

Ted Kaczynski's Correspondence with his Brother David

1968—2023

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Ted Aged 26–53

From Ted to Kaczynski Family — Sep 16, 1968 (T-1)¹

To: KACZYNSKI
463 N. RIDGE
LOMBARD, ILLINOIS
FROM: T. KACZYNSKI
2628 A REGENT ST.
BERKELEY, CALIF. 94704

I enjoyed being home very much—except I was a bit disappointed in the wild plums. I still think the kind of woods one finds in Illinois, Iowa, and Southern Michigan are about the best I have seen, except there's so little of them.

Am sending *Mushroom hunter's field guide* to Dave as Birthday present. Please forward if he's gone when it arrives.

You got a nice house there. Only one thing wrong with it. It's in Chicago area.

If by chance you haven't thrown out those Cow — parsnip roots, and if they haven't gotten moldy or something, please send 'em to me. I forgot them. If you have thrown them out, don't worry about it.

The trip back to Calif. Got to Lisbon bank a little before closing and took out coins. (Parenthetically, I am considering the possibility of selling some of my "dead" collections that are complete and no longer of interest to me e.g. Mercury dimes, Roosevelt dimes, Jefferson nickels, Washington quarters. If by any strange chance you should be interested in acquiring any of these coins, let me know, and I'll give you first chance at them if I decide to sell any.) It was too late to go on to next desirable camp, so I just camped out at the place where I go carp-fishing. Next morning I caught a carp and had it for brunch, along with some tomato soup and corn meal. Started at about noon, and camped that night at an uninteresting place in

Nebraska. Next stop was in Wyoming, same place I camped on the way east. Saw three antelopes and chased them on foot. Unsuccessfully, I hardly need add. But I

¹ Letter from T. Kaczynski to Kaczynski family T-1. <harbor.klnpa.org/california/islandora/object/cali%3A1065>

can't help thinking it would be fun to try to hunt them with spears by getting 4 or 5 guys in good condition for running and trying to herd an antelope toward the river, where you could corner it. That would be going right back to the

Paleolithic! But it probably would be illegal or something.

However, I suppose you could just try to hit the thing with a thrown stone. Then you could get out your picnic basket and pretend you're eating antelope meat.

Anyway, these vast open semi-desert wyoming ranges give you a tremendous feeling of freedom. But too barren. Not completely barren, though. I found 4 edible plants there; a kind of dock (greens) (but looking pretty woe-begone); Lambs-quarters — (greens — later in the year will produce edible seeds) but it was bitter. Not bitter elsewhere, maybe the bad soil here made it bitter. Probably pear (but small ones) and a kind of plant belonging to the mustard family. I haven't identified the exact species etc.) but most everything in the Mustard family is edible, so I tried a small quantity of it. Raw, it was terribly hot — practically inedible. (This is typical of the mustard family.) Cooked, all hotness disappeared. Both the greens and the thick, turniplike taproot were tender and digestible. The root seemed nourishingly starchy. But unfortunately it was rather bitter.

[Back to Iowa, I forgot to mention; I found some great big wild cherries, at least as good as the ones in your yard; I found a pear tree with sweet but somewhat woody pears; a peach tree with two perfectly good peaches on it. I gathered a bunch of ripe acorns there, and I will try to put them through the treatment to make them edible.]

Next stop Wells, Nevada. too hot on plains, but sufficiently cool way up on the mountain, where I camped (not far from where I camped on way east, but higher up mountain). Beautiful little pond there (they call it a lake) produced by damming a little stream. Some people caught some fish there. I saw a deer there. I climbed up the mountain as far as I dared (climbing looked dangerous higher up) and got beautiful panoramic view. Bet I could see 100 miles — literally. Very stimulating. Found a kind of cactus there. You can cut it open and cut out the insides with a knife — good to eat raw, but not as juicy as one might hope. Cattle grazing on mountain side. Next stop, Berkeley. Ugh. Hippies and congestion. Water shut off at my house had to go 2 days without own water supply because Water office closed on the obscure holiday of "admission day". I don't know whether that's the day Calif. was admitted to the union or the day the H2O Dept. admits it is all fucked up. When Water office finally opened Tues. morning I found out some Mr. Stoller had called and had my H2O supply put in his name, then failed to pay the deposit, so H2O shut off. The water company [UNINTELLIGBLE] probably gave them wrong address, so all O.K. now. Tues I drove up to Humboldt county for deer hunting. 5 hour drive. Arrived late Afternoon. "King's range", the place is called. Federal lands, right along Pacific Ocean. Mountainous terrain. Same place I went last year. Was there about 5 days; didn't get a buck only through my own carelessness, as will be explained shortly. Place is teeming with deer; for instance

I saw 18 deer on one day. Trouble is, most of the deer you see are does or fawns. I talked to the caretaker there, who remembered me from last year. He is a guy maybe 40 years old. Cowboy boots and Western accent. More or less ignorant, but seems like a nice guy.

He said an old man and 4 boys had been running the deer with dogs and he supposed that that must “have them pretty well shook up”. He also said that an awful lot of bucks had been killed there this year — about 60 that he knew of personally, and that wasn’t all of them. He said probably the only ones left are the old ones that have been dodging hunters for a few years, and they are too damn smart.

Apparently these bucks are pretty hard to get, because of this reason.

This guy apparently spends all day driving around this place and working at this and that, and he keeps a much-used-looking rifle with a telescopic sight in his truck — presumably to get any bucks he might see. The deer season was open for more than a month before I got there, and yet this guy had apparently gotten at most one buck, because he was still hunting for them, and you are only allowed 2 bucks a season. He told me one day that in the morning the following had happened. He saw a buck standing up on a ridge maybe 300 yards away, too far to shoot, really but he tried a shot anyway. He hit it and it fell, but wasn’t killed. He heard it “making a hell of a racket” down in the canyon, but he wasn’t able to find it, so he never did get it. Then another day he told me that the preceding evening he saw some deer moving not far from his house. He went to investigate and found a buck among them. The buck was facing him 200 feet away, so he couldn’t shoot him in the side. He didn’t want to shoot him in the breast because that “tears ‘em all apart”. So he aim for the neck, apparently quite confident of hitting it, but he missed. He seemed quite chagrined about missing. “Next morning I drew up on a target and hit it dead on. Must have been just me I guess”. —he said

Anyway, first 3 days I didn’t see any adult bucks at all. I met some other guy hunting — young guy maybe in his middle 20’s — and we hunted together for awhile. Saw lots of does but no bucks (except a young one with 2-inch horns, too young to shoot. He apparently had hunted deer a lot before, and talked as if he knew a lot, but I don’t think he knew too much, actually. I didn’t like him too well; but I guess he was alright. From talking to him and other people I rather get the impression that people generally are not too fastidious about observing the details of hunting and fishing laws — which is not surprizing, since the laws are kind of complicated. Anyway, I was getting kind of discouraged at not seeing any bucks, so on about the 3rd or fourth day, in the evening, when it rained, I took a walk without taking my gun along because I felt it would be too much trouble to wrap something around it to keep the water from running into the insides. I went up chemise mountain trail, and saw about 8 does on the way up. After I looked around on top,

I started down again, and just a little way down the trail, what do I see but a nice young buck grazing along the trail, with his rear end toward me. The leaves were wet, so they didn’t crunch under my feet, and the sound of the rain covered any noise I

might make, so it was easy to sneak up on him, even though he moved a few yards off the trail as he grazed along. I was within about 15 feet of him before he noticed me.

With the rifle, it would have been a sure thing. It was so damn frustrating not to have it. I went back down again to get it, but by the time I got back up there it was almost dark. I could hear a deer (probably him) moving around in the bushes, but I couldn't see anything.

I saw another buck (or maybe it was the same buck — don't know.) at a different place along the same trail the following evening. I was walking along the trail very slowly and quietly. First there was a doe that saw me before I saw her and bounded off. Then, a little further on, I saw something shaking the branches of a bush. I assumed it was a squirrel or a bird, because that's what it usually is, but when I got closer I saw a deer's face down in the bush, eating something.

I looked at it for a few seconds to see whether it had antlers (I couldn't see at first because of the leaves) and sure enough it did, but by the time I saw that it did, the deer noticed me and took off.

It was going fast through thick brush and trees, so naturally I missed when I took a shot at it. Probably I shouldn't have shot at it, because sometimes they run a little distance and then stop and look at you for a while. Then I would have had a better chance. Next time maybe I will know better. I wasn't more than 15–20 feet from *that* deer either before he noticed me.

Well, maybe I can get away next weekend and have another chance. Also, the squirrel season will be open by then, so I can try my *luck* with them, too. But for now its back to the old grind.

Ted

P.S. [crosses out: When you he] (Shit on that pen) When you have the good fortune to see a buck, deer hunting is very exciting. Trouble is, seeing it in the first place depends too much on luck. Maybe if you were a real first class expert, like the Indians or something, you would be able to trace them, or know better where to find them.

But where to learn all that stuff? I have tried some of the tricks I have read in book but they don't seem to work too well.

T.J.K.

From Ted to Dave — Sep 1973 (Excerpt)²

Dave: On the occasion of your leaving that apartment, I would like to express my gratitude for the fact that you let me stay there during the summer and fall of 1971 — when I burned my foot and later when I was trying to get the cabin built before winter — a very difficult period for me. One of the few things I remember with pleasure from

² Ted Kaczynski. Truth versus Lies [Book]. Boxes 66 & 67, Ted Kaczynski papers, University of Michigan Library (Special Collections Library). Original link. Archived link.

that period was those evening drives we used to take. Also, I remember those meals we occasionally prepared at a later period.

From Ted to Dave — Jun 7, 1975 (T-165)³

Envelope addressed to: Kaczynski

463 North Ridge

Lombard, Illinois 60148

Postmarked: **Jun 7, 1975**, Canyon Creek, MT 59633

Notation on envelope to left of address: attn: Dave

... Unfortunately, I received your little heraldic thing at a time when I was rereading Vol. II of Bulfinche's Mythology— The Age of Chivalry; King Arthur and all that stuff. All that stuff [CROSSED OUT] went to my head and I suddenly realized what in my heart of hearts I had known all along — namely, that I was in truth Sir Theodorus Johannus Bombastus Kaczynski, Knight of the Table Round, Baron of Crater Mountain and Earl of Cottonwood Gulch, scion of a highborn lineage, Knight Templar, Member of the Order of the Garter and of Queen Guenevere's Brassiere. Only an evil enchantment put upon me by Morgane da Fay had caused me to forget all this temporarily. So I swiped a galvanized garbage can, cut holes in it for my arms and legs, painted that black bull's head and silver sword business on the cover for a shield, stuck a nail on the end of [CROSSED OUT] a broomstick for a lance, girt on my trusty machete Excaliber, stole a horse, and set off to find a giant to slay or an oppressed of whom had the unparalleled temerity to point at me and say "look at that crazy bastard. "Bastard? Fie, varlet," I cried, "wouldst thou cast so vile a smirch upon my escutcheon?" So I [CROSSED OUT] couched my lance and tilted at him, and lo *villain* that he was, he ran like a rabbit and I was only able to prick his fat ass before he escaped by scrambling over a fence. Shortly thereafter I found myself surrounded by 3 police cars (and a van with padded interior from the state mental hospital at Warm Springs. One of the cops approached me gingerly and said "Say, bud, you got any identification?" Yes, he had the impudence to address me as "bud." [CROSSED OUT] I replied, "Know me by this, recreant caitiff!" And I laid his cheek open with a stroke from Excalibur. So they all swarmed around me and pulled me off my horse. "Unhand me, base-born churls!" I screeched, but to no avail. So now they have me in a loathsome dungeon kept by an ogre with a big red nose, awaiting trial before a judge who probably has no noble ancestry to speak of. His coat of arms, I doubt not, is a dunghill on field azure, with bar sinister, of course ...

³ A Review and Compilation of the Writings of Ted Kaczynski

From Ted to Dave — Aug 28, 1979 (T-3)⁴

To: DAVE KACZYNSKI

463 N. RIDGE AVE.

LOMBARD, ILLINOIS 60148

FROM: T. J. KACZYNSKI STEMPLER PASS ROAD LINCOLN, MONTANA
59639

Dave—

I agree with your decision about not fishing for pure “sport.” As for vegetarianism—I would just mention one thing in case you aren’t aware of it, Vitamin B-12 is not obtainable from vegetable sources, so you have to eat meat or fish or milk or eggs or vitamin pills. It takes several years for Vitamin B-12 deficiency symptoms to appear, but once they appear they are incurable. Also I would respectfully suggest it is better to give up eating milk and eggs than to give up meat. In a commercial egg-production operation they keep the chickens in vast ranks of tiny cages, too small for the birds to turn around in. Feed goes in one end and eggs come out the other. If you think of the chickens in human terms its worse than 1984. So far as I know, it’s not that bad with milk cows—but they too are slaves.

I don’t know if Epstein understands “wilderness” in our terms—but I did say in my letter to him that by “wilderness” I meant a place where our nearest neighbor would be 5 miles away air-line. As for Commies in Costa Rica—if we ever do go there, maybe by that time we will have better indications as to just what the Commie situation is likely to be. I’m surprized to here that Costa Rica is English-speaking. But maybe there are Spanish-speaking peasants in the hinterlands?

I would suggest you take the following steps regarding Costa Rica. (I hate to seem like I’m shoving work off on you, but when I go to Helena I have only 2 hours before bus leaves again, so I can’t get much done.)

(1) In library, look up maps like we did before. The areas Epstein suggested were Meseta Central (near San Jose) and the Cordillera del Gunacoste. (If maps look promising, you might send me a Xerox copy of one if convenient.)

(2) If maps found in library look good, you could visit that Rand McNally store downtown that the librarian told us about, and see if they have any really detailed maps.

(3) If can’t get good enough maps that way, check if there is by any chance a Costa Rican Consulate in Chicago, then call or visit in person to find out where to get maps or other information.

I wish I could have played softball with you!

Ted

⁴ Letter from T. Kaczynski to Dave Kaczynski T-3. <harbor.klnpa.org/california/islandora/object/cali%3A1066>

P.S. In reply to my cartoon, Hoken sent me a copy of “Red Sonja⁽¹⁾” comic book, asserting that “to imaginative minds it drips of philosophical lessons.”

In reply I sent him:

“I have no time⁽²⁾ to listen to thy teaching, Zarathustra,” said the small man, “For I must mow my lawn and tend my melons. I have no time to listen to prophecies. I have no time to be an arrow of longing for the farther shore.”

“How then,” answered Zarathustra, “hast thou time to read the book of a naked harlot pretending to be a hero? Knowest thou not that a dark cloud hangs over men and that even now are falling one by one the heavy drops that herald the lightning? What then signify they lawnmowers and thy melons? Verily, thou art become as the last man.” Thus spake Zarathustra—Nietzsche, *Zarathustra*, part 5.

From Dave to Ted — Aug, 1979 (T-4)⁵

Dear Ted,

The parents gave me another \$1,000. I’d appreciate it if you could affix your signature to these and send them off when it is convenient. Thanks.

We have an underground bee hive in our back yard. There’s a hole which appears to descend at about a forty-five degree angle near the dead tree by the shed. Bees are flying in and out continually all day.

From Ted to Dave — Sep 6, 1979 (T-4)⁶

To: DAVE KACZYNSKI

463 N. RIDGE AVE. LOMBARD, ILL. 60148

FROM: T. KACZYNSKI

STEMPLE PASS ROAD LINCOLN, MONT. 59639

Dear Dave,

I just mailed off those forms in the Standard First Federal envelope you enclosed. Those “bees”—are you sure they’re not hornets? I never heard of bees nesting underground, but one variety of yellowjackets does do so. If by any chance they really are

⁵ Letter from T. Kaczynski to Dave Kaczynski T-4. <harbor.klnpa.org/california/islandora/object/cali%3A1067>

⁶ Letter from T. Kaczynski to Dave Kaczynski T-4. <harbor.klnpa.org/california/islandora/object/cali%3A1067>

(1) An absurd female hero.

(2) Hoken wrote that he would read some Nietzsche, except that he had not time cause he was too busy mowing his lawn, tending his melons, etc.

bees—wait till the weather gets cold enough to immobilize them, then dig them out to get the honey!

Ted

From Ted to Dave — Undated (T-5)⁷

To: KACZYNSKI
463 N. RIDGE AVE.
LOMBARD, ILLINOIS 60148
FROM: T. KACZYNSKI STEMPLE PASS RD.
LINCOLN, MONTANA 59639

Caro Ted,

Thanks para (for) your letter. Thanks for the correction of my errors. It is difficult to learn Spanish, I think. I will know everything when I have some books to study. It is difficult -perhaps a preposition should be here — perhaps “de” I don’t know to learn the order of the words and the use of the prepositions. *Perhaps my Spanish is amusing.* No tengo mucho tiempo to study

“para” should be here

Spanish has more subjunctive cases than English. True? I don’t understand them; usually. The subjunctive is used many times in Spanish.

Please tell (dime) [but it should be in the imperative familiar form] me if my friend from Ecuador writes to you. (Correct subjunctive?)

Please, write again to me in Spanish.

After thinking about it, I think it is difficult to learn (without prepositions) correctly; because the infinitive “to learn” can function like “learning” English; that way I suppose “it is difficult to learn” it can be read as “learning is difficult.” Therefore I will learn the language better.

Your friend and brother

Dave

I don’t think Spanish has subjunctive tenses than English (but more cases in which one should use the subjunctive).

In Spanish there are two subjunctive tenses — present and imperfect — No? I think they exist in English also, even if many of their uses are antiquated — Example: I = indicative, s = subjunctive, c = conditional.

But spinach is (A) I like spinach though it bad for you. is bad for me.

⁷ Letter from T. Kaczynski to Dave Kaczynski T-5. <harbor.klnpa.org/california/islandora/object/cali%3A1068>

I (B) Spinach may be (A) I like spinach though it like s present spinach. bad for you. be bad for me.

(B) Spinach is good for (A) I *should like* spinach though you. it *were* bad for me. s imperfect or past

From Ted to Dave — April 29, 1981 (T-6)⁸

Original Mix of Spanish & English

No deseo el flauto. No quiero gastar \$75.00 para sustancias quimicas. Hay algo peculiar en aquellos precios. Quizas puedo usar aquella chaqueta para invierno. Podeis traerla en junio, si quereis, y padre ver si la deseo.

Prefiero que no me envieis ningunas tarjetas postales; prefiero cartas cerradas, porque quiero lo privado.

Dave: por me nuevo libro gramatical, ahora no creo que tu frase, “dime si ella te escriba”, sea de usarse aqui; debe estar “escribe”, no “escriba”.

A pesar de mi nuevo libro, hay una pregunta tocante la cual tengo dudas. Quiza’s algun dia puedes escribir a tu amiga de Ecuador y le preguntas tocante a esto: Dice mi libro, los pronombres personeles de persona tercero son

sujeto	objeto directo	objeto indirecto
El	le o lo	le
ella	la	le
ellos	los	les
ellas	las	les

Tocante a las dos formas, el libro dice que algunos eruditos de la gramitica disen que se usa “le” para una persona, y “lo” para una case; pero (continua el libro) esta regla no se observa generaimente ...

Padres: Por favor, preguntadles a los Meister si recibieron las semillas de zanahorias silvestres y *Chenopodium album* que les despache. Y !no olvidais de conseguir mi olla! Y decidles gracias por haceria.

-Ted

P.S. CItto a Walter Conrad Muenscher, *Poisonous Plants of the United States*, p. 17 “Se ha rendido informe que vacas han ...

Mayo 7.

⁸ Letter from T. Kaczynski to Dave Kaczynski T-6. <harbor.klnpa.org/california/islandora/ob-

Mi querido hermano:

Cuando dije que tu amiga estaba quizas inquietando demasiado para escribir cartas a un gringo, no quise decir que fue peligroso escribir a America, sino que ella estaba quizas inquietandose demasiado por su salud propia para pensar en otras cosas.

(4) When a noun representing a *person* is the direct object of a verb, it must be preceded by the preposition “a”. (But this is not true of the objective cases of the personal pronouns — *is* true of prepositional forms of pronouns.) ...

Por que se sorprendia todo el mundo cuando ...

—Ted J.

must not be compromised. The Department of Agriculture requests the cooperation and the support of chemical dealers, applicators and growers in insuring that endrin and toxaphene are applied only when needed and in accordance with product labels. Should accidental contamination or incidents occur through the use of either chemical, prompt notification to the department will allow proper investigation and documentation. *This information is essential if the registrations of these products are to be maintained for the future.* Rumor, mis-interpretation, and unsubstantiated reports of adverse chemical effects are more likely to result in cancellation of these products than is a properly conducted scientific investigation.

Anyone seeking further information or wishing to report on the efficacy or effects of endrin, toxaphene or other chemicals for cutworm control is urged to call the Environmental Management Division of the Department of Agriculture in Helena, 449–2944.

Madre — el hecho que no me has escrito en espanol, no me ha contrariando o chasqueado, porque (para estar muy franco) tu espanol no es algo por falta del cual uno estaria desdichado. Ademas, David me escribe cartas muy buenas en espanol. No es necesario que tu me escribas en espanol, si no quieres.

Esto escribo en ingles porque sospecho que no comprendais completamente el espanol: As I believe I already mentioned, I don't want to spend 75⁰⁰ for 3 lb. of chemicals. But there is something wrong there. Obviously you didn't contact one of those firms (they *do* exist) that sell chemicals in small quantities to amateur chemists. If you had, it wouldn't be necessary to order through Foam-Cutting. Also, you could probably get the chemicals (at lower grade of purity) at much lower prices. For instance, the price you quoted for copper sulfate is inconceivable to me. As I said, I priced 100lb. sack of it at \$75⁰⁰. Did you try hobby shops? Some sell chemicals.

—Ted.

Automatic Translation

I don't want the flute. I don't want to spend \$75.00 for chemicals. There is something peculiar about those prices. Maybe I can use that jacket for winter. You can bring it in June, if you want, and Father will see if I want it.

I prefer that you not send me any postcards; I prefer closed letters, because I want it to be private.

Dave: Because of my new grammar book, now I don't think your phrase, "tell me if she writes to you," is applicable here; It should be "write", not "write".

Despite my new book, there is one question about which I have doubts. Maybe one day you can write to your friend from Ecuador and ask her about this: My book says, third person personal pronouns are

subject	direct object	indirect object
The	him or him	him
she	the	him
they	the	them
them	the	them

Regarding the two forms, the book says that some grammar scholars say that "le" is used for a person, and "lo" for a case; but (the book continues) this rule is not generally observed...

Parents: Please ask the Meisters if they received the wild carrot and *Chenopodium album* seeds that I sent them. And don't forget to get my pot! And tell them thank you for doing it.

-Ted

P.S. I quote Walter Conrad Muenscher, *Poisonous Plants of the United States*, p. 17 "It has been reported that cows have been poisoned from eating the foliage; however, there seems to be little evidence that the plant is harmful to cattle under ordinary conditions. Cases of dermatitis have been reported from contact with the wet foliage."
...

May 7

My dear brother:

When I said that your friend was perhaps worrying too much to write letters to a gringo, she did not mean that it was dangerous to write to America, but that she was perhaps worrying too much about her own health to think about other things.

(4) When a noun representing a *person* is the direct object of a verb, it must be preceded by the preposition "a". (But this is not true of the objective cases of the personal pronouns — *is* true of prepositional forms of pronouns.) ...

Why was everyone surprised when...
—Ted J.

must not be compromised. The Department of Agriculture requests the cooperation and support of chemical dealers, applicators and growers in ensuring that endrin and toxaphene are applied only when needed and in accordance with product labels. Should accidental contamination or incidents occur through the use of either chemical, prompt notification to the department will allow proper investigation and documentation. *This information is essential if the registrations of these products are to be maintained for the future.* Rumor, mis-interpretation, and unsubstantiated reports of adverse chemical effects are more likely to result in cancellation of these products than is a properly conducted scientific investigation.

Anyone seeking further information or wishing to report on the efficacy or effects of endrin, toxaphene or other chemicals for cutworm control is urged to call the Environmental Management Division of the Department of Agriculture in Helena, 449–2944.

Mother — the fact that you have not written to me in Spanish has not upset or disappointed me, because (to be very frank) your Spanish is not something for lack of which one would be unhappy. Also, David writes me very good letters in Spanish. It is not necessary for you to write to me in Spanish, if you don't want to.

I write this in English because I suspect that you do not completely understand Spanish: As I believe I already mentioned, I don't want to spend 75⁰⁰ for 3 lb. of chemicals. But there is something wrong there. Obviously you didn't contact one of those firms (they *do* exist) that sell chemicals in small quantities to amateur chemists. If you had, it wouldn't be necessary to order through Foam-Cutting. Also, you could probably get the chemicals (at lower grade of purity) at much lower prices. For instance, the price you quoted for copper sulfate is inconceivable to me. As I said, I priced 100lb. sack of it at \$75⁰⁰. Did you try hobby shops? Some sell chemicals.

—Ted.

From Ted to Dave — Aug 21, 1981 (T-7)⁹

Original Mix of Spanish & English

Estimados Padres:

Si me compraseis un libro para mi por regalo de Pascua de-Navidad, el que yo preferiria seria un nuevo diccionario espanol ...

Acabo de estar pensando en algo que esta escrito en “La Revolucion Francesa > de Thomas Carlyle. Dice que en la parte temprana de la revolucion, cuando era necesario hacer cierta obra publica y revolucionaria, los obreros cuyo oficio era cavar con la pala se negaron a trabajar mas que el tiempo acostumbrado « aunque su trabajo diario no duraba mas de siete horas». Se oye siempre cuantas horas largos trabajaben los labradores durante aquellos tiempos; doce horas o aun quince. Por cierto es verdad en muchos casos ... como los trabajadores en minas de carbon o en fabricas de tela. Pero, si Carlyle dice verdad, parece que no estaba usi para todos. Noteis que el trabajo en minas de carbon y en fabricas empezo al tiempo de, y a causa de, la revolucion industrial; el trabajo con la pala era tradicional.⁽³⁾ Es posible que el trabajo excesivamente duro empezara por la revolucion industrial? Es una pregunta interesante. Los romanos antiguos (al menos durante el imperio) no trabajaban sino sies o siete horas al dia, y tenian un numero increible de dias de fiesta (Jerome Carcopino, *Daily Life in Ancient Rome*.) Jacques Ellul dice que los paisionos del Siglo XII trabajaban quince horas at dia⁽⁴⁾, pero que no trabajaban muy fuerte; se paraban a bromeiar con cada transeunte, etc.

Yo desearia tener un historiador que contestara a todas mis preguntas acerca de la historia.

Mas lluvia! Caramba! Como acabare mi sotano si empieza a Hover demasiado de nuevo?

He descubierto algo tocante a las zanahorias silvestres El ano pasado yo estaba ausente por una gran parte del verano. Hasta que volvi, mis zanahorias silvestres estaban ahogadas por maezas, y las zanahorias mismas crecian demasiado espeso los plantas sobrantes no estando eliminados. No crecian mucho hasta que yo estaba alli para cuiderlas.

Pero, este ano, mi huerta es cuidado mejor, y las zanahorias crecen con vigor Pues, zanahorias silvestres son «biennial» segun los libros. Es decir, empiezan a crecer en la primavera y crecen durante el primer verano sin ponerse ningun tallo de flores. Duermen durante el invierno, y por el segundo verano se ponen tallos de Hores y

⁹ Letter from T. Kaczynski to Dave Kaczynski T-7. <harbor.klnpa.org/california/islandora/object/cali%3A1070>

⁽³⁾ y, tambien, en 1790 la revolucion industrial no habia Hegado en Francia.

⁽⁴⁾ No, menos de la mited; he mirado con mas cuidado.

hacen semillas. Por el segundo otono, mueren. Las zanahorias silvestres estano buenas de comer solo por el primer ano; el segundo ano, las raices se vuelven duras.

Pues, mas de la mitad de mis zanahorias cuidades y fertilizados se ponen tallos de flores en este el primer verano ... contrario a lo que dicen los libros. He descubierto que esto hare duras las raices. Significa que pierdo probablemente mas de la mitad de la cosecha. Pues, de ahora en adelante sabre mejor. Debere recoger las raices luego que empiecen a hacer tallos de flores.

He recibido una carte de Stella. Me dijo que Greg «got fired and quit». Una accion muy inteligente! Por cierto, si un patrion⁽⁵⁾ cualquiera me despidiera, yo dimitria en seguida. Quien querria trabajar para tal patron?

—Ted

Automatic Translation

Dear Parents:

If you bought me a book for me as a Christmas Easter gift, the one I would prefer would be a new Spanish dictionary...

I have just been thinking about something that is written in “The French Revolution” by Thomas Carlyle. He says that in the early part of the revolution, when it was necessary to do certain public and revolutionary work, the workers whose job it was to dig with the shovel refused. to work more than the usual time « even though their daily work did not last more than seven hours». You always hear how many hours the farmers worked during those times; twelve hours or even fifteen.. like workers in coal mines or cloth factories. But, if Carlyle tells the truth, it seems that it was not available to everyone. Note that work in coal mines and factories began at the time of, and because of, the industrial revolution; work with a shovel was traditional.⁽⁶⁾ Is it possible that excessively hard work began with the industrial revolution? It is an interesting question. The ancient Romans (at least during the empire) did not work but six or seven hours a day. day, and they had an incredible number of holidays (Jerome Carcopino, Daily Life in Ancient Rome.) Jacques Ellul says that the countrymen of the 12th century worked fifteen hours a day⁽⁷⁾, but that they did not work very hard; They stopped to joke with every passerby, etc.

I wish I had a historian who would answer all my questions about history.

More Rain! Caramba! How will I finish my basement if it starts Hovering too much again?

I have discovered something about wild carrots. Last year I was away for a large part of the summer. Until I returned, my wild carrots were choked by weeds, and

⁽⁵⁾ Supongo que esto fuera solo en verano. No teniendo ellos luz artificial, no supongo que pudiesen trabajar durante las horas oscuras por el invierno.

⁽⁶⁾ and, also, in 1790 the industrial revolution had not happened in France.

⁽⁷⁾ No, less than half; I have looked more carefully.

the carrots themselves grew too thick on the leftover plants not being removed. They didn't grow much until I was there to take care of them.

But, this year, my garden is better cared for, and the carrots are growing vigorously. Well, wild carrots are «biennial» according to the books. That is, they begin to grow in the spring and grow during the first summer without putting on any flower stems. They sleep during the winter, and by the second summer they put on hores stalks and make seeds. By the second autumn, they die. Wild carrots are good to eat only for the first year; In the second year, the roots become hard.

Well, more than half of my cared and fertilized carrots put on flower stems this first summer...contrary to what the books say. I have discovered that this will make the roots hard. It means I lose probably more than half of the harvest. Well, from now on I'll know better. You will have to collect the roots after they start to make flower stems.

I have received a letter from Stella. She told me that Greg « got fired and quit ». A very smart action! By the way, if any patron⁽⁸⁾ fired me, I would resign immediately. Who would want to work for such an employer?

—Ted

Letter from Ted to his brother Dave — Dec 17 1977 (C-120)¹⁰

Envelope postmarked from:
CANYON CREEK, MT. 59633
DEC 17 AM 1977

Dear Dave:

I apologize for meddling and I promise to keep my nose out of your business in the future. On my side, at least, there are no hard feelings.

I suppose you know that I am not on speaking terms with our parents. In case they haven't given you the full story, here it is: I told them repeatedly, in letters and on the telephone, 'Don't worry about me over the winter—you won't hear from me until I get out of here in the spring.' I made a *particular* point of emphasizing this, because I know what mother is like. Some time in February I got a card from the old bag saying she was worried and wanted to hear from me. Then about the end of February I got

¹⁰ A Review and Compilation of the Writings of Ted Kaczynski

⁽⁸⁾ I guess this was just in the summer. Not having artificial light, I don't suppose they could work during the dark hours of winter.

a letter from them saying that if they didn't hear from me soon *they would contact the authorities and have them check up on me*. The text of the letter stated (in effect) that it was from Dad, but the style and the worries were so like the old bag that I assume she induced him to write the letter. So I had to get a letter out to them so as not to have the cops come up here to check on me. This cost me considerable embarrassment and inconvenience, and worse still, it broke into that sense of isolation that I so value up here. You may be sure that I cussed them out pretty thoroughly. This cussing out was further aggravated by some festering past resentments against them—some of recent origin and some going all the way back to my teens. Anyhow, I have had enough of them, so I would appreciate it if you would act as my agent, so to speak, in winding up the tag-ends of unfinished business between us ...

Ted's description of letters exchanged between 1978–79¹¹

Quoting Ted:¹²

It was around 1978, I think, that Dave's friend K.H. recommended to him a book by the philosopher Martin Heidegger. Dave read Heidegger at first with a certain amused skepticism that may have been due in part to the fact that (Dave said) Heidegger had been a Nazi sympathizer. But within a few months, he became a convert to Heidegger's philosophy. I think that what led him to become a disciple of Heidegger was that it enabled him to feel that he was part of a special elite. In a conversation that I had with him on this subject in about 1979, he made it evident that he had come to regard himself as a member of a small minority of people who "think" (i.e., who read Heidegger), and on this basis he considered himself "superior." He sneered at democracy, which he said was, according to Heidegger, a failed or obsolete form of government. He therefore advocated the system of government that was first proposed by Plato and (Dave said) was favored by Heidegger, namely, rule by a philosopher-king.

I was disgusted. It is one thing to recognize that the majority of people do not think seriously about anything that is not of direct practical importance to them, and it is another thing to crow about it so that you can feel "superior." It is one thing to recognize that democracy (as that term is understood in the modern world) has failed to provide what it was

¹¹ Ted Kaczynski. Truth versus Lies [Book]. Boxes 66 & 67, Ted Kaczynski papers, University of Michigan Library (Special Collections Library). Original link. Archived link.

¹² Ted Kaczynski. Truth versus Lies [Book]. Boxes 66 & 67, Ted Kaczynski papers, University of

supposed to provide — freedom and equality — and it is another thing to sneer at democracy so that you can replace it with an elitist philosophy. My brother, notwithstanding his claim to be a “thinker,” had swallowed Heidegger’s ideas uncritically. He had given no consideration to the question of whether rule by a philosopher-king would be workable as a practical system of government, or to whether democracy might not be the least of the available evils in the modern world.

Not long after, still in 1979, I had another discussion with my brother, this time about whether certain kinds of statements in philosophy were meaningful. My position was essentially that the meaning of verbal formulations required study and analysis. A verbal formulation might convey emotion (the word “emotion” being interpreted broadly) without having any other content. One could not assume that a formulation had any other meaning than its emotive content simply because one felt subjectively that it had such meaning. Many philosophers had little interest in analyzing their own verbal formulations in order to understand what, if any, objective meaning they held, and were content if the formulations satisfied them merely on an emotional level. Which would be fine if they were writing novels or poetry that pretended to do no more than satisfy the emotions. But the philosophers certainly believed their verbal formulations to have some meaningful content beyond mere emotional impact; yet, in the case of many of their formulations, they failed to establish what that content was or whether it existed at all.

My brother found this point of view very threatening, because it called into question much of philosophy, and related fields such as literary criticism; and it was on his interest in such fields that he founded his sense of being someone special. But he did not have enough self-confidence to meet my arguments head on; instead, he resorted to evasive tactics.

