

# Fully Coded Notebooks of Crimes

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# Spelling & Grammar Corrected

May about 1982, I sent a bomb to a computer expert named Patrick Fischer. His secretary opened it. One newspaper said she was in hospital in good condition? With arm and chest cuts. Other newspaper said bomb drove fragments of wood into her flesh. But no indication that she was permanently disabled. Frustrating that I can't seem to make a lethal bomb. Used shotgun powder in this last hoping it would do better than rifle powder. Revenge attempts have been gobbling much time, impeding other work. But I must succeed, must get revenge.

I went to the University of California Berkeley and I placed in Computer Science Building a bomb consisting of a pipe bomb in a gallon can of gasoline. According to newspapers, the vice chairman of the computer sci. dept. picked it up. He was considered to be 'out of danger of losing any fingers but would need further surgery for bone and tendon damage in hand. Apparently pipe bomb went off but did not ignite gasoline. I don't understand it. Frustrated. Traveling expenses for raids such as the foregoing are very hard on my slender financial resources.

Last summer dynamite blast began booming all over the hills. Occasionally audible at my cabin. Exxon conducting seismic exploration for oil. Couple of helicopters flying over the hills, lowering a thing with dynamite on cables, make blast on ground. Instruments measure vibrations.

Early August I went and camped out, mostly in what I call Diagonal Gulch, hoping to shoot up a helicopter in the area east of Crater Mountain. This proved harder than I thought, because a helicopter is always in motion. Only once had half a chance. Two quick shots, as copter crossed a space between trees. Both missed. When I got back to camp, I cried, partly from frustration at failing. But mostly from grief about what is happening to this countryside. It is so beautiful. But if they find oil, disaster. Even if they don't find oil, the blasts and helicopters ruin it. Desecration. Where can I go now for peace and quiet?

True, if not find oil Exxon will eventually leave here. But if it isn't one thing it's another. Such as one of my favorite places being logged off speaking of which, summer of 1981 I began hearing disagreeable noises of machinery, sometimes surprisingly loud, depending apparently on meteorological conditions. Often but otherwise beautiful, silent morning was ruined for me when these noises started up. The following winter many otherwise pleasant excursions were ruined for me by the moaning and howling of those iron monsters, audible but often loudly) for miles over the hills. Made up my mind to get revenge, but it was difficult to determine just where noise was coming from. Had to wait for summer anyway, since my tracks could easily be followed

in snow. But noise seemed to stop in spring. Then I began hearing it again in late summer, 1982. I think it was in September that I took blanket, pistol, 1 days rations and followed noise to find it came from a logging operation in willow creek drainage, logging off one of my favorite wild spots. Their method was horrible. As far as I could tell without going close enough to risk being seen, they were just pushing trees over with bulldozers instead of cutting with saws. When they left for the day I went in and found the whole surface of the ground stripped right off leaving ugly tangle of limbs, uprooted trunks, and dirt. They left a 5 gallon can of oil sitting on their machine that they use to pickup logs and load them on truck. I poured the oil over the machines engine and set fire to it. I bet it cost over 1000 bucks to fix it. Spent pleasant night sleeping out on top of the mountain and came home leisurely in the morning. I felt so good after having done this. Though a mite uneasy over the risk of being suspected.

Forgot to mention, on the trip where I shot at a helicopter, I chopped down a wooden-power line pole, Hogum Creek area.

Few years ago some fuckers built a vacation house a few years ago across Stemple Pass Road. Motorcycle and snowmobile fiends. They would buzz up and down the road past my cabin on most weekends, summer and winter. Last summer it seemed they were worse than usual. Sometimes they made it a three day weekend. When they were not buzzing up this road I would hear those cycles growling and growling over by their place, all day long. It was getting absolutely intolerable. My heart is going bad. It takes exercise OK, but any emotional stress, anger above all, makes it beat irregularly.

Risky to commit crime so close to home. But I figured if I did not get those guys, the anger would literally kill me. Anyway, so one night in fall I sneaked over there, though they were home, and stole their chainsaw, buried it in a swamp. That was not enough, so a couple weeks later when they had left the place, I chopped my way into their house, smashed up the interior pretty thoroughly. It was a real luxury place. They also had a mobile home there. I broke into that too, found a silver painted motorcycle inside, smashed it up with their own ax. They had 4 snowmobiles sitting outside. I thoroughly smashed the engines of those with the ax.

Think they were the ones I cut the cycle trail at Rochester, since a silver painted cycle is unusual. Week or so later, cops came up here and asked me if I had seen anyone fooling around with any buildings around here. Also asked if I had had any problems with motorcycles. This last question suggests that the truth crossed their minds. But probably they did not seriously suspect me, otherwise their questioning would not have been so perfunctory. This winter (1982 to 1983) very few snowmobiles have come by. I suppose either those fuckers have not got machines fixed yet, or have realized that there is someone who will not let them get away with terrorizing the area. Who says crime doesn't pay? I feel very good about this. I am also pleased that I was so cool and collected in answering cops' questions.

December 29, 1979. In some of my notes I mentioned a plan-for revenge on society, the plan was to blow up an airliner in flight. Late summer and early autumn I

constructed-device. Much expense, because had to go to gr. Falls to-buy materials, including barometer and many boxes cartridges for the powder. I put more than a quart of-smokeless powder in a can, rigged barometer so device would-explode at 2000ft. Or conceivably as high as 3500ft. Due-to variation of atmospheric pressure.

Late October I mailed the package from Chicago as priority mail so it would go by air. Unfortunately plane not destroyed, bomb too weak. Newspaper said was "low power device". Surprised me.

(In original as I wrote it in 1989, there followed speculations why bomb weak. Now know why. Smokeless powder is deflagrating not detonating explosive, and container too weak even to fully utilize its deflagrating potential) seems that trigger system not too reliable. According to chi. Tribune, bomb went off as plane approached Washington. According to sun times, passengers plain bomb went off about half way to Washington. Should have gone off long before. Set for 2000 or up to 3500ft. According to info I got in 25000 to 40000ft. And cabins pressurized at about 8000ft. Possible explanations... Defective barometer. Pressurization in from about 1971, conceivably they now pressurize at lower altitude. System worked ok when I experimented before making up package but I have reason to suspect light touch of barometer needle on contact not absolutely reliable in transmitting current. I will try again if can get better explosive. Bomo did not accomplish much. Probably destroyed some mail. Papers said it was with mail sacks and there was smoldering fire. No damage to plane. At least it gave them a good scare. Much thick smoke came into passenger space, plane landed at airport other than its destination because of this. Tribune said no panic. But sun times said they dropped oxygen inhalators to passengers because of smoke and passengers did not know how to use them and somewhere "Jumping up and down and screaming for the poor stewardess, "And as passengers came out of plane some were embracing each other, presumably in relief.

The papers said the FBI are investigating the incident. FBI suck my cock.

So I came back to Montana early December, now working on another plan.

June 1,1985. Success at last after many failures reported in these notes. Took me year and a half of intensive effort, largely neglecting other work y to develop effective type bomb. 4.45 parts ammonium nitrate (from fertilizer) to 1 part extremely fine powdered aluminum(from aluminum paint) mixture not caked but left in powder form, ignited in ordinary iron water pipe with metal plugs in ends strong enough to withstand roughly same pressure as what walls of pipe will withstand. Simple enough but I followed some false leads before trying this one. Note difficulties I faced. For obvious reasons cant order chemicals from supply house, must make them or extract them from readily available materials. No vehicle to transport stuff, difficult access to libraries, very limited equipment, have to build own balance, other money related problems.

