin and pulled the trigger. Half his face and head were gone. Nielsen had taken photographs, gathered the evidence, and yet he could not visualize the head of the boy right now. Nielsen could see gruesome things, have a hard time with them at the moment, but they didn't bother him afterward. They didn't haunt him. He didn't see it again visually in his head. He thought it was a necessary ability to be able to forget, and having heard confessions from half a dozen or more murderers, he recollected that none of them seemed to remember much about the actual act. Unless he was lying and remembered very well, and wanted to keep the information to himself, Gilmore was certainly like them in this respect.

"Why'd you do it, Gary?" Nielsen asked again quietly.

"I don't know," Gary said, "I don't recollect."

"Are you sure?"

"I'm not going to talk about that," Gilmore said. He shook his head delicately and looked at Nielsen and said, "I can't keep up with life." Then he asked, "What you do think they'll do to me for what I did?"

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Nielsen said, "I don't know. It is very serious."

"I'd like to be able to talk to Nicole," Gilmore said.
"I've been looking for her and I'd really like to talk to
her."

"Hey," Nielsen said, "I'll do everything I can to get
her here." They shook hands.

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4.

About 5 o'clock that afternoon, ~~_____~~
~~_____~~ April came back. She had heard about the murders on the radio and she said it wasn't true. Gary hadn't done it. She also said she wasn't going to go to the police station.

Kathryne had called Charley earlier to tell him April was missing, and he came in from Toelle. So soon as April was home and saw them both, she got kind of hostile. She kept saying she wouldn't go to the police station. Finally her dad made her so agitated, she went into the back room, and began crying her head off. He kept telling her to go with her mother. Kathryne kept saying, "Come on, April, we have to go over." Actually, Kathryne was scared to death to take her. She didn't know if April would open the door and jump out of the car. She begged Charley to go with her but

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he wouldn't. Said he didn't want to get involved. Kathrynne said, "Just ride with us. My God, she might open the door and jump out." He said, "If she changes her mind even half-way over, then to hell with them. Just turn around and bring her back." No way would he help take April over. He couldn't have been more leery of the idea of going to the police if he'd committed the crimes himself.

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FROM THE

STATEMENT OF APRIL BAKER
JULY 21, 1976

~~NIELSEN: What time did he get gas?~~

APRIL: When we were at the service station in Pleasant Grove.

NIELSEN: Was it after dark?

APRIL: It was dark, it was past sundown.

NIELSEN: After that did you drive around for a while?

APRIL: He said he was taking me home and he wasn't going to put up with any of my smart ass crap telling him where to go and that and he said he wanted a classy place like the Holiday Inn, so we went there and we picked up some food down in the restaurant and went up and I was going to go to sleep because I was really tired, I didn't really know why, I felt like I was running from somebody--ever since somebody broke the windows in our bathroom at home, and I can't really sleep well since then.

NIELSEN: And then you stayed there for that night until what time the next morning?

APRIL: About 8:30 or 9:00.

NIELSEN: I don't mean to imply anything or to pry into your personal life, but did you sleep with him that night?

APRIL: I almost did, but I changed my mind.

NIELSEN: Did he get mad at you then?

APRIL: He was mad at me for acting like a kid half the time, but I just lost my love for him, only I never did sleep with him or anything.

NIELSEN: Did you tell your mom that?

APRIL: She didn't ask me, because she knows I have my private life and if I wanted to blow it, I could.

NIELSEN: Did you tell her?

APRIL: I told her it doesn't really matter because it was over with, I am not going with him again. He is still a friend, but I am not going again. he is only a friend.

(512)

NIELSEN: April, Gary is in very serious trouble. I know that, I have talked to him about it and there is no question about it. He already told me you were with him at the time and so I know that you know about it. I am not interested in you telling me so that I can charge you. I don't intend to charge you with it, but I do intend to see that you tell the truth.

