

**“I love you, Teddy”**

Ted Kaczynski

# Contents

Letter #1 — From Ted to Altetha . . . . .	3
Letter #2 . . . . .	3
Letter #3 . . . . .	3
Letter #4 . . . . .	4
Letter #5 . . . . .	5
Letter #6 . . . . .	5
Letter #7 . . . . .	5
Letter #8 . . . . .	5
Letter #9 . . . . .	5
Letter #10 . . . . .	7
Letter #11 . . . . .	7
Letter #12 . . . . .	8
Letter #13 . . . . .	9
Letter #14 . . . . .	9
Letter #15 . . . . .	11
Letter #16 . . . . .	11
Letter #17 . . . . .	12
Letter #18 . . . . .	12

One of Kaczynski's biggest frustrations was his inability to find female companionship, but after he was arrested, letters began rolling in from the opposite sex.

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## Letter #1 — From Ted to Altetha

Theodore J. Kaczynski ...  
Altetha Heller #15581  
C Cottage, EMCF [Edna Mahan Correctional Facility]  
P.O. Box 4004  
Clinton NJ 08809

Dear Ms. Heller:

Thank you very much for taking the trouble to write to me. Unfortunately, in composing your letter, you seem to have forgotten that a person is innocent until proven guilty. That is all I can say to you about my case, since my lawyer forbids me to talk about it with anyone. But I'm glad you wrote to me anyway, because it is always a great pleasure to hear from a pretty lady.

I hope that you will soon be released from your present confinement, and I wish you the best of luck.

Sincerely yours,  
Theodore J. Kaczynski

## Letter #2

...

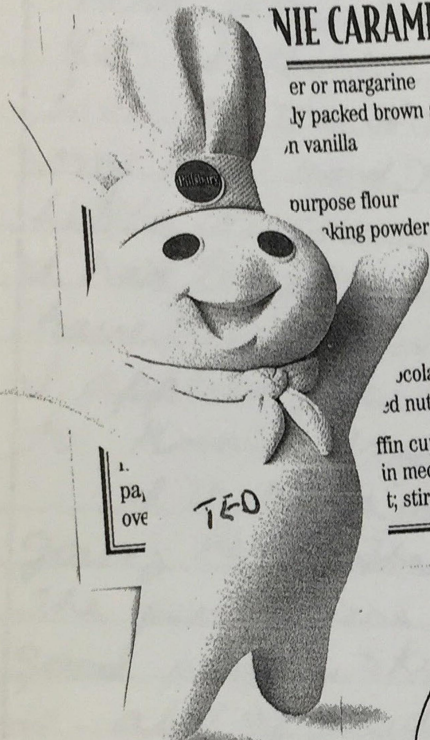
## Letter #3

Dear Ted,  
This recipe will perk you up.  
There's lots of love in every cup!  
Feel better soon!

Dear Ted,  
My plane will leave Col. Dec 20<sup>th</sup>  
My Boss O.K.'d me to visit a christmas friend. (That's you) I'll find a place in Sacramento to stay. I'll make you some cookies. I hope I can see you. I'm very safe. I just want to make sure you're O.K.

Love,  
[REDACTED]

Northwest Airline  
Flight 395



**PILLSBURY**

### NIE CARAMEL CUPS

er or margarine  
ly packed brown sugar  
n vanilla

urpose flour  
aking powder

ocolate chips  
d nuts

ffin cups with foil or  
in medium saucepan  
t; stir in brown sugar.

Add vanilla and egg; mix well. Add flour, baking powder and salt; blend well. Stir in 1/2 cup chopped nuts. Divide batter evenly into lined muffin cups. Bake at 350°F for 16 to 20 minutes or until golden brown.