May 8 I planted a small bomb (less than 2 oz. of explosive) in the computer sci. Dept. At Berkeley. This is aparato no.2, exp.83 in my notebooks. At same time I mailed a larger bomb (aparato no.1 exp.82) to Boeing corp., Auburn, Wa. Outcome of Boeing bomb unknown.

Berkeley bomb did well for its size. It was sprung by airforce pilot, 26yrsold, name Hauser, working on masters deg. In electrical eng. He probably would have been killed if so positioned relative to bomb as to take the fragments in his body. As it were, mainly his right arm was hit. Witnesses said, "Whole arm was exploded, "Blood all over the place. "One newspaper said arm was "Mangled". Another said it was "Shattered" and that he would never recover full use of arm and hand. Also there was damage to one eye. One pap that said the small computer lab was "Destroyed". This is improbable. Other paper said "Moderate damage" to various items of computer equipment. Probably most of the damage to arm and equiptment was due to fragments, not shockwave.

I was relieved to read what kind of guy sprang the trap. I had worried about possibility that some young kid, undergrad, not even comp sci major might get it. But this guy clearly typical member of the technician class. Might even be one of the guys that has flown those fucking jets over my home. This gives great relief to my choking, frustrated anger and sense of impotence against the system. At same time, must admit I feel badly about having crippled this man's arm. It has been bothering me a good deal. This is embarrassing because while my feelings are partly from pity, I am sure they come largely from the training, propaganda, brainwashing we all get, conditioning us to be scared by the idea of doing certain things. It is shameful to be under the sway of this brainwashing. But do not get the idea that I regret what I did. Relief of frustrated anger outweigh sun comfortable conscience. I would do it all over again.

So many failures with feeble ineffective bombs was driving me desperate with frustration. Have to get revenge for all the wild country being fucked up by the system.

Later... Further search of newspapers yielded... Hausers arm was "Severed or nearly severed". Tips of 3 fingers torn off. Use of arm and hand will be permanently impaired, to what degree not known. Hauser father of 2 kids. He was working toward PhD, contrary to other paper that said masters. He was afraid his "Dream" was ruined. Dream was to be astronaut. Imagine a grown man whose dream is to be an astronaut.

I am no longer bothered by having crippled this guy, partly because I just "Go to verit "With time, partly because his aspiration for so ignoble. Searched other newspapers. Found no reference to Boeing bomb. Seems inexplicable it was designed and built with su down of are that malfunction seems highly improbable. Later.

Recently I camped in a paradise like glacial cirque. At evening, beautiful singing of birds was ruined by the obscene roar of jet planes. Then I laughed at the idea of having any compunction about crippling an airplane pilot.

Experiment 100. Mid November 1985 I sent bomb in mail to James McConnell, behavior modification researcher at the University of Michigan. Only minor injuries to McConnlls assistant. Deflagrated, did not detonate. Must be either pipe was a little weak or loading density of explosive a shade too high at failure.

Experiment 97. Dec. 11, 1985 I planted bomb disguised to look like scrap of lumber behind Rentech Computer Store in Sacramento. According to the San Francisco Examiner, Dec. 20, the 'operator' (owner? manager?) of the store was killed, 'blown to

bits', on Dec. 12. Excellent. Humane way to eliminate somebody. He probably never felt a thing. 25000 dollar reward offered. Rather flattering.

Dec. 11 I mailed letter to S.F. Examiner in name of a group calling itself the Freedom Club, claiming credit for the Hauser bombing and announcing itself as an anti-technology terrorist organization. But the in gc.20 article in the examiner described my series of bombings and stated that no group had claimed credit for them. Up to Dec. 22, no mention in examiner of my letter. Letter not yet arrived? Seems strange.

After this latest raid I searched L.A. Times through Dec 13 and some other papers through Dec. 14, found no mention of bombing. I feared something had gone wrong, and since exp. 100 was failure too I was terribly frustrated and thought I was going to have to spend all winter making new, better bombs, so wrote my brother giving excuse to call or visit I was going to make him. But since exp. 97 turned out so well, I will try to arrange to visit brother after all.

# Original Spelling

MAY ABOUT 1982 I SENT A BOMB TO A COMPUTER EXPERT NAMED PATRICK FISVER. HIS SECRETARY OPENED IT. ONE NEWSPAPER SAID SHE WAS IN HOSPITAL? IN GOOD CONDITION? WITH ARMAND CHEST CUTS. OTHER NEWSPAPER SAID BOMB DROVE FRAGMENTS OF WOOD INTO HER FLESH. BUT NO INDICATION THAT SHE WAS PERMANENTLY DISABLED. FRUSTRATING THAT I CANT SEEM TO MAK 0 LETHAL BOMB. USED SHOT-GUN) POWDER IN THIS LAST HOPING IT WOULD DO BETTER THAN RIFLE POWDER. NEXT I MUST TRY ANOTHER GASOLINE BOMB, DIFFERENT DESIGN. THOUGH GASOLINE BOMB I TRIED LAST FALL DID NOT GO OFF. REVENGE ATTEMPTS HAVE BEEN GOBBLING MUCH TIME, IMPEDING OTHER WORK. BUT I MUST SUCCEED, MUST GET REVENGE.

NOT LONG AFTER FOREGOING, I THINK IN JUNE OR JULY, I WENT TO U. OF CALIFORNIA BERKELEY AND PLACED IN COMPUTER SCIENCE BUILDING A BOMB CONSISTING OF A PIPE BOMB IN GALLON CAN OF GASOLINE. ACCORDING TO NEWSPAPER, VICE CHAIRMAN OF COMPUTER SCI. DEPT. PICKED IT UP. HE WAS CONSIDERED TO BE "OUT OF DANGER OF LOSING ANY FINGERS", BUT WOULD NEED FURTHER SURGERY FOR BONE AND TENDON DAMAGE IN HAND. APPARENTLY PIPE BOMB WENT OFF BUT DID NOT IGNITE GASOLINE. I DONT UNDERSTAND IT. FRUSTRATED. TRAVELING EXPENSES FOR RAIDS SUCH AS THE FOREGOING ARE VERY HARD ON MY SLENDER FINANCIAL RESOURCES.

LTOST SUMMER DYNAMITE BLAST WAS BOOMING ALL OVER THE HILLS. OCCASIONALLY AUDIBLE AT MY CABIN, MUCH MORE AUDIBLE A COUPLE OF MILES EAST OF HERE. EXXON CONDUCTING SEISMIC EXPLORATION FOR OIL. COUPLE OF HELICOPTERS FLYING ALL OVER THE HILLS, LOWER A THING WITH DYNAMITE ON CABLE, MAKE BLAST ON GROUND, INSTRUMENTS MEASURE VIBRATIONS.

EARLY AUGUST I WENT AND CAMPED OUT, MOSTLY IN WHAT I CALL DIAGONAL GULCH, HOPING TO SHOOT UP A HELICOPTER IN AREA EAST OF CRATER MTN. PROVED HARDER THAN I THOUGHT, BECAUSE HELICOPTERS ALWAYS IN MOTION, NEVER KNOW WHERE THEY WILL GO NEXT, TALL TREES IN WAY OF SHOT. ONLY ONCE HAD BE HALF A CHANCE. 2 QUICK SHOTS, ROUGHLY AIMED, AS COPTER CROSSED SPACE BETWEEN 2 TREES. MISSED BOTH. WHEN I GOT BACK TO CAMP I C2IED, PARTLY FROM FRUSTRATION AT MISSING, BUT MOSTLY GRIEF ABOUT



AT WHAT IS HAPPENING TO THE COUNTRY. IT IS SO BEAUTIFUL. BUT IF THEY FIND OIL, DISASTER. EVEN WHO DOES NOT FIND OIL, THE BLASTS AND HELICOPTERS RUIN IT. DESECRATION. WHERE CAN I GO NOW FOR PEACE AND QUIET?