APRIL: I am a split personality. I am controlling it pretty good today. A lot of time I like to just let go and let the other person creep on out. . .

~~NIELSEN: Where did you go last night, when you left home?~~

~~APRIL: I went riding around with a couple of friends.~~

~~NIELSEN: Did they know him?~~

~~APRIL: No.~~

~~NIELSEN: Do you mind telling me who they were?~~

~~APRIL: One is Grant and one is Joe.~~

~~NIELSEN: Where did you stay last night?~~

~~APRIL: I didn't sleep all night, rode to Wyoming, and just went in the mountains and down this road and came home.~~

~~NIELSEN: What time did you get home?~~

~~APRIL: 4:30 or 5:00.~~

~~NIELSEN: Don't you worry about your mom worrying about you?~~

~~APRIL: I don't think she worries about me. I'm not afraid of no guns and I am not afraid of no dudes with knives. They don't scare me, I have learned self defense.~~

NIELSEN: I want to ask you one more time about the service station. April, I think it would be best if you tell me what you know?

APRIL: I don't remember the service station in Orem.

NIELSEN: Do you remember seeing him pull a gun at the service station?

APRIL: We went into a service station right before we went to the Holiday Inn and I am sure there were no guns attached. ~~They may have been carrying them, but that's all.~~

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NIELSEN: Who are "they?"

APRIL: Any of the dudes that were around.

NIELSEN: Do you know any of them?

APRIL: I recognize all of them, but I don't know some of their names. One of them works with him at the insulation place.

NIELSEN: Insulation?

APRIL: Where he works at the Ideal Insulation. I am pretty sure it was the friend we visited.

NIELSEN: At the cafe?

APRIL: It may not have been.

NIELSEN: Are you about ready to go back home?

APRIL: Yes. I am wondering why I am here.

NIELSEN: I will be glad to help you if I can.

When April came out of the interview, she said, "Mama, they told me Gary killed two men. Do you believe that?"

Kathryne said, "Well, April, I guess he did."

April said, "I don't think Gary could kill someone, Mama. I don't really believe he did."

"Well, April," Kathryne said, "I guess Gary's told them by now that he did."

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5.

Next morning, Nielsen saw him in Lieutenant Peacock's office over at Orem Police Department, and the first thing **Nielsen (?)** he did was to apologize about the crowd waiting outside.

There were a lot of reporters and TV lights and a number of city employees but what really embarrassed Nielsen was that half the police force including off-duty officers had also come out to look. People were even standing on chairs to see. It was like a circus. What with the fellow being handcuffed, and the arm in the cast having to be held up in the air.

As soon as they were alone, Nielsen had his secretary bring a cup of coffee, and then said, "Gary, Lieutenant Skinner is going to sign a complaint charging you with the homicide of Max Jensen." After a short pause, Gary said, "Hey, I really feel bad about those two guys. I read one of their obituaries in the paper last night. He was a young man and

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had a kid and he was a missionary." Gilmore said, "I really feel bad."

"Gary, I feel bad too. I wish it hadn't happened." He was going to try to go a little further. "I can't understand taking a life for the amount of money you got."

Gary replied, "I don't know how much I got. How much was there?"

Nielsen said, "It was approximately \$125, and in Provo, approximately the same amount." Gilmore made no comment, but he began to cry. He didn't cry with any noise but there were tears in his eyes, and then he said, "I hope they execute me for it. I ought to die for what I did."

Nielsen said, "Gary, you want to die? Doesn't that scare you?"

Gilmore said, "Would you like to die?"

"Criminy," said Nielsen, "no."

"I don't either," said Gilmore.

Nielsen didn't dwell on that. Instead, he asked him again about the drive-in, and Gilmore said, "I used to go in after pulling a robbery and come back out a few minutes later. If I got stopped and they asked me where I'd been, I'd say I was in the drive-in, here's the tickets, check with the ticket manager. That was part of planning." Then he looked again at Nielsen and said, "I ought to be executed for it, you know."