In small saucepan over low heat, melt caramels with water; stir constantly until smooth. Immediately after pans are removed from oven, place chocolate chips evenly into middle of each cupcake. Spoon scant tablespoon caramel over chocolate chips in each cup. If necessary, stir additional water into melted caramels to maintain spoonable consistency. Sprinkle 1/4 cup nuts evenly over cupcakes. Cool completely. Store in tightly covered container. **16 cupcakes.**

**HIGH ALTITUDE** - Above 3500 Feet: Increase flour to 1 1/4 cups. Bake as directed above.

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P.S. Its unlikely I'll loose weight. As you can see, I'm with pillsBury now, I'm NOT perfect Either

Letter #4

...

## Letter #5

...

## Letter #6

## Letter #7

## Letter #8

...

## Letter #9

Dear [REDACTED]

Please address all future mail to me in care of

Julie Herrada  
711 Hatcher Library  
University of Michigan  
Ann Arbor MI 48109-1205

Thanks,  
Ted

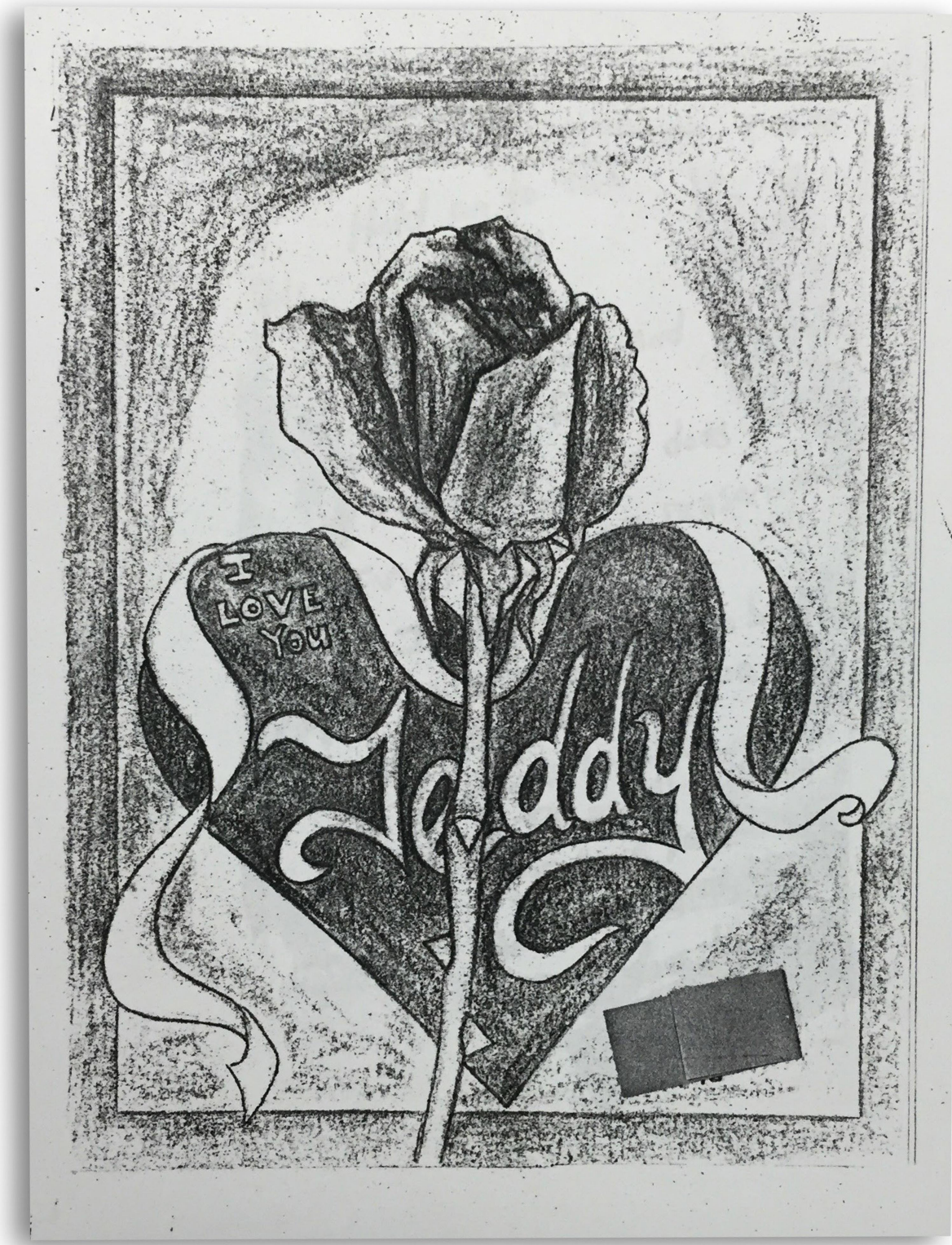
*Note to Julie Herrada:*

Above is a copy of a note that I'm sending [REDACTED]. I don't know whether it will work, but it's worth a try anyway.

If [REDACTED] does start sending the letters to you, needless to say I do *not* want them to be forwarded to me. You can keep them, or throw them out, or do whatever you like with them.

*-Ted*





## Letter #10

Dear Ms. [REDACTED]

During the last few weeks I've received \$130<sup>00</sup> from you. I would like to express my thanks for your great generosity...

## Letter #11

Dear Ted Kaczynski,

This is a letter of support — a little something to let you know that not all the young girls think you're a wacko! (I'm sure you get lots of fan mail, but none as charming as this, nor from someone so sincere.) I am just your average ding-a-ling, a 23- year-old secretary who likes to rock'n'roll and read romance novels when not working here at IBM in San Jose (where I am *right now*).

But I guess I'm not exactly your *average* ding-a-ling, because I'm a big fan of your manifesto. Some jerk over at Jolly Roger Press must be making a shitload off of it! Anyhow, I have been an admirer of yours for some time now, going so far as to wear your picture in my heart-shaped locket opposite of Elvis Presley (I also have your high school yearbook photo on my bulletin board at work; so far no one has recognized you) but until recently my appreciation had been fueled by misguided feelings of rebelliousness. Now that I'm actually reading your manifesto, though, I find myself a fan in many respects.