TRUE, IF NOT FIND OIL, EXXON WILL EVENTUALLY LEAVE HERE. BUT IF IT ISN'T ONE THING IT'S ANOTHER. SUCH AS ONE OF MY FAVORITE PLACES BEING LOGGED OFF, SPEAKING OF WHICH, SUMMER OF 1981 I BEGAN HEARING DISAGREABLE NOISES OF MACHINERY, SOMETIMES SURPRISINGLY LOUD, DEPENDING APPARENTLY ON METEOROLOGICAL CONDITIONS. OFTEN BUT OTHERWISE BEAUTIFUL, SILENT MORNING WAS RUINED FOR ME WHEN THESE NOISES STARTED UP. THE FOLLOWING WINTER MANY OTHERWISE PLEASANT EXCURSIONS WERE RUINED FOR ME BY THE MOANING AND HOWLING OF THOSE IRON MONSTERS, AUDIBLE BUT OFTEN LOUDLY) FOR MILES OVER THE HILLS. MADE UP MY MIND TO GET REVENGE, BUT IT WAS DIFFICULT TO DETERMINE JUST WHERE NOISE WAS COMING FROM. HAD TO WAIT FOR SUMMER AWAY, SINCE MY TRACKS COULD EASILY BE FOLLOWED IN SNOW. BUT NOISE SEEMED TO STOP IN SPRING. THEN I BEGAN HEARING IT AGAIN IN LATE SUMMER, 1982. I THINK IT WAS IN SEPTEMBER THAT I TOOK BLANKET, PISTOL, 1 DAY'S RATIONS AND FOLLOWED NOISE TO FIND IT CAME FROM A LOGGING OPERATION IN WILLOW CREEK DRAINAGE, LOGGING OFF ONE OF MY FAVORITE WILD SPOTS. THEIR METHOD WAS HORRIBLE. AS FAR AS I COULD TELL WITHOUT GOING CLOSE ENOUGH TO RISK BEING SEEN, THEY WERE JUST PUSHING TREES OVER WITH BULLDOZERS INSTEAD OF CUTTING WITH SAWS. WHEN THEY LEFT FOR THE DAY I WENT IN AND FOUND THE WHOLE SURFACE OF THE GROUND STRIPPED RIGHT OFF LEAVING UGLY TANGLE OF LIMBS, UPROOTED TRUNKS, AND DIRT. THEY LEFT A 5 GALLON CAN OF OIL SITTING ON THEIR MACHINE THAT THEY USE TO PICKUP LOGS AND LOAD THEM ON TRUCK. I POURED THE OIL OVER THE MACHINE'S ENGINE AND SET FIRE TO IT. I BET IT COST OVER 1000 BUCKS TO FIX IT. SPENT PLEASANT NIGHT SLEEPING OUT ON TOP OF THE MOUNTAIN AND CAME HOME LEISURELY IN THE MORNING. I FELT SO GOOD AFTER HAVING DONE THIS. THOUGH A MITE UNEASY OVER THE RISK OF BEING SUSPECTED.

FORGOT TO MENTION, ON TRIP WHERE I SHOT AT HELICOPTER, I CHOPPED DOWN WOODEN POWER LINE POLE, HOGUM CREEK AREA.

FEW YEARS AGO SOME FUCKERS BUILT A VACATION HOUSE JUST ACROSS STEMPLE PASS ROAD. MOTORCYCLE AND SNOWMOBILE FIENDS. THEY WOULD BUZZ UP AND DOWN ROAD PAST MY CABIN ON MOST WEEKENDS, SUMMER AND WINTER. LAST SUMMER SEEMED THEY WERE WORSE THAN USUAL. SOMETIMES MADE IT A 3 DAY WEEKEND. WHEN THEY WERE NOT BUZZING UP THIS ROAD I WOULD HEAR THOSE CYCLES

GROWLING AND GROWLING OVER BY THEIR PLACE, ALL DAY LONG. IT WAS GETTING ABSOLUTELY INTOLERABLE. MY HEART IS GOING BAD. TAKES EXERCISE OK, BUT ANY EMOTIONAL STRESS, ANGER ABOVE ALL, MAKES IT BEAT IREGULARLY. IT GOT SO THAT THAT CONSTANT CYCLE NOISE WAS CHOKING ME WITH ANGER, HEART GOING WILD.

RISKY TO COMMIT CRIME SO CLOSE TO HOME, BUT I FIGURED IF I DID NOT GET THOSE GUYS, THE ANGER WOULD LITERALLY KILL ME ANYWAY. SO ONE NIGHT IN FALL I SNEAKED OVER THERE, THOUGH THEY WERE HOME, AND STOLE THEIR CHAINSAW, BURIED IT IN A SWAMP. THAT WAS NOT ENOUGH, SO COUPLE WEEKS LATER WHEN THEY HAD LEFT THE PLACE, I CHOPPED MY WAY INTO THEIR HOUSE, SMASHED UP INTERIOR PRETTY THOROUGHLY. IT WAS A REAL LUXURY PLACE. THEY ALSO HAD A MOBILE HOME THERE. I BROKE INTO THAT TOO, FOUND SILVER PAINTED MOTORCYCLE INSIDE, SMASHED IT UP WITH THEIR OWN AX. THEY HAD 4 SNOWMOBILES SITTING OUTSIDE. I THOROUGHLY SMASHED ENGINES OF THOSE WITH THE AX.

THINK THEY WERE THE ONES I CUT CYCLE TRAIL AT ROCHESTER, SINCE SILVER PAINTED CYCLE IS UNUSUAL. WEEK OR SO LATER, COPS CAME UP HERE AND ASKED ME IF I HAD SEEN ANYONE FOOLING AROUND WITH ANY BUILDINGS AROUND HERE. ALSO ASKED IF I HAD HAD ANY PROBLEMS WITH MOTORCYCLES. THIS LAST QUESTION SUGGESTS THAT THE TRUTH CROSSED THEIR MINDS. BUT PROBABLY THEY DID NOT SERIOUSLY SUSPECT ME, OTHERWISE THEIR QUESTIONING WOULD NOT HAVE BEEN SO PERFUNCTORY. THIS WINTER (1982 TO 1983) VERY FEW SNOWMOBILES HAVE COME BY. I SUPPOSE EITHER THOSE FUCKERS HAVE NOT GOT MACHINES FIXED YET, OR HAVE REALIZED THAT THERE IS SOMEONE WHO WILL NOT LET THEM GET AWAY WITH TERRORIZING THE AREA. WHO SAYS CRIME DOESNT PAY? I FEEL VERY GOOD ABOUT THIS. I AM ALSO PLEASED THAT I WAS SO COOL AND COLLECTED IN ANSWERING COPS QUESTIONS.