"I don't know," said Nielsen, "there's got to be some forgiveness somewhere along the line."

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After talking to Gerald Nielsen, Gary made a phone call to Brenda.

"How," he asked her, "did the cops know I was at Craig's?"

"Gary, I told them you were there. You might just as well know right now. I don't want you hearing it from someone else later. I called the police right after you called."

Gary said, "I see."

Brenda said, "You're probably going to be bent real out of shape with me. But Gary, I had to stop you. If you commit a murder Monday, and commit a murder Tuesday, well, I wasn't waiting for Wednesday to roll around."

"Hey, cousin," said Gary, "don't worry about it."

~~Brenda said, "Gary, you're going to go down hard this time. I'm not trying to be pessimistic, but you're going to ride this one clear to the bottom."~~

~~He said, "I don't know, man. How do you know I'm not innocent?"~~

~~"Gary, I don't believe that, and neither do you. What's the matter with your head?"~~

~~Gary said, "I don't know. I must have been insane."~~

~~"You're going to go down all the way," she said.~~

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~~He said, "Perhaps I will, perhaps I won't."~~

Brenda said, "What about your mother?" She's going to call, or I'll have to call her. What do you want me to tell her?"

He was quiet for a while, then he said, "Tell her it's true."

Brenda said, "Okay. Anything else?"

"Just tell her I love her."

Craig Snyder, Gary's other lawyer was shorter than Esplin, about five-seven, with broad shoulders, stocky build, blond hair, and pale eyes. His colors were also dapper. He was wearing a blond colored suit with a tie that had several shades of yellow, green, and orange, and a yellow shirt.

On the arraignment in Orem, for the murder of Jensen, Snyder and Esplin had to wait 45 minutes to see Gary. They didn't even know until later that he was being interviewed in the same building by Gerald Nielsen, not until he was brought up to be arraigned. It was the same proceeding as the day before, and since it was a capital case, no bail was set. Afterward, they sat down with Gary and he told them he had committed both murders, and that he had already told Nielsen the same thing.

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Afterward, Snyder remarked that Gilmore had been told about his Miranda rights when they arrested him on the street but he had certainly not been given full Miranda down at the jail. Any confession Gilmore had given might be worthless, the lawyers decided. They were certainly upset that they had been kept waiting 45 minutes in the building while Nielsen was grilling him.

The last thing Gary said to them was that Nielsen had promised he could see Nicole down at the jail, and he wanted them to make sure Nielsen kept his promise. He wanted to see Nicole.

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Nicole was with Barrett in Springville when the police came for her. They didn't phone or anything. A cop dropped by with a note, and then a little later, Lieutenant Nielsen was there in a car. He was going to drive her over to see Gary.

She didn't know how she felt, and she didn't know if she cared how she felt. It had been a real hang-up listening to Barrett all morning. The last couple of days he had come on as the wise man. Like he was there to watch the shop since her judgment was so goofy as to pick a middle-aged murderer for herself.

On the way, Lt. Nielsen was nice and polite, but he certainly laid it out for her. They were letting Nicole talk to Gary but they wanted her to ask him if he had done the murders. Nicole was ready to get mad at the suggestion, only she picked up something in the way Nielsen asked it, as if he was ready to do Gary a favor, but wanted a good reason for bringing her over by way of protecting himself. She was sure he could hardly be so dumb as to think Gary was going to answer her question with a bunch of cops on his elbow.

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That was the way it turned out. Nicole walked into that little funky one-story jail, went down a couple of short corridors, had a glimpse of some inmates who looked like beer bums, then a couple of dudes who whistled as she went by, twirled their mustaches, showed a bicep, generally acted like the cat's ass. A couple of cops and Detective Nielsen were right behind her, and there was a big cell with a big table in the middle of it, four bunks she could see, and big prison bars in front of her.