First, I am wowed (and cowed) by your brains. It has taken me a long time to work up the courage to write to you, because I know you'll think I'm a dumbass. I'm not very good, nor interested in, math or any of the sciences. I am, alack, an arty type, and I was always encouraged to exploit my artiness... resulting in me kow-towing to these IBM assholes even after having completed my stupid, useless degree in art. I know I should try harder to find a job I like — but I don't, or can't, like *anything*. I should have tried harder and gone to a better college, because I had really good scores on all the tests... but I have long been stricken with chronic apathy, and thus settled for the local peanut academy (San Jose State). Still, regardless of my exceedingly lackluster education, I've read a lot of books on my own and was able to really appreciate how neatly presented your thoughts and arguments are. I also appreciate your wit. It's great!

I'm also super impressed by the fact that you lived alone for however many years. It seems like most people can't stand to be alone. Not me, though Ever since my sister (who is 21) got a boyfriend, I've been a loner. But that's okay — I have my trampoline, my rollerskates, my guitar, my dog... who needs human companionship? Anyway, I think it's neat how you were so self-sufficient. Maybe I should try it. My mom owns some land up in Mendocino county, but it's not that isolated... so even if

I did go up there it wouldn't be long before some retard hippie would come knocking to borrow a cup of sugar!!

I should add that I agree with your writing; life today is empty and absolutely meaningless. Still, I don't share your attitude toward this meaninglessness — I figure it is the way humanity was meant to go, the way it must go, and it could not go any other way. It is a very beautiful tragedy, and we are doomed, one and all. Meanwhile, I am here, so I try to enjoy it. I love every dumb jock and squealing cheerleader; every fat Oklahoma City woman and her faith in "angels;" every idiot bongo-banging beatnik; every perverted businessman who looks me up and down (believe it or not, I am really pretty and I know how to exploit it, sort of)... in my way, I love *everyone*. Life is a big fuckin' tapestry of assholes, and I am just a dingleberry on the one in the middle. As long as I remember that, I'll be okay... at least for another week.