DEC 29, 1979. IN SOME OF MY NOTES I MENTIONED A PLAN FOR REVENGE ON SOCIETY. PLAN WAS TO BLOW UP AIRLINER IN FLIGHT. LATE SUMMER AND EARLY AUTUMN I CONSTRUCTED DEVICE. MUCH EXPENSE, BECAUSE HAD TO GO TO GR.FALLS TO BUY MATERIALS, INCLUDING BAROMETER AND MANY BOXES CARTRIDGES FOR THE POWDER. I PUT MORE THAN A QUART OF SMOKELESS POWDER IN A CAN, RIGGED BAROMETER SO DEVICE WOULD EXPLODE AT 2000FT. OR CONCEIVABLY AS HIGR AS 3500FT. DUE TO VARIATION OF ATMOSPHERIC PRESSURE.

LATE OCT. MAILED PACKAGE FROM CHICAGO PRIORITY MAIL SO IT WOULD GO BY AIR. UNFORTUNATELY PLANE NOT DESTROYED, BOMB TOO WEAK. NEWSPAPER SAID WAS "LOW POWER DEVICE". SURPRISED ME.

(IN ORIGINAL AS I WROTE IT IN 1989, THERE FOLLOWED SPECULATIONS WHY BOMB WENT OFF. NOW KNOW WHY. SMOKELESS POWDER IS DEFLOGRATING NOT DETONATING EXPLOSIVE, AND CONTAINER TOO EAK EVEN TO FULLY UTILIZE ITS DEFLAGRATING POTENTIAL) SEEMS THAT I GGER SYSTEM NOT TOO RELIABLE. ACCORDING TO CHI. TRIBUNE, BOMB WENT OFF AS PLANE APPROACHED WASHINGTON. ACCORDING TO SUN TIMES, PASSENGERS AIN BOMB WENT OFF ABOUT HALF WAY TO WASHINGTON. SHOULD HAVE GONE OFF LONG BEFORE. SET FOR 2000 OR UP TO 3500FT. ACCORDING TO INFO I GOT IN 25000 TO 40000FT. AND CABINS PRESSURIZED AT ABOUT 8000FT. POSSIBLE EXPLANATIONS... DEFECTIVE BAROMETER. PRESSURIZATION INF FROM ABOUT 1971, CONCEIVABLY THEY NOW PRESSURIZE AT LOWER ALTITUDE. SYSTEM WORKED OK WHEN I EXPERIMENTED BEFORE MAKING UP PACKAGE BUT I HAVE REASON TO SUSPECT LIGHT TOUCH OF BAROMETER NEEDLE ON CONTACT NOT ABSOLUTELY RELIABLE IN TRANSMITTING CURRENT. I WILL TRY AGAIN IF CAN GET BETTER EXPLOSIVE. BOMO DID NOT ACCOMPLISH MUCH. PROBABLY DESTROYED SOME MAIL. PAPERS SAID IT WAS WITH MAIL SACKS AND THERE WAS SMOLDERING FIRE. NO DAMAGE TO PLANE. AT LEAST IT GAVE THEM A GOOD SCARE. MUCH THICK SMOKE CAME INTO PASSENGER SPACE, PLANE LANDED AT AIRPORT OTHER THAN ITS DESTINATION BECAUSE OF THIS. TRIBUNE SAID NO PANIC. BUT SUN TIMES SAID THEY DROPPED OXYGEN INHALATORS TO PASSENGERS BECAUSE OF SMOKE AND PASSENGERS DID NOT KNOW HOW TO USE THEM AND SOMEWERE "JUMPING UP AND DOWN AND SCREAMING FOR THE POOR STEWARDESS, "AND AS PASSENGERS IAME OUT OF PLANE SOOME WERE EMBRACING EACH OTHER, PRESUMABLY IN RELIEF.

THE PAPERS SAID FBI INVESTIGATING INCIDENT. FBI SUCK MY COCK.

SO I CAME BACK TO MONTO EARLY DECEMBER, NOW WORK ON OTHER PLANS.

JUNE 1, 1985. SUCCESS AT LAST AFTER MANY FAILURES REPORTED IN THESE NOTES. TOOK ME YEAR AND A HALF OF INTENSIVE EFFORT, LARGELY NEGLECTING OTHER WORK Y TO DEVELOP EFFECTIVE TYPE BOMB. 4.45 PARTS AMMONIUM NITRATE (FROM FERTILIZER) TO 1 PART EXTREMELY FINE POWDERED ALUMINUM (FROM ALUM. PAINT) MIXTURE NOT CAKED BUT LEFT IN POWDER FORM, IGNITED IN ORDINARY IRON WATER PIPE WITH METAL PLUGS IN ENDS STRONG ENOUGH TO WITHSTAND ROUGHLY SAME PRESSURE AS WHAT WALLS OF PIPE WILL WITHSTAND. SIMPLE ENOUGH BUT I FOLLOWED SOME FALE LEADS BEFORE TRYING THIS ONE. NOTE DIFFICULTIES I FACED. FOR OBVIOUS REASONS CANT ORDER CHEMICALS FROM SUPPLY HOUSE, MUST MAKE THEM OR EXTRACT THEM FROM READILY AVAILABLE MATERIALS. NO

VEHICLE TO TRANSPORT STUFF, DIFFICULT ACCESS TO LIBRARIES, VERY LIMITED EQUIPMENT, HAVE TO BUILD OWN BALANCE, OTHER MONEY RELATED PROBLEMS.

MAY 8 I PLANTED A SMALL BOMB (LESS THAN 2 OZ.OF EXPLOSIVE) IN THE COMPUTER SCI. DEPT. AT BERKELEY. THIS IS APARATO NO.2, EXP.83 IN MY NOTEBOOKS. AT SAME TIME I MAILED A LARGER BOMB(APARATO NO.1 EXP.82) TO BOEING CORP., AUBURN, WA. OUTCOME OF BOEING BOMB UNKNOWN.

BERKELEY BOMB DID WELL FOR ITS SIZE. IT WAS SPRUNG BY AIR-FORCE PILOT, 26YRSOLD, NAME HAUSER, WORKING ON MASTERS DEG. IN ELECTRICAL ENG. HE PROBABLY WOULD HAVE BEEN KILLED IF SO POSITIONED RELATIVE TO BOMB AS TO TAKE THE FRAGMENTS IN HIS BODY. AS IT WERE, MAINLY HIS RIGHT ARM WAS HIT. WITNESSES SAID, "WHOLE ARM WAS EXPLODED, "BLOOD ALL OVER THE PLACE. "ONE NEWSPAPER SAID ARM WAS "MANGLED". ANOTHER SAID IT WAS "SHATTERED" AND THAT HE WOULD NEVER RECOVER FULL USE OF ARM AND HAHD. ALSO THERE WAS DAMAGE TO ONE EYE. ONE PAP THAT SAID THE SMALL COMPUTER LAB WAS "DESTROYED". THIS IS IMPROBABLE. OTHER PAPER SAID "MODERATE DAMAGE" TO VARIOUS ITEMS OF COMPUTER EQUIPMENT. PROBABLY MOST OF THE DAMAGE TO ARM AND EQUIPT. WAS DUE TO FRAGMENTS, NOT SHOCKWAVE.