She turned around to ask if they all had to stand there, on which remark one guard from the jail dropped off fast like he knew he didn't belong, and then she saw Gary come toward her from the back of this big cell. His hand was in a cast. It was only three days from the night she last saw him arrested and lying on the ground with the cops over him, but she could feel the difference. She didn't even want to look at first. He said, "Hello, baby."

With her head down, she muttered, "Did you do this?"

She was really whispering as if, should he say yes, maybe the cops wouldn't hear the question. He said, "Oh, Nicole, don't ask me that."

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Now, he looked her in the eye. She couldn't get over how clear his eyes were. There was a minute where they didn't say any more. Then he put one arm through the bars. She wanted to touch him, but didn't. However, she kept feeling the impulse. Then he said he loved her.

That was close to a kooky experience for Nicole. She didn't know what she was feeling. She certainly wasn't feeling sorry for him. She wasn't feeling sorry for herself. Rather, she couldn't breathe. She couldn't believe it, but she was ready to faint. That was the moment when she knew that it didn't matter what she had said about him these last couple of weeks. She had been in love with him from the moment she met him and she would love him forever.

It wasn't even an emotion so much as a physical sensation. A magnet could have been pulling her to the bars. She reached out to put a hand on the arm he extended through, and one of the officers stepped forward and said, "No physical contact," in a voice to say he had his hand on his gun.

She stepped back, and Gary looked good. He looked surprisingly good. His eyes were more blue than they had ever been. All that

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fog from the fiorinal was gone. His eyes looked into her as if he was returning from all the way back and something particularly ugly had passed through completely and was gone. In the last couple of weeks she had been with him he had grown a year older every day. Now he looked fine. "I love you," she said when they said goodbye.

While Nicole was going to and from the jail, that was ^{when} ~~the~~ ~~day~~ April went beserk. April began to scream that someone was trying to blow her head off. Kathryne was able to do nothing with her. First she called the police and then she decided to commit her to the hospital. It was horrible. April had been freaky for days, and now she had flipped out completely. ~~Kathryne~~ ~~even had to keep the children outside the house all their hours~~ ~~while it was being~~

The sheriff, Ken Cahoon, was a tall man with an easy-going face and white hair. He wore metal-rimmed glasses, had a large nose, a small mouth, a small chin, and a little pot belly. He liked to believe he ran a reasonably good jail. His main tank had bunks for thirty men, but he never went over twenty if he could help it. That kept the fights down. The trustees who worked in the kitchen had a cell for themselves, and there was

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also maximum detention, with room for six, the tank where Gary had now been put by himself. ~~Plus another~~ ~~plus another~~ cell for six down the same hall, but that was for prisoners on work release. Altogether, Cahoon's jail could hold up to forty people without busting the seams of anyone's patience.

The day visited him, Gilmore

~~A while after Nicole left, he decided to look back in on Gilmore.~~

"I have blisters on my feet," Gilmore told him.

"From doing what?" asked Cahoon.

"Why," said Gilmore, "I've been jogging in place."

Cahoon said, "Well, quit jogging in place then, dummy."

"No," said Gilmore, "give me some band-aids. I'll put them on, and I can jog some more."

Next day, he said the same thing. Told Cahoon he wanted those band-aids cause his feet were sore. "Why, let's see them," said Cahoon, "let's see if you got blisters. If there's any chance of infection, well, of course, I want to know."

Gilmore said, "Just give me some band-aids. It's not that bad."

"No," said Cahoon, "if you got blisters, I want to see them."

"Oh, hell," said Gilmore, "forget it."

Cahoon decided he was pulling a bluff. There was no telling what he might use the band-aids for, unless it was to tape contraband to the bottom of the bed spring or something.

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~~Next thing~~ ^{Cahoon} ~~Gilmore~~ said to ~~the jailer~~, "I want out of here today. I've got a writ of habeus corpus, and I want out on my traffic violation. Let me see the head man of the jail."