In our 1979 discussion of this subject, I began by trying to stake out some common ground between us — statements on which we could both agree, and on the basis of which I could argue my point. But Dave was so afraid of being defeated by me that whenever I offered a premise that we might agree on, he would reject it automatically, even if, under other circumstances, he would certainly have accepted it. For instance, when I tried to introduce the concept of time, he flatly denied that any such thing as time existed. (The next morning, as it happened, he asked me to glance at the clock and tell him what time it was. When I pointed out that he was being inconsistent, his only answer was an embarrassed little laugh.)

Dave's evasive tactics drove me up the wall with frustration on this occasion, as on various others when I tried to carry on rational discussions with him. (I have to confess at this point that I am excessively susceptible to frustration, possibly as a result of having experienced so many frustrations during my teen years and early adulthood.)

My irritation was intensified by my brother's pretensions to superiority. A fool is irritating in any case, but a pretentious fool to me is simply insufferable, and consequently I particularly remembered those two conversations with my brother.

Ted's descriptions of letters exchanged in 1981¹³

Quoting Ted:¹⁴

In the summer or autumn of 1981, Dave and I renewed the discussion in several letters that we exchanged. Some of these letters have not been preserved, but enough have survived to show the character of the interchange.

My mother had been getting my brother and I to put our names on various savings certificates jointly with our parents, as a means of avoiding probate. Besides that, my brother still had a fifty percent interest in the land on which my cabin stood.

Because recent events had made me aware that my brother's affection for me was mixed with a substantial element of resentment, I felt distinctly uncomfortable at having my affairs so tangled up with his. I remembered how difficult it had been to get him to pay his share of the rent on our safe-deposit box, and I was afraid his resentment might lead to similar difficulties in more important matters at some later time. So I wrote my mother a letter (now lost) in which I asked her not to put my name together with my brother's on any more savings certificates, and I mentioned that I wanted to buy out Dave's share of our Montana property. I explained the reasons and, since I didn't expect Dave to see the letter, I freely expressed my contempt for his so-called ideas, describing them as "adolescent."

However, my brother was staying with our parents at the time, and it was he who opened the letter when it arrived.

¹³ Ted Kaczynski. Truth versus Lies [Book]. Boxes 66 & 67, Ted Kaczynski papers, University of Michigan Library (Special Collections Library). Original link. Archived link.

¹⁴ Ted Kaczynski. Truth versus Lies [Book]. Boxes 66 & 67, Ted Kaczynski papers, University of

From Dave to Ted — 1981 (Extracts)¹⁵

I thought I should clarify my access to that last letter of yours — since mother was upset that I opened it. However, she's often said I was welcome to open their mail. Knowing the issue which had been discussed, I was curious about your reply. So I decided to take her offer literally for once. Anyway, I didn't want you to think she showed it to me...

About my *adolescent* ideas. I suspect you use a mere perjorative [sic] out of your frustration to properly answer them. ...

Anyway, the positivist dogma you adhere to has been long ago discarded...

From this position, you can't talk about much of anything unless you bring in the 'brain' — and since the positivistic explication of the brain is rudimentary, so the positivistic assumption ...

... the positivistic assumption becomes a black box into which you can stick anything too troublesome to think about, and which makes itself voracious toward any thoughts which don't meet the positivistic criteria is [sic] advance, which in turn it excretes as 'psychological' phenomena, unworthy of the name of thought. Can't you see, though you mean to include all of experience, you're really working within a closed system? — Anyway, positivism has been discarded by philosophers.

From Ted to Dave — 1981 (T-118)¹⁶

Quoting Ted:¹⁷

In spite of the resentful tone of his letter, my brother was quite cooperative about selling me his share of our Montana property, which he did for the amount of money he'd originally put into it, \$1050.

As for our philosophical argument, I soon wrote Dave a letter in which I renewed it from a different angle. Instead of attacking the ideas that he had borrowed (possibly in debased form) from Heidegger, or pursuing the question of meaning, I addressed the issue of my brother's motivations...

Rereading this letter now, after a decade and a half, makes me acutely uncomfortable, because I realize how cruel it was. It probably was fairly

Michigan Library (Special Collections Library). Original link. Archived link.

¹⁵ Ted Kaczynski. Truth versus Lies [Book]. Boxes 66 & 67, Ted Kaczynski papers, University of Michigan Library (Special Collections Library). Original link. Archived link.

¹⁶ Letter from T. Kaczynski to Dave Kaczynski T-118. <harbor.klnpa.org/california/islandora/object/cali%3A1011>

¹⁷ Ted Kaczynski. Truth versus Lies [Book]. Boxes 66 & 67, Ted Kaczynski papers, University of Michigan Library (Special Collections Library). Original link. Archived link.

accurate, but that only made it all the more cruel. What made it worse still was the fact that I was not entirely telling the truth when I wrote, “my motive is not to hurt your feelings.” In reality that *was* part of my motive, and I knew it at the time.

It’s true that I didn’t realize how badly I was hurting my brother. In the first place, I wasn’t aware of the full extent of his worship of me. That was revealed only by statements he made to Dr. K. after my arrest. In the second place, I thought he had by that time largely outgrown his big-brother worship...

But it is still true that I knew I was hurting my brother, and I did so on purpose. I don’t think the Ellen Tarmichael affair was an important source of my resentment. Instead, I was irritated and disgusted at the silliness and pretentiousness of some of my brother’s ideas; I was frustrated at his evasive style of argument, I resented the fact that he had not turned out to be the kind of person I would have wanted him to be, and I was still very sore about the incident that I mentioned in Chapter IX (p. 257) but refrained from recounting because I find it too painful.

Dear Dave:

As for that essay I was going to write on the way you think I haven’t got around to it yet. It would be a big project, and I’ve been too damn busy on account of that root cellar and other stuff, and I do like to have some time to take it easy, too. So instead of writing down everything I wanted to say, I’ll just send you an instalment now, covering one of the main points that I wanted to cover. You can answer back, if you like, and then we’ll see where to go from there.

I ask you to remember that, although I’m going to say some things that I expect you’ll find highly unpleasant, I’m not motivated by antagonism. It’s just that I’m tired of having to conceal opinions that I’m going to express, as explained in an earlier letter.

The point I want to cover in this letter is: your habitual self-deception. I’ll begin by mentioning a few simple instances of it.

As a small boy (I suppose you were about 7 at the time) you refused to admit that you were ever going to die.

Also at about that age you insisted that your injured hand was stronger than the other. I recall suggesting to you that you were only telling yourself this because it was an attractive idea, but still you insisted that your left hand was stronger. In adulthood you admitted that this was self-deception.

You might be excused for selfdeception in childhood, but the trait has persisted into adult life.

When we took that trip through Canada (in 1969 I think it was) you confidently asserted, “I think I could become a published author.” I challenged you to do it, at the same time warning you that it wasn’t so easy as you thought. “No”, you said, “I think I could become a published author. It wouldn’t be hard.” By this time I trust you know better.

That same summer you wrote that story “Practical Gas”, which (as by this time I trust you will agree) was just adolescent silliness, and which could never have been accepted even by the cheapest pulp magazine. You could readily be excused for submitting such a story diffidently and with grave doubts as to the likelihood of its acceptance. But that wasn’t the frame of mind in which you submitted it. You said repeatedly, “I think it will be accepted,” which seems to me a rather gross instance of self-deception. (Our parents also thought it would be accepted — an indication of the extent of *their* self-deception.)

When you took up teaching, you apparently did so under the illusion that you were going to change the lives of many students simply by expounding your ideas to them. Of course you soon learned better. You are certainly intelligent enough to have realized that a teacher can consider himself fortunate if he exerts a decisive influence on the lives of just a few students in the course of his whole teaching career. Yet you gave up after 2 years because your rosy expectations of influencing students quickly and easily were not realized. Those expectations must have been the result of self-deception.

You recall that letter in which I suggested to our parents that they should discourage you from getting close to Linda Erikson. I wrote to this effect: “Dave may claim his interest in Linda Erikson is purely platonic, but ... [citing evidence to the contrary].” You wrote me letters on this, the first very angry, and the second apologetic. In the *first* letter you said that the main reason you were angry was because of the implication that you were weak and needed to be guided for your own good. In the *second* letter (and also in a recent letter on this subject) you said that the main reason you were angry was that (as you claimed) I was accusing you of “disonesty” or of “lying” when I suggested that you were misrepresenting the nature of your interest in L. Erikson.

Now, this supposed reason for your anger just doesn’t stand up.

First, I think it was fairly clear in the context of my letter that I was accusing you not of lying but of self-deception.

Second, suppose I *had* been accusing you of conscious untruth. It would have been in an area where untruth is accepted by everyone, and it would have been a kind of untruth to which the term “lying” is not usually applied by everyone, and it would have been a kind of untruth to which the term “lying” is not usually applied. Everyone knows that people are constantly concealing or misrepresenting their very deeply personal feelings, and most will agree that we have a right to do this because there is a certain personal zone in which we have a right to complete privacy, even if we have to tell a few fibs to maintain it. If someone asked me whether I was sexually attracted to a certain girl I would feel perfectly free to say “no” when the true answer was “yes”, and I wouldn’t consider that this would make me what is generally termed a “dishonest man”. I think

really you feel the same way, so there was no reason for you to get upset over an implication of this kind of “dishonesty”, if you want to call it that.

Third, suppose I had accused you of untruth even in an area where untruth is not considered acceptable. Suppose I had written: “Dave may claim he got good grades in college, but actually I suspect his performance was pretty poor.” If I had written that, you probably would have sent me a rebuke in an irritated tone, or perhaps even a moderately angry tone, but you would not have sent me the highly emotional, vituperative, and enraged letter that one is wonderful. If that becomes impossible, then the most comfortable thing is to imagine that one is worthless. In either of these cases one *avoids psychological conflict*. The difficult things are the in-betweens: to assess oneself objectively; to remain in doubt about oneself where national self-knowledge is not attainable to struggle for self-knowledge, or to struggle to make oneself into what one wants to be. These involve psychological stress and strain.

When it is no longer possible to believe that one is what one wants to be in some aspect of life, the easiest thing is to just give up on that aspect of life, saying “I’m not good at this. This isn’t an important thing anyway”, and then retreat to some area where it is still possible to maintain one’s illusion of superiority.

Here we make the connection with your philosophical views. You have very high aspirations. For you it is not enough to just be as good as others. You have to be someone special. I’m the same way. But you are unwilling or unable to go through the struggle that it takes to be or do something special. Every time you encounter real difficulties you retreat, saying, “that’s not the important thing anyway.” By this time you have retreated until you have just one thing left ... Art, or Philosophy, or whatever you prefer to call it. In this area you can always maintain your illusion of being superior to the common herd, because there are no objective criteria. *Whatever* happens, you can always persuade yourself that you are more sensitive, or thoughtful, or insightful (or whatever you want to call it) than the common herd. Of course you are particularly vehement in rejecting any sort of objective criteria for judging art or philosophy, and, leaving aside the merits of this position, your *motive* is clear: If you were to admit any objective criterion for judging art or philosophy, you would risk having your illusions disproved. But as long as there are no objective criteria you can believe whatever you find most comfortable.

Because your self-esteem is based on your image of yourself as one who understands art and philosophy, you find it necessary to deny any concept of reality⁽⁹⁾. Even if you were right in your views on this subject, that wouldn’t explain your obvious *powerful emotional involvement* in these views. You have to deny reality because (reluctant as you would be to admit it) you really feel “deep down inside” that reality is superior to any dream-world such as that of art or philosophy. If you didn’t have this (unadmitted)

⁽⁹⁾ I emphasize that I am *not* addressing myself here to the philosophical problem of truth or reality, but to the question of *your motivations*. I can put up with a difference of opinion. What inspires my contempt is your self-deception; this is something I’ve been itching for years to express my opinion on.

feeling that reality is superior, you wouldn't need to deny reality. You might deny it anyway, but you would do so coolly and without the strong emotional involvement that you do have in that denial. But since you do have an (unadmitted) feeling that reality is superior, you have to deny its existence, so that you can avoid the feeling of having retreated into what is, in comparison with reality, an ineffectual dream-world. Once again, what I am emphasizing here is not your denial of reality (which possibly could be defended) but your motive for that denial.

* * * * *

Now, as a contrasting example (i.e. an example of how one may *avoid* selfdeception) I'm going to use — ahem — myself. I hesitate to do so for various reasons. For one thing, I'm afraid this may degenerate into an argument as to who is better than whom. That is, you may answer my criticisms of you by pointing out *my* faults (which are irrelevant, since my faults don't make your faults disappear). For another thing I don't suppose anyone can claim to be completely free of self-deception. Though I've made considerable effort to avoid it, it's always conceivable that an outside observer might find important self-deceptions in me that I've never suspected. For yet another thing, in using myself as an example I'll have to make some very uncomfortable admissions. But I can't think of anyone else whom we both know intimately enough to serve as an example of non-self-deception. (Our parents won't do since they're both habitual self-deceiving.) So I guess I'll have to use myself.

First example: You will have noticed that I have a marked tendency to devalue social relationships — to consider them unimportant (except sometimes as means to an end) or even contemptible. There would seem to be more than one reason for this. One reason is that getting entangled in any sort of social relationships entails a certain loss of independence. Freedom, independence, and solitude tend to go together. If I fell prey to self-deception on this point (as I did when I was very young) I would insist that the foregoing and other closely related reasons were the only reasons for my negative attitude toward social relationships. But in order to be honest with myself I have to admit that there is another, critically important reason involved, and that is simple lack of success in social relationships. From the age of about 8 on, I have consistently experienced one form or another of social rejection from most (though not quite all) of the groups with which I have been associated. Naturally this has led me to strongly downgrade the importance of social relationships. Since my negative attitude toward social relationships goes back to such an early age I am not in a position to assess the relative importance of all the factions causing it, but I can't honestly deny the very great importance of simple lack of success. I'm afraid that if you were in my position you would probably deny the importance of this very uninspiring reason.

The second example involves an even more humiliating confession than the one I have just made. As you know, I have no respect for law or morality. Why have I never committed any crime? (Of course, I'm not talking about something like shooting

a grouse out of season now and then. I mean felony type stuff — burglary, arson, murder, etc.) Lack of motive? Hardly. As you know, I have a good deal of anger in me and there are lots of people I'd like to hurt. Risk? In some cases, yes. But there are other cases in which I can figure out ways of doing naughty things so that the would be insignificant. I am forced to the humiliating confession that the reason I've never committed any crime is that I have been successfully brainwashed by society. On an *intellectual level* I have only contempt for authority, but on an *animal level* I have all too much respect for it. My training has unfortunately been quite successful and the strength of my conditioned inhibitions is such that I don't believe I could ever commit a serious crime. Knowing my attitude toward psychological manipulation of the individual by society, you can imagine how humiliating it is for me to admit to myself that I have been successfully manipulated.

When I was much younger I used to tell myself that the only reason I didn't set fire to such and such a cocksucker's house was because of the risk, or because it wasn't worth the trouble, or (more often) I told myself that some day I *would* do it. But as I got older I became aware of the strength of my own inhibitions. If I had any last lingering illusions on that score they were dispelled by that incident with Ellen T. I was humiliated and enraged to such an extent that I thought I was really going to do it. (My intention was to give her a really vicious beating; and if her face got scarred up a little, so much the better. I'm talking about felony assault, or whatever they call it. The kind of thing people go to prison for.) But, by the time I was walking over to her car, I knew I wasn't going to do it. I didn't have an attack of conscience, nor was I thinking about the consequences. I just knew I couldn't commit that or any other serious crime.

Related to this is the question: Why do you and I perform more conscientiously on the job than most people when both of us have only contempt for most of the companies we've worked for? It would be easy to invent self-flattering explanations for this, which is what you probably do. But the real reason seems to be that we've been more successfully conditioned than most people to have a certain awe for authority (on an *animal* not an *intellectual* level). For us, to get fired from a job or to fail a course in school would be more shaming than it would for most people. Or at least it would have been when we were younger. We take (took?) such things more seriously than other people. You might do some introspecting about this, and also about why you never committed that vandalism against that Datsum dealer as you talked about doing. I'll admit, however, that this trait of ingrained, involuntary awe for authority is perhaps not so strongly developed in you as it is in me. The point of all this is that these are the kinds of admissions about oneself that you seldom make. Generally you concoct self-flattering explanations of your own motivations.

This concludes the discussion of your self-deception, but I'll mention one other matter in conclusion.

Throughout your childhood and even well up into your 20's you had a sever case of big-brother worship. (Of course, your tendency to self-deception has probably pre-

vented you from even admitting that it was a typical case of big-brother worship, since that would be a humiliating admission.) Because of this and because of the behavior of our weak and foolish parents, you always felt second-best to big brother. I suspect that this may have generated a certain amount of (possibly unconscious) resentment of your past. I don't doubt that you have a real affection for me, but I am suggesting that it may be mixed with a strain of (possibly unconscious) resentment.

One evidence of this is the fact that when you were a kid you would tell me little lies and then after you took me in you would laugh about it. The motive is pretty clear. You felt dominated by big brother, but by taking him in with a tall tale you could be "one up" on him for a change.

I suspect that something similar was happening recently when you refused to admit the truth of that anecdote I recounted about the time when you got drunk and came prancing out of your room stark naked. Have you thought about the motive for your denial? Was it embarrassment? That may have been a contributing factor, but I don't think it's the whole explanation. For one thing, the incident wasn't all that embarrassing. For another thing, when you finally admitted the incident accidentally in front of the Meisters, you didn't seem in the least embarrassed. You just seemed vexed with yourself for having inadvertently spoiled your own little game. For a third thing, you could have just asked me not to remind people of the incident and you know I would have complied with any earnest request of that sort. Was your motive humor? That doesn't stand up either. It may be humorous at first to pretend that such an incident never occurred, but there is no further humor in persisting in the denial for weeks. Moreover, when you finally admitted the incident by accident, *that* was an occasion for humor, but instead of laughing about it you were just vexed with yourself.

I suggest that what was happening here was the same thing that was happening when you used to tell me tall tales as a kid. You played that trick simply because it felt good to be 'one up' on big brother for a change and in this way also you were taking out your resentment over feeling second-best. Though of course, I could be wrong in this analysis of your motives.

I'm not complaining about the trick, which in itself was trivial; it's just that I have misgivings about your motive. Of course, I could be wrong in this analysis of your motive.

My suspicion of a possible strain of resentment on your side is one of the reasons why I have lately come to feel uneasy about having my practical affairs tangled up with yours. Troublesome conflicts could result.

Well, I apologize for all this. All I can say is that these are my opinions, and I've been itching to express them for a long time, and my motive is not to hurt your feelings, even though I realize that that will be the probable result.

—Ted

In a lighter vein — I have been astonished to discover the presence of a certain unequalled villain elsewhere than in the environs where we have been accustomed to find him:

“En Montres Claros el ejercito espanol del conde de Caracena fue derrotado por el portugues (1665) del marques de Marialva en el que figuraban tropes inglesas mandadas por Schomberg.”

–Emilio Gonzalez Lopez, *Historia de la Civilizacion Espanola*, p. 373

From Dave to Ted — 1981 (Extract)¹⁸

I read your letter, and I think it touches on an element of truth, although, as you might expect, there are some items I want to show in a different light. However, I feel I need some time to collect my thoughts, in order to accomplish the task properly. Hopefully, within a month or two I'll have a long letter to send to you. In the meantime, please be assured that I'm not feeling angry or vengeful.

From Ted to Dave — July 30, 1982 (FL#263) (T-116) (Excerpt)¹⁹

Quoting Ted:²⁰

The mildness of this reply may have been part of what set me to thinking about the way I'd treated my brother when we were kids, and led to my first note of apology to him:

Dear Dave:

I remember that when we were kids I sometimes would take advantage of my greater size and strength to dominate you physically. Also I sometimes harassed you verbally. I've thought about this sometimes and I now regret that I behaved that way. So I now offer you an apology for it; though I suppose this apology is very likely a matter of indifference to you anyway.

¹⁸ Ted Kaczynski. *Truth versus Lies* [Book]. Boxes 66 & 67, Ted Kaczynski papers, University of Michigan Library (Special Collections Library). Original link. Archived link.

¹⁹ Letter from T. Kaczynski to Dave Kaczynski T-116. <harbor.klnpa.org/california/islandora/object/cali%3A1009>

²⁰ Ted Kaczynski. *Truth versus Lies* [Book]. Boxes 66 & 67, Ted Kaczynski papers, University of

From Dave to Ted — Summer 1982 (FL #264)²¹

Quoting Ted:²²

Dave answered me with a letter of which the first half now strikes me as beautiful. In that first half, he spoke mainly of his personal relationship with me. In the second half of the letter, he resorted again to the kind of argument that irritated me intolerably — vague, unsupported assertions that did not respond to my points. For example, he accused me of “holding to a rigid, objectifying system,” yet he made no attempt to explain in what way what he called my “system” was “rigid.” You can see how frustrating it is to try to discuss something with someone who, whenever you disagree with him, answers only by asserting that you are “rigid” or “dogmatic.”

It seems clear to me now, though, that what Dave was really asking for in this letter was simply acceptance of himself and his way of thinking. Not necessarily agreement, but simply a respectful, accepting attitude. I wasn’t about to accept or respect his crap about philosopher-kings or his attempt to place himself on a superior plane as a member of a “thinking” minority, but I could have given respect and acceptance to his poetic or emotive style of thought. My only quarrel with him was over the issue of whether certain verbal formulations characteristic of that style of thought had any meaningful content *other than* emotive content, given the absence of any explanation or analysis of how such formulations acquire meaning. And I would have been quite willing to abandon that quarrel if my brother had simply said, “Alright, I think this, you think that; let’s just agree to disagree and drop the subject.” But instead of doing so, he kept irritating me with vaguely-relevant arguments in which he commonly attributed to me attitudes that I’d never held and statements that I’d never made.

Dear Ted,

No, it’s not a matter of indifference to me, and I thank you for your apology, or rather I should say for your sympathetic understanding of what may have surfaced at times as resentment on my part. But I also want to say that I think you may tend to exaggerate your own failings, even as (from my viewpoint) you tend to exaggerate the failings of others.

Michigan Library (Special Collections Library). Original link. Archived link.

²¹ Ted Kaczynski. Truth versus Lies [Book]. Boxes 66 & 67, Ted Kaczynski papers, University of Michigan Library (Special Collections Library). Original link. Archived link.

²² Ted Kaczynski. Truth versus Lies [Book]. Boxes 66 & 67, Ted Kaczynski papers, University of

I've given a great deal of thought to your earlier letter, and how to answer it. The whole subject of my essential relationship to my life and my ideas, and of my relationship to you, which naturally must include my understanding of you, and the implications of your fundamental attitudes toward mine, I am sure you must appreciate is all so tremendously complex, that wanting to speak only the truth, I am all but overawed and muted by the many thoughts which occur to me. One way of looking at this exchange comes to me as follows: You had something you wanted to say to me for a long time. I respect the way you said it, coming forth openly as you did, and (perhaps characteristically) I flatter myself to think that you showed respect for me by coming forth as you did, even if some of the things you said were painful to listen to and partially disrupted my complacency. Now that I'm trying to answer your letter, I find that I don't know what I most want to say to you, although I believe there is something and I can only imagine that some day, sometime, it will resolve itself in cogent expressions. Incidentally, I find myself wondering what the inner motive is for such disclosures. Is it to assure ourselves we live in one world, as much to say that every consciousness is answerable to the same reality? Is it, on the other hand, to dispel the power of another consciousness in order to escape its influence, which otherwise threatens to bind us to its way of looking? I suspect the latter may be true of me with regard to you, which perhaps explains my frequently emotional tone, and takes into account the sibling relationship you refer to. You have, I think you must know, an interpretation of the world which persuades by its very power and conviction. I don't remember finding it difficult as a youngster to admire you, and I don't think my will was consciously frustrated by coming under the influence of your way of thinking, since I thought I came willingly, drawn by its intrinsic persuasion. I hope you will appreciate, in light of this, what a significant being you must have represented to me, especially insofar as you had the weight of Western logic behind you as well. On a personal level, however, I felt a problem arose insofar as it appeared to me I could appear in your world (and only then did I begin to think of it as your subjective property, not as the world), by assuming a shape appropriate to this world, but not wholly expressive of my own experience and consciousness. In other words, what I thought of as the openness on my part which made your thought-process accessible to me, was so little reciprocated that I could abide there only by forsaking a certain freedom of spirit. Yet it was within and by virtue of this freedom (I might almost say, "generosity") of spirit that I saw myself approaching you at all. Just for an example, I often found myself talking about or doing something with you primarily because I knew you were interested in it. In other words, I engaged myself according to your interests in order to experience your mind and your way of seeing. But I grew aware that the reverse was seldom true. If I raised a topic for discussion or proposed an activity, you tended to participate only after you had evaluated the proposal according to your own prior interests, as if my consciousness were not essentially connected with it, or would not in any case

constitute an essential feature of what you had decided to participate in or not. It appeared to me that your world could admit only what was determined in advance to belong to it, and consequently that I could never appear within it *as* myself. I wanted to say what Hamlet said to Horatio: “There are more things in Heaven and earth than are dreamt of in your philosophy.” Except that you had ways of discrediting any such remark according to your own system. (You wondered why I insisted the land you bought in Canada should meet my needs as well, if I had no strong intention of living there. [David and I had once discussed the idea of jointly buying land in Canada.] Well, I hadn’t made things clear in my own mind. But I think it was because it bothered me to think that you would select land that you thought was also for me, but which you would make little effort to see through my eyes.) ... [The four dots are in the original.] In terms of our philosophical differences, I often see a similar tendency prevailing, in other words that you confront philosophy and art, or my peculiar understanding of them, from the standpoint purely of your scientific, logical thought–system, with the effect that, except when your vigilance occasionally relaxes, you are able to experience them only as complex projections of a scientific model. I think you draw them into your world in a way that does them injury. You don’t seem to be willing, even experimentally, to let them speak for themselves, much less to jump out of your own world into theirs, if only for a moment to see what would happen. I may be mistaken, but I suspect you have little idea what I’m talking about when I expound my theories. When I criticize science and logic, do you think I fail to understand them as you do? (Maybe I do! If so, please tell me. I don’t mean that I understand them as thoroughly, or in as much detail. But is it your impression that I somehow mistake them in an essential way?) Anyway, it’s my impression that you haven’t really begun to understand my way of thinking and mainly because your way of taking it up even for the purposes of contemplation suggests a deep resistance. Anyway, I wanted to point out what appears to me as misrepresentations of my thought–process in your letter. You said I propose to know things by “feeling them deep down inside.” I hope I never said anything like that, at least not recently. Because I am speaking about a thought–process one of whose effects would be to disclose what is ordinarily concealed within the mere seeming immediacy of what we call emotions. Then, you said I wish to deny a definite reality. But I am thinking about a reality that is definite in the sense that it comprises the world in which we all live, and indefinite only in the sense that it disputes an understanding of reality on the basis of the scientific principles of precision and clarity, and the scientific motive of control.

Well, this philosophical subject is a large one, and if I am correct in my interpretation, then you wouldn’t be likely to develop a strong interest in it for itself anyway. I suspect I’ve only said enough to defeat my purpose by increasing your resistance, when what I’d rather do is suggest an approach to thinking so alien to what you are familiar with that you would consider refraining from judging it out–of–hand, by recourse to polarities (thought–feeling; objective–subjective) whose main effectiveness lie in setting up the limits which describe science in the first place.

It strikes me as ironic that we seem to be saying similar things to one another. You, that I've taken the easy way out, denying reality in order to preserve my belief in myself against an actual test. I, that you've taken the easy way out, holding to a rigid, objectifying system, in order to preserve your world against the contributions of other consciousnesses, mine in particular ... [the four dots are in the original] or something like that ... [the four dots are in the original] Well, as I said before, I'm not really satisfied that I know what I want to say yet. Your letter had a strong effect on me, in the emotional sense, but I'm not sure exactly what it's meant to me, which explains my delay in answering. I took your last note as an assurance of good will, which helped me write at least this much. Please feel free to communicate anything further that occurs to you.

Nothing is really new in the external world so far as it touches me. I'm just dragging through waiting for the next winter on my property. [Dave spent the winters on his property in Texas.] Softball has started up again, and we're doing much better this year, outscoring our opponents 43–30 (although our record is only 2–2). Ma retired last week and seems to be enjoying herself so far. Both of our parents seem to be in very good health, almost remarkably considering their ages. I hope all is well with you.

Dave

From Ted to Dave — July 30, 1982 (FL #265) (T-117)²³

Quoting Ted:²⁴

... his letter was basically conciliatory, and reading it today I see it as a gentle and beautiful plea for acceptance. In it, he intimated that he had been wounded by my earlier letter ... In view of this, I am ashamed of the callousness of my reply...

Looking back, I wonder why I answered my brother so callously. The fact that he showed no anger led me to underestimate the extent to which I was hurting him; yet I *did* realize that I was hurting him, and I knew that the little things he'd done over the years to annoy me (and the one or two things that had caused me real pain) were offset by the generosity he'd shown me at other times. Probably, my irritation against him was exacerbated by the fund of unresolved anger that I'd built up as a result of various frustrations in my earlier and current life.

²³ Letter from T. Kaczynski to Dave Kaczynski T-117. <harbor.klnpa.org/california/islandora/object/cali%3A1010>

²⁴ Ted Kaczynski. Truth versus Lies [Book]. Boxes 66 & 67, Ted Kaczynski papers, University of

Dear Dave:

Reply to your last letter

1. I see no reason to believe that I exaggerate either my own failings or those of others — when I speak of them in factual terms. It's true that I am more ready than most people to apply strongly negative value-judgements to the failings I see in others (not to my own failings — I admit to being biased in my own favor, and I don't even regard that as a failing! I indulge in a naughty grin as I write this.) Of course I may exaggerate the failings of people for purely mechanical reasons, so to speak: Most statements about people require qualifications, but commonly it is just too much trouble to state all the qualifications, so that a criticism is apt to come out too unqualified. If you have any specific cases to discuss in which you think I've exaggerated people's failings, I'm quite ready to discuss them.
2. On p.2 of your letter, where you talk about my "vision of the world", you seem to mix this up with the habit of precise and careful thinking, as if precise and careful thinking implied some particular view of the world. But it doesn't. I would rather compare analytical thinking to a magnifying glass which enables one to see certain things more clearly. It does not imply any particular reaction or attitude toward what you see. Of course, what you see is likely to affect you in some way or another, but your reaction is your own affair and is not implied by the use of the magnifying glass in itself. Naturally, some people will prefer not to look through the magnifying glass because they find it more comfortable to remain ignorant of some of the things they might see through it.
3. What you wrote next seems to be just a fancy way of saying that you often participated in activities with me primarily for a sense of closeness, companionship, or communion, whereas I participated primarily for the activity itself rather than for any sense of communion, which didn't particularly interest me. This is quite true. To you a sense of closeness or communion with other people seems to be important, whereas I am more psychologically self-sufficient and, so to speak, self-contained. It is also true, as you seemed to suggest, that you have a generous personality whereas I am more egotistical and selfish.
4. You wrote: "You said I propose to know things by 'feeling them deep down inside.'" I am rather irritated by this, because if you will take the trouble to re-read my letter you will see that I said no such thing. On the contrary, I said twice that you feel "deep down inside" certain things that you *refused to admit to*

yourself consciously. You presumably had my letter still in your possession when you wrote, so there is no excuse for misquoting me so badly.

5. In the rest of your letter there are some scattered points that I might care to argue with; but rather than dealing with them all I will simply say that the general impression is this: YOu seem to be saying, though not very explicitly, that there are certain truths (and not merely truths about your own emotions) that are accessible to you by what you call your “way of thinking” and not accessible to those who think differently. As usual you give no indication of how your “way of thinking” arrives at them, no evidence of any kind to support the existence of these truths. The very fact that I ask for some explanation, analysis, or evidence for these truths you will probably take as a demonstration that I am hide-boud by a “rigid” “scientific” mentality. In short, all you have to offer is the blank assertion that you have access to some kind of truths, and any attempt to dig deeper or to criticize this mode of thinking is dismissed as “scientific”.

All this reminds me of catholicism. If I am not mistaken, Catholic doctrine makes no claim that the existence of god can be proven. They just claim to know it on the basis of “faith”. Anything in the world that seems inconsistent with the existence of a good and omnipotent god is explained away on the basis that god is “inscrutable” — mere mortals (or at least non-catholic mortals) don’t understand him; and so forth. And how can you argue with them? When somebody answers all your arguments with the mere assertion that you “don’t understand” and that they know things on the basis of “faith”, what is there to argue against? Of course there is no way to prove conclusively that the catholics are wrong, but it’s pretty clear what is going on: They want to believe a certain thing very badly, but unfortunately the evidence points in the opposite direction, so they dodge the question by standing on “faith”.

I fail to see that you have anything more to offer than the Catholics, except that for “faith” you substitute your “way of thinking”. In my former letter I’ve already made some comments on your (not necessarily conscious) motives.

I note, by the way, that you have not denied any of the statements about your motivations that I made. Rather typically you have sidestepped the issues and resorted to vague generalities which do not directly confront the points I made. But I suppose you will claim that it would be too “rigid” and “scientific” to expect you to confront the issues directly.

As a matter of fact, I am not much interested in discussing further with these philosophical questions, because by this time I am fairly confident that your psychological need for your self-deceptions is so strong that no amount of reasoning will ever get you away from them. *Whatever kind* of reasonings might be presented to you attacking your position, probably you will dismiss them as “rigid” or “scientific” or by applying some other empty label to them, and you will claim

they are based on misunderstanding of your ‘way of thinking,’ the validity of which apparently has to be accepted on faith.

6. In my last letter I just wanted to make that point about your motivations because in previous discussions we’ve had I was just itching to say it. Now I’ve got it off my chest. Also I have some other points to make about your psychology, and I may take up that subject in the future, especially since (unlike the philosophical issues) this is a topic whose potential for discussion we have not yet exhausted.
7. I don’t see any validity in your assertion that I hold to a “rigid, objectifying system” in order to “pressure [my] world against the contributions of other consciousnesses.” In the first place, I fail to see how what you mis-call my “system” preserves me against “contributions of other consciousnesses.” Actually, careful disciplined thinking involving a constant and often uncomfortable readiness to question and criticize my own conclusions and root out my own self-deceptions, has in various instances obliged me to accept conclusions that I found unpleasant; including conclusions coming from people whom I disliked. So, if by “contributions” of other consciousnesses you mean ideas or conclusions, then my so-called “system”, far from “preserving my world”, has compelled me to accept others’ conclusions, including some unpleasant ones. ON the other hand, if by “contributions of other consciousnesses” you mean a sense of closeness or communion, it is quite true that beyond a certain point I resist that — but that has nothing to do with disciplined thinking. I find it quite easy to accept someone’s ideas or conclusions, if they seem sound, without liking or having any sense of communion with the person. Perhaps you’ll claim that my “system” as you mis-call it is a way of avoiding accepting others’ ideas uncritically and without reference to any prior criteria, but such a claim would demonstrate a gross misunderstanding of my psychology. My personality is such (if you like, you can say I am so egotistical) that if I thought uncritically, spontaneously, and without self-discipline, I would automatically *reject* everyone else’s ideas and accept only my own. So, as I said, disciplined thinking not infrequently forces me to accept ideas I’d otherwise reject, and it makes no sense to describe it as a defense against others’ “contributions”.
8. One final point. You said my letter had a “strong effect on [you], in the emotional sense,” and that it “partially disrupted [your] complacency.” This illustrates the fact that you are *not* in the habit of re-examining your thinking critically, looking for flaws and oversights, and attempting to root out your self-deceptions. If you had been in that habit my letter would not have shaken you; you would have been accustomed to the idea that you might have self-deception in your thinking, and the points I made would have been far from entirely new to you; but perhaps you think it would be too ‘rigid’ and ‘scientific’ to critically re-examining your thinking, your motivations, and your possible self-deceptions.