I WAS RELIEVED TO READ WHAT KIND OF GUY SPRANG THE TRAP. I HAD WORRIED ABOUT POSSIBILITY THAT SOME YOUNG KID, UNDERGRAD, NOT EVEN COMP SCI MAJOR MIGHT GET IT. BUT THIS GUY CLEARLY TYPICAL MEMBER OF THE TECHNICIAN CLASS. MIGHT EVEN BE ONE OF THE GUYS THAT HAS FLOWN THOSE FUCKING JETS OVER MY HOME. THIS GIVES GREAT RELIEF TO MY CHOKING, FRUSTRATED ANGER AND SENSE OF IMPOTENCE AGAINST THE SYSTEM. AT SAME TIME, MUST ADMIT I FEEL BADLY ABOUT HAVING CRIPPLED THIS MANS ARM. IT HAS BEEN BOTHERING ME ME A GOOD DEAL. THIS IS EMBARRASSING BECAUSE WHILE MY FEELINGS ARE PKRTLY FROM PITY, I AM SURE THEY COME LARGELY FROM THE TRAINING, PROPAGANDA, BRAINWASHING WE ALL GET, CONDITIONING US TO BE SCARED BY THE IDEA OF DOING CERTAIN THINGS. IT IS SHAMEFUL TO BE UNDER THE SWAY OF THIS BRAINWASHING. BUT DO NOT GET THE IDEA THAT I REGRET WHAT I DID. RELIEF OF FRUSTRATED ANGER OUTWEIGH SUN COMFORTABLE CONSCIENCE. I WOULD DO IT ALL OVER AGAIN.

SO MANY FAILURES WITH FEEBLE INEFFECTIVE BOMBS WAS DRIVING ME DESPERATE WITH FRUSTRATION. HAVE TO GET REVENGE FOR ALL THE WILD COUNTRY BEING FUCKED UP BY THE SYSTEM.

LATER... FURTHER SEARCH OF NEWSPAPERS YIELDED...HAUSERS ARM WAS "SEVERED OR NEARLY SEVERED". TIPS OF 3 FINGERS TORN OFF.

USE OF ARM AND HAND WILL BE PERMANENTLY IMPAIRED, TO WHAT DEGREE NOT KNOWN. HAUSER FATHER OF 2 KIDS. HE WAS WORKING TOWARD PHD, CONTRARY TO OTHER PAPER THAT SAID MASTERS. HE WAS AFRAID HIS "DREAM" WAS RUINED. DREAM WAS TO BE ASTRONAUT. IMAGINE A GROWN MAN WHOSE DREAM IS TO BE AN ASTRONAUT.

I AM NO LONGER BOTHERED BY HAVING CRIPPLED THIS GUY, PARTLY BECAUSE I JUST "GO TO VERIT "WITH TIME, PARTLY BECAUSE HIS ASPIRATION FOR SO IGNOBLE. SEARCHED OTHER NEWSPAPERS. FOUND NO REFERENCE TO BOEING BOMB. SEEMS INEXPLICABLE IT WAS DESIGNED AND BUILT WITH SU DOWN OF ARE THAT MALFUNCTION SEEMS HIGHLY IMPROBABLE. LATER.

RECENTLY I CAMPED IN A PARADISE LIKE GLACIAL CIRQUE. AT EVENING, BEAUTIFUL SINGING OF BIRDS WAS RUINED BY THE OBSCENE ROAR OF JET PLANES. THEN I LAUGHED AT THE IDEA OF HAVING ANY COMPUNCTION ABOUT CRIPPLING AN AIRPLANE PILOT.

EXPERIMENT 100. MID NOVEMBER 1985 I SENT BOMB IN MAIL TO JAMES MCCONNELL, BEHAVIOR MODIFICATION RESEARCHER AT UNIV. OF MICHIGAN. ONLY MINOR INJURIES TO MCCONNLLS ASSISTANT. DEFLAGRATED, DID NOT DETONATE. MUST BE EITHER PIPE WAS A LITTLE WEAK OR LOADING DENSITY OF EXPLOSIVO A SHADE TOO HIGH AT FAILURE.

EXPERIMENT 97. DEC. 11, 1985 I PLANTED BOMB DISGUISED TO LOOK LIKE SCRAP OF LUMBER BEHIND RENTECH COMPUTE STORE IN SACRAMENTO. ACCORDING TO SAN FRANCISIO EXAMINER, DEC.20, THE "OPERATOR" (OWNER? MANAGER?) OF THE STORE WAS KILLED, "BLOWN TO BITS", ON DEC.12. EXCELLENT. HUMANE WAY TO ELIMINATE SOMEBODY. HE PROBABLY NEVER FELT A THING. 25000 DOLLAR REWARD OFFERED. RATHER FLATTERING.

DEC. 11 I MAILED LETTER TO S.F. EXAMINER IN NAME OF A GROUP CALLING ITSELF THE FREEDOC CLUB, CLAIMING CREDIT FOR THE HAUSER BOMBING AND ANNOUNCING ITSELF AS AN ANTI TECHNOLOGY TERRORIST ORGANIZATION. BUT THE IN GC.20 ARTICLE IN THE EXAMINER DESCRIBED MY SERIES OF BOMBINGS AND STATED THAT NO GROUAND HAD CLAIMED CREDIT FOR THEM.UP TO DEC.22, NO MENTION IN EXAMINER OF MY LETTER. LETTER NOT YET ARRIVED? SEEMS STRANGE.

AFTER THIS LATEST RAID I SEARCHED L.A. TIMES THROUGH DEC 13 AND SOME OTHER PAPERS THROUGH DEC 14, FOUND NO MENTION OF BOMBING. I FEARED SOMETHING HAD GONE WRONG, AND SINCE EXP. 100 WAS FAILURE TOO I WAS TERRIBLY FRUSTRATED AND THOUGHT I WAS GOING TO HAVE TO SPEND ALL WINTER MAKING NEW, BETTER BOMBS, SO WROTE MY BROTHER GIVING EXCUSE TO CALL OF VISIT I

WAS GOING TO MAKE HSM. BUT SINCE EXP 97 TURNED OUT SO WELL, I WILL TRY TO ARRANGE TO VISIT BROTHER AFTER ALL.

Date of transcription 5/7/96

The following is a decoded transcription of notebooks K2046C (A1) and K778F (B1).

"MAY ABOUT 1982 I SENT A BOMB TO A COMPUTER EXPERT NAMED PATRICK FISVER. HIS SECRETARY OPENED IT. ONE NEWSPAPER SAID SHE WAS IN HOSPITAL? IN GOOD CONDITION? WITH ARM AND CHEST CUTS. OTHER NEWSPAPER SAID BOMB DROVE FRAGMENTS OFWOOD INTO HER FLESH. BUT NO INDICATION THAT SHE WAS PERMANENTLY DISABLED. FRUSTRATING THAT I CANT SEEM TO MAK O LETHAL BOMB.(USED SHOTGUN) POWDER IN THIS LAST HOPING IT WOULD DO BETTER THAN RIFLE POWDER.NEXT I MUST TRY ANOTHER GASOLINE BOMB,DIFFERENT DESIGN.THOUGH GASOLINE BOMB I TRIED LAST FALL DID NOT GO OFF. REVENGE ATTEMPTS HAVE BEEN GOBBLING MUCH TIME,IMPEDING OTHER WORK.BUT I MUST SUCCEED,MUST GET REVENGE. NOT LONG AFTER FOREGOING, I THINK IN JUNE OR JULY, I WENT TO U. OF CALIFORNIA BERKELEY AND PLACED IN COMPUTER SCIENCE BUILDING A BOMB CONSISTING OF A PIPEBOMB IN GALLON CAN OF GASOLINE. ACCORDING TO NEWSPAPER, VICE CHAIRMAN OF COMPUTER SCI. DEPT. PICKED IT UP. HE WAS CONSIDERED TO BE "OUT OF DANGER OF LOSING ANY FINGERS", BUT WOULD NEED FURTHER SURGERY FOR BONE AND TENDON DAMAGE IN HAND. APPARENTLY PIPE BOMB WENT OFF BUT DID NOT IGNITE GASOLINE. I DONT UNDERSTAND IT. FRUSTRATED. TRAVELING EXPENSES FOR RAIDS SUCH AS THE FOREGOING ARE VERY HARD ON MY SLENDER FINANCIAL RESOURCES. LTOST SUMMER DYNAMITE BLAST WAS BOOMING ALL OVER THE HILLS. OCCASIONALLY AUDIBLE AT MY CABIN, MUCH MORE AUDIBLE A COUPLE OF MILES EAST OF HERE. EXXON CONDUCTING SEISMIC EXPLORATION FOR OIL. COUPLE OF HELICOPTERS FLYING ALL OVER THE HILLS, LOWER A THING WITH DYNAMITE ON CABLE, MAKE BLAST ON GROUND, INSTRUMENTS MEASURE VIBRATIONS. EARLY AUGUST I WENT AND CAMPED OUT, MOSTLY IN WHAT I CALL DIAGONAL GULCH, HOPING TO SHOOT UP A HELICOPTER IN AREA EAST OF CRATER MTN. PROVED HARDER THAN I THOUGHT, BECAUSE HELICOPTERS ALWAYS IN MOTION, NEVER KNOW WHERE THEY WILL GO NEXT,