That brings me to the only other thing I'll mention here that I like about you (the main thing): you seem to really *care* about what you write. Where I'm content to sit and watch the world glut itself you have actually sounded the call for a revolution to save humankind from its crapulence. Moreover, you seem to have a love for nature that I just haven't been able to muster up, and a determination that I fear I never will.

That's what I love about you, Ted Kaczynski. You care more than anyone else I know.

Very, very respectfully yours,  
[REDACTED]

## Letter #12

2-22-98

Dear Mr. Denvir,

Earlier this month I sent you a letter, in which I also enclosed a card for Mr. Theodore Kaczynski for Valentine's Day. In any event, I hope the card found Mr. Kaczynski and was received well.

My purpose for writing to you at this point is for reasons that I have considered delicately as well as at length. I have thought carefully in regards to Mr. Kaczynski's predicament as a convicted man who at present (at least to my current knowledge) is single, and has never been married. To consider this fact at least for myself, is not only disturbing, but lends me to believe that perhaps it stands to be a painful fact in Mr. Kaczynski's life as well.

In essence, I am proposing marriage, and that if it is at all legally feasible in terms of Mr. Kaczynski's particular case, I will consent to becoming his legal wife.

For your own information in regards to who *I* am, I am twenty-eight years old (female), and am currently enrolled as a student at the Wichita State University as a sociology major—which in and of itself could lend *some* reason as to why I am



interested in Mr. Kaczynski's case. In addition, I have read as well as examined his published dissertation unfairly dubbed: The Unabomber's Manifesto. I found his thesis extremely insightful, relevant, and well argued in terms of it being applicable to society and various social facts found therein.

Aside from the above mentioned, I am merely an individual who takes note of the fact, and quite seriously, that Mr. Kaczynski may very well live the rest of his life without ever having come to know marriage, or love from someone of the opposite sex. Marriage in and of itself may be irrelevant, but it cannot be denied that marriage does comprise symbolism: love, respect, sincerity, and dedication-provided love is present. I feel that this inherent symbolism in respect to marriage might prove beneficial to Mr. Kaczynski.

If Mr. Kaczynski is willing to assent to my offer, my offer stands resolute: I will be his wife, on the grounds that it is legally permissible and he is accepting of my offer.

In any event, will you please acknowledge my proposal as a legitimate one as well as one desirous of a response.