As for other matters: I'm glad to hear your team is doing well — or was doing well when you wrote the letter. Is it still doing well?

I hear you're going to spend the winter at your place in Texas. When you do I'd be very interested to hear about your experiences, anything about the wildlife, etc.

Ma told me when she was here that you wrote some kind of essay about music that won considerable praise. I congratulate you. Of course you know what my attitude would probably be if I read it — that its value lies largely in its emotive content and that much of it has no other content — but we need not get back on that subject.

As for me, my garden is looking good — potatoes, parsnips, “wild” carrots, sugar beats. I have more rhubarb than I can use, ...

From Ted to Dave — July 30, 1982 (T-120) (FL #266)²⁵

Quoting Ted:²⁶

He answered my letter (FL #265) with a letter (now lost) that was less conciliatory than his earlier one, and I answered in turn with FL #266. The first part of this was as callous as the preceding letter, FL #265. But in the second half of FL #266, I revealed to my brother my love for him to an extent that I'd never done before, and at the same time I revealed a great deal about the nature of that love. I did this by recounting two dreams that I'd had about him. One was the dream I'd had at the age of seven or eight, in which I saw him as emaciated and starving ... The other dream is too long and complicated to be recounted here. Suffice it to say that it showed that my love for my brother was of a paternal or condescending kind — I did not see him as an equal, but as one who needed guidance and protection; and I even gave partial expression to the element of contempt that was in my feelings toward him.

In his reply (which has not been preserved), Dave expressed gratitude for the affection demonstrated by my dreams, and said that I cared about him more than anyone else ever had, which quite possibly was true. This was the letter in which he said that he had previously feared that I'd had a hatred for him so great that I could not acknowledge it.

²⁵ Letter from T. Kaczynski to Dave Kaczynski T-120. <harbor.klnpa.org/california/islandora/object/cali%3A1012>

²⁶ Ted Kaczynski. Truth versus Lies [Book]. Boxes 66 & 67, Ted Kaczynski papers, University of Michigan Library (Special Collections Library). Original link. Archived link.

I was surprised at the degree of gratitude that my brother expressed, and also at the fact that he showed no resentment over the condescending and contemptuous aspects of my attitude toward him. I was softened, and felt badly about the harshness of some of the things I'd said.

Dear Dave:

Except that at some time in the future I may make those further comments on your psychology that I mentioned, I propose to drop this correspondence with the present letter. The reason is simply that it takes more time than I can spend on it. I don't mean just the actual writing of the letters, but the time I spend thinking up what to write. You referred to "The spirits of the desert, the ones you become aware of when you sit quietly in one place for a time ...". Let's read "forest" for "desert": I like to spend time with these "spirits", but the trouble is that until I've answered your letters, the subject keeps running through my mind, I keep analyzing the problems and thinking up my answer, and so don't have time for the "spirits". It's too distracting. By the way, this is one reason why I don't like to have mother send me magazines: they have the same distracting effect. I keep analyzing and commenting to myself on the articles and so forget to see and hear the forest.

So if you write me any more letters on this subject, I will just throw them in the stove, lest they distract me. Hence, if you feel too tempted to write me further on this subject, you ought to put your comments on this subject on a separate piece of paper from any other material else the other material may get thrown into the stove along with your comments on this subject.

It might be worth the distraction if you would address yourself to the issues I raised so that we could make progress, but since you dodge the issues and have come up with few ideas that are new to me, the whole thing is pointless. SO I'll just make a few last comments and let that finish it.

First, I find it very irritating that you often change around the things I have written in order to suit your own purposes. You wrote, "insofar as you see me as being unwilling to entertain negative ideas about myself...". If you will check back you will find that I *explicitly* said I did *not* mean that you were incapable of entertaining negative opinions about yourself.

One of the principal things that irritate me about your views is that you *DO* believe in reality, but refuse to admit it! If you claim you don't believe in reality, I put a challenge to you: go into the kitchen, get out the bottle of lysol, and drink it. If you don't believe in reality you have no reason to expect any unpleasant consequences. Of course you *won't* drink the lysol, because you have powerful conviction that drinking lysol

will have horribly unpleasant consequences. Note that I don't refer to any "external" reality here, or even to any notion of *prediction*. I refer only to your inner *conviction* about the consequences of drinking lysol. I have said time and again that when I talk about "reality" I am talking about a certain structure that our experience possesses; or if you prefer, about a certain structure that our consciousness possesses. That this structure exists is your own consciousness, and is important to you, is proved by your behavior — for example, by your powerful reluctance to drink lysol, the fact that you are concerned to get up on time to go to work in the morning, and so forth. You, however, prefer to pretend that this structure does not exist or that it is unimportant to you — for reasons I stated in an earlier letter.

Analytical thinking (I really wish you would stop calling it "science" — analytical thinking is one of the tools that science uses, but the two are not identical) helps to clarify the structure of our experience. You are certainly mistaken in considering analytical thinking as opposed to or in contradiction to art, philosophy, etc. What do you think I do when I read Conrad? Count up the number of times he uses the word "hebetude"? To refer to the example you used on page 10 of your letter, surely you wouldn't be such a fool as to place me on the side of technology as opposed to human will, or on the side of the scientific ranger as opposed to the "spirits of the desert"; and perhaps you will argue that if either of us has enough guts to starve to death in preference to eating the sacred cows, it is more likely to be me than you. Which one of us is still working at an urban job and so serving the technological system, and which one has chucked all that to be with what you would call the "spirits" of the forest? (Thus sacrificing material security, which you are apparently unwilling to sacrifice—here's your job.)

What analytical thinking does is to arrive at certain conclusions about art and philosophy and so forth, and it clarifies the position of these things in the structure of our experiences of our consciousness. [CROSSED OUT: You find the position of art and philosophy in the structure of] You find somewhat humiliating the position of art and philosophy in the structure of our consciousness — for example the fact that we feel we can scoff with impunity at the opinions of any philosopher or literary critic, but we feel we have to exercise the greatest caution in disregarding the opinions of our doctor or our auto-mechanic. So you prefer to deny that our consciousness has any such structure — even though your daily behaviour proves that in fact you really do believe in it.

I don't recall telling you that after "the turmoil surrounding Ellen" I had determined to sever my affairs from yours. If I did make any such decision it was only a passing thing while I was mad at you. I didn't definitely determine to disentangle our affairs until much later. As for wanting to seek land with you, I didn't want to do that for companionship or anything like that — you know and knew well that I'd prefer a place

all to myself. I was only trying to use you — not in the sense of taking advantage of you, but in the sense that 2 people use each other when they make a practical bargain. I want land, you want land; maybe we can seek it more effectively by combining our efforts and resources.

You said I tend to see human beings as assuming unpleasant shapes. This is to a certain extent true — I very easily feel dislike or contempt for people. Perhaps you have a somewhat exaggerated impression, though, of my misanthropy because of my views of the people whom we both know are largely negative. You know why I deeply resent our parents; and it's a fact that there is no one in your circle of friends whom I respect, (though there are some whom I mildly like). There have been other people, outside your circle, toward whom I've had a much more positive attitude — for example, Kenny Lee, and Joe, the foreman at that Prince Castle place where I worked. As a matter of fact I hated to leave that job because I liked the majority of the people whom I knew there, and within certain limits I respected some of them. But of course I'm not going to live in the city or spend my life assembling resanant equipment.

Ok, so now I'm going to give you what you want, in one sense, and in another sense that you don't want. What you seem to want is communion or communication on an emotional level. I'm going to bare to you a little piece of my soul: but I think you will find the revelation uncomfortable.

As I mentioned to you in an earlier letter, I have a strong affection for you. What I mean is that I wish you well, that I wish you would have a fulfilling life, and that I would be stricken with grief if you died or if something terrible happened to you. (You're the only person in the world whose death would make me feel real grief.) On the other hand, I do not particularly desire any contact or association with you. I have often enjoyed playing ball with you and stuff like that, but on the whole I don't particularly enjoy your company. I have a thorough contempt for you and I often find you repulsive. I can explain my disgust for you by recounting one incident. You remember when we went up to that high mountain lake, not with Joel but by ourselves, I had caught a couple of fish and wanted one more for supper. Seeing that you wanted to fish but didn't want to have to eat any more fish I asked you to catch that last fish for me. So you went up there and started to fish. Pretty soon you lost all your grasshoppers that you had for bait and you started to fool around trying to catch fish with bits of tin foil on the hook and stuff like that. I suggested that you ought to get more grass-hoppers — they were there to be caught about an eighth of a mile away. But you just kept piddling around with tinfoil and suchlike crap. It wasn't that you had only a casual interest in catching a fish — in fact you were quite anxious to catch one — but you wouldn't take the trouble to walk an eighth of a mile to get some proper bait.

What disgusted me was not the fact that I didn't get the extra fish (I had enough to make do with), nor was it what you actually did. It was the psychology behind it — a kind of sordid, low-morale kind of psychological state where one wants something and keeps idiotically trying to get it in some easy, effortless way when one knows one can best get it by stopping for a bit and making some preparatory effort but somehow one's morale is too low to permit the effort. I don't know if you get what I mean — I don't know any word that quite describes that psychological state. But it is a state that seems characteristic of your personality, and I suspect that it grows out of the fact that somewhere “deep down inside” you suffer from what psychologists call “low self-esteem.” I suspect that “deep down inside” you *do* see yourself as ugly, in at least some ways.

Now here is where I am going to open to you the window to my soul as I would not open it to anyone else, by telling you two dreams that I've had about you. The first dream is simple. It is one I had more than thirty years ago, when I was maybe 7 or 8 years old and you were still a baby in your crib. Some time before, I had seen pictures of starving children in Europe taken shortly after world war II—they were emaciated, with arms like sticks, ribs protruding, and guts hanging out. Well, I dreamed that there was a war in America and I saw you as one of these children, emaciated and starving. It affected me strongly and when I woke up I made up my mind that if there was ever a war in America I would do everything I possibly could to protect you. This illustrates the semi-maternal tenderness that I've often felt for you.

The other dream is more complex and requires a little preliminary explanation. First of all, I had this dream 2 years ago or so, at a time when I was contemplating making those comments on your psychology (some of which I made in the letter before last), and on your motives for what I consider your self-deception. I had strong hesitations and a certain sense of guilt about what I was planning to say to you because I knew it would hurt your feelings to have my real attitude toward you revealed and also because in attacking your self-deceptions I would be attacking that which, so to speak, gave you hope and preserved your life from being utterly empty. Of course, I figured you would probably retain your self-deceptions no matter what I might say, [CROSSED OUT; like still I felt a certain remorse about attacking you in that place] and moreover, I figure you are tough enough so that even if you were deprived of your illusions you wouldn't be utterly crushed, even though badly hurt. But still I felt a certain remorse about attacking you in that place. This remorse is clearly mentioned in the dream I am about to recount.

Furthermore, you are trusting, imitative, and suggestible, so that you are easily influenced by persons who come into contact with you from the right psychological angle. At various times you have been heavily influenced by me, by Dale Edwards, and by Neil Dunlap, among others. One of the reasons why I was irritated by your talking against democracy and in favor of a “philosopher-king” on that occasion which you may remember was because you were so slavishly imitating Heidegger. Those ideas weren't your own. You had borrowed them from Heidegger. And they weren't ideas

that you selected critically from his works while adding something of your own. You were just *aping* Heidegger — you had fallen under his influence. [CROSSED OUT: {TEXT OBSCURED}]

Also, I suspect that one or two of your friends may take advantage of you, in a sense. Linda Patrick, I suspect, has used you. She has no interest in you as a male, but she knows (knew?) that you were interested in her as a female and she used you as a shoulder to cry on when she had trouble. Has she ever sought you out when she didn't have some kind of trouble or want a shoulder to cry on? Also, I suspect that Denis Dabbis does not feel anything like the warm and open — heated friendship for you that you feel for him. In some ways I think he is rather like me — self-contained and somewhat cold toward others. For him, friends may be only a source of entertainment. But I may be wrong — I don't know these people well.

But be that as it may, the characters in the dream who were duping you and using you represented, in a vague way some of your friends and people under whose influence you have fallen, [CROSSED OUT: normally] especially Dale Edwards, Heidegger, Linda Patrik and Denis Du Bois.

That being said, the dream was as follows. [ADDED LATER: I saw you as you were when you were about 18.]

We were in our old house in Evergreen Park. Our parents were vaguely present but in the background. I was in the living room. You came home and began talking enthusiastically about some people you had just been with and under whose influence you had fallen. They appeared to be some kind of a crackpot cult-group. Soon afterward, 3 members of this cult group came in the door; their object was to tighten their hold on you. They were unmistakably sinister and sly. As each one came in I confronted him, defied him, and killed him. The last and most sinister of the three I tore to pieces with my bare hands. Then the house was free of these intruders for an interval, but you gave me that the big-shot, the leader of the group, was still to come. And then he did appear at the door. At first he appeared as a short, fat, middle-aged man with a jolly, smiling face, but with something sinister about him. He introduced himself as "Lord Daddy Lombrosis." He came into the house and walked across the living room to the kitchen, and as he did so he turned into a tall, well-built, handsome man with greying hair, age fifty or thereabouts, with a kindly, paternal, dignified expression on his face: and he looked like a man whom one would respect. He walked across the kitchen to the counter where the sink was turned back to the counter and stood facing us. I felt awed by him and thought, "This is God!" Yet in my heart I defied him. I still felt something in the background that was vaguely sinister. He wanted to do us good, to be kind to us, but the price he demanded was *submission* to him. And moreover I had a vague feeling that his tools were deception and psychological manipulation. I stood between you and him, defying him and keeping you from both what was good and what was evil in what he had to offer. Pretty soon he went and sat on a chair between the stove and the kitchen table. He and I were looking each other straight in the eyes, and soon I had the feeling that he was trying to hypnotize me or gain psychological

control over me through some sort of deception. Gradually the room became dark and his face turned into a television screen; the pupils of his eyes became two black dots that flew around on the television screen in symmetrical patterns. I felt here that his slyness and deception were fully revealing themselves. But still I defied him and stood between him and you.

Then the room became light again, the television screen disappeared, and Lord Dadddy Lombrosis was again the tall, handsome, kindly man he'd been before. But now he hung his head a little and seemed discouraged — discouraged because we had rejected him and thus prevented him from fulfilling his kindly intentions towards us. With a sigh he walked slowly through the house and to the front door. I had the powerful and awesome feeling that as Lord Daddy Lombrosis walked out of the house — ALL IN THAT HOUSE **WERE** TO BE LEFT WITHOUT HOPE. As Lord Daddy Lombrosis passed out the front door the question passed through my mind — *Who will come next?* I did not speak the question, but you offered a tentative answer just as if I had spoken it. You said in an awed tone: "Satan?"

Then I ran to the door to catch Lord Daddy Lombrosis. He had just gone out, and I saw that snow had begun to fall. There was a light layer of it on the ground, maybe half an inch. Lord Daddy Lombrosis had become invisible, but as he waled away slowly from the house, leaving it forever and leaving it without hope, his shoes left prints in the snow; the prints appearing one after another making his progress away from the house. I ran after him begging him not to leave like this, not to leave my little brother without hope. Over and over I begged him, but the footprints just kept receding slowly and sadly through the snow. Finally I threw myself at his feet and cried, "No, don't leave my brother without hope, give him another chance!" and I started to say, "and me too", but I caught my self and said, "*No! Not me! I will never give in! But my poor, weak, innocent little brother! Don't leave him without hope!*" But the footprints just kept going off through the snow. And then I woke up with a terrible sense of fear and foreboding. It was a remarkable and very frightening dream

In addition to the meanings indicated above, it seemed to me that the dream had some more general significance. Besides the other things he represented, Lord Daddy Lombrosis stood for the Technological Society itself. The technological society, as well as demanding submission and using deception, illusion and manipulation, also has other aspects, such as security and morality, and my inner rebellion against that society entails a certain degree of guilt, which was involved in the dream along with my sense of guilt at attacking your illusions. And to a degree you have submitted to the technological society by accepting one of the substitutes that it offers for the real life that it denies us. The substitute in question is the ideology of "Art" and "Philosophy" and all that stuff, which for many people like you serve as an unreal dream-world which enables you to forget the emptiness of life in the technological society and offers you a kind of spurious hope.

Well, having briefly opened to you a window to my soul, I now close it again, probably forever. Do me a favor and don't write me again on such topics. If you do I'll have to burn the letter, cause if I read it I'll itch to answer it. — and that's such a waste of time. Look! I've spent a whole morning writing this letter when I could have been outside in the sunshine! What a waste! Truth is, I have no desire to associate with you any further. For old times sake it would be nice to exchange Christmas greetings and occasional notes about the events of daily life, but beyond that I have no desire for any further contact with you. You're a fool.

Go to Hell. (But I say that affectionately.)

—Ted

From Ted to Dave — Oct 3, 1982, (T-8)²⁷

Horacio story translation

THE FLIES: REPLICA OF THE DEAD MAN

Horacio Quiroga

On clearing the forest last year, the men felled this tree, whose trunk lies full length pressed flat against the ground. While its fellows lost much of their bark when clearing was burned over, this one retains its own almost intact. There is only a carbonized strip all along its length that speak very plainly of the action of the fire.

This was last winter. Four months have passed. In the middle of the clearing lost on account of drought²⁸, the broken tree lies always in a wasteland of ashes. Sitting against the trunk with my back supported by it, I too am immobile. At some point in my back my spine is broken. I fell just there. I remain seated – or rather broken – against the tree.

Beginning just a moment ago, I have been hearing a steady buzz – the buzz of the medullar lesion – which appears to flood everything and in which my breath seems to flow out. I can no longer move my hands and can hardly stir the ashes with a finger or two.

I acquire at this moment the supreme and extremely clear certainty that, at the level of the ground, my life is awaiting the instantaneity of a few seconds to flicker out all at once.

²⁷ "The Flies: Replica of the Dead Man" by Horacio Quiroga T-8. <harbor.klnpa.org/california/islandora/object/cali%3A1071>

²⁸ Clearing lost on account of drought: Apparently the clearing was made for the purpose of planting some crop which was lost due to drought. Sylvannus G. Morley in *The Ancient Maya* describes the method used by both the ancient and modern Maya to plant maize. They cut the trees and brush in an area of forest and burn off the debris before sowing their seed. Though this story would be located not in the Maya area but in northern Argentina or thereabouts, I take it that a similar method was being used.

This is the truth. Never has a fuller truth presented itself to my mind. All the other float, dance in something like a far-off reverberation of another I in a past that does not belong to me. The single perception of my existence, flagrant like a great blow delivered in silence, is that moment from now I am going to die.

But when? What second and what instant are those in which this exasperated consciousness of still being alive will give place to a tranquil corpse?

Nobody comes near this clearing; no forest path leads to it from anyone's property. For the man sitting there, as for the trunk that supports him, the rains will follow, wetting bark and clothes, and the sun will draw lichens and hair-like mosses²⁹, until the forest sprouts up again and unites trees and ashes³⁰, bones and shoe-leather.

And there is nothing, nothing in the serenity of the environment that proclaims and cries out such an occurrence: Rather, across the trunks and black limbs of the clearing, from here or from there, whatever may be the point of observation, anyone may contemplate with perfect clarity the man whose life is at the point of ceasing among the ashes, drawn like a pendulum by enormous gravity: so small is the place that he occupies and so evident is his situation: he is dying.

This is the truth. But for the obscure resisting animality, for the heartbeat and the breath menaced with death, what is the truth worth before the terrible anxiety over the precise instant in which this resisting life and this terrible psychological torture will explode like a rocket, leaving as sole residuum an ex-man with his face set rigidly for ever after?

The buzzing continually increases. A veil of dense darkness, in which green rhomboids stand out, is now hovering over my eyes. And immediately I see the walled doorway of a left-handed Moroccan³¹, through one half of which a herd of white colts rushes out, while through the other half a theory of decapitated men runs in.

I want to close my eyes and can no longer do so. Now I see a hospital room where four doctors, friends, persist in trying to convince me that I am not going to die. I watch them in silence and they burst out laughing, for they follow my thought.

"Then," says one of them, "No other proof remains for you but the fly-cage. I have one."

"Flies?"

"Yes," he answers, "Green-tailed flies. You are not ignorant of the fact that green flies smell the decomposition of flesh long before the decease of the subject occurs. With the patient yet alive, they come, sure of their prey. They fly over it without

²⁹ Hairlike mosses: the word is "cabellos", literally hair, but the dictionary also gives the meaning "maidenhair", and I have a vague recollection that this is some primitive plant of hairlike appearance, perhaps a moss.

³⁰ Ashes: Literally, potash.

³¹ Left-handed Moroccan: The expression is "zoco marroqui". "Zoco" may mean left-handed, or one-armed, or maimed. Of course this doesn't make sense. The passage may be intentionally hallucinatory (also note "theory of decapitated men"), or it may be that the expressions "zoco marroqui" and "teoria" may have some local or slang meaning not to be found in the dictionary.

hurry, yet without losing sight of it, for they have already smelled its death. It is the most effective known means of arriving at a prognosis. On this account I have some whose sense of smell has been refined by selection, which I rent out at a modest rate. Where they enter, the prey is sure. I can put them in the corridor when you are alone and open the door of the cage, which let it be said in passing, is in the form of a little coffin. You will need to do nothing but keep your eye on the keyhole³². If a fly comes in and you hear it buzz, be sure that the others too will find the way to you. I rent them out at a modest rate.”

Hospital? Suddenly the whitewashed room, the medicine chest, the doctors and their laugh vanish in the midst of a buzzing ...

And suddenly, too, the revelation comes to me: The flies!

It is they who are bussing. Since my fall they have come without delay. Drowning in the woods because of the fiery heat of the place, the flies have become aware, I don't know how, of sure prey in the vicinity. They have already smelled the approaching decomposition of the seated man, by signs we cannot read, perhaps in the exhalation through the flesh of the cut spinal medula. They have come without delay and are circling without hurry, measuring with their eyes the proportions of the nest that fate has just provided for their eggs.

The doctor was right. Their job couldn't be more lucrative.

But the fact is that this desperate anxiety of resistance is being assuaged and is giving way to a blessed weightlessness³³. No longer do I feel myself a fixed point on the earth, rooted to it by the heaviest torture. I feel flowing from me, like life itself, the lightness of the surrounding vapour, the sunshine, the fecundity of the hour. Free of space and of time I can go here, there, to this tree, to that vine³⁴. I can see, far off now like a memory of remote existence, I can still see, against a tree-trunk, a doll with lidless eyes, a scarecrow with glassy stare and rigid legs. From the womb of this expansion that the sun dilates, crumbling my consciousness into a billion particles, I can rise and fly, fly ...

And I fly, and I alight with my companions on the fallen tree, under the rays of the sun that lend their fire to our work of vital renewal.

FOOTNOTES

COMMENT. What I liked about this story was the way the author lifts, at the end, the dark cloud of despair and death to show us hope and renewal. To me it was very effective; I don't know if you will react to it the same way.

The theme – death of a man as a source of life to lower organisms; symbolically, renewal of life in general – is one that I've encountered before; though for all I know Quiroga may have been the first to use it, since he wrote some time ago (he died in

³² Keyhole: Literally, lock, but I think he must mean that the fly would come in through the keyhole.

³³ Weightlessness: “Imponderabilidad”, which according to the dictionary would mean imponderability; but I think the author must be using the word in the etymological sense, to mean weightlessness.

³⁴ Vine: Literally, liana, which I suppose to be a kind of vine.

1937). But in any case I think he handles it more effectively than I've seen it handled before.

From Ted to Dave — Nov 17, 1982 (T-9)³⁵

Letter from T. Kaczynski to Dave Kaczynski T-9
ENVELOPE Postmark date NOV 17 1982 PM CANYON CREEK, 59633 (T-9)
To: DAVE KACZYNSKI
TERLINGUA ROUTE, BOX 220
ALPINE, TEXAS 79830
FROM: T. KACZYNSKI
STEMPLE PASS RD.
LINCOLN, MONTANA 59639

Dear Dave:

1. Parents sent me a couple of photos of your property. It looks beautiful! You once invited me to visit there, and, though I hate to squander money on bus fare, I may come to see your place some time, anyway.

2. As for your blood pressure, I wouldn't worry too much about that one reading because: (a) you said it was near, but not over, the high-blood pressure level. (b) If I'm not mistaken, a slightly elevated blood pressure (say 155/95) significantly increases risk of heart attack and stroke but is not an immediate, serious danger. And mainly, (c) Blood pressure varies considerably according to circumstances, such as stress, fatigue, physical activity, whether you've eaten heavily, etc. For instance, they say you should rest quietly for at least 15 minutes before taking your blood pressure.

Since you took it in a bank you probably didn't do that.

I'm not trying to minimize the risks of high blood pressure. They say that seriously elevated blood pressure is highly dangerous. And it wouldn't be a bad idea to get your blood pressure some time under more propitious conditions. But at present I don't think you have any particular reason to worry.

By the way, they say the diastolic (lower) reading is the one to worry about; the systolic (upper) reading is less important. Also, since weight affects blood pressure, you could perhaps take a few points off your blood pressure, if you have reason to do so, by getting rid of some pounds of fat that you were carrying last time I saw you.

3. I learned recently that exposure to ultraviolet radiation, as from sunlight, has a *cumulative* effect in creating a risk of skin cancer; the risk builds up over years

³⁵ Letter from T. Kaczynski to Dave Kaczynski T-9. <harbor.klnpa.org/california/islandora/object/cali%3A1072>

of exposure. Moreover, the ultraviolet in sunlight is currently increasing due to the partial destruction of the ozone layer in the atmosphere, which is caused by the release of fluorocarbons in various technological activities, including but not restricted to use of these gasses in aerosol cans.

Some figures I have seen, if my memory is not in error: ultraviolet in sunlight already elevated by some 15%; expected to go up to 30% over next few decades, estimated on basis of 1975 levels of fluorocarbon release; percentage to be higher of course in case of increasing levels of release. 35% increase in UV radiation to result in 70% increase in skin cancer rate in white people. So — you might consider getting yourself a hat with a good wide brim to wear in that sunny desert. Now, don't you wish you were a nigger? I mean a real black one. Apparently all that black stuff keeps out most of the ultraviolet.

4. I don't know of any translations of Quiroga's works except one short story "El Tacho" (the Roof) which appears in *Spanish Stories* (a dual-language book with both the Spanish and the "English" versions), edited by Angel Flores, Bantam Books, 271 Madison Avenue, New York, 1960. You could go to a library some time and ask the reference librarian how you could find out whether any of Quiroga's works have been translated into English. And by the way, if you should happen to find that few of his stories have been translated, please inform me. I am just wondering whether it might not be possible to make a few bucks by offering a collection of translations of his tales to some publisher. Might be worth a try. Maybe. Some time.

-Ted

P.S. You may find it discouraging at first trying to identify edible wild plants — I know I did — but eventually you get the knack of it and then it comes much easier.

From Ted to Dave — Aug 27, 1983 (T-10)³⁶

ENVELOPE Postmark dated AUGUST 27 1983 (T-10)

To: DAVE KACZYNSKI

463 N. RIDGE AVE.

LOMBARD, ILLINOIS 60148

FROM: T. KACZYNSKI

STEMPLE PASS RD.

LINCOLN, MONTANA 59639

Dear Dave:

³⁶ Letter from T. Kaczynski to Dave Kaczynski T-10. <harbor.klnpa.org/california/islandora/object/cali%3A1073>

I sent my drawing to Aunt Freda. You weren't sure whether I should send it to Hoken and Jean, and I feel sorry for Aunt Freda cause she's had a hard life, and she was always nice to me when I was a small child. If she doesn't find the drawing cheering, at least it ought to give her an erotic kick. And I know *she's* no prude and will not object to a dirty picture. I mean, you know, those old folk like any mark of consideration—even one that is a little unconventional.

To satisfy your curiosity about the picture: Ovid (Publius Ovidius Naso, the Roman poet), tells the story of Atalanta and Meleager. It seems there was this giant-sized wild boar, called the Kalydonian Boar, that was ravaging the Greek district of Kalydonia. The king of this district issued a call to all the heroes of Greece to come and hunt this obnoxious monster.

A great many came, and among them also a heroine named Atalanta. Atalanta was a character somewhat like the huntress-goddess Diana (Artemis). Instead of spending her days primping in front of a mirror like any normal girl, she spent her time running around in the woods, hunting, and in this she developed exceptional powers.

Also among the heroes who joined the hunt was Meleager, son of the king of Kalydonia. As soon as Meleager saw Atalanta he fell in love with her.

Well, on the day of the hunt, the first to succeed in wounding the boar was Atalanta; she hit the beast with an arrow. But the wound was not too serious, and Meleager was the one who finally killed the animal. Being in love with Atalanta, he insisted that the "spoils" (ie., the hide and so forth) should be given to Atalanta, on the grounds that she had drawn first blood. Meleager's uncle-his mother's brother-objected to this arrangement on the grounds that it was shameful to give the trophies to a woman. Of course he was perfectly right, but anyway one thing led to another, Meleager and his uncle fought, and the former killed the latter.

Meleager's mother, after considerable vacillation in Ovid's account, finally decided that she loved her brother more than her son, and so killed Meleager in the following manner.

At Meleager's birth there had been a prophecy to the effect that the baby would live just so long as a certain piece of wood, then on the fire of the household, lasted. When the wood was all burned up, Meleager would kick the bucket. So Meleager's mother snatched the brand from the fire and put it out, and thereafter preserved it with great care. So after Meleager bumped off his uncle, his mother put the brand back on the fire and when it was all burned up, Meleager croaked.

Ovid doesn't say whether Meleager had time to have any fun with Atalanta before his mother fixed his wagon, but apparently some Roman painter believed that he did, because Suetoniuse tells the following story about the emperor Tiberius.

It seems that some made a peculiar bequest to Tiberius. Tiberius could choose one of 2 things from the dead man's property: either 10,000 gold pieces (Auriae, I take it) or a certain painting. Sutionius rather sourly informs us that Tiberius not only took the painting in preference to the money, but hung it in his bedroom. The painting,

concludes Suetonius, “depicted Atalanta performing fellatio with Meleager. So you can guess what my drawing was. I made Atalanta so beautiful.

Regarding your next to-last letter I got the impression that you had the impression that the poetry I quoted was Aztec. I *mentioned* Aztec poetry but didn’t *quote* any of it. The poetry I *quoted* was ancient *Irish* poetry.

As to your remarks on primitive cruelty and bloodthirstiness, judging from what I have read, the most primitive peoples—those still in the purely hunting-and-gathering stage of existence—are NOT typically cruel, bloodthirsty, or warlike. The bloodthirsty and warlike ones usually are the more advanced peoples—neolithic [UNINTELLIGIBLE] got the impression that *you* had, the impression that the poetry I quoted was Aztec. I *mentioned* Aztec poetry but didn’t *quote* any of it. The poetry I *quoted* was ancient *Irish* poetry. As to your remarks on primitive cruelty and bloodthirstiness, judging from what I have read, the most primitive peoples—those still in the purely hunting-and-gathering stage of existence—are NOT typically cruel, bloodthirsty, or warlike. The bloodthirsty and warlike ones usually are the more “advanced” peoples—neolithic and agricultural peoples, and peoples in still more “advanced” stages. As you know, the Aztecs were civilized.

By the way here is a book you would like to read: *The Forest*

People by Colin Turnbull. If you take the trouble to look it up next time you go to the Lombard Library (they do have the book there),

I think you will consider it well worth reading.

And speaking of poetry, I quote from “Mexico and the Old Southwest”, by Haldeen Braddy, the following poem written by an unsophisticated woman dope-addict. Despite the awkwardness it shows in places, I think it is better than a lot of poetry written by educated “serious” poets. In fact I think it is a really good poem, despite the fact that it is completely foreign to my own attitudes and concerns.

BOP BUBBLE

The drums are beating faster than the beating of my heart.

The rhythm gets more frantic, and it tears my soul apart.

In the background I can hear the wailing of a horn,

As the night is drifting on. Into another dawn so I sit here, and I’m nodding and I hear Lester blow.

[UNINTELLIGIBLE] serious poets. In fact I think it is a really good poem, despite the fact that it is completely foreign to my own attitudes and concerns.

BOP BUBBLE

The drums are beating faster than the beating of my heart.

The rhythm gets more frantic, and it tears my soul apart.

In the background I can hear the wailing of a horn,

As the night is drifting on into another dawn.

So I sit here, and I'm nodding,*
 And I hear Lester blow.
 I dig the blasting of his sax;
 The sound's both sweet and low.
 The music's really getting hot.
 It's setting off a spark;
 It's ready to explode right now
 In this inviting dark.
 Yes, this is my world always,
 With the best kicks I have known;
 *Dope-addict jargon meaning half asleep under the influence of dope.
 And when I get the feel of it,
 I'm by myself alone.
 Then I'm cut off from all of you,
 Though I know deep down within that it gets me as it gets you way underneath
 your skin.

Braddy quotes 5 other poems by this same anonymous junkie (with the condescending remark "however short on literary merit...") He got the poems from an agent of the Bureau of Narcotics and describes the poetess as "of unmistakeable folk status". Naturally, I've quoted the poem that I thought was best. It seems to me that these poems exhibit great sincerity of expression—one gets the impression that the writer's motive is not ego or vanity or an aspiration to "create art", but simply the desire for self-expression. And the expression is effective. In the poem quoted it seems to me that she successfully conveys to the reader her feelings about the (to us) strange and degenerate world that she lives in.

I think now that if I come to see you in Texas, I will come in late November or later. To judge from the appearance of the tops, I am going to have a big crop of parsnips. Last year I ate parsnips from November till April 1, and I wouldn't care to eat too much more of them in an equal period of time than what I ate last year. So if my crop this year turns out to be much bigger than last year's crop, I'll want to take some of them and wash them, slice them, and dry them, after which they should keep indefinitely. I probably harvest them in early November, and may then be rather busy.

If I come, I will help you dig your hole, but I will not accept any payment for it. Your hospitality will be ample payment.

Ted

From Ted to Dave — Sep 9, 1983 (T-11)³⁷

ENVELOPE Postmark dated SEPTEMBER 9 1983 (T-11)

³⁷ Letter from T. Kaczynski to Dave Kaczynski; includes T. Kaczynski's translation of "Our First

To: DAVID RICHARD KACZYNSKI
463 N. RIDGE AVENUE
LOMBARD, ILLINOIS 60148
FROM: [UNINTELLIGIBLE] J. KACZYNSKI
STEMPLE PASS ROAD LINCOLN, MONTANA 59639

Sept 7, 1983

Dear Dave: Since you reacted favorably to the birthday present I sent you last year, I'm sending you a similar one this year. It wasn't easy to choose the story to translate for you, since there are a number of good ones, but anyway I decided on "Nuestro Primor Cigarro" (Our first cigarette) which is one of my favorites among the Quiroga stories that I've read.