TALL TREES IN WAY OF SHOT. ONLY ONCE HAD BE HALF A CHANCE. 2  
QUICK SHOTS, ROUGHLY AIMED, AS COPTER CROSSED SPACE  
BETWEEN 2 TREES. MISSED BOTH. WHEN I GOT BACK TO CAMP I C2IED,  
PARTLY FROM FRUSTRATION AT MISSING, BUT MOSTLY GRIEF ABOUT AT  
WHAT IS HAPPENING TO THE COUNTRY. IT IS SO BEAUTIFUL. BUT IF  
THEY FIND OIL,DISASTER. EVEN WHOF NOT FIND OIL, THE BLASTS AND  
HELICOPTERS RUIN IT. DESECRATION. WHERE CAN I GO NOW FOR PEACE  
AND QUIET? TRUE,IF NOT FIND OIL,EXXON WILL EVENTUALLY LEAVE  
HERE. BUT IF IT ISNT ONE THING ITS ANOTHER. SUCH AS ONE OF MY  
FAVORITE PLACES BEING LOGGED OFF,SPEAING OF WHICH, SUMMER OF 1981  
I BEGAN HEARING DISAGREABLE NOISES OF MACHINERY,SOMETIMES  
SURPRISINGLY LOUD, DEPENDING APPARENTLY ON METEOROLOICAL  
CONDITIONS. OFTEN BUT OTHERWISE BEAUTIFUL, SILENT MORNING WAS  
RUINED FOR ME WHEN THESE NOISES STARTED UP. THE FOLLOWING WINTER  
MANY OTHERWISE PLEASANT EXCURSIONS WERE RUINED FOR ME BY THE  
MOANING AND HOWLING OF THOSE IRON MONSTERS, AUDIBLE BUT OFTEN  
LOUDLY) FOR MILES OVER THE HILLS. MADE UP MY MIND TO GET  
REVENGE, BUT IT WAS DIFFICULT TO DETERMINE JUST WHERE NOISE WAS  
COMING FROM. HAD TO WAIT FOR SUMMER AWYWAY, SINCE MY TRACKS  
COULD EASILY BE FOLLOWED IN SNOW. BUT NOISE SEEMED TO STOP IN  
SPRING. THEN I BEGAN HEARING IT AGAIN IN LATE SUMMER,1982. I  
THINK IT WAS IN SEPTEMBER THAT I TOOK BLANKET, PISTOL, 1 DAYS  
RATIONS AND FOLLOWED NOISE TO FIND IT CAME FROM A LOGGING  
OPERATION IN WILLOW CREEK DRAINAGE, LOGGING OFF ONE OF MY  
FAVORITE WILD SPOTS. THEIR METHOD WAS HORRIBLE. AS FAR AS I  
COULD TELL WITHOUT GOING CLOSE ENOUGH TO RISK BEING SEEN, THEY  
WERE JUST PUSHING TREES OVER WITH BULLDOZERS INSTEAD OF CUTTING  
WITH SAWS. WHEN THEY LEFT FOR THE DAY I WENT IN AND FOUND THE  
WHOLE SURFACE OF THE GROUND STRIPPED RIGHT OFF LEAVING UGLY  
TANGLE OF LIMBS, UPROOTED TRUNKS, AND DIRT. THEY LEFT A 5  
GALLON CAN OF OIL SITTING ON THEIR MACHINE THAT THEY USE TO  
PICKUP LOGS AND LOAD THEM ON TRUCK. I Poured THE OIL OVER  
THE MACHINES ENGINE AND SET FIRE TO IT. I BET IT COST OVER 1000  
BUCKS TO FIX IT. SPENT PLEASANT NIGHT SLEEPING  
OUT ON TOP OF THE MOUNTAIN AND CAME HOME LEISURELY IN THE  
MORNING. I FELT SO GOOD AFTER HAVING DONE THIS. THOUGH A  
MITE UNEASY OVER THE RISK OF BEING SUSPECTED. FORGOT TO  
MENTION, ON TRIP WHERE I SHOT AT HELICOPTER, I CHOPPED  
DOWN WOODEN POWER LINE POLE, HOGUM CREEK AREA. FEW YEARS AGO  
SOME FUCKERS BUILT A VACATION HOUSE JUST ACROSS  
STEMPLE PASS ROAD. MOTORCYCLE AND SNOWMOBILE FIENDS. THEY WOULD  
BUZZ UP AND DOWN ROAD PAST MY CABIN ON MOST WEEKENDS,  
SUMMER AND WINTER. LAST SUMMER SEEMED THEY WERE WORSE THAN  
USUAL. SOMETIMES MADE IT A 3 DAY WEEKEND. WHEN THEY WERE NOT