Sincerely yours,

## Letter #13

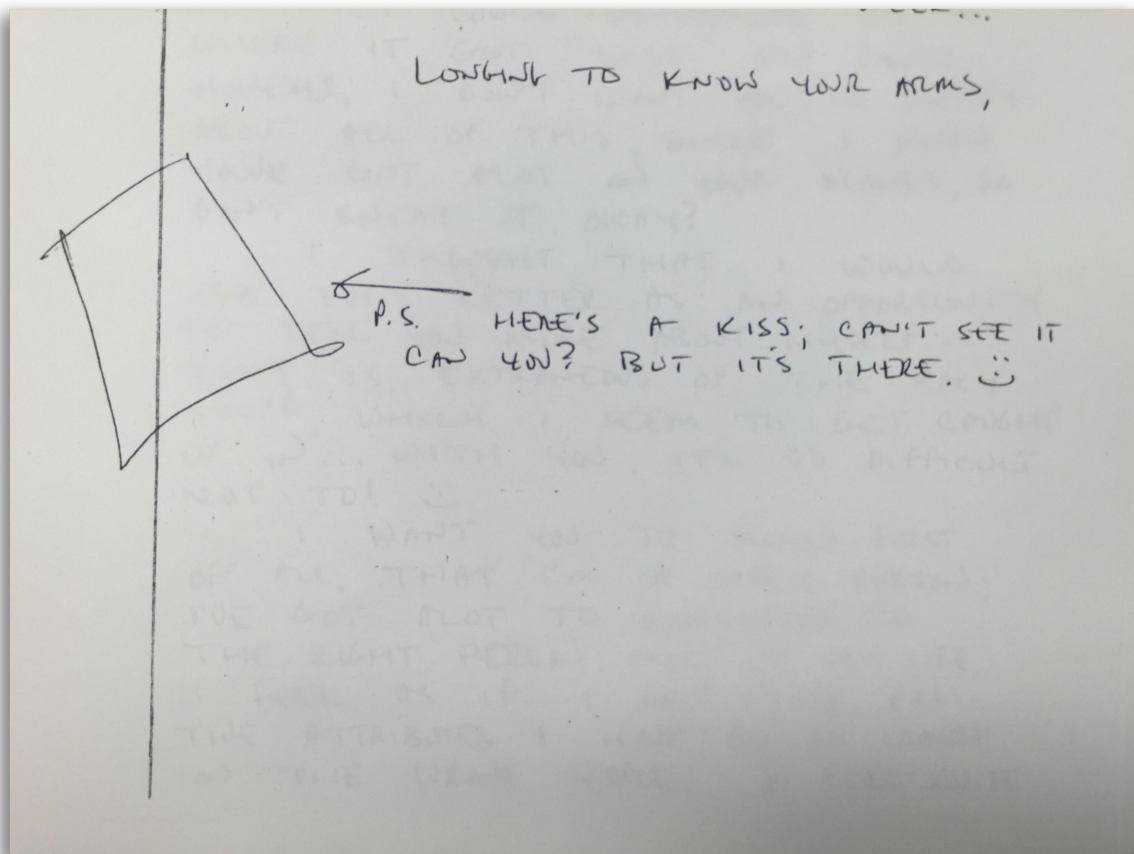
## Letter #14

January 31, 2001

Dear Ted,

My name is Lynn, and I have written to you before but you never wrote me back. I go to the mailbox daily holding my breath and waiting for your response and walk away sad. I chose yourself to write to because I don't believe all the negative lies the media and government has spread on you. I have read a lot about you and you have been on my mind for some time now. I live alone and have a small family, with very few friends. I needed someone in my life to talk to and hoped that special someone could be you. This letter comes to you from the heart and if I can help you in anyway, please feel free to let me know. Well I must go for now. Take care and hope to hear from you soon.

Sincerely,  
[REDACTED]



## Letter #15

## Letter #16

January 25, 2001  
Theodore John Kaczynski  
United States Penitentiary  
Administrative Maximum  
PO Box 8500  
Florence, CO 81226

**Dear John,**

My name is [REDACTED], I'm 30 years old, have blonde hair, blue eyes, 5'4" tall, and weigh 132 lbs. I'm single and I have no children. I do have 2 German shepherds that are my best friends. I'm sure you receive a lot of letters and my will be just another one you read and throw away but I hope you will give me more of your time. You are a very interesting man and I want to learn more about you. I can't imagine how you must feel going from being free to now having someone watch your every move. Are you scared and lonely? I would be but I'm sure you are a much stronger person than me. My friends tell me I trust people way too much but I feel everyone should have the same opportunity and be treated equal. I do reach a point with some people that just don't do anything for me just want from me. I don't have a boyfriend but I live with a friend. We have been friends for along time and he is letting me stay at his house but I'm looking somewhere else to move.

Enough about that boring stuff- I want someone that doesn't know me and I don't know, who I can talk to and be honest with. Someone that want judge me and I want judge back. This is why I have written you. I hope we can help each other and be friends. I would love to have you for my pen pal and for our friendship to grow. When you write me back, tell me about what it is like there. Yes, I'll be let down if you don't write me back because I have hope that you will and I'm looking forward to reading what you'll have to say back to me. I'll send you a picture of me in my next letter, that way you can put a face with my letters. Take care and I'll eagerly a wait to hear from you!

Sincerely,  
[REDACTED]

## Letter #17

## Letter #18

a flower

7-7-98

Dear Professor,

I am a Jewish divorced lady and a mother. My age is 59.

When my former husband married a witch and a communist, (it does not always go together.) and took from me my darling small children, I very much flet like mailing him a bomb!

I am also a lady who hates to be photographed particularly in my bathroom, and was fascinated by small houses with privacy where the big brother was not watching.

Would like to correspond —

# The Ted K Archive

Ted Kaczynski  
“I love you, Teddy”

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