You will note how different this story is from the one I sent you last year — an indication of Quiroga's versatility. And he has written still other stories that are entirely different from either of those that I've translated for you.

I'm enclosing with this another letter, written on small pieces of paper that may well get stuck down in the bottom of this big envelope where you won't see them. I mention it so you won't miss them.

— *Ted*

Horacio story translation

OUR FIRST CIGARETTE by HORACIO QUIROGA

Note. There are a number of places in which I am uncertain of the accuracy of my translation. Undoubtedly in many cases it is my knowledge of Spanish that is a fault, but I suspect that in some cases the problem is a lack of clarity on Quiroga's part. If some passages here strike you as puzzling they can be explained in the same way — either the imperfections of my Spanish or Quiroga's lack of clarity.

In some places I have taken mild liberties in the translation since I could find no way to put the literal meaning into graceful English.

There are some words — many of them apparently names of plants or animals that are very likely indigenous to Argentina or Uruguay — that I have left in the original Spanish, since they are not listed in my dictionary.

There was no happier time than that which the death of our aunt afforded Marie and me.

Lucia had just returned from Buenos Aires, where she had spent three months. That evening as we were going to bed we heard her say to mama:

"How strange! My eyebrows are swollen."

Cigarette" T-11. <harbor.klnpa.org/california/islandora/object/cali%3A1074>

Certainly Mama must have examined our aunt's eyebrows, for after a moment she answered:

"It's true. You don't feel anything wrong?"

"No...I'm only sleepy."

The next day, toward two in the afternoon, we suddenly became aware of a great agitation in the house, doors that were opened and not closed, conversations punctuated with exclamations, and frightened faces. Lucia had the smallpox, of a certain hemorrhagic type that she had acquired in Buenos Aires.

Of course, my sister and I were enraptured by the drama. Children almost always have to endure the misfortune that the great events do not occur in their own house. This time our aunt — by chance our aunt! — down with smallpox! I, lucky boy, already was proud to possess the friendship of a policeman and to have had contact with a clown who, jumping up the steps [in some show or circus, I take it], had taken a seat at my side. But now the great event was taking place in our own house; and upon communicating it to the first little boy who stopped at the street door to look, I already had in my eyes the vanity with which a child in strict mourning passes before his astonished and envious little neighbors.

That same afternoon we moved out of the house, installing ourselves in the only other that we could find on such short notice, an old country-house on the outskirts of town. A sister of Mama's who had had smallpox in her childhood remained at Lucia's side.

Certainly, during the first days after the event, Mama passed through cruel anguish for her children, who had kissed the woman now sick with smallpox. But we on the other hand turned into enthusiastic Robinson Crusoes and had no time to remember our aunt. For a long time the country-house had been sleeping in its damp and shadowy tranquility. Orange-trees whitish with diaspis; peach-trees split at the fork; quince-trees with the appearance of osiers; fig-trees dragging on the ground through neglect; all that, among the thick beds of dead leaves that smothered footsteps, gave a strong impression of paradise.

We weren't exactly Adam and Eve; but we were indeed heroic Robinson Crusoes, dragged into our exile by a family tragedy; the death of our aunt, which happened four days after we began our explorations.

We would spend the whole day poking around the grounds, though the fig-trees, too thick underfoot, inconvenienced us a little. The well, too, was an object of our geographical preoccupation. It was an old unfinished well, the work on which had been abandoned at a depth of some forty-five feet. It had a rock bottom and was now disappearing among the culantrillos and doradillas of its walls. It was necessary, nonetheless, to explore it, and by way of an outpost we succeeded after infinite effort in bringing to its edge a great stone. As the well was hidden by a [UNINTELLIGIBLE], we were able to execute this maneuver without Mama's finding out about it. All the same, Maria, whose poetic inspiration always prevailed in our enterprises, decided that

we had to put off the event until a great rain, half filling the well, should offer us an artistic satisfaction to equal the scientific.

But what especially attracted our daily assaults was the cane thicket. We spent two whole weeks in duly exploring that primeval tangle of green stalks, dry stalks, vertical stalks, bent, cross-wise, broken, down-turned stalks. The dry leaves, caught in their fall, were interwoven with the mass, which filled the air with dust and fragments at the slightest touch.

We found out the secrets of the place all the same, and sitting in the gloomy lair of some corner, close together and mute in the semidarkness, we revelled for whole hours in the pride of not being afraid.

It was there that one afternoon, embarrassed at our lack of initiative, we concocted the idea of smoking. Mama was a widow; two sisters of hers always lived with us, and at the moment a brother also, the very one who had gone with Lucia to Buenos Aires.

This uncle, twenty years old, very elegant and presumptuous, had taken upon himself a certain authority over us which Mama, what with the current annoyance and her lack of character, encouraged.

Maria and I promptly professed the warmest dislike for the little stepfather.

"I'll tell you," he would say to mother, indicating us with a jerk of his chin, "that I'd like to live with you all the time just to keep an eye on your children. They're going to give you a lot of trouble."

"Oh, leave them alone," Mama would answer, tired.

We wouldn't say anything, but we would look at each other over the dish of soup.

From this strict personage, then, we had stolen a pack of cigarettes; and though we were tempted to initiate ourselves immediately into the manly art of smoking, we waited for the appropriate device. This consisted of a pipe that I manufactured, with a piece of cane for the bowl and a curtain-rod for the stem, stuck together with putty from a recently replaced window-pane. The pipe was perfect: big, particolored, and frivolous-looking.

In our den in the cane thicket Maria and I filled it with firm and religious unction. Five cigarettes yielded their tobacco to it. We then seated ourselves with our knees up; I lit the pipe and inhaled. Maria, who was devouring the action with her eyes, saw that mine were filling with tears: there never has been and never will be seen anything more abominable. I nevertheless swallowed the nauseating saliva.

"Is it good?" Maria asked eagerly, putting out her hand.

"Good," I answered, passing her the horrible device.

Maria sucked, even harder than I. Watching her closely, I noted her tears in turn, and the simultaneous movement of her lips, tongue, and throat rejecting it. Her courage was greater than mine.

"It's good," she said with watering eyes, almost grimacing. And heroically she again raised the brass tube to her mouth.

It was urgently necessary to rescue her. It was pride and nothing else that sent her back to that infernal smoke that tasted like salt of Chantaud, the same pride that has made me praise the nauseating combustion.

"Pst!" I said abruptly, turning my head to listen, "I think it's the gargantillo we heard the other day. It must have a nest here."

Maria stood up, leaving the pipe lying on its side; and with attentive ears and searching eyes we drew away from the place, seemingly anxious to get a look at the little animal, but actually clutching like dying men at the honorable pretext I had invented for prudently withdrawing from the tobacco without having our pride suffer.

A month later I went back to the can pipe, but with a very different result.

For some prank or other of ours, our little stepfather had raised his voice to us much more harshly than my sister and I could permit him to do. We complained to Mama.

"Bah! Don't pay any attention," she answered, almost without having heard us. "That's just the way he is."

"One of these days he's going to hit us," whined Maria.

"He won't if you don't give him a reason to. What did you do to him?" she added, addressing the question to me.

"Nothing, Mama, ... but I don't want him to touch me!" I objected in my turn.

At that moment our uncle came into the room.

"Oh, so here's your little villain Eduardo ... That kid is going to give you gray hair! You'll see!"

"They're complaining that you want to hit them."

"Me?" exclaimed the little stepfather, drawing himself up, "I haven't even thought of it. But as soon as they treat me disrespectfully..."

"And you'll be doing the right thing," Mama agreed.

"I don't want him to touch me!" I repeated, scowling and red in the face. "He isn't Papa!"

"But in the absence of your poor father, he's your uncle.

Now leave me in peace!" she concluded, pushing us away.

By ourselves in the courtyard, Maria and I looked at each other with eyes full of proud fire.

"Nobody's going to hit me!" I declared.

"No, nor me either," she added on her own account.

"He's a zonzo 1!"

The inspiration came abruptly and, as always, to my sister. With a furious laugh she began the triumphal march and the chant:

"Uncle Alfonso ... is a zonzo! Uncle Alfonso ... is a zonzo!" When I ran into the little stepfather a while afterward, it appeared from the way he looked at me that he had heard us. But

1 Zonzo = boob, fool we had already planned the incident of the Kicking Cigarette, this epithet being to the greater glory of the mule Maud.

The kicking cigarette consisted, in brief, of a firecracker 2 which, wrapped in cigarette paper, was placed in the pack of cigarettes that Uncle Alfonso kept on his night-table, smoking them during the siestas.

One end of the firecracker had been cut off so that the effect on the smoker would not be excessive. The violent stream of sparks would be enough, and the whole success of the trick depended on the assumption that our drowsy uncle would not notice the peculiar rigidity of his cigarette.

Things sometimes happen so suddenly and in such a way that there is neither time nor breath to take account of them. I only know that during a certain siesta the little stepfather burst out of his room like a bomb, running into Mama in the dining room.

"Ah! There you are! Do you know what they've done? I swear that this time they're going to remember!"

"Alfonso!"

"What? You too? That's all I needed! If you don't know how to bring up your children, I'm going to do it!"

On hearing the furious voice of my uncle, I, who was innocently occupied with my sister in scratching lines on the metal rim of the cistern, made a detour through the second door of the dining room and stationed myself behind Mama. The little stepfather saw me then and made a dash at me.

"I didn't do anything!" I cried.

"You just wait!" roared my uncle, chasing me around the table.

"Alfonso! Leave him alone!"

2 Cohete = literally rocket, but I think here a firecracker must be meant.

"I'll leave him to you when I'm done with him!"

"I don't want him to touch me!"

"Come on, Alfonso, You're acting like a child!"

This was the last thing that one ought to say to the little stepfather. He swore and took after me at such a speed that he was on the point of catching me. But at that instant I flew out of the open door like an arrow and took off for the farther parts of the grounds, with my uncle on my heels.

In five seconds we shot like a meteor through the peach-trees, the orange-trees, and the pear-trees, and it was at that moment that the idea of the well and its stone presented itself to my mind with terrible clarity.

"I don't want him to touch me!" I screamed again.

"You just wait!"

At that instant we reached the cane thicket.

"I'm going to throw myself in the well!" I howled, so that Mama would hear me.

"I'm the one who's going to throw you in!"

Abruptly I disappeared from his sight behind the cane; without breaking my stride I gave a shove to our exploratory stone that was still waiting for a rain, and jumped off to one side, burying myself in the dead foliage.

My uncle, without seeing me, arrived in time to hear from the bottom of the well the awful thud of a body smashing.

The little stepfather stopped, completely livid; he turned his dilated eyes this way and that, and approached the well. He tried to look into it but the culantrillos prevented him. Then he seemed to think for a moment, and after a careful look at the well and its surroundings he began to search for me.

Since it was unfortunately not long since Uncle Alfonso himself had stopped hiding in order to avoid bodily encounters with his parents, eh still preserved a very fresh memory of the strategies involved, and he made every possible effort to find me.

He located my den immediately and kept returning to it with admirable intuition, but apart from the fact that the primeval tangle of dead leaves hid me completely, the sound of my body shattering at the bottom of the well had my uncle seriously upset, and, in consequence, he did not search efficiently.

It was, then, settled that I was lying in the well, crushed, which gave rise to what we may call my posthumous revenge. The problem was quite clear: How was my uncle going to explain to Mama that I had killed myself in order to avoid having him hit me?

Ten minutes passed.

Mama's voice suddenly rang from the courtyard. "Alfonso!" "Mercedes?" he answered after an abrupt start.

Certainly Mama sensed something wrong, for her voice was heard again, disturbed.

"And Eduardo? Where is he?" she added, stepping forward.

"Here with me," he answered laughing. "We've made peace."

Since Mama couldn't see from a distance his pallor or the ridiculous grimace that he meant for a beatific smile, all was well.

"You didn't hit him, did you?"

"No. It was only a joke."

Mama went back in. Joke! It was beginning to be my joke on the little stepfather.

Celia, my eldest aunt, who had finished her siesta nap, crossed the courtyard and Alfonso summoned her with a silent gesture. Moments later Celia gave a smothered "oh!" raising her hands to her head.

"But, how? What a horror! Poor, poor Mercedes! What a blow!"

It was necessary to decide on something before informing Mercedes. Might I be brought up alive? ... The well was forty-five feet deep with a solid rock bottom. Maybe, who knows ... But for that, one would have to bring ropes, men; and Mercedes ...

"Poor, poor mother!" my aunt repeated.

It must be said that for me, the little hero, martyr to his corporal dignity, there was not a single tear. Mama monopolized all those effusions of grief, to which they sacrificed the remote possibility of life that I might still have down there. This, wounding my vanity both as a corpse and as a living being, intensified my thirst for vengeance.

Half an hour later Mama asked for me again, and Celia answered her with such poor diplomacy that she was immediately certain there had been a catastrophe.

“Eduardo, my son!” she exclaimed, pulling away from the hands of her sister who was trying to hold her, and rushing out to the grounds.

“Mercedes! I swear nothing’s happened! He’s gone out!”

“My son! My son! Alfonso!”

Alfonso ran to meet her, stopping her when he saw she was heading for the well. Mama wasn’t thinking of anything definite, but when she saw the horrified gesture of her brother she remembered my exclamation of an hour before and shot forth a frightening shriek.

“Ay! My son! He’s killed himself! Let me go! Let me go! My son, Alfonso! You’ve killed him!”

They carried Mama away senseless. I hadn’t been moved in the slightest degree by Mama’s desperation, since I — the cause of it

– was in fact alive and very much alive, merely, at the age of eight, playing with emotion as do the great who use semitragic surprises: the pleasure she will have when she sees me!

Meanwhile, I was experiencing inward delight at the little stepfather’s discomfiture.

“Hmm! ... Hit me!” I grumbled, still under the dead leaves. Rising then with caution, I squatted in my den and picked up the famous pipe carefully hidden in the foliage. That was the right time to dedicate myself seriously to smoking the rest of the pipe.

The smoke of that tobacco that had been wetted, dried, and wetted and dried again an infinity of times, had then a taste of cumbari, Coirre solution, and sodium sulfate much more advantageous than the first time. Nevertheless I undertook the task, which I knew to be hard, with brows contracted and teeth clenched on the mouthpiece.

I smoked, I like to think, the fourth pipe. I only remember that at the end the cane thicket turned entirely blue and began to dance before my eyes at a distance of two fingers’ breadths. Two or three hammers on each side of my head began demolishing my temples, while my stomach, right up in my mouth, itself breathed directly the last few mouthfuls of smoke.

* * * * *

I came to as they were carrying me in their arms to the house. In spite of how horribly sick I felt I had the wisdom to stay asleep, on account of what might happen. I felt Mama’s delirious arms shaking me.

“My darling son! Eduardo, my son! Ah, Alfonso, I’ll never forgive you for the grief you’ve caused me!”

“Oh, come on!” my eldest aunt was saying, “Don’t be silly, Mercedes! You can see there’s nothing wrong with him!”

“Ah!” replied Mama, putting her hands to her heart with an immense sigh, “Yes, it’s alright! ... But tell me, Alfonso, how could he have helped hurting himself? That well! My God!”

The little stepfather, broken down, spoke vaguely of crumbling and soft earth, preferring to leave the true explanation for a calmer moment; while poor Mama took no notice of the horrible stink of tobacco that her little suicide was exhaling.

Finally I opened my eyes, smiled, and went to sleep again, this time genuinely and deeply.

Late in the day, Uncle Alfonso woke me up.

“What do you think I should do to you?” he asked with hissing rancor. “What I’m going to do tomorrow is tell your mother everything and then you’ll see what thanks are!”

I was still seeing rather badly, things were dancing a little, and my stomach was still stuck in my throat. Nevertheless I answered:

“If you tell Mama anything I swear this time I really will throw myself in the well!”

The eyes of a young suicide who has heroically smoked his pipe — do they perchance express a desperate courage?

Possibly so. At any rate the little stepfather, after looking at me fixedly, shrugged his shoulders, drawing the sheet, which had slipped down a little, up to my neck.

“I think I would do better to make friends with this microbe,” he murmured.

“I think the same,” I answered.

And I went to sleep.

FIN

From Ted to Dave — Dec 10, 1983 (T-12)³⁸

ENVELOPE Postmark date DEC 10 1983 AM CANYON CREEK, MT 59633 (T12)

To: DAVE KACZYNSKI

TERLINGUA ROUTE, BOX 220

ALPINE, TEXAS 79830

FROM: TED KACZYNSKI

STEMPLE PASS RD.

LINCOLN, MONTANA 59639

TOP OF NOTE PAPER READS b.i.d. ENTEx LA Phenylpropanolamine HCl.75 MG Guaifenesin, 400 MG antihistamine-free to decongest and drain-no drying no drowsiness

Dear Dave:

I dug up 2 or 3 of your letters which I had saved because I hadn’t got around to making some comments that I mean to make on parts of them.

³⁸ Letter from T. Kaczynski to Dave Kaczynski T-12. <harbor.klnpa.org/california/islandora/object/cali%3A1075>

You mentioned that when you dug your hole you made the sides slope [UNINTELLIGIBLE] to reduce the risk of a cave-in. I quote Herodotus, Book Seven, Chapt. 23: (Referring to a great canal commando) to be dug by Xerxes, the Persian)

“I will now describe how the canal was cut. The ground was divided into sections for the men of the various nations.....

All the nations except the Phoenicians had their work doubled by the sides falling in, as they naturally would, since they made the cutting the same width at the top [UNINTELLIGIBLE] ended to e at the bottom.

But the Phoenicians, in this as in Xerxes’ other works, gave a signal example of their skill. They, in the section allotted to them, took out a trench double the width prescribed for the actual finished canal, contacted it as they got further down, until at the bottom their section was the same *width* as the rest.

I will hereafter apply to you the surname of “The Phoenician”.

In describing your feelings about digging the hole, you made a parenthetical remark that, apparently, [UNINTELLIGIBLE] to the discarded idea of building a cabin: “on the off-chance I should be successful”. I don’t have the slightest doubt you could build a good cabin-if you once started the project. That’s the only problem. You would be apt to be so pessimistic about the results beforehand, that you would never undertake the project.

You remark that while you like being alone 5 days a week, you would welcome suitable companionship during the other 2. But I wonder if, eventually, after getting accustomed to it, you might not consider total solitude preferable. My own experience was that the longer I lived alone, the better I liked solitude.

I especially liked the following passage from a recent letter of yours: “...the [molimo] ritual demanded something like an attitude of ‘pretend’ that was aware of itself as such. I think of modern religions as tending to become confused in this area, so that the alternative to the empirical interpretation of reality, in drawing near to the empirical, is only usurped by it, so that the religious ideas are transformed as absurd empirical [UNINTELLIGIBLE], while losing their poetic life and suggestiveness”.

I like this passage so well that I have copied it in my notebook. So there you stand amongst all kinds of famous writers whome I have quoted from time to time in my notes.

-Ted

P.S. Merry Christmas

From Ted to Dave — Jan 25, 1984 (T-13)³⁹

ENVELOPE Postmark dated JAN 25 1984 (T-13)

³⁹ Letter from T. Kaczynski to Dave Kaczynski T-13. <harbor.klnpa.org/california/islandora/object/cali%3A1151>

To: DAVE KACZYNSKI
TERLINGUA ROUTE, BOX 220
ALPINE, TEXAS 79830
FROM: T. KACZYNSKI
STEMPLE PASS ROAD
LINCOLN, MONTANA 59639

Dear Dave —

I didn't mean to chide you for not building a cabin, but I wasn't trying to advise you to build one either. The point I wanted to make was simply that you were being unfair to yourself when you referred to "the off-chance that I might succeed" success in building a cabin. I don't doubt that you could build a good cabin — or as good a one as you might feel was worthwhile — if you once got started on the project.

What does "velleity" mean? That's a word I haven't run into before.

I appreciate most of your reasons for not wanting to build a cabin; particularly — "the lure of indoor comfort would tend to distance me from appreciation of the elements." Very true. Of course, around here it's worthwhile to have a cabin anyway, because of the winter conditions. I do not feel too keenly the disadvantages of being distant from the appreciation of thirty degrees below zero.

I don't think you need to worry about dying from exposure with no cabin and no car on a bad night, *provided* you're prepared for it. As you know, I have plenty of experience camping out with miles of rough country between me and any shelter in a climate where snow for ...[UNINTELLIGIBLE] can be expected any time, and it's not hard to keep yourself comfortable *provided* you know what to do and provided you're prepared.

I'll describe the system I use, but I hasten to add that what works well in this country might not work so well under your conditions down there, so you'd have to figure out your own variations and learn by experience.

(DRAWING HERE) Well, this damn drawing is coming out incomprehensible, so I'll just describe it in words.

I cut some light poles and tie them together at the top to make 2 tripods. I run a pole across between the 2 tripods thus: (DRAWING HERE) (or instead of tripods, I tie the ends of the cross-pole to trees, according as the latter are available). Thus I lean three or 5 poles against the crosspole so that they make about a 45 (symbol for degree) angle with the ground. I stretch a cloth (water-repellant) over this framework and tie it in place, and there is my shelter.

About 3 feet in front of this shelter — more or less, according to the size of fire I want to make — I build a good fire. This setup is very cozy, and you can keep warm and dry in almost any weather as long as you have plenty of firewood. I've never known a rain heavy enough to put out a big fire, if you're burning fair-sized logs.

In cold weather, or if wind is a problem, set up a wall of logs or rocks [UNINTELLIGIBLE] feel behind the fire this reflects the heat back at you and helps prevent the smoke from being blown into your lean-to.

In any case, you have least trouble with smoke blowing into your lean-to if you can set it so that the wind blows [UNINTELLIGBLE] the front of it. (SEE DRAWING) I learned this system from books and modified the details to suit myself.

Of course, there would be some problems in your area. Around here one camps whose one is sheltered by trees and usually by the hills also. In your place open and flat I assume the wind gets a great deal stronger and you'd have to devise a much sturdier set-up for supporting your lean-to. Poles may not be available anyway. Fire fuel may be scarce and might come in small pieces so that the first might be put out by rain, and anyway you wouldn't be able to sleep for the necessity of constantly feeding the fire. Still you might be able to arrange something along these lines. Two points to remember: 1 get a big pile of firewood ready before dark. 2 Don't try to close in the sides of the lean-to, unless with barriers only a couple of feet high, otherwise smoke will probably collect in the lean-to. You need free circulation of air if you don't want to get smoked out.

Other ideas: If you can get hold of some wood, put a platform say a foot high in the bottom of your hole and set up your tent on that. A 12" rain presumably will put only 12" of water⁽¹⁰⁾ into your hole if you have things set up so that no water drain into the hole from outside. So you can keep dry, which is the main thing.

If there are plenty of rocks available, you could build yourself a small rock hut. If very small and crude, I don't think it would interfere with your appreciation of the elements. But it takes a lot of rocks — more than you might think. Also, this suggestion is based on the assumption that your area is not prone to earthquakes. You'll probably prefer not to stick the rocks together with concrete, since that would mean a lot more work. But you'd want to stick the rocks together with concrete when you build the chimney, else smoke will come through the holes. I think it would be best to use concrete (portland cement and sand) in building a chimney, and not master mix — also, don't buy ready-mixed concrete but buy the cement and sand (if you have to buy the latter) separately. I think [UNINTELLIGBLE] use about one part portland cement to about five parts sand and gravel. For a stove you could use any sort of an old steel containers and get a welder to cut suitable holes in it for you, but you might have to do some monkeying around with it before you can get the smoke to all go up the chimney and not out the door of the stove. (SEE DRAWING). Horace Kephart's "Book of Camping and Woodcraft" — not a modern work, an old-time classic, but probably still available, has all kinds of useful suggestions and information (though not always accepted as gospel truth, and it might be worth your while to get the book. He gives the following diagrams, of a properly built fireplace, and says that the shelf shown in the chimney is important in getting the smoke to go the way it is supposed to go, i.e. *up*.

(DRAWING IN THE MIDDLE OF THE PAGE)

So much for *that topic*.

⁽¹⁰⁾ Actually more, because of the sloping side of the hole.

No, one more thing, about your aversion to having to *plan* a cabin. I don't think too much planning would be needed for a rock but, you could just start piling up rocks and let this thing grow like topsy. Even the chimney probably doesn't need much planning because if it won't draw the smoke at first you can just keep monkeying around and modifying it until it does draw — so long as you have plenty of ventilation in there so as to have no carbon monoxide worries.

You ought to do some exploring in Mexico while you still have a car. I bet you would find it very fulfilling; besides, you could write me about your experiences so that I could enjoy them vicariously.

You remark: a habit of urban time-consciousness, which keeps us looking toward the future — toward the week-end, the yearly vacation, and retirement — in order to justify the present, which is not intrinsically satisfying ...”.

Again your observations agree with my own, which tends to support my opinion that my experiences with the psychology of wilderness life are not peculiar to myself. Quite true — urban life satisfaction is generally way off in the future, and when we finally gain our object, we seldom get enough satisfaction to justify the long [UNINTELLIGIBLE]. In the wilderness life; frequently one [UNINTELLIGIBLE] *now*, or at worst, satisfaction is only as far off as the next meal. I suspect all this has something to do with the modern obsession with physical security and longevity. When you're unfulfilled, and fulfillment for the mirage of it — is way off ther in the [UNINTELLIGIBLE] future, naturally your afraid of dying before you get it. But when *now* is good as I have often experienced in the woods — it is surprisingly east to shrug your shoulders at the idea that you might die next year or next month, or even perhaps next week. Some (not necessarily all⁽¹¹⁾) primitive peoples have shockingly short life-expectancies, but as far as I can make out from what I've read about them they just don't worry about it. Contrary to what civilized people believe, when you're living from hand to mouth is exactly when you DON'T feel insecure about the future.

I haven't had anything that corresponds to your experience of having people more vividly “present” across the distance that solitude makes I guess your more interested in people than I am.

I thoroughly appreciate and sympathized with your feelings about the diseciation of your pond. Needless to say, I've had all too many experiences of the same character myself. Eventually it gets so that one almost has an aversion to going out in the woods for fear one will run into some new horror- another wild place logged off, motorcycle

⁽¹¹⁾ According to one book I read, 8% of the Kalahari Bushmen are 60 years old or over. According to 1970 census, 10% of U.S. population was 65 or older. Not all that big a difference.

tracks in some solitude that one had previously thought was inaccessible to motorcycle, etc, etc. I imagine you'll probably have more disagreeable experiences in the future with disecration of the wild country. All I can say is that knowing nature at first hand is well worth it, even though under modern circumstances it's likely to end up painfully as you have to watch the country being ruined. Somebody or other once said, "It's better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all. I don't know that I would apply this to the love of woman (which is what the quotation refers to), but I would certainly apply it to the love of *country*. (Obviously I don't mean patriotism, but the love of physical country, i.e. terrain.)

As for that ninny who tries to use you as a substitute for a radio, fortunately I'm better off in that regard. Some of the people around here certainly have their faults, but I'll have to give them credit for this. They are perceptive enough to recognize my preference for solitude, and considerate enough to respect that preference. I've rarely had anyone bother me with a visit unless it was for a good reason.

As for your question — my root cellar currently has something over two feet of earth cover on it, and this seems dequate, especially with the snow as additionally insulation. Temperature inside never seems to get below 35 (degree symbol) — generally it's 36 (degree) or 37 (degree), in winter.

As for your disappointing experience with buffalo gourd, you can expect many such disappointments in using Kirk's book. He seems to interpret the concept of edibility in the broadest possible sense. On the other hand, many wild plants really are good, especially once you get accustomed to them and learn how to use them.

Delighted to hear of your discovery of the spring. By digging it out a little and letting it clear itself, you can probably get clean water. But think twice about drinking it unboiled. I've learned that coyote feces are full of eggs of a potentially dangerous parasite. I don't drink water unboiled unless its coming out of a nice clean hole in a long hillside so that there's no upstream whatsoever.

Glad you liked the present.

Until 2 years ago the coldest temperature I ever had at the cabin was about [UNINTELLIGBLE] as below zero though [UNINTELLIGBLE] colder temperatures nearly for instance, one winter when I had 18 or 20 below, Kenny Lee had 3–5 below. I guess my cabin is in somewhat of a warm spot.

But [UNINTELLIGBLE] years as there was one day ([UNINTELLIGBLE] otherwise mild winter) when I had something like 31 (degree symbol) below. I'm told that on that

day it was 55 (degree symbol) below at Lincoln. Last winter was very mild, but this winter we had a particularly cold spell in December. One day at dawn I had 24 (degree symbol) below, another day 31 1/2 (degree symbol) below, and another day 33 (degree symbol) below — the coldest ever. They say it got down to nearly 60 (degree symbol) below at Lincoln. For about 8 days the temperature at the cabin never got up to zero, except one afternoon when it got [UNINTELLIGIBLE] 5 above, or thereabouts, if my memory serves. Then a few days later it got so warm that most of the snow melted off on a short time.

By the way, as to getting water when you don't have a car, I'd remind you about the possibility of a setup to collect rainwater.

You asked about rabid animals. I'll tell you what I know about them, but bear in mind that this consists of things I've read here and there over a period of many years, and my memory is not perfect, .. [UNINTELLIGIBLE]... may not be 100% [UNINTELLIGIBLE]. [UNINTELLIGIBLE] behavior of rabid animals is [UNINTELLIGIBLE] and unpredictable. The disease attacks the brain, which apparently accounts for [UNINTELLIGIBLE] disorganized behavioral they sometimes to attack [UNINTELLIGIBLE] people or animals. [UNINTELLIGIBLE] called [UNINTELLIGIBLE] furious stage of [UNINTELLIGIBLE] predatory animals such as [UNINTELLIGIBLE] coyotes/etc. [UNINTELLIGIBLE] more likely to exhibit the furious (ui 1/3 of the page) would just run off somewhere else and bite a cactus or something but *this is only a guess*. Any animal exhibiting behavior that appears distinctly abnormal should be considered possible rabies case instance, a rabid animal may appear abnormally tame. If such an animal is approached is may bite. Again, common symptoms of rabies is partial paralysis, so that for instance a coyote or dog dragging its hind legs should be avoided. I couldn't recommend trying to help any sick animal. It may [UNINTELLIGIBLE] just handling it could be risky if you have any recent scratches or anything on your skin. As [UNINTELLIGIBLE] I know the biggest rabies [UNINTELLIGIBLE] are bats and (ui 1/3 of the page). The disease works its way along the nerves to the brain; the [UNINTELLIGIBLE] it has to go, the longer time you have to get the series of shots finished before the infection reaches the brain and symptoms develop — once symptoms develop, you're done for.

On the bright side, if you get bitten by a rabid animal, it doesn't necessarily mean you will get rabies, even if you don't get the shots. Estimates of the risk of getting rabies from an animal bite of a known rabid animal vary from 10% probability of getting the disease to 50% probability of getting it. Apparently the risk varies with species of animal and other conditions. Risk of getting the disease may be reduced by disinfecting the bite. The more extreme and painful method is to cauterize the bite with a [UNINTELLIGIBLE] or other hot object. One thing

I [UNINTELLIGIBLE] about with this cauterization idea is — in case (ui whole line) to the wound is there a risk of killing the nerve and causing paralysis with the hot iron? Alternative is chemical disinfection.

Recommended for rabies bites is benzalkonium chloride. This is [UNINTELLIGIBLE] in pharmacies under the trade-name [UNINTELLIGIBLE]... commonly sold is much [UNINTELLIGIBLE] what is recommended for rabies bits. So buy Zephiran

Concentrate. This is then to be diluted with water to a 1:100 (i.e., one percent) solution for use on rabies bites. Instructions are (or were, 10 years ago) including in the package. Even if you are going to get the shots, they would should be dis-infected, since the shots don't *always* prevent the disease. Needless to say, you'd want to get the shots except in the unlikely event. (UI most page) let me know what your plans are for next year and maybe I'll get down there to see you then.

Meanwhile, do me a favor and go down and take a look at Mexico.

I feel confident that you'll find it worth while to (ui first line) about your experiences [UNINTELLIGIBLE] write me about them so I can appreciate them vicariously.

I think that idea you mentioned about renting a room in O [UNINTELLIGIBLE] for a while is a very good one. [UNINTELLIGIBLE] you'd pick up some Spanish pretty quickly then. By the way, if you want to get back to (UI middle of the page) they already are that way you won't have to [UNINTELLIGIBLE] that I'll get mad if you have some accident with the books. Of course, [UNINTELLIGIBLE] deterioration [UNINTELLIGIBLE] is inevitable anyway — the grammar book is so old that the pages tear easily, and the Quiroga book is poorly [UNINTELLIGIBLE] so that the binding is falling apart.

Let me know whether you want me to (UI whole page).

P.S. I forgot to add: don't let any worries about rabid animals spoil your enjoyment of the desert. According to the most recent estimate that I've read, only about one person a year in the U.S. dies of rabies. The chances are that you'll never have an encounter with a rabid animal. There's supposed to be a problem with rabies in bats in Western Montana, and I've never yet seen a bat exhibit abnormal behavior such as might suggest rabies, though it's quite common to see bats lying around here as evening draws on.

-Ted

From Ted to Dave — May 10, 1984 (T-14)⁴⁰

P.S. Getting back to the subject of the peculiarities of women, I have evolved a theory concerning feminine psychology on which I intend to submit an article to the Journal of American Psychiatric association. Expressed in technical terms, the theory is that every woman, without exception, is stark raving mad. I am going to write to my senator demanding that he introduce a bill forbidding women to appear in public

⁴⁰ Letter from T. Kaczynski to Dave Kaczynski T-14. <harbor.klnpa.org/california/islandora/object/cali%3A1076>

without a strait-jacket. Of course there would be howls of protest from the women. You can imagine the kind of letters-to-the-editor that would appear in the papers:

“Strait-jackets have been out of style for 20 years!...”

“Strait-jackets look so awful...”

“I can’t find a strait-jacket that matches my eye-color...”

You think this is a joke? After the turning-point of World War II, when Hitler was losing, the top Nazis wanted to introduce economic austerity measures. Among other things, they wanted to ban the production of cosmetics. Eva Braun was normally very submissive and put up quietly with the indignities and inconvenience that the Fuehrer imposed on her. But when she heard about the ban on cosmetics she became so irate that Hitler backed down and suggested indirect methods of discouraging production of cosmetics. Goebbels too decided that a certain leniency was necessary in this area. Allied bombers were smashing the German cities; the Russian barbarians were rolling back the German armies in the east; the Nazis were starving and gassing millions of people in the concentration camps, and evidently felt they could get away with *that*. But stop the production of goop for women to pain their faces with? They didn’t dare go *that* far! –Ted.

Letters Ted sent on behalf of Dave (T-15 & T-16)⁴¹⁴²

Ted to Sherman — 7/6/84

T. J. Kaczynski
Stemple Pass Road
Lincoln, Montana 59639
July 23, 1984

Professor Sherman J. Preece
Department of Botany
University of Montana
Missoula, Montana 59812

Dear Professor Preece:

I have a question concerning the buffalo gourd, *Cucurbita foetidissima*. Perhaps some member of your department would be willing to answer it for me.