BUZZING UP THIS ROAD I WOULD HEAR THOSE CYCLES GROWLING AND GROWLING OVER BY THEIR PLACE, ALL DAY LONG. IT WAS GETTING ABSOLUTELY INTOLERABLE. MY HEART IS GOING BAD. TAKES EXERCISE OK, BUT ANY EMOTIONAL STRESS, ANGER ABOVE ALL, MAKES IT BEAT IREGULARLY. IT GOT SO THAT THAT CONSTANT CYCLE NOISE WAS CHOKING ME WITH ANGER, HEART GOING WILD. RISKY TO COMMIT CRIME SO CLOSE TO HOME, BUT I FIGURED IF I DID NOT GET THOSE GUYS, THE ANGER WOULD LITERALLY KILL ME ANYWAY. SO ONE NIGHT IN FALL I SNEAKED OVER THERE, THOUGH THEY WERE HOME, AND STOLE THEIR CHAINSAW, BURIED IT IN A SWAMP. THAT WAS NOT ENOUGH, SO COUPLE WEEKS LATER WHEN THEY HAD LEFT THE PLACE, I CHOPPED MY WAY INTO THEIR HOUSE, SMASHED UP INTERIOR PRETTY THOROUGHLY. IT WAS A REAL LUXURY PLACE. THEY ALSO HAD A MOBILE HOME THERE. I BROKE INTO THAT TOO, FOUND SILVER PAINTED MOTORCYCLE INSIDE, SMASHED IT UP WITH THEIR OWN AX. THEY HAD 4 SNOWMOBILES SITTING OUTSIDE. I THOROUGHLY SMASHED ENGINES OF THOSE WITH THE AX. THINK THEY WERE THE ONES I CUT CYCLE TRAIL AT ROCHESTER, SINCE SILVER PAINTED CYCLE IS UNUSUAL. WEEK OR SO LATER, COPS CAME UP HERE AND ASKED ME IF I HAD SEEN ANYONE FOOLING AROUND WITH ANY BUILDINGS AROUND HERE. ALSO ASKED IF I HAD HAD ANY PROBLEMS WITH MOTORCYCLES. THIS LAST QUESTION SUGGESTS THAT THE TRUTH CROSSED THEIR MINDS. BUT PROBABLY THEY DID NOT SERIOUSLY SUSPECT ME, OTHERWISE THEIR QUESTIONING WOULD NOT HAVE BEEN SO PERFUNCTORY. THIS WINTER (1982 TO 1983) VERY FEW SNOWMOBILES HAVE COME BY. I SUPPOSE EITHER THOSE FUCKERS HAVE NOT GOT MACHINES FIXED YET, OR HAVE REALIZED THAT THERE IS SOMEONE WHO WILL NOT LET THEM GET AWAY WITH TERRORIZING THE AREA. WHO SAYS CRIME DOESNT PAY? I FEEL VERY GOOD ABOUT THIS. I AM ALSO PLEASED THAT I WAS SO COOL AND COLLECTED IN ANSWERING COPS QUESTIONS. DEC 29, 1979. IN SOME OF MY NOTES I MENTIONED A PLAN FOR REVENGE ON SOCIETY. PLAN WAS TO BLOW UP AIRLINER IN FLIGHT. LATE SUMMER AND EARLY AUTUMN I CONSTRUCTED DEVICE. MUCH EXPENSE, BECAUSE HAD TO GO TO GR. FALLS TO BUY MATERIALS, INCLUDING BAROMETER AND MANY BOXES CARTRIDGES FOR THE POWDER. I PUT MORE THAN A QUART OF SMOKELESS POWDER IN A CAN, RIGGED BAROMETER SO DEVICE WOULD EXPLODE AT 2000FT. OR CONCEIVABLY AS HIGH AS 3500FT. DUE TO VARIATION OF ATMOSPHERIC PRESSURE. LATE OCT. MAILED PACKAGE FROM CHICAGO PRIORITY MAIL SO IT WOULD GO BY AIR. UNFORTUNATELY PLANE NOT DESTROYED, BOMB TOO WEAK. NEWSPAPER SAID WAS "LOW POWER DEVICE". SURPRISED ME. (IN ORIGINAL AS I WROTE IT IN 1989, THERE FOLLOWED SPECULATIONS WHY BOMB WEAK. NOW KNOW WHY. SMOKELESS POWDER IS DEFLOGRATING NOT DETONATING EXPLOSIVE, AND CONTAINER TOO EAK EVEN TO FULLY UTILIZE ITS DEFLAGRATING POTENTIAL) SEEMS



THAT I GGER SYSTEM NOT TOO RELIABLE. ACCORDING TO CHI. TRIBUNE, BOMB WENT OFF AS PLANE APPROACHED WASHINGTON. ACCORDING TO SUN TIMES, PASSENGERS AIN BOMB WENT OFF ABOUT HALF WAY TO WASHINGTON. SHOULD HAVE GONE OFF LONG BEFORE. SET FOR 2000 OR UP TO 3500FT. ACCORDING TO INFO I GOT IN L0000000000000000000000 25000 TO 40000FT. AND CABINS PRESSURIZED AT ABOUT 8000FT. POSSIBLE EXPLANATIONS... DEFECTIVE BAROMETER. PRESSURIZATION INF FROM ABOUT 1971, CONCEIVABLY THEY NOW PRESSURIZE AT LOWER ALTITUDE. SYSTEM WORKED OK WHEN I EXPERIMENTED BEFORE MAKING UP PACKAGE BUT I HAVE REASON TO SUSPECT LIGHT TOUCH OF BAROMETER NEEDLE ON CONTACT NOT ABSOLUTELY RELIABLE IN TRANSMITTING CURRENT. I WILL TRY AGAIN IF CAN GET BETTER EXPLOSIVE. BOMO DID NOT ACCOMPLISH MUCH. PROBABLY DESTROYED SOME MAIL. PAPERS SAID IT WAS WITH MAIL SACKS AND THERE WAS SMOLDERING FIRE. NO DAMAGE TO PLANE. AT LEAST IT GAVE THEM A GOOD SCARE. MUCH THICK SMOKE CAME INTO PASSENGER SPACE, PLANE LANDED AT AIRPORT OTHER THAN ITS DESTINATION BECAUSE OF THIS. TRIBUNE SAID NO PANIC. BUT SUN TIMES SAID THEY DROPPED OXYGEN INHALATORS TO PASSENGERS BECAUSE OF SMOKE AND PASSENGERS DID NOT KNOW HOW TO USE THEM AND SOMEWERE "JUMPING UP AND DOWN AND SCREAMING FOR THE POOR STEWARDESS, "AND AS PASSENGERS IAME OUT OF PLANE SOOME WERE EMBRACING EACH OTHER, PRESUMABLY IN RELIEF. THE PAPERS SAID FBI INVESTIGATING INCIDENT. FBI SUCK MY COCK. SO I CAME BACK TO MONTO EARLY DECEMBER, NOW WORK ON OTHER PLANS. JUNE 1,1985. SUCCESS AT LAST AFTER MANY FAILURES REPORTED IN THESE NOTES. TOOK ME YEAR AND A HALF OF INTENSIVE EFFORT, LARGELY NEGLECTING OTHER WORK Y TO DEVELOP EFFECTIVE TYPE BOMB. 4.45 PARTS AMMONIUM NITRATE (FROMFERTILI) ER) TO 1 PART EXTREMELY FINE PYWDERED ALUMINUM(FROMALUM.PAINT) MIXURE NOT CAKED BUT LEFT IN POWDER FORM, IGNITED IN ORDINARY IRON WATER PIPE WITH METAL PLUGS IN ENDS STRONG ENOUGH TO WITHSTAND ROUGHLY SAME PRESSURE AS WHAT WALLS OF PIPE WILL WITHSTAND. SIMPLE ENOUGH BUT I FOLLOWED SOME FALE LEADS BEFORE TRYING THIS ONE. NOTE DIFFICULTIES I FACED. FOR OBVOUS REASONS CANT ORDER CHEMICALS FROM SUPPLY HOUSE, MUST MAKE THEM OR EXTRACT THEM FROM READILY AVAILABLE MATERIALS. NO VEHICLE TO TRANSPORT STUFF, DIFFICULT ACCESS TO LIBRARIES, VERY LIMITED EQUIPMENT, HAVE TO BUILD OWN BALANCE, OTHER MONEY RELATED PROBLEMS. MAY 8 I PLANTED A SMALL BOMB (LESS THAN 2 OZ.OF EXPLOSIVE) IN THE COMPUTER SCI. DEPT. AT BERKELEY. THIS IS APARATO NO.2, EXP.83 IN MY NOTEBOOKS. AT SAME TIME I MAILED A LARGER BOMB(APARATO NO.1 EXP.82) TO BOEING CORP., AUBURN, WA. OUTCOME OF BOEING BOMB UNKNOWN. BERKELEY BOMB DID WELL FOR ITS SIZE. IT WAS SPRUNG BY AIRFORCE PILOT, 26YRSOLD, NAME HAUSER, WORKING ON MASTERS DEG. IN ELECTRICAL ENG. HE PROBABLY WOULD