Cahoon decided Gilmore must have the opinion they were back-woodsy in this little old humble place, and he could run a bluff on them. Now he said in a nice confidential voice to Cahoon, "Look, I'm in for five days. I'm not being held for nothing but a traffic violation. I would like out of here right now. You see," he said, "I've got to be under a doctor's care. As you may know, I came in with this cast on, and things of this nature want attention. I'd like to be taken to the hospital. This hand has to have its medication, and if you can't get me out, you see, there could be complications."

Cahoon thought Gilmore was a pretty good con man, considering the odds. ~~and he didn't exactly laugh at the idea that Gilmore might get loose in some simple but crazy way. A while back, they'd had a prisoner in the tank named Dennis Howell, and another Dennis Howell happened to come in as a prisoner. The same day, word came to release the first Dennis. So the jailer who was new on the job went down the list, went back and said to the now arrival, "Okay, Howell, your wife is outside, you can go now." The wrong Dennis walked out the door, walked right past the woman, took off like a whizzer.~~

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→ Gilmore sure kept trying. A little later, he wanted to get ahold of his attorney. He said he was going to sue the jail for not giving attention to his hand. He was really in sympathy with himself over that hand.

After it all failed, Gary said, "I know Utah County is poor in spirit, and full of hard feelings towards me, but Sheriff, you can let me go home now. I'm not mad any more."

That was a pretty good sense of humor, Cahoon decided.

That made it easier for him to put up with Gilmore drawing on the walls. Cahoon liked to eliminate any drawing of obscenity pictures but Gary was not doing that. Pictures he drew were nice pictures. They were also something you could erase. One day he'd do a drawing, and next day erase it, do another, so Cahoon never made an issue of it.

They really got along all right until Gilmore learned that they wouldn't allow him to see Nicole on visits. It seemed she wasn't family. That left Gary not speaking to anybody.

About the second time Brenda went down to the jail, which was one Sunday, a week and a half after his arrest, Nicole also showed up. When Gary heard Nicole was outside the look on his

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face, Brenda had to admit, was beautiful. "Oh, God," he said, "she promised to come back and she did."

However, then he explained to Brenda, it didn't mean he could see her. She wasn't allowed on his list just yet. Brenda said, "Let me see what I can do." She went up to a big tough guard on the door, a confident looking fellow, the way only a good-looking strong Indian can look, and she said, "Big Jake, could you put Nicole Barrett in for the last five minutes of my time?" "Well, now," he said, "we really shouldn't break the rules." "Bullshit," said Brenda, "what's the difference if it's me or Nicole? He ain't going to go anywhere! Why, you mean to tell me," she asked, "you can't take care of this poor man with a busted-up hand. What's he going to do with his one hand? Tear you apart?" "Well," said Big Jake, "I think we can handle Gilmore."

~~While Nicole was visiting, Brenda walked over to the sister-in-law, Sue Rahmy, who had also come. It was hot that day and Sue was holding her new-born baby and perspiring in volumes. "How is Nicole doing?" asked Brenda.~~

~~The sun didn't stir on the black cinder gravel of the jail yard.~~

~~"She's pretty broke up," said Sue.~~

~~Brenda said, "I don't know how to go about it, but Gary~~

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~~not going to get out of this one. If Nicole gets all hung up,
it's going to ruin her."~~

~~"She won't quit," said Sue, "we've already tried."~~

~~"Well," said Brenda, "she's in for a lot of hurt, believe
me."~~

When Nicole came out, she was weeping. Brenda put her arms around her and said, "Nicole, we both love him."