According to Donald R. Kirk, *Wild Edible Plants of the Western United States* (Naturegraph Publishers, Healdsburg, California, 1970), page 271, the cooked fruit

⁴¹ Letter from T. Kaczynski to Professor Sherman J. Preece, Jr. T-15. <harbor.klnpa.org/california/islandora/object/cali%3A1077>

⁴² Letter from T. Kaczynski to Professor Sherman J. Preece; contains the professor’s response to first communication T-16. <harbor.klnpa.org/california/islandora/object/cali%3A1078>

and seeds of the buffalo gourd are edible. Nothing is said about the edibility of the root.

My brother spends part of the year in western Texas, and he says that one of the local residents told him that the root of the buffalo gourd is edible. He also says that he cooked and ate some of the fruit of the plant and that it gave him a bad case of diarrhea. He says he was quite confident that he had identified the plant correctly. My brother does not have much experience in identifying wild plants, but on the other hand he is an intelligent man, so it is probable, but not certain, that his identification was correct. My own experience in using Kirk's book would seem to indicate that he takes a rather broad view of what constitutes edibility.

I would like to ask:

1. Is the root of the buffalo gourd edible?
2. If so, is any special method, of preparation needed to make it fit to eat?
3. Is there any special method of preparation that would remove the apparent cathartic properties of the fruit of the buffalo gourd?

Thank you for your help.

Sincerely yours,

T. J. Kaczynski

Sherman to Ted — 7/18/84

University
of Montana
Missoula, Montana 59812
Department of Botany (406) 243-5222
18 July 1984

T. J. Kaczynski
Stemple Pass Road
Lincoln, Montana 59639

Dear Mr. Kaczynski:

I can't be of much help to you on the *Cucurbita* problem since personal knowledge is lacking in regard to *C. foetidissima* on my part and none of my references consider the edibility of the roots. The following information may be slightly relevant to some questions. Lewis and Lewis in their 1977 Medical Botany indicate that cucurbitacins are known to occur widely in the Cucurbitaceae and most cucurbitacins are known to be purgative. Arthur Cronquist in his 1981 An Integrated System of Classification of

Flowering Plants explains that alkaloids are frequently produced in the Cucurbitaceae which contains bitter purgative cucurbitacins.

Repeated boiling through several changes of water may remove some of these materials but the plant would have to be particularly enticing for me to go to such trouble and still run a risk of toxicity. And, of course, individuals vary in their sensitivity to many chemicals.

Sorry I can't give you more definite answers.

Sincerely,

[signed]

Sherman J. Preece

Professor of Botany

SP/hc

Equal Opportunity in Education and Employment

Ted to Sherman — 7/23/84

T. J. Kaczynski

Stemple Pass Road

Lincoln, Montana 59639

July 23, 1984

Professor Sherman J. Preece

Department of Botany

University of Montana

Missoula, Montana 59812

Dear Professor Preece:

Thank you very much for your courteous reply to my inquiry concerning the buffalo gourd, *Cucurbits foetidissima*. Actually your letter was quite helpful. Though it did not definitely answer the question of edibility, it did give enough information to indicate that the plant is probably not worth experimenting with.

Kirk (author of the book that recommended the fruit of *C foetidissima*) presumably relied on some report that the gourd was eaten by Indians; but the Indians may have eaten it only when "hard up" or they may have had some elaborate process for making it edible, as with certain other plants. Also, it is interesting to speculate that primitive peoples who eat certain fibrous, purgative, or otherwise objectionable plants from early childhood may become to some extent acclimated, so that their digestive systems are able to handle what would give a nasty upset to a civilized man.

Be that as it may, thanks again for your help.

Sincerely yours,

[signed]

T. J. Kaczynski

From Ted to Dave — Sep 17, 1984 (T-17)⁴³

Postmark dated SEPT 17 1984 (T-17)

Original Mix of English & Spanish

Dear Dave,

1. If and when you ever get started studying Spanish, it would be nice if you would let me know, because once you start studying the language, I will want to stop making translations of stories for you for birthday presents. Presumably you will prefer to read the stories in the original language.
2. As for that question as to when *la* and *una* change to *el* and *un* before feminine nouns that begin in *a* or *ha*: The change occurs when, and only when, the *a* or *ha* is *accented*. Thus, (Spanish) (first syllable stressed) *la* alumna (second syllable stressed)

I found in a used bookstore a brief but apparently very informative outline of Spanish grammar. Among other things it provided the answer to the foregoing question. When I got home I checked my old grammar book, and the answer was there all along! I should have read that part more carefully. I'll have to take off the top of my head and tighten up a few nuts and bolts up there.

3. With a view to our projected trip to Mexico, which conceivably may actually materialize some day, I checked up on the process of getting a passport. Here is the information in case you want it.

I think this information overlaps with information you sent *me* a long time ago, but maybe some of it is new to you.

Cost of passport: Passport itself is \$35.00, but what with other fees, cost of passport photos, cost of certified birth certificate, total cost probably would be in neighborhood of \$50.00.

Waiting time to get passport: They told me about 8 weeks. But I don't know how long you have to wait get a certified copy of your birth certificate, which you need before you can apply for your passport.

Identification needed is driver's licence & certified copy of birth certificate. You can get the latter by writing, or I imagine by visiting, State Department of Public health, 535 West Jefferson Street, Springfield, Illinois 62761.

Photos: You need to get 2 photos. You have to get them from a professional photographer and you have to tell him they are for a passport, because they have to be on a special kind of paper.

⁴³ Letter from T. Kaczynski to Dave Kaczynski T-17. <harbor.klnpa.org/california/islandora/ob-

Validity period: Passport is valid for 10 years. *Where to get passport:* Clerk of any Federal or state court of record; *some* post offices; and there is a Passport Agency in Chicago.

This is the information they gave me in Helena; some items, such as identification they require and length of waiting time, might vary according to location, I suppose. Might be well to get application in advance and look it over, as you need certain abstruse information such as mother's and father's birthplace, etc.

A long time ago you asked me to translate for you "the ghost of the goddess — I think you wanted to use the Spanish equivalent for the title of a story of something. You were particularly concerned about the gender. I translated the phrase as (rest of sentence in Spanish). My dictionary says (Spanish) takes masculine gender when it means ghost or apparition and feminine when it means "bogey". Seems pretty clear. But what my new book says makes it less clear:

Fantasma, cuando significa 'espantajo o persona que semeja una aparicion o un espectro', tiene genero femenino; cuando significa 'vision quimerica', masculine."

(*Fantasma*, when it means "bogey or person who resembles an apparition or a spectre", has feminine gender, when it means 'chimerical vision', masculine.)

It's not clear how one would apply this to the case in question — you can interpret it as you please. In any case, the gender of "fantasma", like that of "persona" (person) would be unaffected by the sex of the person involved.

I recall that you, like me, were impressed by the autobiography of the Nazi war criminal Rudolf Hoss. I recently read two books that constitute the autobiography of another Nazi war criminal — *Inside the Third Reich*, and *Spandan*, by Albert Speer. Speer was a Nazi of a very different stamp from Rudolf Hoss, and his autobiography is not what you might expect. But I found the books impressive in their own way, and you might like them too. I imagine you would find them in the library at Lombard.

I might add that these books are interesting not primarily as accounts of the 3rd Reich, but as personal documents of the author.

I am enclosing another translation of a Quiroga story for your birthday. Under separate cover I am sending you a book about the Mexicans of Texas which you might find interesting.

You said you've seen 4 different college newspapers without finding any translation ads. I'd be curious to know whether those papers were from small colleges or sizable universities. One would only expect to find such ads in newspapers associated with the larger universities.

-Ted

P.S. I have just read of a curious religious sect that [UNINTELLIGIBLE] enacted in Russia. They reasoned as follows: In order to achieve salvation, repentance is necessary but in order to repent, it is necessary to have sins to repent of. Therefore they made it a point of religion to indulge in sensual orgies in order to assure themselves of having plenty of sins to repent of.

P.P.S. If you can do this without greatly inconveniencing yourself, you might send me my old calculus book, Sherwood and Taylor, *Calculus*. This book has a green cover and is on one of the bookshelves in Lombard.

—Ted

Automatic translation

Dear Dave,

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Ghost, when it means 'scary or person who resembles an apparition or a specter', has the feminine gender; when it means 'chimeric vision', masculine."

(*Fantasma*, when it means 'scaret or person who resembles an apparition or a specter', has the feminine gender; when it means 'chimeric vision', masculine."

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—Ted

Quiroga story translation

For October 3, 1984

JUAN DARIEN

Horacio Quiroga

Here is told the story of a tiger who was reared and educated among men, and who was called Juan Darien. He went to school for four years dressed in pants and shirt, and he recited his lessons correctly, though he was a tiger of the jungles; but this was owing to the fact that he was in appearance a human being, as is told in the following lines.

Once upon a time, at the beginning of autumn, the smallpox visited a town in a far-off country and killed many people. Brothers lost their sisters, and little children just learning to walk were left without father or mother. Mothers in turn lost their children, and one poor mother, young and widow, herself carried out her little child, the only one she had in the world, to bury it. When she returned home, she sat and thought of her little one. And she murmured:

“God ought to have had pity on me, and he has taken my child.

There may be angels in heaven, but my child doesn’t know them. The person whom he knows best is me. My poor child!”

And she looked off into the distance, for she was seated in back of her house by a gate that gave a view of the jungle.

In the jungle there were many fierce animals that would roar at nightfall and at dawn. And the poor woman, who was still sitting there, spied in the darkness a wobbly little thing that came in through the gate, like a kitten that hardly had the strength to walk. The woman bent down and picked up in her hands a little tiger that was only a few days old, for its eyes were still closed. And when the miserable cub felt the contact of her hands it purred from happiness, for it was no longer alone. For a long time the mother held suspended in the air that little enemy of man, that defenseless little wild beast that she could so easily have exterminated. But she hesitated pensive before the helpless cub that had come from who knows where and whose mother was undoubtedly dead. Without well considering what she was doing she brought the little cub to her breast and wrapped it in her big hands. And the little tiger, feeling the warmth of her bosom, snuggled down, purred peacefully, and went to sleep with its throat at the maternal breast.

The woman, still pensive, went into the house. And for the rest of the night, each time she heard the cub moan with hunger and saw how it sought her breast with its closed eyes, she felt in her wounded heart that, before the supreme law of the Universe, one life was the same as another...

And she gave suck to the little tiger.

The cub was rescued, and the mother had found an immense consolation. Her consolation was so great that she looked forward with terror to the time when the creature would be torn away from her, for if it became known in the town that she was sucking a wild animal they would certainly kill the little beast. What could she do? The cub, gentle and affectionate — for it would play with her at her breast — was now her own child.

Circumstances standing thus, a man who passed the woman's house at a run one rainy night heard a harsh moaning — the hoarse growl with which wild beasts, even when newborn, frighten human beings. The man stopped abruptly and pounded on the door as he groped for his revolver. The mother had heard his footsteps and ran, mad with anguish, to hide the little tiger in the garden. But her good fortune willed that on opening the back door she found herself face to face with a gentle, old, and wise serpent who blocked her path. The unfortunate woman was about to scream in terror when the serpent spoke to her thus:

"Do not be afraid, woman," it said, "Your mother's heart has enabled you to save a life of the Universe, where all lives are of equal value. But men will not understand you and will want to kill your new child. Fear nothing, be at peace. From this moment on, your child will have human shape; they will never recognize him. Form his heart, teach him to be good like you, and he will never know that he is not human. Unless ... unless a human mother denounces him; unless a mother demands that he repay with his blood what you have given for him, your son will always be worthy of you. Be at peace, mother, and hurry, for the man is going to break the door down."

And the mother believed the serpent, for in all the religions of man the serpent knows the mystery of the lives that people the worlds. She ran, then, to open the door and the man, furious, came in with his revolver in his hand and searched everywhere without finding anything. When he left, the mother, trembling, opened the shawl under which she was hiding the little tiger at her breast, and in its place she saw a child sleeping peacefully. Full of happiness, she wept silently for a long time over her wild son turned human; tears of gratitude which twelve years later that same son was to repay with blood over her grave.

Time passed. The new child needed a name; he was named Juan Darien. He needed food, clothing, shoes: he was given all of them, for which purpose the mother worked day and night. She was still quite young and could have married again if she had wanted to; but she was satisfied with the tender love of her son, a love that she returned with all her heart.

Juan Darien was in fact worthy of being loved: more noble, good, and generous than anyone. For his mother, in particular, he had a profound veneration. He never

lied. Perhaps because he was at bottom a wild creature? It is possible; for it is not yet known what influence the purity of a soul drunk with the milk at the breast of a holy woman may have on a newborn animal.¹

Such was Juan Darien. And he went to school with the boys of his age, who often made fun of him for his rough hair and his shyness.

Juan Darien was not very intelligent, but he made up for this with his great love for study.

Matters standing thus, when the child was about to turn ten years old his mother died. Juan Darien suffered unspeakably until time assuaged his pain. But from then on he was a sorrowful boy whose only desire was to learn.

There is one thing that we must confess: Juan Darien was not liked in the town. The people of towns closed in by the jungle do not care for boys who are too generous and who devote themselves to their studies with all their soul. He was, moreover, the best pupil in the school. And these facts together precipitated the denouement with an event that verified the serpent's prophecy.

The town was preparing to celebrate a great festival and fireworks had been ordered from the distant city. In the school there was a general review of the students, for an inspector was to come and observe the classes. When the inspector arrived, the teacher had the best of them all recite — Juan Darien. Juan Darien was the most outstanding pupil, but his emotions under the circumstances caused him to stammer; his tongue got tangled and he made a strange sound.

The inspector watched the student carefully for a long while, then spoke in an undertone to the teacher.

"Who is that boy, he asked. "Where does he come from?"

"His name is Juan Darien," answered the teacher. "He was brought up by a woman who is now dead; nobody knows where he came from."

"He is strange, very strange," murmured the inspector, noticing the rough hair of Juan Darien and the greenish reflections in his eyes when he was in shadow.

The inspector knew that there are things in the world stranger than anything that anyone can invent, and he knew at the same time that he would never be able to find out by asking questions of Juan Darien whether the student had once been what the inspector feared; that is, a wild animal. But just as there are men who, in an abnormal state, can remember things that have happened to their grandfathers, so it was possible that, under the influence of hypnotic suggestion, Juan Darien might remember his life as a wild beast. And any children who may read this and not understand what we are talking about can ask grown-ups about it.²

For this reason the inspector stepped up the platform and spoke thusly:

"Very well, children. Now I want one of you to describe the jungle to us. You have been brought up almost in the jungle and know it well. What is the jungle like? What goes on there? that is what I want to know. Let's see ... you," he added, choosing a student at random, "Come up to the platform and tell us about anything that you may have seen."

The boy came up and, though he was nervous, he spoke for a while.

He said that in the forest there are gigantic trees, vines, and little flowers. When he finished, another boy came to the platform, and then another. And though all of them knew the jungle well, they all answered in the same way, for boys and many men report not what they see, but what they have read, even about things that they have just seen. And at last the inspector said:

“Now it is Juan Darien’s turn.”

Juan Darien said more or less the same things as the others.

But the inspector, putting his hand on the boy’s shoulder, exclaimed: “No, no. I want you to remember well what you have seen.

Close your eyes.”

Juan Darien closed his eyes.

“Good,” continued the inspector. “Tell me what you see in the jungle.”

Juan Darien, his eyes still closed, hesitated a moment before answering.

“I see nothing,” he said at last.

“You will see soon. Let us imagine that it is three o’clock in the morning, a little before dawn. We have just finished eating, for example ... We are in the jungle, in the darkness ... Before us is a stream ... What do you see?”

Juan Darien was quiet for a moment. And in the class and in the nearby forest it was very quiet also. Suddenly Juan Darien shuddered, and speaking slowly, as if in a dream, he said:

“I see the stones that I pass and the boughs that bend before me ... and the ground ... and I see the dry leaves that are flattened against the stones ...”

“Just a minute,” interrupted the inspector. “The stones and the leaves that you pass — at what height do you see them?”

The inspector asked this because if Juan Darien were in fact

“seeing” what he used to do in the jungle when he was a wild animal and went to drink after having eaten, he would also see that when a tiger or panther, crouching low, approaches the river, the stones that he passes are at eye level. And the inspector repeated:

“At what height do you see the stones?”

And Juan Darien, always with his eyes closed, answered:

“They are on the ground ... my ears brush against them ... and the fallen leaves are moved by my breath ... and I feel the moisture of the mud ...”

Juan Darien’s voice broke off.

“Where?” the inspector asked in a firm voice. “Where do you feel the moisture of the water?”

“On my whiskers!” said Juan Darien in a harsh voice, opening his eyes in fright.

Dusk was falling, and through the window the jungle was seen close, already gloomy. The pupils did not understand how terrible was the evocation; but neither did they laugh at those extraordinary whiskers of Juan Darien, who had no whiskers at all. And they did not laugh, because the child’s face was pale and anxious.

Class was over. The inspector was not a bad man; but, like all men who live very close to the jungle, he had a blind hatred for tigers; for which reason he said in a low voice to the teacher:

“Juan Darien must be killed. He is a wild beast of the forest, possibly a tiger. We must kill him, for if we do not do so, then sooner or later he will kill all of us. So far his bestial evil has not been aroused; but one day or another it will explode and then he will devour us all, since we let him live with us. We have, then, to kill him. The problem is that we cannot do so as long as he has human form, because we would not be able to prove to the world that he is a tiger. He looks like a man, and with men one must proceed carefully. I know of a lion-tamer in the city. Let us send for him, and he will find some way of making Juan Darien resume his tiger form.

And even if he cannot turn him into a tiger, people will believe us, and we will be able to cast the boy out into the jungle. Let us send for the lion-tamer immediately, before Juan Darien escapes.”

But escape was the last thing that Juan Darien was thinking of, for he had no idea of what was going on. How could he have believed that he was not a human being, when he never felt anything but love for everyone and did not even hate noxious animals?

But the words ran from mouth to mouth, and Juan Darien began to feel their effects. People refused to answer him, they hastily got out of his path, and they followed him at a distance by night.

“What is wrong with me? Why do they treat me this way?” wondered Juan Darien.

And now they no longer merely avoided him. The boys would shout at him:

“Get out of here! Go back where you came from! Get out!”

The grown-ups too were no less enraged than the boys. Who knows what would have happened if on the very afternoon of the festival the anxiously-awaited lion-tamer had not arrived at last. Juan Darien was at home preparing the meager soup to which he was accustomed when he heard the shouting of the crowd that was advancing precipitately on his house. He hardly had time to go out and see what was happening: They grabbed him and dragged him to the house where the lion-tamer was.

“Here he is!” they cried, shaking him. “This is the one! He is a tiger! We’ll have nothing to do with tigers! Take away his human form and we’ll kill him!”

And the boys, his schoolmates whom he most loved, and even old people, were shouting:

“He is a tiger! Juan Darien is going to devour us! Let him die!”

Juan Darien protected and cried because blows were raining on him and he was a child of twelve years. But at that moment the crowd parted, and the lion-tamer, with big patent-leather boots, a red frock-coat, and a whip in his hand, appeared before Juan Darien.

The lion-tamer stared at him fixedly and clenched his fingers hard on the handle of the whip.

“Aha!” he exclaimed, “I recognize you well! You can fool anyone else, but not me! I see you, son of tigers! Under your shirt I can see the stripes of a tiger! Off with the

shirt, and bring the hunting dogs! We'll see now whether the dogs recognize you as a human being or as a tiger!"

In a trice they tore off all of Juan Darien's clothing and threw him into a cage for wild animals.

"Let loose the dogs! Now!" cried the lion-tamer. "And commend yourself to the gods of your jungle, Juan Darien!"

And four ferocious tiger-hunting dogs were let loose in the cage.

The lion-tamer did this because dogs always recognize the scent of the tiger, and [he thought that] as soon as they sniffed Juan Darien without his clothes they would tear him to pieces, for they would be able to see with their hunting-dogs' eyes the stripes of the tiger hidden beneath the human skin.

But the dogs saw nothing in Juan Darien other than the kind boy who loved even noxious animals. And on smelling him they wagged their tails pacifically.

"Devour him! He is a tiger! Sic him! Sic him!" they shouted at the dogs. And the dogs barked and bounded around the cage, maddened, without knowing what to attack.

The test had given no result.

"Very well!" exclaimed the lion-tamer. "These are bastard dogs, of the tiger breed. They do not recognize you. But I recognize you, Juan Darien, and now we are going to have it out with one another.⁴"

And on saying this he entered the cage and raised his whip.

"Tiger!" he shouted, "You have a man before you, and you are a tiger. I see there, under your stolen human skin, the stripes of a tiger. Show your stripes!"

And he gave Juan Darien a fierce lash across his body. The poor naked child screamed with pain, while the infuriated people repeated:

"Show your tiger's stripes!"

The atrocious torture went on for some time; and I would not want any of the children who hear me ever to see any living being martyred in such a way.

"Please! I'm dying!" cried Juan Darien.

"Show your stripes!" they answered.

Finally the torture ended. All that was left was the bloody little body of a child that had been Juan Darien, broken down in a corner at the back of the cage. He was still alive, and he was even able to walk when they took him out, but full of such agony as no one will ever feel.

They took him out of the cage and, pushing him down the middle of the street, drove him out of the town. He kept stumbling at every moment, and behind him came the boys, the women, and the grown men of the town, pushing him.

"Get out of here, Juan Darien! Go back to the jungle, son of a tiger, tiger-heart! Get out, Juan Darien!"

And those who were not close enough to strike him threw stones at him.

At last Juan Darien fell down altogether, stretching out his poor child's hands in search of support. And his cruel destiny would have it that a woman, who was

standing at the door of her house holding in her arms an innocent little child, put an evil interpretation on this gesture of supplication.

“He wants to take away my child!” screamed the woman. “He stretched out his hands to kill it! He’s a tiger! Let’s kill him now before he kills our children!”

So said the woman. And in this way the serpent’s prophecy was fulfilled: that Juan Darien would die when a human mother should demand the human heart and human life that another mother had given him at her breast.

No other accusation was necessary to convince the maddened people. And twenty arms were already raising stones to crush Juan Darien when the lion-tamer ordered from behind in his harsh voice:

“Let us mark him with stripes of fire! Let us burn him with the fireworks!”

It was already getting dark, and by the time they arrived at the plaza night had fallen. In the plaza had been erected a castle of fireworks, with wheels, wreaths, and bengal lights. They tied

Juan Darien on top of it in the center, and lit the fuse at one end. The thread of fire ran swiftly up and down and ignited the whole castle. And among the stationary stars and the gigantic wheels of all colors, Juan Darien was seen on top, sacrificed.

“This is your last day as a man, Juan Darien,” they all shouted, “Show us your stripes!”

“Pardon, pardon!” screamed Juan Darien, writhing among the sparks and the clouds of smoke. The yellow, red, and green wheels spun dizzily, some to the right and some to the left. The tangent jets of fire traced out great circles; and in the middle, burned by the streams of fire that crossed his body, Juan Darien writhed.

“Show your stripes!” they still roared from below.

“No, pardon! I am human!” the unfortunate creature still had time to cry. And behind a new furrow of fire it could be seen that his body was shaking convulsively, that his groans were acquiring a deep and hoarse tone, and that the form of his body was changing little by little. And the mob, with a savage scream of triumph, at last saw arising beneath the human skin the black, fatal, parallel stripes of the tiger.

The atrocious act of cruelty had been completed; they had achieved what they wanted. In place of the child’s innocent of all guilt, there was nothing up there but the body of a tiger roaring in its death-agony.

The bengal lights too were dying out. The last stream of sparks of a burned-out wheel reached the rope that tied the wrists — no, the paws of the tiger, for Juan Darien was finished — and the body fell heavily to the ground. The people dragged it to the edge of the forest, leaving it there so that the jackals might eat the corpse and its wild-beast’s heart.

But the tiger was not dead. With the cool of the night it regained consciousness, and, dragging itself in terrible torment, it immured itself in the jungle. For a whole month it did not leave its lair in the thickest part of the forest, waiting with the sombre patience of a wild animal for its wounds to heal. All finally scarred over, except one,

a deep burn in the side, which did not close and which the tiger covered with great leaves.

For from his recently-lost form he had preserved three things: the memory of the past; his manual dexterity, for he used his paws like hands⁵ and language. But as for the rest he was absolutely and completely a wild animal, not differing in the slightest degree from other tigers.

When he finally felt himself recovered, he passed word to the other tigers to meet that same night by the great cane-brake that bordered on the cultivated fields. And at nightfall he at last started off for the town. He climbed a tree in the neighborhood and waited for a long time immobile. Without even bothering to glance at them he saw pass beneath him poor women and tire farm-hands of miserable aspect; until at last he saw coming along the road a man in great boots and red frock-coat.

The tiger did not move even a twig in gathering himself for the spring. He threw himself on the lion-tamer; with a blow of his paw he knocked him down unconscious, and picking him up by the belt with his teeth he carried him unharmed to the cane-brake.

There, under the immense canes that rose invisible, were the tigers of the jungle moving in the dark, and their eyes shone like lights that moved from one side to another. The man was still unconscious. The tiger said then:

“Brothers: I lived for twelve years among men, as a man myself.

And I am a tiger. Perhaps with my actions I will be able later to erase that stain. Brothers: this night I will break the last tie that links me with the past.”

And having spoken thus he picked up in his mouth the still unconscious man and climbed with him to the highest part of the cane-brake, where he left him tied between two bamboos. Then he set fire to the dry leaves on the ground and quickly a crackling sheet of flame ascended. The tigers drew back frightened from the fire.

But the tiger said: “Peace, brothers!” and they became calm, lying down on their bellies with their paws crossed before them to watch.

The cane-brake was burning like an immense castle of fireworks.

The canes were exploding like bombs, and their jets of hot gasses⁶ crossed in sharp arrows of color. The flames ascended in silent puffs, leaving beneath them livid hollows; and at the top, not yet reached by the fire, the canes swayed back and forth, crisped⁷ by the heat.

But the man, touched by the flames, had regained consciousness.

Down below he saw the tigers with their purple eyes raised to him and he understood everything.

“Pardon, pardon me!” he howled, writhing, “I beg pardon for everything!”

No one answered. The man then felt himself abandoned by God and cried with all his soul:

“Pardon, Juan Darien!”

On hearing this, Juan Darien raised his head and said coldly:

“There is no one here named Juan Darien. I don’t know any Juan Darien. That is a human name, and we are all tigers here.”

And turning to his companions, as if he did not understand, he asked:

“Is anyone here called Juan Darien?”

But the flames had already burned the castle right up to the roof. And among the sharp bengal lights that criss-crossed the firey wall could be seen a black corpse that smoked as it burned.

“Now I am ready, brothers,” said the tiger. “But I still have one thing left to do.”

And he started off again for the town, followed by the tigers without his taking note of it. He paused by a poor and sad-looking garden, jumped the wall, and passing by many crosses and gravestones stopped before an unadorned patch of ground where the woman whom he had called mother for eight years was buried. He kneeled down -knelt like a man — and for a time nothing was heard.

“Mother!” the tiger murmured at last with profound tenderness.

“Only you, of all human beings, knew the sacred right to life of all beings in the Universe. You alone understood that the only difference between a man and a tiger is in the heart. And you taught me to love, to understand, to forgive. Mother! I’m sure that you hear me. I’ll always be your son, no matter what may happen — yours alone. Goodbye Mother!”

Straightening up, he saw the purple eyes of his brothers who were watching him from the other side of the wall, and he rejoined them.

At that moment the hot wind brought them from the depths of the night the report of a gun.

“It’s in the jungle,” said the tiger. “It’s the men. They are hunting, killing, slaughtering.”

Turning then toward the town lit up by the reflection of the burning forest, he cried: “Irredeemable race! Now it’s my turn!”

And turning again to the grave over which he had just prayed, he tore away the leaves that bandaged his wound and wrote on the cross in his own blood, in great letters, below the name of his mother,

AND

JUAN DARIEN

“Now we are in peace,” he said. And sending, with his brothers, a roar of challenge at the terrified town, he concluded:

“Now, to the jungle. And tiger forever!”

NOTES

1. This is a literal translation. If you can make any sense out of it, you are welcome to do so.

2. Was this written originally as a children's story? It's not exactly the kind of thing that would be written for children in North America.

3. The "tigre" of south America is the jaguar, which is not striped but spotted. It therefore is not clear where the story is supposed to be set. But of course it is a fantasy story and therefore cannot be expected to adhere to the rules of logic.

4. Literally, "now we are going to see one another." My translation is only a guess at the real meaning.

5. Literally, "the dexterity of his hands, which he managed like a man." From this and other examples I gather that hispanics in some cases use *manos* (hands) to refer to the forefeet of an animal.

6. I have permitted myself to embroider here. Where I have "jets of hot gasses" the original has simply "gasses".

7. The verb is *crispar*. None of the dictionary meanings seemed to fit the context, so I have used the English verb "to crisp", even though the dictionaries do not give this as one of the meanings of *crispar*.

COMMENTS

This story is crude and barbaric — for instance, little attention is paid to making the events seem plausible — but it is a very powerful story. Its rough-hewn aspect probably contributes to the effect and may have been partly or wholly intentional. Quiroga was capable of writing polished stories, as shown by the one I sent you last year.

This story also illustrates the extremely varied character of Quiroga's writing. Would you have guessed that the three stories I've sent you were by the same author, if you hadn't been told?

The story is such that one might well imagine that it was intended as some kind of allegory. It would be interesting to know whether there is any evidence that Quiroga meant to incorporate a definite message in the tale.

By the way, Juan Darien is written in Spanish as Juan Darien, so that the accent is on the last syllable.

FOR DESSERT:

The following is a prose translation of a sonnet by Francisco de Quevedo y Vilegas (1580–1643), who is considered to have been one of the greatest figures of Spanish literature. Such samples of his writing as I found in the book about him that I read were very difficult to decipher — some were to me practically incomprehensible. So don't count on the accuracy of the following translation.

TO A NOSE

Francisco de Quevedo

There was a man attached to a nose.

It was a superlative nose.

It was a fierce-looking fellow and a scribe.

It was a well-bearded swordfish.

It was a badly-aimed sun-dial.

It was a pensive still.*

It was an elephant lying on its back.

It was Ovid provided with more nose.

It was the beak of a galley.

It was an Egyptian pyramid.

It was all the twelve tribes of noses.

It was an infinite supernose, a vast quantity of nose, a nose so frightful that on the face of Adam it would have been a crime.

**I.e., apparatus for distilling. No doubt an alembic → (at this point writer drew a small sketch) is intended.

(Quevedo must have had an acromegalous uncle.)

From Ted to Dave — Oct 3, 1984 (T-18)⁴⁴

ENVELOPE Postmark dated OCT 3 1984 (T-18)

To: Dave Kaczynski

463 North Ridge

Lombard, Illinois 60148

From: T. Kaczynski

Stemple Pass Road

Lincoln, Montana 59639

Dear Dave,

Thanks very much for taking the trouble to send me the book. To cover the cost of the postage I'm enclosing a dollar, plus a 20 cent postage stamp. This leaves 11 cents beyond the postage, which you may keep as compensation for the trouble you went to in sending the book. Please don't protest — I realize that 11 cents may seem exorbitant, but I really want you to have it. I'm enclosing something that I was going to send to Hoken, but which I refrained from sending when I got your letter — I got it just in time to prevent me from sending it. I assume they would consider this an inopportune time for levity. If you like, you can pass it on to Hoken some time when you think he is again prepared to take a cheerful view of things. [UNINTELLIGBLE]

P.S. You will not fail to notice who is commemorated on the stamp.

I'm enclosing — a distinguished American whose greatness undoubtedly entitles her to this honor.

⁴⁴ Letter from T. Kaczynski to Dave Kaczynski T-18. <harbor.klnpa.org/california/islandora/object/cali%3A1080>

Herlitz Inc. — Dallas, TX 75215

College Ruled Filler Paper 200 sheets

11 IN. x 8 1/2 IN. NO. 21200 27.9 cm. x 21.6 cm.

The vulgar mob will of course have missed the significance of the enclosed advertisement; yet to philosophers the arrival on earth of the person depicted here is news of the greatest moment.

“I love all” those who are as heavy drops, falling one by one out of the dark cloud [UNINTELLIGBLE] over men: they herald the advent of lightening, and, as heralds, they perish.

“Behold, I am a herald of the lightening and a heavy drop from the cloud; but this lightening is called *Overman*.”

– Nietzsche, *Zarathustra*, Zarathustra’s Prologue, 4.

(Advertisement)

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Must bring in coupon.

(Advertisement)

43 lbs. lighter and glad of it says: Doris Overman of Clarkston, Wash.

Thanks to the Nutri/System Weight Loss Program (Picture) 15 lbs. Free!0

1(Advertisement for Nutri/System) etc.

From Ted to Dave — Nov 26, 1984 (T-19)⁴⁵

To: DAVE KACZYNSKI

TERLINGTON ROUTE, BOX 220

ALPINE, TEXAS 79830

FROM: TED KACZYNSKI

⁴⁵ Letter from T. Kaczynski to Dave Kaczynski T-19. <harbor.klnpa.org/california/islandora/object/cali%3A1081>

Dear Dave:

I've just finished reading the *Cartas Finlandesas* (letters from Finland) and *Hombres del Norte* (Man of the North) of the Spanish writer Angel Granivett. Apparently these materials were written in the 1890's or thereabouts.

Hombres del Norte contains some facts about Henrik Ibsen that certainly surprised me. Given your enthusiasm for literature, I thought you might be interested in some of these facts. Of course, it may be, for all I know, that you are already familiar with this information, but anyway, for whatever they may be worth to you, here are some extracts:

"Ibsen is to the theater what Nietzsche is to philosophy; he is an exalted defender of the individual against society, and in this respect the solutions he advocates approach those of anarchism; then, so as not to subject the action of the individual to any restraint, he falls into extreme authoritarianism ...

"What is original in the neoreaction [UNINTELLIGIBLE] like Ibsen is that they base themselves neither on tradition nor on privilege, but rather have contempt for these. They base themselves on the rights of the individual, on the absolute right of the individual to struggle against society, and even to destroy it in order to improve it. In order to reform society, the individual must be reformed, and in order that the individual may be reformed it is necessary that he be permitted to fight without any consideration of the harm he may do to those who are less capable of struggling. In a word, 'might is superior to right'...

"Thus it will be understood why Ibsen, a fugitive from Norway, found no better place in Europe to establish himself than in the Rome of the Popes; not because he was in sympathy with the latter, but because Rome was the only city where there was no modern-style liberty.

And when the Italian troops entered Rome, Ibsen made off without delay, and wrote a letter that will seem incomprehensible to those who have seen him as a kind of theoretical anarchist: 'they have taken Rome away from men and turned it over to the politicians. Where can we find refuge now? Rome was the only place in Europe that enjoyed true freedom: freedom from the tyranny of political freedom...' Probably he would think of taking refuge in [Czarist] Russia, for whose autocratic regime he had the greatest enthusiasm.

"The critic Brandes recounts that in a discussion with Ibsen (in which the latter, as usual exalted the system of oppression, which he considered to be the cause of the brilliant flowering of Russian literature) he pointed out to him [Ibsen] that in Russia one is even allowed to beat, someone up with impunity. 'You have a son', he said to Ibsen. 'How would you like it if they gave your son a whipping?'