HAVE BEEN KILLED IF SO POSITIONED RELATIVE TO BOMB AS TO TAKE THE FRAGMENTS IN HIS BODY. AS IT WERE, MAINLY HIS RIGHT ARM WAS HIT. WITNESSES SAID, "WHOLE ARM WAS EXPLODED, "BLOOD ALL OVER THE PLACE. "ONE NEWSPAPER SAID ARM WAS "MANGLED". ANOTHER SAID IT WAS "SHATTERED" AND THAT HE WOULD NEVER RECOVER FULL USE OF ARM AND HAND. ALSO THERE WAS DAMAGE TO ONE EYE. ONE PAPER THAT SAID THE SMALL COMPUTER LAB WAS "DESTROYED". THIS IS IMPROBABLE. OTHER PAPER SAID "MODERATE DAMAGE" TO VARIOUS ITEMS OF COMPUTER EQUIPMENT. PROBABLY MOST OF THE DAMAGE TO ARM AND EQUIPMENT WAS DUE TO FRAGMENTS, NOT SHOCKWAVE. I WAS RELIEVED TO READ WHAT KIND OF GUY SPRANG THE TRAP. I HAD WORRIED ABOUT POSSIBILITY THAT SOME YOUNG KID, UNDERGRAD, NOT EVEN COMP SCI MAJOR MIGHT GET IT. BUT THIS GUY CLEARLY TYPICAL MEMBER OF THE TECHNICIAN CLASS. MIGHT EVEN BE ONE OF THE GUYS THAT HAS FLOWN THOSE FUCKING JETS OVER MY HOME. THIS GIVES GREAT RELIEF TO MY CHOKING, FRUSTRATED ANGER AND SENSE OF IMPOTENCE AGAINST THE SYSTEM. AT SAME TIME, MUST ADMIT I FEEL BADLY ABOUT HAVING CRIPPLED THIS MANS ARM. IT HAS BEEN BOTHERING ME A GOOD DEAL. THIS IS EMBARRASSING BECAUSE WHILE MY FEELINGS ARE PARTLY FROM PITY, I AM SURE THEY COME LARGELY FROM THE TRAINING, PROPAGANDA, BRAINWASHING WE ALL GET, CONDITIONING US TO BE SCARED BY THE IDEA OF DOING CERTAIN THINGS. IT IS SHAMEFUL TO BE UNDER THE SWAY OF THIS BRAINWASHING. BUT DO NOT GET THE IDEA THAT I REGRET WHAT I DID. RELIEF OF FRUSTRATED ANGER OUTWEIGH MY UNCOMFORTABLE CONSCIENCE. I WOULD DO IT ALL OVER AGAIN. SO MANY FAILURES WITH FEEBLE INEFFECTIVE BOMBS WAS DRIVING ME DESPERATE WITH FRUSTRATION. HAVE TO GET REVENGE FOR ALL THE WILD COUNTRY BEING FUCKED UP BY THE SYSTEM. LATER... FURTHER SEARCH OF NEWSPAPERS YIELDED...HAUSER'S ARM WAS "SEVERED OR NEARLY SEVERED". TIPS OF 3 FINGERS TORN OFF. USE OF ARM AND HAND WILL BE PERMANENTLY IMPAIRED, TO WHAT DEGREE NOT KNOWN. HAUSER FATHER OF 2 KIDS. HE WAS WORKING TOWARD PHD, CONTRARY TO OTHER PAPER THAT SAID MASTERS. HE WAS AFRAID HIS "DREAM" WAS RUINED. DREAM WAS TO BE ASTRONAUT. IMAGINE A GROWN MAN WHOSE DREAM IS TO BE AN ASTRONAUT. I AM NO LONGER BOTHERED BY HAVING CRIPPLED THIS GUY, PARTLY BECAUSE I JUST "GO TO VERIT "WITH TIME, PARTLY BECAUSE HIS ASPIRATION FOR SO IGNOBLE. SEARCHED OTHER NEWSPAPERS. FOUND NO REFERENCE TO BOEING BOMB. SEEMS INEXPLICABLE IT WAS DESIGNED AND BUILT WITH SU DOWN OF ARE THAT MALFUNCTION SEEMS HIGHLY IMPROBABLE. LATER. RECENTLY I CAMPED IN A PARADISE LIKE GLACIAL CIRQUE. AT EVENING, BEAUTIFUL SINGING OF BIRDS WAS RUINED BY THE OBSCENE ROAR OF JET PLANES. THEN I LAUGHED AT THE IDEA OF HAVING ANY COMPUNCTION ABOUT CRIPPLING AN AIRPLANE PILOT. EXPERIMENT 100. MID NOVEMBER 1985 I SENT BOMB IN MAIL TO JAMES

V. MCCONNELL, BEHAVIOR MODIFICATION RESEARCHER AT UNIV. OF MICHIGAN. ONLY MINOR INJURIES TO MCCONNLLS ASSISTANT. DEFLAGRATED, DID NOT DETONATE. MUST BE EITHER PIPE WAS A LITTLE WEAK OR LOADING DENSITY OF EXPLOSIVO A SHADE TOO HIGH AT FAILURE. EXPERIMENT 97. DEC. 11, 1985 I PLANTED BOMB DISGUISED TO LOOK LIKE SCRAP OF LUMBER BEHIND RENTECH COMPUTE STORE IN SACRAMENTO. ACCORDING TO SAN FRANCISIO EXAMINER, DEC.20, THE "OPERATOR" (OWNER? MANAGER?) OF THE STORE WAS KILLED, "BLOWN TO BITS", ON DEC.12. EXCELLENT. HUMANE WAY TO ELIMINATE SOMEBODY. HE PROBABLY NEVER FELT A THING. 25000 DOLLAR REWARD OFFERED. RATHER FLATTERING. DEC. 11 I MAILED LETTER TO S.F. EXAMINER IN NAME OF A GROUP CALLING ITSELF THE FREEDOC CLUB, CLAIMING CREDIT FOR THE HAUSER BOMBING AND ANNOUNCING ITSELF AS AN ANTI TECHNOLOGY TERRORIST ORGANIZATION. BUT THE IN GC.20 ARTICLE IN THE EXAMINER DESCRIBED MY SERIES OF BOMBINGS AND STATED THAT NO GROUAND HAD CLAIMED CREDIT FOR THEM.UP TO DEC.22, NO MENTION IN EXAMINER OF MY LETTER. LETTER NOT YET ARRIVED? SEEMS STRANGE. AFTER THIS LATEST RAID I SEARCHED L.A. TIMES THROUGH DEC 13 AND SOME OTHER PAPERS THROUGH DEC 14, FOUND NO MENTION OF BOMBING. I FEARED SOMETHING HAD GONE WRONG, AND SINCE EXP. 100 WAS FAILURE TOO I WAS TERRIBLY FRUSTRATED AND THOUGHT I WAS GOING TO HAVE TO SPEND ALL WINTER MAKING NEW, BETTER BOMBS, SO WROTE MY BROTHER GIVING EXCUSE TO CALL OF VISIT I WAS GOING TO MAKE HSM. BUT SINCE EXP 97 TURNED OUT SO WELL, I WILL TRY TO ARRANGE TO VISIT BROTHER AFTER ALL. "

A critique of his ideas & actions.



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