~~Then Brenda had to say. "Nicole, why don't you think a
little about giving up the ship? Gary is never going to get
out again. You'll spend the rest of your life visiting this guy
behind bars. That's all the future you're going to have." Now
Brenda began to cry. "Tuck those beautiful memories in your
heart," she said, "tuck them away."~~

~~Nicole muttered, "I'll stick."~~

~~she was feeling a momentary coward. Brenda did not even
understand Nicole's behavior. Thinking, "If I was her
million dollars for giving me five minutes of her visiting time."~~

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8

There was a preliminary hearing on August 3 in Provo and *prosecutor* Noall Wootton was determined to ram it through as hard and fast as he could. He had so many witnesses, his problem was to keep the case intact. So when the defense asked for delays, Wootton objected to every effort to continue it.

He was reasonably confident of the conviction, or to put it more precisely, he was confident that if he did not get conviction, it would be his own fault. He was, however, not at all confident of getting the death penalty. So he was feeling the usual tension he had before a case began. His stomach was very much with him that morning.

The first time Noall talked to Gilmore face to face was at the preliminary hearing. Gilmore didn't take the stand, but Wootton talked to him in the recesses. They got on well, they even joked. Wootton thought Gilmore was kind of amusing, and he was impressed with his intelligence. The prison system, Gilmore told Wootton, was not doing what it was designed to achieve, that is, rehabilitate. In Gilmore's opinion, it was a complete failure.

Of course, they avoided talking about the crimes themselves. There was never an opportunity to hear why Gary committed the

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murders, but what Noall did detect, and he thought Gilmore was an artist at it, was how to soften the County Attorney. Gary kept flattering Wootton about what a fair and efficient prosecutor he was, what a basic sense of fairness he had. Gilmore said he'd never seen another prosecutor with that kind of fairness.

Not every con knew enough to run that line. Wootton expected Gilmore was working up to a deal. He must have heard that Noall was going for the death penalty, and thought if he was nice enough about it, Wootton might feel encouraged to come back from so far out a stand, far out at least from the defendant's point of view.

Sure enough, Gilmore got around to asking what Wootton thought they were going to do with him. Noall looked him in the eye and said they might come back with the death penalty. They might execute you. Gilmore said, "I know, but what are they really going to do?" Wootton repeated, "They might execute you." He had the impression that took Gilmore aback.

Defense attorney

Snyder, in fact, also approached Noall along the way, and said, "We'll plead guilty to murder one, and accept a life top, if you don't pursue the death penalty." Wootton kind of shrugged it off, said there is no way.

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Wootton had made up his mind to go for the death penalty when he saw Gilmore's record. What with his violence in prison, his history of escape, and the unsuccessful efforts that had been made at rehabilitation Wootton could only conclude three things. Gilmore would be looking to escape, he would be a hazard to other inmates and guards, and rehabilitation was hopeless. Couple this to the fact that it had been a pretty damned cold-blooded set of crimes.

In the Jensen case, the victim had obviously been told to lie on the floor and put his hands underneath him. The autopsy showed the muzzle of the gun to be up against his skull on the first shot and two inches away ^{on the second}. He had been shot twice point blank.

Benny Bushnell had been killed in the same position, except his hands weren't underneath his body. That would make it, Wootton thought, a little harder to establish the brutality of the crime.

Nicole drove down to the Preliminary Hearing in Provo on August 3, but they let her in to visit with Gary for only a moment, and it left her dizzy seeing him in leg shackles. They only gave her time for one hug and a tremendous kiss before they

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were pulling him away, and she was left in the hall of the court with the world rocketing around her. Outside, in the summer light, the horseflies were mean as insanity itself.

She got into her car to drive back to Springville and was in a wreck before she knew it. Nobody was hurt but the car. All the way home, her Mustang sounded like it was breaking up in pain. She couldn't shift out of second. ~~that summed her~~

~~was that they let her drive away, leaving her car and all, even when it was her fault.~~

On this crazy trip back, she kept having an urge to cross the divider, and smash into oncoming traffic. Only the next day when the mail came and there was a very long letter from Gary did she realize he must have been writing these words to her all the while she had been driving along with this urge to smash hell through every car going the other way.