I wouldn't like it at all', answered Ibsen, 'But if *he* gave *them* a whipping I would like it just fine'..

"The generous apostles of democracy, who thought they could bring peace to the world by prescribing in laws all of the 'rights of man', would today be tirulatos [word not in dictionary] on seeing that from the womb of justice, equality, and brotherhood there comes a generation of despots, anxious to use all those rights to develop and impose their own personalities even if they have to trample down the weak.

We already have abundant evidence of what results from the aristocracy of money; the aristocracy of intelligence that is now beginning to appear will perhaps be worse, for it pretends to rule in the name of this or that truth. The priest who said 'believe as I believe' is succeeded by the pretentious genius who says 'Think as I think'. Such a genius or personality is Ibsen...

"Ibsen's male characters are, as a general rule, fools whose mission is to emphasize [by contrast] the superiority of women..."

If all this is accurate, then Ibsen must have been a kind of proto-fascist, and, besides that, an asshole.

(Drawing of a figure bending over with arrow pointing to person's backside and the words Henrik Ibsen)

Lately I've been re-reading some of Conrad's novels for about the dozenth time. I must say that I thoroughly approve of your taste in selecting him as your favorite author — he used to be your favorite and I assume he still is. The more one re-reads his books the more one appreciates them. I don't know of any other author who can match him for powers of description. He has a magical ability to conjure up mental images — images that capture the imagination — whether he is describing scenery, or a personality, or a situation, or whatever you please.

However, I notice that the Spanish words and phrases scattered through *Nostromo* are full of error.

Did you get the dollar + postage stamp that I sent you for the postage on the calculus book that you kindly sent me? I didn't like to send cash, but for such a small sum it wouldn't be worth the cost to get a money order.

Did you play any softball this year? Win any more trophies?

By the way, I guess I have you to thank for introducing me, or re-introducing me, to the writing of Conrad. My first introduction to his work occurred when I was too young, and I didn't like it because it was too slow-moving. I didn't get re-introduced to Conrad until I read some of his books that you had in your apartment there in Great Falls. (Maybe if you'd been living up in Conrad I would have learned to appreciate a writer named Great Falls.)

By the way, you know that object I sketched to illustrate the kind of still that I thought Quevedo had in mind when he referred to a "pensive still" in that sonnet I translated for you, "To a Muse"? Well I labelled it an *alembic*, but I think it should be called an *[UNINTELLIGBLE]*. I believe I got the words mixed up because *[UNINTELLIGBLE]* or other I've seen retorts and alembics. mentioned in the same sentence

— but I don't know what an alembic is. But anyhow that thing I sketched I'm pretty sure is called a retort.

By the way of a Christmas present, I am sending you a copy of Somerset Maugham's, *The Razor's Edge*. I got a paperback copy several years ago and have read it about 3 times. Though I don't like any of the characters in the book, nor the author, nevertheless I have a high regard for this novel — which is not so paradoxical as it sounds.

Several months ago I found a hardbound copy of the book, second hand but in excellent condition, for \$1.00, and I thought it would make a nice present for you. Hope you haven't read it already. If you have — well tough luck. Can't help that.

Just recently I learned that they are making a movie of the book.

Too bad they are desecrating it that way.

Merry Christmas.

-Ted

From Ted to Dave — Dec 7, 1984 (T-20)⁴⁶

ENVELOPE Postmark dated DEC 7 1984 (T-20)

To: DAVE KACZYNSKI

TERLINGUA ROUTE, BOX 220 ALPINE, TEXAS 79830

FROM: T. KACZYNSKI

STEMPLE PASS ROAD LINCOLN, MONTANA 59639

-Dear Dave:

By the way, in case you feel uncomfortable about the fact that you ever got around to digging up any university newspapers for me, you needn't do so, because (1) you don't owe me any favors; (2) I realize it might have been a considerable inconvenience for you; (3) I got the addresses of a couple of university newspapers at the library and can handle the matter myself through correspondence.⁽¹²⁾

I look forward to hearing about your adventures in Mexico, when you get around to having them.

I'm glad you liked the Quiroga story. I found your interpretation of it interesting. On the other hand, I see no particular reason to believe that Quiroga had such an idea in mind when he wrote the story. It seems to me that if one is going to allow any value to that type of literary criticism, then it must be regarded as a kind of parasitic art form, that is, the "interpretation" of a literary work is an art work in itself based on another work of art. The critic puts forth the interpretation because of the appeal

⁴⁶ Letter from T. Kaczynski to Dave Kaczynski T-20. <harbor.klnpa.org/california/islandora/object/cali%3A1082>

⁽¹²⁾ I must admit though, that I can't help feeling a little cynical about the contrast between the rather emotional offer you made a couple of years ago (So if I can every help you in any way..." etc.) and the performance. You shouldn't make imprud offers! But, as I said you owe me nothing.

of the interpretation itself, and should not flatly assert that the story “means” such and such, or that the author intended to incorporate such and such a message. Of course, there are some cases in which the author’s intention is clear or can be fairly well demonstrated.

But more often there are many reasonable interpretations of a story and there is no way of knowing which one, if any, was intended by the author.

Thank you for your compliments on the quality of the translation.

I have noticed the tendency to a certain ambiguity—of tone, of attitude, of meaning, or something—in Conrad’s writing and also in a lot of other great literature, but I have not noticed that this is a prominent feature of Quiroga’s writing. So in answer to your question, no, I haven’t been aware of any similarity between Conrad and Quiroga.

In answer to your other questions—no, no interesting experiences. Harvest not as good as last year, but sufficient so that I am satisfied with it. As for interesting books, I’ve already mentioned in previous letters the 2 books by the ex-nazi Albert Speer (which I think would interest you) and the book by Angel Granivet from which I extracts some remarks on [UNINTELLIGIBLE].

More recently I’ve read an old (1887) book by Henry M. (“Doctor Livingstone I presume”) Stanley *How I Found Livingstone*, which I came across in the little local library here in Lincoln.

Here are some extracts:

Stanley felt it necessary to conceal the fact that the object of his expedition was to find Livingstone, because he was afraid that Livingstone did not want to be found and would absent himself if he heard of such an expedition:

P.15. “What kind of a man is he (Livingstone) to get along with Doctor?” I asked, feeling now quite interested in his conversation.

“Well, I think he is a very difficult man to deal with generally. Personally, I have never had a quarrel with him, but I have seen him in hot water with fellows so often, and that is principally the reason, I think he hates to have anyone with him.

“I am told he is a very modest man; is he?” I ask “Oh, he knows the value of his own discoveries; no man better. He is not quite an angel,” said he, with a laugh.

“Well now, supposing I met him in my travels—I might possibly stumble across him if he travels anywhere in the direction I am going—how would he conduct himself towards me?”

“To tell you the truth”, said he, “I do not think he would like it very well. I know if Burton, or Grant, or Baker, or any of those fellows were going after him, and he heard of their coming, Livingstone would put a hundred miles of swamp in a very short time between himself and them. I do, upon my word I do.

P.430. It was reported, before I proceeded to Central Africa, that he [Livingstone] was married to an African princess.

Livingstone’s personality seems to have made a deep and powerful impression on Stanley.

P.428. My feelings for him [Livingstone] are those of unqualified admiration.

P.622. *March 13* . –The last day of my stay with Livingstone has come and gone and the last night we shall be together is present, and I cannot evade the morrow! I feel as though I would rebel against the fate which drives me away from him... How many times have I not suffered the pang of parting with friends! I wished to linger longer, but the inevitable would come—fate [UNINTELLIGIBLE] us. This is the same regretful feeling, only it is more poignant, and the farewell may be for ever. FOREVER? And “FOREVER” echo the reverberations of a woeful whisper.

That kind of emotive writing is by no means characteristic of the rest of the book.

There is a good deal in the book about slave-raiding by the Arabs, and about the wars and raids of the native Africans. Stanley makes mention somewhere—though I can’t locate the passage just now—of seeing human skulls set up on posts as trophies.

Finally, note this passage:

Pages 620–621: Tonight the natives have gathered themselves together to give me a farewell dance in front of my house. I find them to be the pagazis [carriers] of Singiri, chief of Mtesa’s caravan.

My men joined in, and, captivated by the music despite myself, I also struck in, and performed the “light fantastic” to the intense admiration of my braves, who were delighted to see their master unbend a little from his usual stiffness.

It is a wild dance altogether. The music is lively, and evoked from the sonorous sound of four drums, which are arranged before the bodies of four men, who stand in the center of the weird circle. Bombay, as ever comical, never so much at home as when in the dance of the Mrima, has my water-bucket on his head; Chowpereh—the sturdy, the nimble, sure-footed Chowpereh—has an axe in his hand, and wears a goatskin on his head; Baraka has my bearskin, and handles a spear;

Mabruki, the “Bull-headed”, has entered into the spirit of the thing, and steps up and down like a solemn elephant; Vlimengo has a gun, and is a fierce drawcansir, and you would imagine he was about to do battle to a hundred thousand, so ferocious is he in appearance; Khamiri and Kamna are before the drummers, back to back, kicking up ambitiously at the stars; Asmani,—the embodiment of giant strength,—a towering titan,—has also a gun, with which he is dealing blows in the air, as if he were Thor, slaying myriads with his hammer.

The scruples and passions of all—all are in abeyance; we are contending demons under the heavenly light of the stars, enacting only the part of a weird drama, quickened into action and movement by the appalling energy and thunder of the drums.

Now, does all this remind you of something? Of a certain masterly short novel, perhaps? By Joseph Conrad? Such as *Heart of Darkness*? Com-

pare the reputed African bride of Livingstone with Kurtz's "girlfriend"—the African one, not the European, of course.

Note how Kurtz's personality inspired vast admiration in certain people, especially the young Russian, whom Conrad describes as figuratively "crawling" before Kurtz, and compare Stanley's adulation of Livingstone—on p.431 he goes so far as to say that it is impossible to find any fault in Dr. Livingstone's character.

Compare the wild dance described above with this passage from *Heart of Darkness*:

"As we struggled round a bend, there would be a glimpse of rush walls, of peaked grass roofs, a burst of yells, a whirl of black limbs, a mass of hands clapping, of feet stamping, of bodies swaying ... The prehistoric man was cursing us, praying to us, welcoming us—who could tell? ...

"Ugly. Yes, it was ugly enough; but if you were man enough you would admit to yourself that there was in you just the faintest trace of a response to the terrible frankness of that noise, a dim suspicion of there being a meaning in it which you—you so remote from the night of first ages—could comprehend ... Who's that grunting? You wonder I didn't go ashore for a howl and a dance?..."

Stanley took some donkeys along on his expedition; these were often ridden by the whites. But the donkeys all died along the way. The Eldornio Exploring Expedition mentioned in *Heart of Darkness* took along donkeys, ridden by the whites. Later, word came that all the donkeys had died.

There is a lot of talk in Stanley's book about bringing the supposed advantages of learning and civilization to Africa. Kurtz had aspired to bring "light" (i.e. civilization) to the wilderness.

Recall how the young Russian shows Marlow his dilapidated shoes and asks him if he can spare a pair. Stanley complains of how he and Livingstone had to stumble along in dilapidated shoes.

Somewhere in his book, Stanley mentions seeing human skulls set up on posts as trophies; compare the heads set up on posts in front of Kurtz's house.

Stanley mentions shooting at hippopotami with a rifle, without the bullet's having any apparent effect. This he did as a casual pastime. In *Heart of Darkness* the pilgrims empty their rifles ineffectively at a hippopotamus for sport.

Kurtz is represented as having established relations with "a lake tribe". Livingstone was exploring in a region of lakes.

Now, many of these comparisons are too general to have much weight. For instance, dilapidated shoes are only to be expected after a long sojourn

in the wilderness, and other expeditions besides Stanley's may have taken donkeys that died.

Still, it is plausible to conjecture that Conrad may have been led by the case of Dr. Livingstone to imagine a man of character, intelligence, and impressive personality captivated by the spell of the wilderness so that he throws off the shackles of civilization.

I should explain at this point that Stanley found the rumors about Livingstone to be false: he had no African wife; rather than being difficult to get along with, he was, according to Stanley, a very mild-mannered and gentle-man; and far from running away at Stanley's approach he was very glad to be found, especially since he was in serious difficulties at the time so that Stanley's arrival represented to some extent a rescue.

This, however, is beside the point, since there is no suggestion here that Conrad meant to *portray* Livingstone. The false rumors reported by Stanley could serve as an inspiration or source of ideas for Conrad just as well as if they were true.

You may recall a book from the Lombard library that we read: *The Sea Years of Joseph Conrad*, by Jerry Allen. This Miss Allen maintained that the case of a certain Major Barttelot was the inspiration for *Heart of Darkness*. I find her theory dubious. Barttelot as far as I can remember, was merely brutal; he was not a man like Kurtz of character, ideas and ambition, captured by the spell of the wilderness. But the Barttelot case might possibly have suggested the Fresleven incident in *Heart of Darkness*. Barttelot was kicking a negro's wife when the latter, driven to desperation, dared to shoot him with a musket. Fresleven—Marlow's predecessor as captain of the steamboat—was beating an old negro when one of the villagers in desperation made a tentative jab at him (Fresleven) with a spear and found that it went in quite easily.

Of course, Conrad doubtless got ideas for *Heart of Darkness* from many sources; first and foremost, I suppose, his own imagination. But if one were going to name anything as the "inspiration" for the tale, I would say that Stanley's book is a more plausible candidate than the Barttelot case.

Moreover, I can give a piece of evidence that Conrad did read Stanley's account.

From pp.331 to 335 of Stanley's book. Stanley enters a locality that he calls Manyara. To the chief or sultan, and his accompanying subchief, Stanley shows them first his firearms, then his medicine chest. From the latter he give them, first, a sample of medicinal brandy. Then (pp.334–335): "I next produced a bottle of concentrated ammonia, which as I explained was for

snake bites, and head-aches; the Sultan immediately complained that he had a head-ache, and must have a little. Telling him to close his eyes, I suddenly uncorked the bottle, and presented it to his majesty's nose. The effect was magical, for he fell back as if shot, and such contortions as his features underwent are undescribable. His chiefs roared with laughter, and clapped their hands, pinched each other, snapped their fingers, and committed many other ludicrous things ... Finally the sultan recovered himself, great tears rolling down his checks, and his features quivering with laughter, then he slowly uttered the word 'Kali',—hot, strong, quack, or ardent medicine. He required no more, but the other chiefs pushed forward to get one wee whiff, which they no sooner had than all went into paroxysms of uncontrollable laughter."

This is the only place I have ever read of primitives getting a kick out of sniffing ammonia.

Compare Conrad, *An Outpost of Progress*: "Gobila was the chief of the neighboring villages...These [white men] were his brothers, and he transferred his absurd affection to them. They returned it in a way. Carlier slapped him on the back, and recklessly struck off matches for his amusement. Kayeris was always ready to let him have a sniff at the ammonia bottle."

Of course, this is not conclusive proof that Conrad read Stanley's account—he could have heard of savages sniffing ammonia somewhere else—but I would call it strongly suggestive, anyway.

Ted

From Ted to Dave — Feb 19, 1985 (T-21)⁴⁷

Original mix of Spanish & English

To: Dave Kaczynski
Terlingua Route, Box 220
Alpine, Texas 79830
From: T. Kaczynski
Stemple Pass Road
Lincoln, Montana 59639

⁴⁷ Letter from T. Kaczynski to Dave Kaczynski T-21. <harbor.klnpa.org/california/islandora/object/cali%3A1083>

Dear Dave,

Well I can't come to see you after all. I am extremely sorry to inconvenience you with all these changes of plans. All I can say is that these changes of mind are not [UNINTELLIGBLE] and arbitrary — they are due to changes of circumstance. There is more this than you realize. The [UNINTELLIGBLE] cause of this latest change of plans is that those jag offs changed their minds about when they are going to do that logging. We had a lot of snow recently and it seems they're too sissy to work in the snow. So they're going to log when the snow goes down, whenever that may be. I had timed my trip to coincide with the logging. Now,

I have some things that I have to get done. I don't know how much noise they will be making for how long, but if, as I fear, it's going to be several weeks of roaring and grinding machinery, it will be unendurable — especially in view of what that noise signifies -and I will have to go away somewhere. So that means I will have to get as much as possible done now, while I have the chance. Once again, I'm extremely sorry about all this. I hope this letter gets to you in time so that you don't make an unnecessary trip to Alpine — but I'm afraid it will probably arrive too late. All I can do is offer you my humble apology, for whatever that's worth.

Since you apparently have advanced considerably with Spanish, I was going to bring you a book in that language. Since I can't come, I am mailing you the book. Hope it gets there before you go back to Lombard. If not, you might file a card at the post office to have your mail forwarded.

P.S. I decided to mail the book to Lombard instead. I assume you'll be going back there soon.

Ted

Hermano, me agrado de saber que hayas aprerdido tanto espanol, como me escribiste en tu ultima carta. ?Por que no me escribes nada en espanol para entrenante? Pues, to regalo un libro, *El Comendados Mendoza*, del distinguido escritos espanol Juan Valeza. Lamento que sea una version abreviada, para los estudiantes. Tiene oslo, en cambio, unas ventajas: hay un vocabulario al finas del libro, y notes al pie de las pagimas.

[arrow pointing to the above] This is the note I was going to put in the book when I gave it too you.

P.S. Actually I almost decided to come in spite of the objection mentioned, but when I went and found out the fares and schedules it proved actually impossible to get there even in time for the alternate date. When I checked a few months ago, the round trip fare was about \$200.00 and the trip would have taken if I remember right, a little more than 48 hours. No, wait, maybe I could have just made it by the alternate date, but it wouldn't be worth it. For one thing, the fare would have been \$273.00

round trip, a much bigger increase than I expected. For another, I would have had to spend close to *four* straight days on the bus. I read in the paper some while back that Greyhound was rearranging its service to cater more to short haul rather than long haul travel, and I guess this must have led to schedule changes that made the trip so much longer. Really very sorry.

—Ted

Automatic translation

To: Dave Kaczynski
Terlingua Route, Box 220
Alpine, Texas 79830
From: T. Kaczynski
Stemple Pass Road
Lincoln, Montana 59639

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P.S. I decided to mail the book to Lombard instead. I assume you'll be going back there soon.

Ted

Brother, I am glad to know that you have learned so much Spanish, as you wrote me in your last letter. Why don't you write me anything in Spanish for training? Well, I'll give you a book, *El Comendados Mendoza*, by the distinguished Spanish writer Juan Valeza. I regret that it is an abbreviated version, for students. It does have, however, some advantages: there is a vocabulary at the end of the book, and notes at the bottom of the pages.

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—Ted

From Ted to Dave (T-85)⁴⁸

Dear Dave. Thanks for the Christmas card. But I think you realize that you could have saved yourself the price of a card by just writing "Merry Christmas" on a piece of paper, which as far as I am concerned would be just as good.

Yes, you may send me a book for my birthday. As for suggestions, I've never had a chance to read Conrad's *Mirror of the Sea*, but would like to. However, it may be that the book is not currently available.

I was delighted to hear that you recognized my self-portrait. That was the first time (except once some 25 years ago) that I've tried to portray a particular person. Of course it's much harder to draw a recognizable portrait of someone than it is to just invent a face.

⁴⁸ Letter from T. Kaczynski to Dave T-85. <harbor.klnpa.org/california/islandora/object/cali%3A1145>

No, I haven't tried to talk to any of the people around here about preserving the country — I figure it would be a waste of effort. In talking to someone like your old friend who complains about the broken eggs and wants the road paved — with someone like that I would use the simplest and most concrete arguments, avoiding all psychological & philosophical issues. Try this out on him: [CROSSED OUT: First, po...] (I don't know whether that is a state road on a country road or what — just for convenience let's assume it's a state road.) First, he can't expect the state to do him a personal favor and just pave *his* road — if they pave *that* road they have to pave all roads throughout the state that carry a similar amount of traffic. The reason they don't pave those roads now is because the highway dept. has only so much money. To get the money they either have to raise taxes or increase the tax base. Your friend won't want to raise taxes. As for increasing the tax base, that can only be done by bringing in more people and industry so that cities like San Antonio get bigger and worse. Well, wait. That argument leads into ramifications that are probably beyond your friend's limited capacity to absorb abstractions. Probably it would be best to keep the argument simpler still: "You can't separate the good from the bad" because you can't have paved roads without having big cities too. Why? Because it would be impossibly expensive to pave all those roads with picks and shovels. To do it you need machinery. And you can't have machinery without those poor bastards slaving away on the assembly line in Detroit and on the steel made in Pittsburgh and so forth. The more roads you pave the more machinery you need, and the bigger the cities have to get.

Still, the best you can hope to do with someone like that, I think, is create enough confusion in his mind so that he stops whining for a paved road. Fact is that most people are animals. Except with issues that are of such immediate and obvious practical importance that they can't evade them (and sometimes even such issues), what they think is what enables them to most easily avoid any psychological conflict. This applies to intellectuals and other supposedly "thinking" people as well as the average man.

I doubt that the pygmies have any guilt, conscious or otherwise, about killing animals. Guilt is a conflict between what we're trained *not* to do and impulses that lead us to do it anyway. Apparently there is nothing in pygmy culture that leads them not to kill or inflict pain on animals. What the pygmies love and celebrate is their way of life, and they see no conflict between that and killing for meat; in fact, the hunting is an essential part of their way of life — they gotta eat. We tend to see a conflict there because we come from a world where there is a gross excess of people who even apart from hunting destroy the material world through their very presence in such numbers. But to the pygmies — until very recently anyway — there's been no need for "conservation". The forest is full of animals; with the pygmies primitive weapons and sparse population the question of exterminating the game never arises. The pygmies problem is to fill his belly. The civilized man can afford to feel sorry for wild animals because he can take his food for granted. Some psychologists claim that man is attracted to "death" as they call it. Certainly young men are attracted to action, violence, aggression, and that sort of thing. Note the amount of make-believe violence in the entertainment media

— in spite of the fact that in our culture that sort of thing is considered bad and unwholesome and so forth. Since man has been a hunter for the last million years, it is possible that, like other predatory animals, he has some kind of a “killer instinct”. It would thus seem that the pygmies are just acting like perfectly good predatory animals. Why should they feel sorry for their prey any more than a hawk, a fox, or a leopard does? On the other hand, when a modern “sport” goes out with a high-powered rifle, you have a different situation. Some obvious differences are: much less skill is required with a rifle than with primitive weapons; the “sport” does it fun, not because he needs the meat; he is in a world where there are too many people and not enough wildlife, and a rifle makes it too easy to kill too many animals. Of course, the fish and game dept. will see to it that the animals don’t get exterminated, but this entails “wildlife management” — manipulation of nature which to me is even worse than extermination. Beyond that, while the pygmy lives in the wilderness and belongs to it, the “sport” is an alien intruder whose presence is a kind of desecration. In a sense, the sport hunter is a masturbator: His hunting is not the “real thing” — it’s not what hunting is for a primitive man — he is trying to satisfy an instinct in a debased and sitorted way, just like when you rub your prick to crudely similiate what you really want, which is a love affair with a woman. Of course there’s nothing wrong with jagging off to relieve yourself when you get horny — it’s harmless. But — even apart from the question of depletion of wildlife — the presence of “sports” in the wilderness tends to spoil it for those who know better how to appreciate nature.

So, as I said, I see no reason why the pygmies should have any pity for the animals they kill — they gotta kill to eat anyway, so why make themselves uncomfortable by worrying about the animals pain? On the other hand, I did share your (and the author’s) adverse reaction to the account of the pygmies callousness toward animals. For one thing — much as I hate to admit it — my feelings probably have been influenced by the attitudes prevelant in our society; for another thing — and this too is probably in some way related to the social background — I am more ready to put myself in the position of, and see things from the point of view of, another being, such as an animal; finally — and this does not derive from the social background — I see wild animals as “good guys”, the ones who are on my side, in contrast to civilization and its forces (the bad guys), hence I tend to identify with the wild animals. Certainly I would be much less prone to have pity for a domestic animal than for a wild one. I kill rabbits and so forth because I need the meat, but (now more than formerly — youth tends to be callous) I always regret that something alive and beautiful has been turned into just a piece of meat. (Though when you’re hungry enough for meat, you don’t worry too much about that.)

If you wanted, you could perhaps justify the pygmies this way: The pygmy kills without compunction or pity in order to eat. The pygmy too has to die some day, but he isn’t afraid of that. Perhaps he’ll be killed some day by a leopard or a buffalo, but he doesn’t whine about it or ask the leopard or buffalo to have mercy on him. He is an animal like the others in the forest and he shares the hardships and dangers with

the other animals. He lives in an amoral world. But it's a free world and I would say a much wholesome and fulfilling world than that of modern civilization. I do share your negative emotional reaction to the pygmies' ruthlessness, but I'm inclined to suspect that that reaction is perhaps a little decadent, and I don't see that anything would be improved much by the pygmy's vicariously sharing the sufferings of the animals he kills.

Later: This discussion (which I wish I could express more carefully and completely, but if I did it would take forever to finish this letter) can be carried further. I mentioned the fact that the pygmies' world is an amoral one and that such a world may be a wholesome world than the moral one of civilization. Note that amorality does not exclude generous behavior toward others: human beings have impulses of love and loyalty to one another and these are animal impulses, not products of morality. By morality I mean feelings of guilt and shame that we are trained to associate with certain actions that our instinctive impulses would otherwise lead us to perform. Of course it's disagreeable to admit the extent to which we've been influenced by all that brainwashing—attitudes to which we are constantly exposed in school, in books, in the mass communicative media, etc. I hate to admit it, but — as I believe I mentioned to you once before — I would be incapable of premeditatedly committing a serious crime, and the reason for this is simply that I am subject to the same trained-in inhibitions as most other people. I couldn't commit a serious crime cause I'd be scared to — quite apart from the fear of getting caught. On an intellectual level I don't believe in any moral code. To what extent is our aversion to the pygmies ruthlessness simply the result of our having been brainwashed? Now the point I want to make is this: One of the principal justifications — or rather rationalizations — given for moral training is that it promotes human welfare — we are better off if we don't kill each other, steal from each other, etc. But what I would argue is that a strongly developed morality and system of inhibitions exacts a psychological price that is too much to pay for the added physical security. We would lead more fulfilling lives with less trained-in inhibitions even at the price of considerably less physical security. People who are habituated from childhood to a relatively unsafe mode of existence — such as primitive savages — don't seem to mind it a bit. It doesn't make them feel insecure. As for the price of inhibitions, I've read in more than one place that there is an inverse relation between murder and suicide statistics. Countries that have a high murder rate tend to have a low suicide rate and countries with a low murder rate tend to have a high suicide rate. This seems to suggest that people who are too inhibited about expressing aggression pay a high psychological price — for every one who commits suicide there are provably a great many who are miserable but never quite get to the point of stringing themselves up. Primitives are probably not wholly free of morality, but they are undoubtedly far less clamped down by moral inhibitions than we are. One thing I've noted in reading about

very primitive people is that in many cases there seems to be a great deal of squabbling and quarrelling among them. This used to repel me, because like other people of our sort of background I've been trained to hold in the feelings that give rise to quarrelling. We have to be trained to do that because our machine-like society would function very poorly if workers got into a shouting match with the boss or their fellow-workers every time they got pissed off about something. Our society requires order above all else: But I don't see why primitive societies should be regarded as worse than ours because of this quaralsomeness. Unquestionably the resentments and jealousy are present in our society — the only difference is that they are not usually expressed openly. They come out as snide remarks made behind someones back or in other pettiness, or (perhaps worse) they are just held in, where they fester. Probably the primitives do better to openly express their annoyances and resentments. Well, I could go on forever pursuing the ramifications of this — I could bring in personal loyalty among the Somalis, political corruption in Latin America ... but I guess I've rambled on long enough. Also, I did a sloppy job of expressing all this, but I don't want to spend forever writing this letter, so fuck it.⁽¹³⁾

When I referred to literary criticism as a “parasitic” art form I was just being cute. I didn't use the word with derogatory intention. I didn't assume that the ultimate touchstone for a literary interpretation was the conscious intention of the author — or that there was any touchstone at all. I mentioned intentions because literary critics commonly claim to be divining the intentions of the author, and moreover, if I remember correctly, you made your comments in terms of what Quiroga “meant” by the story, didn't you? So I wanted to point out that any opinion as to his intentions was necessarily conjectural. You seem to vaguely suggest some kind of mystical criterion to which literary criticism is responsive. Supposing we grant the existence of some such thing — how so you know, apart from mere conjecture, that a work of criticism is in fact responsive to this supposed criterion? I would argue that (aside from some cases where it actually *is* possible to divine the author's intention) a literary interpretation is essentially arbitrary — the only criterion to which it is actually responsive is whether it evokes from us a suitable emotional response.

My “discovery” as you were kind enough to call it of a seeming connection between Conrad's *Heart of Darkness* and Dr. Livingstone was a discovery in the personal sense, but I think it unlikely that I discovered anything not known to professional scholars. The fact is that it is practically impossible for an amateur to discover anything new in today's world except by chance in rare cases, because almost every conceivable subject that is of material interest to human beings has been thoroughly worked over by professional scholars. Almost anything an amateur might do or discover will usually

⁽¹³⁾ This hole ———>

is for your convenience in fucking it. Notice how flatteringly large I've made the hole.

be *re*-discovery of what is already known to the professionals. To do anything new, as a general rule you'd have to first become a semi-professional yourself by thoroughly researching the field to find out just what is already known and at what point you can jump off into the unknown. The trouble is that by the time you did all the research I think in most cases you'd have to conclude that all the really interesting questions have been so thoroughly worked over that to do anything new you'd have to apply yourself to narrowly technical questions of no interest to anyone but specialists. That was one of the several reasons why I quit mathematics. As a graduate student I was ambitious; repeatedly questions occurred to me that I thought would not have been investigated. After solving the problems I tracked down in the literature, and without a single exception, the problems turned out to have been already solved, and in the majority of cases they had been solved decades before. I found that in the current literature mathematicians were devoting themselves to more and more narrowly technical questions that were of no possible interest except that they provided problems for mathematicians to exercise their skill on. There are some exceptions to this, of course, but in general the situation is as I have described it, in mathematics and I think in most other scholarly fields.

Question of too many people. With 3 billion people (or whatever the number is) in the world it seems impossible to have a new idea or follow a train of thought that isn't being followed simultaneously by someone else. Even outside the scholarly fields this parallelism of ideas is often striking. Remember that "generic Christmas card" I sent a few years ago? Well, a couple of years later in a drugstore or some such place, on a stand offering gag postcards, I saw a "generic postcard" practically identical to my thing. Several times I have encountered in comic strips or other mass media jokes that I previously thought of myself. You'll recall how pleased I was when I encountered Jacques Ellul's book *The Technological Society* because he thinking ran so close to my own. I was glad to find the book, but it was another instance of the parallelism of ideas, of the near impossibility of thinking anything new in such a crowded world. Out of all those 3 billion people, I wouldn't consider it at all surprising if, say, half a dozen or so were to write to someone this month complaining about the fact that with 3 billion people in the world it is almost impossible to have an idea or follow a train of thought without someone else thinking the same thing either previously or at the same time ...⁽¹⁴⁾

You wrote: "In a footnote to your last letter, you seemed to express disappointment that I failed to perform the favor you asked of me." I was less disappointed by that fact that you didn't do the favor than by the fact that you *talked* (wrote, I should say) as

⁽¹⁴⁾ Come to think of it, shortly after I quit mathematics, partly because it often took more effort to discover whether a problem was new than it did to actually solve the problem itself, I read in a magazine article the statement that "One of the principal problems of research today is to find out what is already

if you were going to do something about it and the just let it slide indefinitely. You remember a few years ago when I suggested the possibility of peddling Ceaamothus tea to health-food stores and places like that? Well, you wrote back expressing enthusiasm for the idea and you said you thought it was promising and so forth, but when it came to actually *doing* something about it you became progressively less enthusiastic and in the end all you did was peddle the stuff to a few acquaintances as a favor to me because I needed money — an attitude which I can't help seeing as rather condescending. Later you'll remember I suggested the possibility of trying to buy a plot of land in S. America or Canada, and at first you seemed strongly interested — and interested for your own sake as well as mine. Later your interest faded and you claimed you only got involved in it as a favor to me — which was no doubt true in the later stages of the affair. Now again you talked as if you were going to get that information for me and again you just let it slide. You probably would have just let it slide until you forgot about it if I hadn't mentioned it again. Now I want to emphasize that I don't consider you in any way obligated to participate in any projects I might suggest or to do me any favors. But you'll understand that I find it rather tiresome that you make promising noises and then do nothing. I'm aware of your little problem about procrastination and so forth, but I must say I would find it more agreeable if you would refrain from speaking in promising terms unless, by some chance, you actually have a serious intention of carrying something through. But it's not important. I'm not seriously annoyed or anything.

Please forgive me for offering unasked-for advice, but it does seem to me that your tendency to drop projects like this may be simply the result of a negative attitude about the possibility of success. Carrying one or two things through successfully might result in a more encouraged attitude on your part thereafter. But I apologize for putting my nose into what is none of my business.

When I said that you didn't owe me anything, I didn't mean to put our relations on a "commercial" basis. I merely wanted to make as clear that I wasn't demanding anything, and that I didn't consider that I had a right to demand anything or that you were in any way obligated.

By the way, I asked you, if you'll recall, whether the 4 college papers you'd seen were from small colleges or from sizable universities. The fact that you never answered the question was what made me think you might be feeling a little uncomfortable about the matter. Anyway, I'd like to repeat the question now and ask furthermore, *if* you happen to remember:

1. What colleges were the papers from?
2. Names of papers?

known so as to avoid duplicating the results of other workers", or words to that effect. Exactly echoing my own thoughts.

3. Which, if any, had a classified ad section?

I got the addresses of 3 university papers from a reference book in the library, but the book didn't give much information about them. I wrote to them, and apparently 2 of the 3 have no classified ad section. The third did have a classified ad section, and I got a copy of the paper, but there were no ads there for translations. So I don't know whether or not it's worthwhile to gamble a few bucks on placing an ad there. I know that when I was in school I used to see classified ads for translations in the college papers and also in the Saturday Review, and I don't see why there would be any less market for translations today than 20 years ago, but who knows? It would certainly be a convenient way for me to make some money.

For the last couple of years you seem to have been much more communicative in your letters than you used to be. Of course I don't care for *all* your letters, but some of them I find quite interesting, and enjoyable to read. That your last letter was one of the more interesting ones you can deduce from the length of the reply I've written to it. —Ted

P.S. Never did get any answer from Joel. Guess he wasn't interested, too bad. Actually, I was less interested in the question itself than in opening an exchange with him about the Hebrew language (he knows Hebrew, doesn't he?), Jewish history, and so forth, which would have been interesting.

From Ted to Dave — Apr ?? 1985 (T-22)⁴⁹

ENVELOPE Postmark dated APRIL ?? 1985 (T-22)

To: DAVE KACZYNSKI

463 N. RIDGE AVE.

LOMBARD, ILLINOIS 60148

FROM: T. KACZYNSKI

STEMPLE PASS RD.

MONTANA 59639

FIRST PAGE HAS A CARTOON ON IT.

Original mix of Spanish & English

On the back of this sheet you'll find a cartoon that is certainly not one of my best, but I'm sending it to you anyway because I find the idea amusing even though the

⁴⁹ Letter from T. Kaczynski to Dave Kaczynski T-22. <harbor.klnpa.org/california/islandora/ob-

drawing is poor. Not having a photo of Hitler to work from, I couldn't get his face right—and, that being poor, I didn't consider it worthwhile to try to do a good job on the rest of the drawing.

As to the identity of the 2 goose-stepping figures in the background: Goering was quite obese, and Goebbels was a skinny little runt who had to wear a special shoe because one leg was shorter than the other. So you can tell who is who.

Dear Dave:

Something I've been meaning to say for some time but I'm only just now getting around to it.

Maybe you wonder why I've never asked to read any of your stories or other writings. What I want to say here is that it isn't just a matter of disdainfulness. The reasons why I've never asked to read your stuff are, for one thing, the fact that our tastes and attitudes differ considerably reduces the likelihood that I would like your stuff, and increases the likelihood that I would find it irritating. Furthermore if it turned out that I didn't like it or considered it to be poor writing, I would be faced with 3 choices: either to praise it dishonestly (which I don't like to do), or to criticize it more or less freely, which would mean saying things that you might find pretty cutting, or to say nothing at all about it, which tends to imply a negative judgement.

If you ever wanted to send me any of your stuff, I'd read it, with the understanding that if I said anything at all about it I would give an honest opinion and wouldn't pull any punches in criticizing it if and when I felt criticism was called for. So, you can show me some of your stuff some time, if you want to, or not if you don't want to—it's up to you. The point I wanted to make is that the fact that I've never asked to read any of your stuff isn't just the result of disdainfulness.

I think it was a couple of years ago that you said you were practically certain that I could get a job with the bus company where you work if I wanted to. Does this still hold true? If so, it's possible I might want to take advantage of that some time in the next year or two—but it would have to be with the understanding that the job is temporary—for just a few months. Would it be equally easy to get jobs there at all times of year, and if not, what are the seasons of greatest demand? How long in advance would I have to make arrangements to get the job?

I notice an interesting phenomenon: When I read English and (North) American literature, I find that more often than not, I dislike the author's personality (insofar as his personality manifests itself in his writing) even though I may appreciate his work. On the other hand I find that I generally like the personalities of the Spanish-American writers that I've read (insofar as their personalities are manifested in their work). Of course, my exposure to Spanish-American literature is still limited, so it may be too early to generalize.

By the way, if you're still interested in learning Spanish, I could resume including Spanish passages in my letters for you to decipher. The mistake I made when I did

that before was to: (1) make the passages too long, and (2) to make them an integral part of my letters. Thus I found discouraging when you apparently (and understandably took a long time to get around to deciphering the passages. I put a lot of work into writing those passages and also they contained material that I was anxious to communicate, and for both of those reasons it discouraged me to think that the passages might not get read from some time, or perhaps never. But now it occurs to me that I could make the passages quite brief (so it wouldn't [UNINTELLIGBLE] for you to translate [UNINTELLIGBLE] in them anything. I was [UNINTELLIGBLE] to communicate (so that it wouldn't matter much if you never read them). Also, I can write [UNINTELLIGBLE] much more facility now, so that I [UNINTELLIGBLE] feel I've wasted a lot of effort if you never [UNINTELLIGBLE] around to translating the passages. So let me know if you'd be interested in having me include such passages. If you're not interested, just say so. I try to make the passages humorous or otherwise entertaining.

Por comienzo: De Thomas Carlyle, *The French Revolution*: Romme, Goujon y los demas [sans-culottes intransigentes] estan en filas ante un tribunal militar presuroso y apresuradamente nombrado. Al escuchar la sentencia, Goujon saco un cuchillo, se lo hincó en el pecho, y lo tendió a Romme, que le seguía en la fila; y cayó muerto. Romme hizo lo mismo; y otro hombre casi lo hizo; muerte romana precipitándose adelante como en cadena-electrica⁽¹⁵⁾ !antes de que pudiesen intervenir los alguaciles! A los demas los recibió la guillotina.

April 1: Nature's little April-fool's joke: This morning about one or one-thirty A.M. I was awakened by a minor earth-quake. I've felt earth-quakes here once or twice before, but this was about the most marked that I've experienced. Still, it didn't amount to much—it just felt as if the cabin was being gently shaken for maybe 5 seconds or so.

Some time ago I read a novel by Willa Cather. There was a photograph of Miss Cather on the dust jacket, and since her face was an unusual one I looked at it repeatedly and remember it. Well, just now I'm reading an old (1940) book about [UNINTELLIGBLE].

Indians, and it's got some photos of old-time indians in it. There's this one squaw—her photo is labeled "Wetatonmi, wife of Ollokot—and she is a dead ringer for Willa Cather.

Just received your latest letter.

⁽¹⁵⁾ The English is "electric-char—just what it is I don't know.

A further remark on the pygmies' ruthlessness toward animals: What they worship is the forest and the way of life is provided *Not* the animals as such⁽¹⁶⁾. Eating the animals is part of the way of life. Hence I see no contradiction between worshipping the way of life and being ruthless toward the animals. Though, as I mentioned before, I personally am inclined to be sympathetic toward the animals.

In response to your remarks [UNINTELLIGIBLE]: 1. You seem to assume (here and elsewhere) that to describe and understand something analytically is compatible with appreciating it in emotional or (as you would probably prefer to put it) poetic terms. However, these things are by no means incompatible. Even though you personally seem to be "turned off" by analytic descriptions of things that have emotional significance for you.

2. You wrote: "Shouldn't we commence our effort to understand by appealing to their self-interpretation...are we really going to permit ourselves to learn from them something about the divine and the beautiful, or merely force them to play an indiscriminate role in the same old drama of practical economy? Isn't it a typical western arrogance to insinuate explanations that would have been utterly foreign to their frame of consciousness?"

I would agree that the kind of explanation you would be prone to give (which I assume would be in terms of art, poetry, the divine and [UNINTELLIGIBLE]). [UNINTELLIGIBLE] be *at least* as foreign to them [UNINTELLIGIBLE] of consciousness" as my more prosaic remarks. Primitives just don't speak (or presumably think) in terms of "art", "beauty", "poetry" in the sense that we understand these terms. Most cultures do not have a concept of "art" in our sense of the word. They may *experience* something that *we* would classify as "art", but no such classification exists in their minds—or at least they have no words or phrases to describe such classification. Pygmies *live* and *celebrate* their forest life, but apparently they don't much *discuss* it or *study* it. When asked by anthropologists about what we would call their "artistic" activities, or about their emotional life, primitives seem to give simple and elementary answers—[UNINTELLIGIBLE] even. This doesn't mean that they don't *experience* things deeply, but it does seem to mean that they don't much *talk* about or *study* their feelings or their art, etc.

So it would seem that if we are going to discuss the emotional life of primitives we have [UNINTELLIGIBLE] choices we can restrict ourselves to the limited vocabulary and concepts of the primitives themselves, in which case our discussion won't get very far, or we can introduce language and ideas that are "foreign to their frame of consciousness". And the artistic and philosophic notions—products of civilized and especially western culture—I feel sure are *at least* as foreign to pygmy thinking as are my remarks. I can support this contention by (to borrow your phrase) "appealing to their self-interpretation". I quote Turnbull, Chapter 5 (pp. 101–102 in my edition). "When I talked to the pygmies about their treatment of animals, they laughed at

⁽¹⁶⁾ At least, this is what I gather from Turnbull's book.

me and said, ‘The forest has given us animals for food—should we refuse this gift and starve?’ Doesn’t this sound more like my explanation than the kind of thing [UNINTELLIGBLE] which really [UNINTELLIGBLE] to their frame of consciousness? [UNINTELLIGBLE] considers only a single aspect of the matter—the practical one. Whether they have ever thought much about other aspects of the matter is doubtful.

Perhaps you assumed that my remarks were referring only to the practical necessity of eating. If so, then you missed something that I was trying to get across—probably [UNINTELLIGBLE] I did an inadequate job of explaining it. At the time I wrote that stuff I was by no means satisfied that I had successfully conveyed what I meant to convey. I was trying to express a kind of [UNINTELLIGBLE] of sense of the pygmies. [UNINTELLIGBLE] of equality with animals [UNINTELLIGBLE] them are superior and uncomprehending outsiders. Well, I’m not going to try to express it now—skip it for the present.

Of course, it’s true that I was trying to express an attitude toward pygmy culture as seen from the outside. It would be very difficult to discuss pygmy culture from the pygmies’ point of view. How can we pretend to understand the pygmies well enough to discuss anything from their point of view? Especially since we’ve only read a book about them and haven’t known them personally.

3. You seem to sneer at mere “practical economy.” But later you remark that non-technologic peoples seem to live in a world where “the practices and esthetics essentials were unified.” This is a very important observation. There is a tendency for intellectuals to sneer at “mere practical matters” because we live in a world where “practical economy” has become a mechanized tyrant. But practical activities in a primitive context are something quite different. They form an important—and I would even argue an essential—part of a fully fulfilling wilderness life. Your exposure to this aspect of it as yet has been very limited, I gather. Yet didn’t you remark on the satisfaction you got from building your dugout shelter?—>certainly a practical activity. And that’s only a bare beginning.

By the way, I have a paperback copy of “The Forest People”. would you like to have it? I’ll give it to you if you want it.

I enjoyed reading about your long hike. No, you’re not getting too old for that sort of thing—far from it. Trouble with getting old is (1) that if you once let yourself get out of shape for an extended period it’s much harder to get back into shape, and (2) that when you’re older you’re more likely to have acquired some specific ailment, such as arthritis, say, or a bad heart that would bar you from physically demanding stuff. of course, someone over 40 isn’t going to have the fine edge needed for high-level competitive athletics, but if you get enough exercise so that you don’t get soft, and

don't have the ill-luck to pick up an ailment or injury, it will be a long time before age will bar you from rugged hikes.

If you were hiking cross-country rather than following a well-beaten trail, 60 miles in three days is a good hike, since you presumably are carrying a load on your back. When carrying a pack I *rarely* have covered as much as twenty miles in a day—in fact, off-hand I can think of only one instance when I did so, and that was with a light pack. Of course it's tougher in this steep mountain country where you're constantly climbing steep slopes.

[UNINTELLIGIBLE] will appreciate your reaction to the rattlesnake and your sense of its dignity. I also have had experiences with animals that have impressed me with their personalities—in some cases I've had a strong sense of their dignity. I agree with your reluctance to sentimentalize animals. I don't think we necessarily sentimentalize or anthropomorphize when we apply terms like "dignity" to an animal.

When we say an animal has "dignity" (or some other trait of "personality" as we may call it) we are expressing our reaction to certain [UNINTELLIGIBLE] at that animal—we are not (or shouldn't be, anyway) assuming that the animal has the same feelings or intentions as a human being [UNINTELLIGIBLE] shows dignity. Also: you know that in my opinion, when one says that another being (human or animal) has "consciousness", the statement is unverifiable and therefore I see no way of assigning an objective meaning to it. Hence, when one ascribes consciousness to another being this is merely an expression of one's *attitude* toward that being. (NOTES ON SIDE OF PAGE) Like you, I take the attitude that animals have consciousness. Moreover, I see no reason to take the attitude that their consciousness is any less intense than ours.⁽¹⁷⁾ I do see reason to consider their consciousness as far less *complex* than ours, obviously they are much less intelligent and their behavior patterns are much simpler than ours. but that needn't prevent us from respecting and appreciating them, or from experiencing a certain measure of identification with their simpler consciousness.

As for your finding the campground all fucked up—all I can say is that I sympathize. I've had analog experiences all too often.

I'd be interested to see your spear-point some time.

I *don't* agree that appreciation of nature should be encouraged by public institutions. If anyone comes to appreciate nature because he is *taught* to appreciate it, then, as far

⁽¹⁷⁾ People who claim "lower" animals have only "dull" feelings are just trying to rationalize their

as I am concerned, his appreciation has no value. And can you imagine what kind of nature appreciation could be encouraged by public institutions? TV commercials and high school textbooks telling people how to look at the clouds, etc...

Of course, you may have meant something else when you said appreciation of nature should be encouraged by public institutions.

I'm sorry to hear about Joel. I only met him once, but he seemed like a nice fellow. I wonder whether the head injury is really responsible for his problems, or whether he got a bad gene from his mother?

You want to take me to Mexico with you? OK, how about this fall or winter? I haven't decided definitely yet whether I'll go with you at that time, but I'll try—to make a decision within a month or so—then I'll let you know. You understand—I can't possibly afford the trip, but I may come in spite of that. I suppose I can always eat older buds and thistle roots if it came to that.

Let me know what times of year are most convenient for you, how long you want to make the trip, etc. etc.—all details insofar as you have any details in mind—and by the time it's time for me to answer your next letter I hope to have decided whether to live beyond my means by coming down there.

Ted

P.S. You would have to promise not to talk about art, philosophy, esthetics, or any of that crap while I'm down there. You probably don't appreciate the effort of will that I have to make in order to refrain from giving offensive replies to some of your bullshit. When answering a letter I have time to cool down before writing my reply, but with oral communication there's no cooling-down time, so we probably would get along if you started talking about your favorite themes.

Ted

P.S. You said you had "other irons in the fire." Just out of curiosity, what are they? If you feel this question to be an intrusion on your privacy, just ignore it.

I don't know, it's doubtful that I can make the trip. Can't afford it—cause it's bound to end up costing me more than just the \$200 bus fare. Food on the way and so forth.

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Automatic translation

On the back of this sheet you'll find a cartoon that is certainly not one of my best, but I'm sending it to you anyway because I find the idea amusing even though the drawing is poor. Not having a photo of Hitler to work from, I couldn't get his face right—and, that being poor, I didn't consider it worthwhile to try to do a good job on the rest of the drawing.

As to the identity of the 2 goose-stepping figures in the background: Goering was quite obese, and Goebbels was a skinny little runt who had to wear a special shoe because one leg was shorter than the other. So you can tell who is who.

Dear Dave:

Something I've been meaning to say for some time but I'm only just now getting around to it.

Maybe you wonder why I've never asked to read any of your stories or other writings. What I want to say here is that it isn't just a matter of disdainfulness. The reasons why I've never asked to read your stuff are, for one thing, the fact that our tastes and attitudes differ considerably reduces the likelihood that I would like your stuff, and increases the likelihood that I would find it irritating. Furthermore if it turned out that I didn't like it or considered it to be poor writing, I would be faced with 3 choices: either to praise it dishonestly (which I don't like to do), or to criticize it more or less freely, which would mean saying things that you might find pretty cutting, or to say nothing at all about it, which tends to imply a negative judgement.

If you ever wanted to send me any of your stuff, I'd read it, with the understanding that if I said anything at all about it I would give an honest opinion and wouldn't pull any punches in criticizing it if and when I felt criticism was called for. So, you can show me some of your stuff some time, if you want to, or not if you don't want to—it's up to you. The point I wanted to make is that the fact that I've never asked to read any of your stuff isn't just the result of disdainfulness.

I think it was a couple of years ago that you said you were practically certain that I could get a job with the bus company where you work if I wanted to. Does this still hold true? If so, it's possible I might want to take advantage of that some time in the next year or two—but it would have to be with the understanding that the job is temporary—for just a few months. Would it be equally easy to get jobs there at all times of year, and if not, what are the seasons of greatest demand? How long in advance would I have to make arrangements to get the job?

I notice an interesting phenomenon: When I read English and (North) American literature, I find that more often than not, I dislike the author's personality (insofar as his personality manifests itself in his writing) even though I may appreciate his work. On the other hand I find that I generally like the personalities of the Spanish-American writers that I've read (insofar as their personalities are manifested in their work). Of

ruthlessness toward them—swatting or poisoning flies and that kind of stuff.

course, my exposure to Spanish-American literature is still limited, so it may be too early to generalize.

By the way, if you're still interested in learning Spanish, I could resume including Spanish passages in my letters for you to decipher. The mistake I made when I did that before was to: (1) make the passages too long, and (2) to make them an integral part of my letters. Thus I found discouraging when you apparently (and understandably) took a long time to get around to deciphering the passages. I put a lot of work into writing those passages and also they contained material that I was anxious to communicate, and for both of those reasons it discouraged me to think that the passages might not get read from some time, or perhaps never. But now it occurs to me that I could make the passages quite brief (so it wouldn't [UNINTELLIGIBLE] for you to translate [UNINTELLIGIBLE] in them anything. I was [UNINTELLIGIBLE] to communicate (so that it wouldn't matter much if you never read them). Also, I can write [UNINTELLIGIBLE] much more facility now, so that I [UNINTELLIGIBLE] feel I've wasted a lot of effort if you never [UNINTELLIGIBLE] around to translating the passages. So let me know if you'd be interested in having me include such passages. If you're not interested, just say so. I try to make the passages humorous or otherwise entertaining.

To begin with: From Thomas Carlyle, *The French Revolution*: Romme, Goujon and the rest [intransigent sans-culottes] are lined up before a hastily and hastily appointed military tribunal. Upon hearing the sentence, Goujon took out a knife, stuck it in his chest, and handed it to Romme, who followed him in line; and he fell dead. Romme did the same; and another man almost did it; Roman death rushing forward like an electric chain⁽¹⁸⁾ before the bailiffs could intervene! The others were received by the guillotine.

April 1: Nature's little April-fool's joke: This morning about one or one-thirty A.M. I was awakened by a minor earth-quake. I've felt earth-quakes here once or twice before, but this was about the most marked that I've experienced. Still, it didn't amount to much—it just felt as if the cabin was being gently shaken for maybe 5 seconds or so.

Some time ago I read a novel by Willa Cather. There was a photograph of Miss Cather on the dust jacket, and since her face was an unusual one I looked at it repeatedly and remember it. Well, just now I'm reading an old (1940) book about [UNINTELLIGIBLE].

Indians, and it's got some photos of old-time Indians in it. There's this one squaw—her photo is labeled "Wetatonmi, wife of Ollokot—and she is a dead ringer for Willa Cather.

⁽¹⁸⁾ The English is "electric-char—just what it is I don't know.

Just received your latest letter.

A further remark on the pygmies' ruthlessness toward animals: What they worship is the forest and the way of life is provided *Not* the animals as such⁽¹⁹⁾. Eating the animals is part of the way of life. Hence I see no contradiction between worshipping the way of life and being ruthless toward the animals. Though, as I mentioned before, I personally am inclined to be sympathetic toward the animals.

In response to your remarks [UNINTELLIGIBLE]: 1. You seem to assume (here and elsewhere) that to describe and understand something analytically is compatible with appreciating it in emotional or (as you would probably prefer to put it) poetic terms. However, these things are by no means incompatible. Even though you personally seem to be "turned off" by analytic descriptions of things that have emotional significance for you.

2. You wrote: "Shouldn't we commence our effort to understand by appealing to their self-interpretation...are we really going to permit ourselves to learn from them something about the divine and the beautiful, or merely force them to play an indiscriminate role in the same old drama of practical economy? Isn't it a typical western arrogance to insinuate explanations that would have been utterly foreign to their frame of consciousness?"

I would agree that the kind of explanation you would be prone to give (which I assume would be in terms of art, poetry, the divine and [UNINTELLIGIBLE]. [UNINTELLIGIBLE] be *at least* as foreign to them [UNINTELLIGIBLE] of consciousness" as my more prosaic remarks. Primitives just don't speak (or presumably think) in terms of "art", "beauty", "poetry" in the sense that we understand these terms. Most cultures do not have a concept of "art" in our sense of the word. They may *experience* something that *we* would classify as "art", but no such classification exists in their minds—or at least they have no words or phrases to describe such classification. Pygmies *live* and *celebrate* their forest life, but apparently they don't much *discuss* it or *study* it. When asked by anthropologists about what we would call their "artistic" activities, or about their emotional life, primitives seem to give simple and elementary answers—[UNINTELLIGIBLE] even. This doesn't mean that they don't *experience* things deeply, but it does seem to mean that they don't much *talk* about or *study* their feelings or their art, etc.

So it would seem that if we are going to discuss the emotional life of primitives we have [UNINTELLIGIBLE] choices we can restrict ourselves to the limited vocabulary and concepts of the primitives themselves, in which case our discussion won't get very far, or we can introduce language and ideas that are "foreign to their frame of consciousness". And the artistic and philosophic notions—products of civilized and especially western culture—I feel sure are *at least* as foreign to pygmy thinking as are

⁽¹⁹⁾ At least, this is what I gather from Turnbull's book.

my remarks. I can support this contention by (to borrow your phrase) “appealing to their self-interpretation”. I quote Turnbull, Chapter 5 (pp. 101–102 in my edition). “When I talked to the pygmies about their treatment of animals, they laughed at me and said, ‘The forest has given us animals for food—should we refuse this gift and starve?’ Doesn’t this sound more like my explanation than the kind of thing [UNINTELLIGBLE] which really [UNINTELLIGBLE] to their frame of consciousness? [UNINTELLIGBLE] considers only a single aspect of the matter—the practical one. Whether they have ever thought much about other aspects of the matter is doubtful.

Perhaps you assumed that my remarks were referring only to the practical necessity of eating. If so, then you missed something that I was trying to get across—probably [UNINTELLIGBLE] I did an inadequate job of explaining it. At the time I wrote that stuff I was by no means satisfied that I had successfully conveyed what I meant to convey. I was trying to express a kind of [UNINTELLIGBLE] of sense of the pygmies. [UNINTELLIGBLE] of equality with animals [UNINTELLIGBLE] them are superior and uncomprehending outsiders. Well, I’m not going to try to express it now—skip it for the present.

Of course, it’s true that I was trying to express an attitude toward pygmy culture as seen from the outside. It would be very difficult to discuss pygmy culture from the pygmies’ point of view. How can we pretend to understand the pygmies well enough to discuss anything from their point of view? Especially since we’ve only read a book about them and haven’t known them personally.

3. You seem to sneer at mere “practical economy.” But later you remark that non-technologic peoples seem to live in a world where “the practices and esthetics essentials were unified.” This is a very important observation. There is a tendency for intellectuals to sneer at “mere practical matters” because we live in a world where “practical economy” has become a mechanized tyrant. But practical activities in a primitive context are something quite different. They form an important—and I would even argue an essential—part of a fully fulfilling wilderness life. Your exposure to this aspect of it as yet has been very limited, I gather. Yet didn’t you remark on the satisfaction you got from building your dugout shelter?—>certainly a practical activity. And that’s only a bare beginning.

By the way, I have a paperback copy of “The Forest People”. would you like to have it? I’ll give it to you if you want it.

I enjoyed reading about your long hike. No, you’re not getting too old for that sort of thing—far from it. Trouble with getting old is (1) that if you once let yourself get out of shape for an extended period it’s much harder to get back into shape, and (2) that when you’re older you’re more likely to have acquired some specific ailment,

such as arthritis, say, or a bad heart that would bar you from physically demanding stuff. of course, someone over 40 isn't going to have the fine edge needed for high-level competitive athletics, but if you get enough exercise so that you don't get soft, and don't have the ill-luck to pick up an ailment or injury, it will be a long time before age will bar you from rugged hikes.

If you were hiking cross-country rather than following a well-beaten trail, 60 miles in three days is a good hike, since you presumably ere carrying a load on your back. When carrying a pack I *rarely* have covered as much as twenty miles in a day—in fact, off-hand I can think of only one instance when I did so, and that was with a light pack. Of course it's tougher in this steep mountain country where you're constantly climbing steep slopes.

[UNINTELLIGBLE] will appreciate your reaction to the rattlesnake and your sense of its dignity. I also have had experiences with animals that have impressed me with their personalities—in some cases I've had a strong sense of their dignity. I agree with your reluctance to sentimentalize animals. I don't think we necessarily sentimentalize or anthropomorphize when we apply terms like “dignity” to an animal.

When we say an animal has “dignity” (or some other trait of “personality” as we may call it) we are expressing our reaction to certain [UNINTELLIGBLE] at that animal—we are not (or shouldn't be, anyway) assuming that the animal has the same feelings or intentions as a human being [UNINTELLIGBLE] shows dignity. Also: you know that in my opinion, when one says that another being (human or animal has “consciousness”, the statement is unverifiable and therefore I see no way of assigning an objective meaning to it. Hence, when one ascribes consciousness to another being this is merely an expression of ones *attitude* toward that being. (NOTES ON SIDE OF PAGE) Like you, I take the attitude that animals have consciousness. Moreover, I see no reason to take the attitude that their consciousness is any less intense than ours.⁽²⁰⁾ I do see reason to consider their consciousness as far less *complex* than ours, obviously they are much less intelligent and their behavior patterns are much simpler than ours. but that needn't prevent us from respecting and appreciating them, or from experiencing a certain measure of identification with their simpler consciousness.

As for your finding the campground all fucked up—all I can say is that I sympathize. I've had analog experiences all too often.

I'd be interested to see your spear-point some time.

⁽²⁰⁾ People who claim “lower” animals have only “dull” feelings are just trying to rationalize their

I *don't* agree that appreciation of nature should be encouraged by public institutions. If anyone comes to appreciate nature because he is *taught* to appreciate it, then, as far as I am concerned, his appreciation has no value. And can you imagine what kind of nature appreciation could be encouraged by public institutions? TV commercials and high school textbooks telling people how to look at the clouds, etc...

Of course, you may have meant something else when you said appreciation of nature should be encouraged by public institutions.

I'm sorry to hear about Joel. I only met him once, but he seemed like a nice fellow. I wonder whether the head injury is really responsible for his problems, or whether he got a bad gene from his mother?

You want to take me to Mexico with you? OK, how about this fall or winter? I haven't decided definitely yet whether I'll go with you at that time, but I'll try—to make a decision within a month or so—then I'll let you know. You understand—I can't possibly afford the trip, but I may come in spite of that. I suppose I can always eat older buds and thistle roots if it came to that.

Let me know what times of year are most convenient for you, how long you want to make the trip, etc. etc.—all details insofar as you have any details in mind—and by the time it's time for me to answer your next letter I hope to have decided whether to live beyond my means by coming down there.

Ted

P.S. You would have to promise not to talk about art, philosophy, esthetics, or any of that crap while I'm down there. You probably don't appreciate the effort of will that I have to make in order to refrain from giving offensive replies to some of your bullshit. When answering a letter I have time to cool down before writing my reply, but with oral communication there's no cooling-down time, so we probably would get along if you started talking about your favorite themes.

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From Ted to Dave — Undated (T-81)⁵⁰

Dave —

... The story was reported by Granville Stuart in his *Forty Years on the Frontier*, and if the story was true I gather it happened in Iowa or somewhere around that part of the country...

Thanks for calling my attention to the counterexample “la alumna”.

By the way, I have just uncovered another piece of important evidence related to the cow-blower project:

“When a calf dies they resort to various devices to persuade its dam to give milk. They stuff the head with straw ... and rub some of the dam's urine on it; or, especially when a cow aborts, they stuff the whole calf, insert stumps of wood to act as legs, and push its head against her teats, while they gently squeeze and pull them and a boy blows up the vagina.”

– E.E. Evans-Pritchard, *The Nuer; A description of the modes of livelihood and Political Institutions of a Nilotic Peoples* Oxford Univ. Press, 1972, page 34.

Of course, Herodotus talked about blowing up the rectum, whereas Evans-Pritchard speaks of the vagina. But we needn't put too much importance on this minor discrepancy; it may well represent an error on Herodotus's part. From what we know of ancient Greek sexual practices, it is evident that they had considerable difficulty in distinguishing between rectums and vaginas.

I am enclosing a brief account of this in Spanish, which you can forward to the HOkens with your next letter. But don't send them a translation of it. I want to tease them. Let them get a dictionary and decipher it for themselves, if they consider it worth the trouble. I should add, though, that in the Spanish account I've used the naughty words: *culo* and *cono*, which are equivalent to our “ass” and “cunt”. If you think Jean (Jeanne?) will be offended by “cono” you of course can refrain from forwarding the thing.

Naturally my vanity was tickled by your complimentary remarks concerning my cartoons...

⁵⁰ Letter from T. Kaczynski to Dave T-81. <harbor.klnpa.org/california/islandora/object/cali%3A1141>

From Ted to Dave — May 30, 1985 (T-23)⁵¹

Original Mix of Spanish & English

ENVELOPE — Postmark date MAY 30 AM 1985 CANYON CREEK, MT 59639 (T-23)

To: DAVE KACZYNSKI
63 N. RIDGE AVE.
LOMBARD, ILLINOIS 60148
FROM: T. KACZYNSKI
Stemple Pass Rd.
Lincoln, Montana 59639

Dear Dave:

I talked to the local doctor here about what immunizations are recommended for a trip to Mexico. He says it is “his” understanding that “no immunizations are recommended for Mexico beyond the ones most North Americans have already as a matter of routine. He said the stuff you have to worry about in Mexico is stuff you can’t be immunized against, namely, various intestinal infestations. There’s Montezuma’s Revenge, of course, but he says the main thing you have to worry about as being “really” dangerous is amoebic dysentery. Not only is amoebic dysentery difficult to get rid of in the guts; he says you run the risk of “amoebic cysts” (whatever those are) in the liver or the brain, which I take it, is a very serious matter.

He says the diseases you have to worry about catching in Mexico (apart from the U.S.) is “almost exclusively” stuff that is transmitted in food or water. So you should use exclusively bottled water, or else boil your own water in Mexico.

So, if you don’t mind, we won’t eat in any restaurants in Mexico, but will cook our own food. Is this OK with you? I’m not particularly anxious to have any amoebic cysts in my liver.

I hope we won’t run into any situations where we have to offend Mexicans by declining to eat Mexican food. When I talked to Nerpel a few years ago, he told me he and his wife had hitch-hiked all the way down to El Salvador. (This was before the war there of course.)

He said that on the first occasion when he and his wife ate in a Mexican cafe, they were sitting there debating whether to eat the stuff; and apparently were not sufficiently tactful to adequately conceal their doubts, because a big Mexican about 6 feet tall came up to them and said in excellent English: “This is Mexican food. It is good food. Eat it!” (With an implied *or else*.) They ate it and according to Nerpel it

⁵¹ Letter from T. Kaczynski to Dave Kaczynski T-23. <harbor.klnpa.org/california/islandora/object/cali%3A1085>

was good food. He said he never had any trouble with Montezuma's revenge, but that Karen had constant trouble with it all the way.

If we run into a situation where we can't avoid revealing to Mexicans our doubts about the food or water, possibly I can avoid offense by telling them that I am reluctant to drink from the public water supply also in the cities near where I live in the U.S. Actually this is quite true. Some of the towns around here have been having trouble with a microorganism called "giardia [UNINTELLIGBLE] getting into the water supply. This organism, and it has a very nasty effect on the gut [UNINTELLIGBLE]. Some woman tried to sue the city of [UNINTELLIGBLE] because she got sick with this stuff [UNINTELLIGBLE] drinking Missoula tap-water but I [UNINTELLIGBLE] know what the outcome of it was.

This doctor, by the way, told [UNINTELLIGBLE] interesting things about immunizations [UNINTELLIGBLE] enthusiasms for immunizations [UNINTELLIGBLE] of disagreeable side-effects from some of these things. I'd told him I was due for a tetanus shot because I hadn't had one for 7 years. He said public health depts. now recommend them only once every 10 years and he also gave it as his opinion that public health depts. recommend too many rather than too few immunizations. Apparently he would recommend tetanus shots less often than once every ten years, and in fact he went so far as to say that "nobody needs a tetanus shot" because the disease can now be effectively controlled. He says there have been cases of very severe allergic reactions to tetanus shots, and furthermore he says that because the shots were given too often there have been cases where a person's entire deltoid muscle has died from tetanus injections. He says he's seen this twice in his own practice.

I asked him about polio immunizations, and he says the Sabin oral vaccine (*I think this is the one we had, no?*) is now recommended once every ten years for public health depts., but *he* doesn't recommend it. He says he wouldn't take the stuff himself. He says it's an "attenuated live virus" vaccine, and occasionally they fuck up and don't attenuate it quite enough and somebody gets polio from it. Also, he said that anyone immunized with this stuff thereafter "sheds" polio virus for 3 months and so can give the "disease" to other people.

If you ever take that stuff, be sure to tell me, so I can keep away from you for 3 months. He says that of course if there were polio going around, then he would take the vaccine, since in that case the risk from the vaccine would be less than that from catching the disease elsewhere; but he says he wouldn't take the vaccine because polio is very rare now in the greater part of the world. He claims that what little polio there is, is mostly caused by this live-virus vaccine! I should have asked him why they don't go back to the old Salk vaccine (which is made with dead virus and therefore safe) if the oral vaccine is risky; but it didn't occur to me at the time.

But I must add that this doctor seemed to be a little confused about this stuff. He at first said that the first vaccine, the one injected with a needle, was the "Sabin" vaccine. Later when I mentioned the Salk vaccine he corrected himself and said that was the injected vaccine. He also said the first oral polio vaccine came out in 1974, but

that is not true, because I remember quite distinctly when we had that oral vaccine. I was 21 years old at the time, which means the year was 1963.

This doesn't necessarily mean the guy is a quack—I don't suppose a doctor can be expected to remember the detailed history of every medicine—but it does mean that he did have a lapse of memory. Thus it's possible he may have also had lapses of memory connected with some of the other information he gave me.

So I think it would be highly advisable to get a second opinion of this stuff about [UNINTELLIGIBLE] immunizations for Mexico. If you [UNINTELLIGIBLE] consult a doctor about it, I [UNINTELLIGIBLE] Langreder if I were you. I [UNINTELLIGIBLE] good doctor or that he even has confidence in his own medical ability. I'll bet he would just parrot whatever is the public health departments standard line on the subject. Whoever you consult, you might also ask him about this polio vaccine business, and try to perceive whether he is just parroting the standard official line because it is the "safe" thing to say, or whether he is giving a reasoned opinion.

Trozo espanol: Lo siguiente se saca de *A History of the German Language*, de John T. Waterman, University of Washington Press, 1960, pags. 135–136.

"Lo mas notable, empera, cuando se juzga por las normas de la "alta edad media", [High Medieval era] era el hecko de que of dominante tono estetico de los Siglos XV y XVI fuese casi increiblemente crudo y grosero.⁵² En verdad, se invento un 'patrono' particular de la groseria⁵³, San Grobianus, para servir de simbolo caracteristico de la epora... Los teologos de la edad tampoco tenian reparos en injuriarse unos a otros en un lenguaje que hoy dia asociamos solo con la porqueriza⁵⁴ o la cuneta⁵⁵..."

—Ted

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⁵² I have translated "vulgar" and "vulgarity" as "grossero" and "grosena"; but I think these Spanish terms are less specific than our "vulgar", "vulgarity", so I'll state here that obscene language is meant. Perhaps I should have used "obseno", "obsценidad".

⁵³ Ibid.

⁵⁴ I have translated "barnyard" and "gutter" as "porqueriza" and "cuneta" respectively, but I don't know if these words have in Spanish the same *figurative* meanings as "barnyard" and "gutter". But I trust you get the idea.

⁵⁵ Ibid.

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them only once every 10 years and he also gave it as his opinion that public health depts. recommend too many rather than too few immunizations. Apparently he would recommend tetanus shots less often than once every ten years, and in fact he went so far as to say that “nobody needs a tetanus shot” because the disease can now be effectively controlled. He says there have been cases of very severe allergic reactions to tetanus shots, and furthermore he says that because the shots were given too often there have been cases where a person’s entire deltoid muscle has died from tetanus injections. He says he’s seen this twice in his own practice.