~~powerful she had to put her hands on keeping her hands holding the wheel.~~

~~More and more she was feeling she couldn't make the things that were going to come down. Like everything was wasted.~~

She must have read Gary's letter five times and the words went in and out of her head like a wind blowing off the top of the world.

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9.

August 3.

Nothing in my experience, he wrote, prepared me for the
kind of honest open love you gave me. I'm so used to bullshit
and hostility, deceit and pettiness, evil and hatred. Those
things are my natural habitat. They have shaped me. I look
at the world through eyes that suspect, doubt, fear, hate, cheat,
mock, are selfish and vain. All things unacceptable, I see them
as natural and have even come to accept them as such. I look
around the ugly vile cell and know that I truly belong in a place
this dank and dirty, for where else should I be? There's water
all over the floor from the fucking toilet that don't flush right.
The shower is filthy and the thin mattress they gave me is almost
black, it's so old. I have no pillow. There are dead cockroaches
in the corners. At nite there are mosquitoes and the lite is
very dim. I'm alone here with my thoughts and I can feel the old-
ness. Remember I told you about The Oldness? and you told me how
ugly it was--the oldness, the oldness. I can hear the tumbrel
wheels creek. So fucking ugly and coming so close to me. When
I was a child...I had a nitemare about being beheaded. But it
was more than just a dream. More like a memory. It brought me
right out of the bed. And it was sort of a turning point in my
life...Recently it has begun to make a little sense. I owe a
debt, from a long time ago. Nicole, this must depress you. I've
never told anybody of this thing, except my mother the nite I had

that nitemare and she came in to comfort me but we never spoke of it after that. And I started to tell you one nite and I told you quite a bit of it before it became plain to me that you didn't want to hear it. There have been years when I haven't even thought much of it at all and then something (a picture of a quillotine, a headsmans block, or a broad ax, or even a rope) will bring it all back and for days it will seem I'm on the verge of knowing something very personal, something about myself. Something that somehow wasn't completed and makes me different. Something I owe, I guess. Wish I knew.

Once you asked me if I was the devil, remember? We were up at the castle. That's quite a thing to ask somebody. Somebody else, Wayne Wyatt, asked me a similar question once. That really made it quite a thing to be asked again. No, I'm not. The devil would be far more clever than I, would operate on a much larger scale and of course would feel no remorse. So I'm not Beelzebub. And I know the devil can't feel love. But I might be further from God than I am from the devil. Which is not a good thing. It seems that I know evil more intimately than I know goodness and that's not a good thing either. I want to get even; to be made even; whole, my debts paid (whatever it may take!) to have no blemish, no reason to feel guilt or fear. I hope this ain't corny, but I'd like to stand in the sight of God. To know that I'm just and right and clean. When you're this way you know it. And when you're not, you know that too. It's all

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inside of us, each of us--but I guess I ran from it and when I did try to approach it, I went about it wrong, became discouraged, bored, lazy, and finally unacceptable. But what do I do now? I don't know. Hang myself?

I've thought about that for years, I may do that. Hope that the state executes me? That's more acceptable and easier than suicide. But they haven't executed anybody here since 1963 (just about the last year for legal executions anywhere). What do I do, rot in prison? growing old and bitter and eventually work this around in my mind to where it reads that I'm the one who's getting fucked around, that I'm just an innocent victim of society's bullshit? What do I do? Spend a life in prison searching for the God I've wanted to know for such a long time? Resume my painting? Write poetry? Play handball? Eat my heart out for the wondrous love you gave me that I threw away one Monday nite because I was so spoiled and couldn't immediately have a white pickup truck I wanted? What do I do? We always have a choice, don't we?

I'm not asking you to answer these questions for me, Angel, please don't think that I am. I have to make my own choice. But anything you want to comment on or suggest, or say, is always welcome.

God, I love you, Nicole.