I asked him about polio immunizations, and he says the Sabin oral vaccine (*I think this is the one we had, no?*) is now recommended once every ten years for public health depts., but *he* doesn’t recommend it. He says he wouldn’t take the stuff himself. He says it’s an “attenuated live virus” vaccine, and occasionally they fuck up and don’t attenuate it quite enough and somebody gets polio from it. Also, he said that anyone immunized with this stuff thereafter “sheds” polio virus for 3 months and so can give the “disease” to other people.

If you ever take that stuff, be sure to tell me, so I can keep away from you for 3 months. He says that of course if there were polio going around, then he would take the vaccine, since in that case the risk from the vaccine would be less than that from catching the disease elsewhere; but he says he wouldn’t take the vaccine because polio is very rare now in the greater part of the world. He claims that what little polio there is, is mostly caused by this live-virus vaccine! I should have asked him why they don’t go back to the old Salk vaccine (which is made with dead virus and therefore safe) if the oral vaccine is risky; but it didn’t occur to me at the time.

But I must add that this doctor seemed to be a little confused about this stuff. He at first said that the first vaccine, the one injected with a needle, was the “Sabin” vaccine. Later when I mentioned the Salk vaccine he corrected himself and said that was the injected vaccine. He also said the first oral polio vaccine came out in 1974, but that is not true, because I remember quite distinctly when we had that oral vaccine. I was 21 years old at the time, which means the year was 1963.

This doesn’t necessarily mean the guy is a quack—I don’t suppose a doctor can be expected to remember the detailed history of every medicine—but it does mean that he did have a lapse of memory. Thus it’s possible he may have also had lapses of memory connected with some of the other information he gave me.

So I think it would be highly advisable to get a second opinion of this stuff about [UNINTELLIGIBLE] immunizations for Mexico. If you [UNINTELLIGIBLE] consult a doctor about it, I [UNINTELLIGIBLE] Langreder if I were you. I [UNINTELLIGIBLE] good doctor or that he even has confidence in his own medical ability. I’ll bet he would just parrot whatever is the public health departments standard line on the subject. Whoever you consult, you might also ask him about this polio vaccine business, and try to perceive whether he is just parroting the standard official line because it is the “safe” thing to say, or whether he is giving a reasoned opinion.

Trozo español: Lo siguiente se saca de *A History of the German Language*, de John T. Waterman, University of Washington Press, 1960, pags. 135–136.

“Most remarkable, however, when judged by the standards of the ‘high medieval era’, [High Medieval era] was the fact that the dominant aesthetic tone of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries was almost unbelievably crude and coarse.⁵⁶ Indeed, a particular ‘patron saint’ of coarseness⁵⁷, St. Grobianus, was invented to serve as a characteristic symbol of the era... The theologians of the age also had no qualms about abusing one another in language that we today associate only with the pigsty⁵⁸ or the ditch⁵⁹...”

–*Ted*

From Ted to Dave — Jun 6, 1985 (T-24)⁶⁰

To: Dave Kaczynski
463 N. Ridge Avenue
Lombard, Illinois 60148
From: [UNINTELLIGIBLE] Kaczynski
Stemple Pass Rd.
Lincoln, Montana 59639

Original mix of Spanish & English

Dear Dave:

I came across a curious anecdote concerning the philosopher Hegel. I assume that the story is apocryphal, but since you’re a sucker for philosophy (pardon me for putting it that way, but you know my opinions), and since the incident is amusing, here it is:

El 14 de octubre de 1806, Hegel, el celebre filosofo, entonces profesor en Jena, estaba sentado a su escritorio y trabajaba un tratado. De repente, unos fragmentos grandes de hierro se desparramaron sobre el escritorio.

⁵⁶ I have translated “vulgar” and “vulgarity” as “grossero” and “grosena”; but I think these Spanish terms are less specific than our “vulgar”, “vulgarity”, so I’ll state here that obscene language is meant. Perhaps I should have used “obseno”, “obscenidad”.

⁵⁷ Ibid.

⁵⁸ I have translated “barnyard” and “gutter” as “porqueriza” and “cuneta” respectively, but I don’t know if these words have in Spanish the same *figurative* meanings as “barnyard” and “gutter”. But I trust you get the idea.

⁵⁹ Ibid.

⁶⁰ Letter from T. Kaczynski to Dave Kaczynski T-24. <harbor.klnpa.org/california/islandora/object/cali%3A1086>

Llamo Hegel a la camarera y le pregunto enfadado: — ¿Que desarreglo es este? — La muchacha le entero de que peleaban en las calles los prusianos y los franceses, y que era esto la causa del alboroto. — Lo mismo da, no me importa — respondió Hegel — — A mi no me interesa eso de inguna manera; ten cuidado de que pueda trabajar yo en paz. — Era aquel el día de la gran batalla de Jena, donde el ejército prusiano fue casi aniquilado por Napoleon.

I received the book you sent me for my birthday. It was well chosen — it was the sort of book I would have been likely to buy for myself. I have read part of it already, and I like the — stories — some of them have considerable charm. And of course they give a glimpse of Hispanic folk-culture. Thank you very much.

I was amused by the Mexican comic book. (But you should have included a critical analysis by Hoken Edwardson explaining the hidden philosophical messages.)

Thanks very much for taking the trouble to look up those 2 periodicals that publish translations; but I don't think either of them looks very promising. "Mundus Artium" sounds like an art type of publication, which probably would pay little if anything; the thing published by "the Translation Center" located in a "Mathematics building" sounds like some kind of a technical project — maybe associated with attempts at [UNINTELLIGIBLE] translation of something like that.

Anyway, what I was interested in was something like a continuing (even if small) source of income.

As for *Mirror of the Sea*, if my memory serves me, the Great Falls public library had a copy of it, though I never had a chance to read more than a small part of it. The Helen M. Nectarine Memorial Library in Lombard doubtless could get you a copy through the Interlibrary Loan Service or whatever they call it.

No doubt you're quite right in sufficing that that bus-driving job would be bad for me. I had had some such misgivings myself, but your description makes it sound even worse than I had thought.

What is the general employment situation in the Chicago area now — factory jobs and so forth? Of course, I'd have to get an apartment or something — couldn't stay with our parents. I can't endure them anymore.

Your offer to give me \$200.00 for bus fare is very generous —but I couldn't accept it. Thanks for the offer, anyway. Well, O.K., I'm definitely prepared to come down there to see you in Texas this year, if it's agreeable to you. But: First of all, there is a risk that I might have to call it off on fairly short notice. Those Gehring bitches are planning to log off some of their woods very close to my place. I don't know just when they're going to do it. Of course there's nothing I can do to prevent them, but I *can* see to it that they don't do it in such a way as to fuck up my water supply. I've talked to the water quality bureau about it and, so far, it doesn't look as if there is going to be a problem. But if difficulties should arise, I might have to stay around here to take care of my water. Of course, as in your case, any serious emergency might prevent

my making the trip, but I'm willing to commit myself to coming barring some serious reason for calling it off.

What I had in mind was this: When I come down there, after a day or two of rest, we would go down to Mexico to just sort of look things over for a few days and try to get an idea of what the wilderness situation is there. After we've got our bearings and have some information, then we can make a joint decision about whether we want to try a trip into the desert, and, if so, what kind of trip and where. Please let me know whether this is agreeable to you.

As for my doing the talking when we have to communicate in Spanish, I can promise to *try*, but I can't guarantee how successful I will be. You understand that learning to read and write a language is one thing, and oral-aural communication is another. At best, I am sure that I will be unable to understand when they talk at their normal rate of speed; I'll have to ask them: (Sentence in Spanish) Also, there might be some problem with local dialects in out-of-the-way places. In some of my books there are samples of the gaucho dialect that is or was spoken in the back-country of Argentina, and it is different enough from standard Spanish (AWEIGH) that, while I imagine I could communicate with someone speaking that dialect, it would be with difficulty.

What are you planning to do about immunizations, "Montezuma's revenge", and so forth? Better get information about that right away, cause they say you have to get some of these immunizations several months in advance. Remember that book *Along the Gringo Trail*, by Jack Epstein, that we found in the Lombard library? I think that had some information on immunizations. If you find out anything, please let me know.

Probably the most convenient time for me to come would be around the middle of November, but it really doesn't make a very big difference for me. Let me know when would be the most convenient time for you, and please mention an alternate time in case the first is too unsuitable for me. Do you still have your car running so that you can pick me up at Alpine?

Our [UNINTELLIGBLE] mistaken. I have my birth certificate [UNINTELLIGBLE]. A reasonably prompt answer to the essential parts of this letter would be convenient, so that we can decide early on a definite date for my arrival.

-Ted

P.S. There are some discrepancies that I'd like to get straightened out in your account of the documents needed to visit Mexico. Some time ago you said that *no* documents were necessary. In your next-to last letter you said Mexican agents require only *either* a birth certificate *or* a passport. In your latest letter you said you thought [UNINTELLIGBLE] would want to take both a birth certificate *and* a passport. How necessary is the passport? According to my information, the fees for the passport would come to something like \$42.00. [UNINTELLIGBLE] cost of 2 passport photos — let's guess \$10.00 [UNINTELLIGBLE] for round-trip to Helena to take care of the business. I'd probably have to stay overnight in Helena, so it probably would cost me at least \$75.00, which I can ill afford, to get a passport.

Come to think of it, the best time for me to come might be January rather than November. But let me know your preferences.

Just in case I do have to apply for a passport, our father's birthplace is Pittsburg, Pennsylvania and our mother's is Zanesville, Ohio, right?

As for "The Forest people", from what you wrote I had the impression that your interest in having a copy is slight. If you ever decide you really want it, or if I misinterpreted and you actually do have a real interest in having the book, let me know and I'll send it. Mean-while I'll just keep it.

Automatic translation

Dear Dave:

I came across a curious anecdote concerning the philosopher Hegel. I assume that the story is apocryphal, but since you're a sucker for philosophy (pardon me for putting it that way, but you know my opinions), and since the incident is amusing, here it is:

On October 14, 1806, Hegel, the famous philosopher, then a professor at Jena, was sitting at his desk and working on a treatise. Suddenly, large pieces of iron fell onto the desk. Hegel called the waitress and asked her angrily: — What mess is this? — The girl told him that the Prussians and the French were fighting in the streets, and that this was the cause of the uproar. — It doesn't matter, I don't care — Hegel responded — — That doesn't interest me in any way; Take care that I can work in peace. — That was the day of the great battle of Jena, where the Prussian army was almost annihilated by Napoleon.

I received the book you sent me for my birthday. It was well chosen — it was the sort of book I would have been likely to buy for myself. I have read part of it already, and I like the — stories — some of them have considerable charm. And of course they give a glimpse of Hispanic folk-culture. Thank you very much.

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From Ted to Dave — ~July(?) 1985 (T-84)⁶¹

Dear Dave:

I suppose you read in the paper about this guy Dan Nichols. Of course, he's an old buddy of mine. We used to go kidnappin' broads together all the time. No, seriously: He may be a man after my own heart, but it's hard to tell from the limited information in the newspapers. I read about the son's trial in the paper, but not yet about the old man's. Don't know if it's taken place yet. I suppose they'll probably execute him. Speaking of executions, here's your Spanish passage:

From Thomas Carlyle's *The French Revolution*. Esto describe lo que le acontecio a Robespierre al cabo del levantamiento contra el.

⁶¹ Letter from T. Kaczynski to Dave T-84. <harbor.klnpa.org/california/islandora/object/cali%3A1144>

I flatly refuse to eat or drink anything in Mexico unless I cook it or boil it myself — except that canned or bottled stuff may be alright — especially if it is imported from the U.S. — and edible plants gathered far from human habitation, roads, or streams should be O.K.

I don't see how this is going to offend the Mexicans. If we don't walk into a restaurant in the first place ...

As for my arrival time, how about if I come in early February? That way I can rest from my bus trip for a couple of days, we can spend a few days looking Mexico over without venturing into the desert ...

You asked about what my interests were in visiting you. I'll try to explain. First, bear in mind the background: This area here is all fucked up — I mean a lot worse than before. The best places are logged off, too many people, etc. So: one of my motives for wanting to visit you is simply a change of scene. Beyond that, you could say I am looking for something like a ray of hope. I'd like to see if there's still a place — e.g. northern Mexico — where the culture has still not been completely taken over by the worldwide technological-industrial "culture" (if you want to call it that); and where there are still wild places that are not immediately threatened with ruin by, on the one hand, those who want to exploit them for profit, and, on the other hand, those who want an escape from the city but insist on bringing the city with them by building themselves fancy summer cabins equipped with all the urban comforts.

You say I won't find purer wilderness in your area than in my area. Don't be too sure of that. You haven't seen how many new cabins there are along Poorman Creek now, or how the best places have been logged off. Be that as it may, it would be a satisfaction to me to see an area in which such wilderness as there is, is surrounded by a culture that has not yet been entirely taken over by technology. Of course, if there are wilder areas of desert further to the south, it would be nice to find them out, if practical considerations permit this. I'm not especially interested (at present, anyway) in venturing far into such areas — I'd just like to know if they actually exist. Similarly, I'm not particularly interested in getting chummy with Mexicans or in delving into their culture, but I'd like to see to what extent (if any) a non-technological culture still exists in N. Mexico.

At present I'm not especially interested in any very ambitious hikes in the desert, though of course I'd like to get out into the desert enough to see what it's like...

—Ted

From Ted to Dave — Sep 4, 1985 (T-25)⁶²

Dear Dave,

⁶² Letter from T. Kaczynski to Dave Kaczynski T-25. <harbor.klnpa.org/california/islandora/object/cali%3A1087>

Pardon me for correcting you, but I notice you write Boquilles whereas the map you sent me spells it Boguillas. * assume the map is right.

Speaking of corrections I found at least one and probably two errors in that clipping you sent me of an item that had been translated into Spanish by the firm of Myna Slagar and Associates. The definite error is this: with the noun “gente” ...

Ok, here’s a Spanish passage...

Se dice que es verdad la anerdota siguiente, que exhibe el caracter ingles, o sea el caracter que tenian los ingleses hace cien anes. En aquel entonces era la Arabia todavia un pais exotico y salvaje. Un cierto ingles emprendio una expedicion exploratoria a traves de dicho pais desde el oeste hacia el este; entretanto, otro ingles, partiendo de India, viajaba por Arabia del este hacia el oeste. Por casual dad se encontraron los dos caravanas en el medio del deierto. Los dos ingleses se saludaron sole levantando la mano. No cmabiaron ni una palabra, y las dos caravanas pasaron adelante sin detenerse.

Will it suit you OK if I arrive on January 25? If it’s ok from your point of view, we’ll make it definite for January 25th. As to the exact time of day, I’ll let you know later, but Ill let you know at least 2 months before Jan. 25, i.e., by Nov. 25.

Also, would it be alright with you if I set 2 allotment dates in case of difficulties? That is, if I dont show up on Jan 25, can you also be there to pick me up on Jan. 26 and if I dont show up then, then on Feb. 1. also? The idea is that if I miss a connection somewhere I might get to Alpine a day late, and I’d have no way to get in touch with you or get to your place. Also, if there is a spell of bad weather here around Jan. 25, I might want to put off the trip by a few days so that I wont have to take my pack to Lincoln when its 50° below or something.

I thought late January would be a good time for me to come because then there will be a couple of weeks before your hiking season starts in mid-February. That way if we don’t take a hike such as you might wish to take, I won’t be spoiling your hiking season for you, and on the other hand if we do decide to take some ambitious hike together I’d only have to wait a couple of weeks for mid-February. Also, late January seems convenient from my point of view.

You presumably read the papers a lot more often than me, since I read them only rarely. So maybe you can answer this question for me: Is it ture that AIDS is spread about almost exclusively through sexual contact or blod transfusions? And that there is practically no possibility of getting it through such things as coughing and sputtering and so forth? I read that some doctors are predicting a really terrible epidemic of AIDS — the article I read even went so far as to compare it to the Black Death. If this is really true, and if its also true that you can only get it through sex or blood transfusion, then I think AIDS is the greatest thing that’s happened since Attila the Hun. Can you think of anything better than to have the world’s population reduced by a third⁽²¹⁾ without any dnager to ourselves? I’m a virgin myself, and I imagine you probably are too, so presumably we have nothing to worry about.

⁽²¹⁾ Black Death is said to have wiped out a third of the population of Europe.

But let me know if I'm right (as far as you know) about the means of transmission of the disease.

Needless to say, my coming to see you is contingent on sufficient money and sufficient health. I trust that problems with either one of the two would qualify as a "serious reason" for backing out. But of course I'd hope to be able to let you know about any such problems long enough in advance so that you won't have to make an unnecessary trip to Alpine.

I'm enclosing a nutty letter that I started to write in Spanish and didn't finish. I was just writing it to pass the time anyway, so I just quit when the inspiration ran out. But you may find it amusing if you want to take the trouble to decipher it.

Sorry I took so long to answer your latest letters.

—Ted

Comedy letter in original spanish

Distinguido Doctor:

Me alegro de saber que haya resuelto usted el problema de Bieberback, ya que me ahorra el trabajo de publicar mi propia prueba de la conjetura.

Me compadezco de usted por su "destierre" (por decirlo asi) que lo ha sufrido usted a causa de uno o dos errores menores que los cometio de joven. Su sufrimiento lo comprendo muy bien, ya que a mi tambien me ha aconterido lo mismo. Bien me acuerdo del comienzo de todas mis dificultados. Era yo nino de escuela; el maestro nos daba nuestra primera leccion de multiplicacion: Acababa de explicarnos el prucedimiento para multiplicar dos numeros.

"Ahora bien — prosiguió — decidme, ninos, cuanto son 24×37 ?"

"888!" — respondi en seguida."

"Muy bueno, Hercules — digo el maestro — eres agudo. He aqui un problema mas dificil: cuanto son 132×436 ?"

"57552!" — lance.

"Todavia mejor" — respondio. Y con una sonrisa suficiente, continuo — "He aqui un mas dificil todavia. Cuanto son 9678×42695 ?"

"413202210" — conteste sin demora.

El maestro se fruncio las cejas, trabajo unos segundos con el lapiz, y carraspeo. Dijo sin sonreir:

"Pues, ¿cuanto son 596315×476894 ?"

"284379045610" — respondi inmediatamente.

Trabajo con el lapiz uno o dos minutos, al cabo de los cuales se comprimio los labios, me fijo una mirada sombria, y me dijo: "Y ¿cuanto son $698325946774159 \times 3132689173$?"

“21876383032854109724075507”

—conteste en seguida.

Trabajo furiosamente con el lapiz durante unos quince minutos y miro el resultado, rechinando los dientes. Luengo me dijo grunendo y con cara amenazante:

“Ahora bien, impudente. ¿Que es la raíz cuadrada de dos? Si eres tan agudo !dimelo! ?Eh? !Dimelo!”

“Aproximadamente — respondi — es 1.414241.”

El maestro saco un libro, lo hojeo freneticamente, hallo lo que buscaba, y exclamo triunfante:

“Bah! Estupido! Es 1.414214! Pongo a tu nombre — continuo, abriendo su libreta — una nota malisima.”

Desde entonces me viene persiguiendo siempre este errorcito. Me ha estropeado la carrera.

Comedy letter automatic translation

Distinguished Doctor:

I’m glad to hear that you solved the Bieberback problem, as it saves me the trouble of publishing my own proof of the conjecture.

I feel sorry for you for your “banishment” (so to speak) that you have suffered because of one or two minor mistakes that you made when you were young. I understand your suffering very well, since the same thing has happened to me too. I well remember the beginning of all my difficulties. I was a school child; The teacher gave us our first multiplication lesson: he had just explained to us the procedure for multiplying two numbers.

“Now,” he continued, “tell me, children, how much is 24×37 ?”

“888!” — I responded immediately.”

“Very good, Hercules — I say the teacher — you are sharp. Here is a more difficult problem: what is 132×436 ?”

“57552!” — lance.

“Even better,” he replied. And with a sufficient smile, he continued — “Here’s an even more difficult one. What is 9678×42695 ?”

“413202210” — reply without delay.

The teacher furrowed his eyebrows, worked for a few seconds with the pencil, and cleared his throat. He said without smiling:

“Well, how much is 596315×476894 ?”

“284379045610” — he responded immediately.

He worked with the pencil for a minute or two, after which he compressed his lips, he gave me a somber look, and said: “So? How much is $698325946774159 \times 3132689173$?”

“21876383032854109724075507”

—answer immediately.

I work furiously with the pencil for about fifteen minutes and look at the result, grinding my teeth. Then he told me growling and with a threatening face:

“Now then, you impudent man. What is the square root of two? If you’re so sharp, tell me! Eh? Tell me!”

“Approximately,” he replied, “it is 1.414241.”

The teacher took out a book, flipped through it frantically, found what he was looking for, and exclaimed triumphantly:

“Bah! Stupid! It’s 1.414214! I give your name — he continued, opening his notebook — a terrible note.”

Since then this little mistake has always plagued me. He ruined my career.

From Ted to Dave — Sep 9, 1985 (T-26)⁶³

ENVELOPE Postmark dated SEP 9 1985 (T-26)

To: Dave Kaczynski

463 N. Ridge Avenue

Lombard, Illinois 60148

FROM: Ted Kaczynski

Stemple Pass Rd.

Lincoln, Montana 60148

Dear Dave:

As a birthday present I am sending you a translation of a story by Horacio Quiroga. I don’t know whether or not you will like the story, but I thought that any way you might find it interesting to encounter this author. I think some of his novels have been translated into English, but I question whether many of his short stories are available in English.

By the way, in regard to the implication in my last letter that I see you as weak, I’d like to qualify that, since you might think the judgement is harsher than what I intend. As I see it, you appear to be deficient in the ability to exercise energy or stand up to uncomfortable things *on your own initiative*. But on the other hand I think you have an inner toughness that would enable you to perform well if *circumstances forced you* to exert yourself under difficult conditions. I have some notions about the reason for these characteristics, but at present I will refrain from speculating.

I received your last letter and note that it shows your usual generosity of character. Instead of being sore over the negative parts of my attitude toward you, you were favorably impressed by the positive parts.

—Ted.

⁶³ Letter from T. Kaczynski to Dave Kaczynski T-26. <harbor.klnpa.org/california/islandora/object/cali%3A1152>

Horacio story translation

For October 3, 1985

THE WILD COLT

Horacio Quiroga

He was a colt, an ardent young horse, who came from the backcountry to the city to make his living by exhibiting his speed.

To see that animal run was indeed a spectacle. He ran with his mane flying in the wind and with the wind in his dilated nostrils. He ran, he stretched himself out, he stretched himself still more, and the thunder of his hooves was beyond measuring. He ran without rules or limits in any direction over the wild plains and at any hour of the day. There were no tracks laid out for the freedom of his run, nor was his display of energy constrained by any norms. He possessed extraordinary speed and an ardent desire to run. Thus he put his whole self into this wild dashes — and this was the strength of that horse.

As is usual with very swift creatures, the young horse was not much good as a draft-animal. He pulled badly, without heart or energy, with no taste for the work. And since in the back-country there was barely enough grass to support the heavy draft-horses, the swift animal went to the city to live by his running.

At first he showed the spectacle of his speed for nothing, for no one would have given a wisp of straw to see it — no one knew the kind of runner that was in him. On fine afternoons, when the people thronged the fields on the outskirts of the city, and especially Sundays, the young horse would trot out where everyone could see him, would take off suddenly, stop, trot forward again sniffing the wind, and finally throw himself forward at full speed, stretch out in a mad run that seemed impossible to surpass, and that he kept surpassing every moment, for that young horse, as we have said, put into his nostrils, into his hooves and into his run the whole of his ardent heart.

People were astonished by that spectacle that departed from everything that were accustomed to see, and they left without having appreciated the beauty of that run.

“No matter,” said the horse cheerfully, “I will go to see an impresario of spectacles, and meanwhile I will earn enough to live on.”

What he had lived on until then in the city he himself would hardly have been able to say. On his own hunger, certainly, and on waste thrown out at the gates of the stockyards. He went, therefore, to see an organizer of festivals.

“I can run before the public,” said the horse, “if I am paid for it. I don’t know how much I may earn, but my way of running has pleased some men.”

“No doubt, no doubt,” they answered. “There is always someone who takes an interest in such things But one must have no illusions ... We may be able to offer you a little something as a sacrifice on our part ...”

The horse lowered his eyes to the man’s hand and saw what he offered: It was a heap of straw, a little dry, scorched grass.

"It's the most we can do ... and besides ..."

The young animal considered the handful of grass that was the reward for his extraordinary gift of speed, and he remembered the faces that men made at the freedom of his run that cut zigzag across the beaten paths.

"No matter," he told himself cheerfully. "Some day I will catch their attention.1 Meanwhile I will be able to get along on this scorched grass".

And he accepted, satisfied, because what he wanted was to run.

He ran, therefore, that Sunday and on Sundays thereafter, for the same handful of grass, each time throwing himself heart and soul into his running. Nor for a single moment did he think of holding back, of pretending, or of following ornamental conventions to gratify the spectators, who didn't understand his freedom. He began his trot, as always, with his nostrils on fire and his tail arched; he made the earth resound with his sudden dashes, to finally take off cross-country at full speed in a veritable whirlwind of desire, dust, and thundering hooves. And his reward was handful of dry grass that he ate happy and rested after the bath.

Sometimes, nevertheless, as he chewed the hard stalks with his young teeth, he thought of the bulging bags of oats that he saw in the shop windows, of the feast of maize and of fragrant alfalfa that overflowed from the mangers.

"No matter," he said to himself cheerfully, "I can content myself with this rich grass."

And he kept on running with his belly pinched by hunger, as he had always run.

But gradually the Sunday strollers became accustomed to his free way of running, and they began to tell each other that that spectacle of wild speed without rulers or limits gave an impression of beauty.

"He does not run along the track, as is customary," they said, "but he is very fast. Perhaps he has that acceleration because he feels freer off the beaten paths. And he uses every ounce of his strength."

In fact, the young horse, whose hunger was never satisfied and who barely obtained enough to live on with his burning speed, gave every ounce of his strength for a handful of grass, as if each run were the one that was to make his reputation. And after the bath he contentedly ate his ration — the coarse, minimal ration of the obscurest of the most anonymous horses.

"No matter," he said cheerfully. "The day will soon come when I will catch their attention."

Meanwhile, time passed. The words exchanged among the spectators spread through and beyond the city, and at last the day arrived when men's admiration was fixed blindly and trustingly on that running horse. The organizers of spectacles came in mobs to offer him contracts, and the horse, now of a mature age, who had run all his life for a handful of grass, now saw competing offers of bulging bundles of alfalfa, massive sacks of oats and maize —

5 all in incalculable quantity — for the mere spectacle of a single run.

Then for the first time a feeling of bitterness passed through the horse's mind as he thought how happy he would have been in his youth if he had offered the thousandth part of what they were now pouring gloriously down his gullet.

"In those days," he said he himself sadly, "a single handful of alfalfa as a stimulus when my heart was pounding with the desire to run would have made me the happiest of beings. Now I am tired."

He was in fact tired. Undoubtedly his speed was the same as ever, and so was the spectacle of his wild freedom. But he no longer possessed the will to run that he had had in earlier days. That vibrant desire to extend himself to the limit as he had once done cheerfully for a heap of straw now was awakened only by tons of exquisite fodder.

The victorious horse gave long thought to the various offers, calculated, engaged in fine speculations concerning his rest periods. And only when the organizers had given in to his demands did he feel the urge to run. He ran then as only he was able; and came back to gloat over the magnificence of the fodder he had earned.

But the horse became more and more difficult to satisfy, though the organizers made real sacrifices to excite, to flatter, to purchase that desire to run that was dying under the weight of success. And the horse began to fear for his prodigious speed, to worry that he might lose it if he puts his full strength into every run. Then, for the first time in his life, he held back as he ran, cautiously taking advantage of the wind and of the long, regular paths.

No one noticed — or perhaps he was acclaimed more than ever for it — for there was a blind belief in the wild freedom of his run.

Freedom ... No, he no longer had it. He had lost it from the first moment that he reserved his strength so as not to weaken on the next run. He no longer ran cross-country, nor against the wind. He ran over the easiest of his own tracks, following those zigzags that had aroused the greatest ovations. And in the ever-growing fear of wearing himself out, the horse arrived at a point where he learned to run with style, cheating, prancing foam-covered over the most beaten paths. And he was deified in a clamor of glory.

But two men who were contemplating the lamentable spectacle exchanged a few melancholy words.

"I have seen him run in his youth," said the first, "and if one could cry for an animal, one would do so in memory of what this same horse did when he had nothing to eat."

"It is not surprising that he used to do such things," said the second. "Youth and hunger are the most precious gifts that life can give to a strong heart."

Young horse: Stretch yourself to the limit in your run even if you hardly get enough to eat. For if you arrive worthless at glory and acquire style in order to trade in fraudulently for succulent fodder, you will be saved by having once given your whole self for a handful of grass.

NOTES

1. “Some day I will catch their attention.” The original has “Algun dia se divertiran.” The usual meaning of *divertir* is “to entertain”, so that a possible translation is, “Some day they will be entertained [by me].” But the dictionary also gives as a meaning of *divertir*: “to divert, distract (the attention of)”, and this is the basis for the translation I have given above, which I think makes better sense in the context.

2. “Engaged in fine speculations concerning this rest periods.” I’m unsure of this translation. The original has: “Especulaba finamente con sus descansos.”

COMMENTS

The idea of this story is not very original, but I think that Quiroga expresses it beautifully.

Somerset Maugham seems to have held a contrary point of view to that of Quiroga’s story. In *Of Human Bondage* he has the experienced painter Foinet advise an aspiring young artist: “You will hear people say that poverty is the best spur to the artist. They have never felt the iron of it in their flesh. “With a lot more in the same vein; and this seems to have represented Maugham’s own attitude. Apparently Maugham had some disagreeable experiences with poverty in his youth.

But Quiroga too seems to have known poverty. In the introduction to the collection of his stories that I have, one of the many occupations ascribed to him is that of “penniless globetrotter,” and he is quoted as having said it in Paris: “I would trade [literary] glory for the security of being able to eat three days in succession.”

I suppose there’s no way of definitively resolving the conflict.

What leads to creativity in one person is not necessarily what leads to creativity in another.

From Ted to Dave — Sep 14, 1985 (T-27) [Pamphlet]⁶⁴

Is The Water Safe?

Think Before You Drink

United States Department of Agriculture

Forest Service

⁶⁴ Article sent by T. Kaczynski to Dave Kaczynski; According to notes, missing 2 pages of hand-

From Ted to Dave — Nov 27, 1985 (T-29)⁶⁵

ENVELOPE Postmark dated NOV 27 1985 (T-29)

To: DAVE KACZYNSKI

TERLINGUA ROUTE BOX 220

ALPINE, TEXAS 79830

FROM: TED KACZYNSKI STEMPLE PASS RD. LINCOLN, MONTANA 59639

Dear Dave:

Spanish passage: When I was in high school, I heard this joke:

It is asked: Have you ever had a cunt around your neck? Of course not, the person who was asked answers. The answer is: Then you must have been born through your mother's ass.

Does it seem impossible to you? It isn't! As surprising as it may seem, many years ago I read of an extraordinary case of a woman that did give birth to two babies through her asshole. Her vagina ended, without an exit, one or two inches from the opening, and for that reason her husband would fuck her in the asshole. It turned out that part of the vagina that came out of the uterus instead of coming together with another part of the vagina it was connected to the rectum. In this manner the woman became pregnant, and as I mentioned above, gave birth to two perfectly healthy babies through her ass.

By the way, in your letters I notice you're repeatedly referred to "white people" as opposed to Mexicans. Don't do that in the presence of Mexicans. According to that book on Mexican-Americans that I sent you, they don't like being considered as nonwhite. I don't really think of them as nonwhite, myself. The ones I've seen look as if they have more Spanish than Indian blood, though it's true that most Mexicans do have a greater or lesser amount of Indian blood.

In case this word does not appear in your dictionary, it means the same as "cunt." ulo = ass or asshole joder = fuck

I'm glad to hear you're progressing with Spanish. [UNINTELLIGIBLE] enjoy exploring the literature. Maybe when we visit Mexico I can find a book store in Ojiuaga or someplace and get some Mexican books. I have a catalog from the publishing company [UNINTELLIGIBLE] of Madrid. They publish a "Coleccion Austral" which is a series of relatively inexpensive paperback editions of old and [UNINTELLIGIBLE]. They have some interesting titles. I've ordered books from them a couple of times, and enjoyed many of the books. Some time if you're interested I can send you the catalog on loan if you want to order some books. Only trouble is, they give no information about the books except author and title, so often you don't know exactly what kind of book you're buying and have to trust to luck as it were.

written letter T-27. <harbor.klnpa.org/california/islandora/object/cali%3A1088>

⁶⁵ Letter from T. Kaczynski to Dave Kaczynski T-29. <harbor.klnpa.org/california/islandora/object/cali%3A1091>

I will make every possible effort to get to Alpine on [UNINTELLIGBLE]. Only a really serious obstacle will delay [UNINTELLIGBLE].

[UNINTELLIGBLE] pederasty and blood transfusions, I've read that AIDS can be transmitted by ingestion of semen" (I suppose as a result of cock sucking) and by normal sex between men and women. Apparently women get it from men more easily than vice versa, but transmission in either direction can occur. I just hope you can't get it in a public toilet, I mean if some queer jags off in there and gets his jazz-juice on the seat or something. If I have to take a shift travelling down to Texas then, I'll do it standing up.

The following somehow strikes me as humorous. From Herbert J.

Spinden, A *Study of Maya Art*, Dover Publications, New York, 1975. Page 160: "Probably the earliest Stela at Copan is that which has been numbered 15 (Plate 23, fig.2) This valuable monument has been broken in two pieces in recent years and now adorns the entrance to a pig-pen...

Just got your latest letter. Yes, you may send me [UNINTELLIGBLE].

[UNINTELLIGBLE] opinions about [UNINTELLIGBLE] Maugham. I certainly see no suggestion in his writing that he had any sense of having lost something precious of the sort you indicate. Also, I venture to suggest that your criteria for appraising literary works may be somewhat narrow. It is possible to appreciate a fine piece of writing, in a somewhat detached way, even though it does not address itself to one's own psychological needs, and even though one's personal taste runs to a very different kind of writing. As for myself, I have a high opinion of *some* Maugham's writing.

But anyway, I'm glad you liked the Quiroga story.

By the way, you said you were going to let me know what parts of a camping kit you can lend me, so that I'll know what to bring, but as yet I've heard nothing from you on that subject.

Yes, I'd very much like to speak Spanish with you when I get there. I can use the practice. Though I've done a lot of *writing* in Spanish, *conversing* in it is another matter. Also, I haven't been getting much practice lately even with writing it. After a while one gets tired of making up some nonsense just to have something to write in Spanish. Moreover, I notice that if one writes for a while on subjects of a certain kind, one gets puffed up with self-confidence at the ease with which one uses the language; but then when one switches to subjects of a very different kind one finds oneself constantly groping for the right words. Thus, practice with a wide variety of topics [UNINTELLIGBLE]

Have I told you at any time that according to Greek _____ ,
Hercules fucked fifty women in one night.

If at any time a woman desires a "man dressed in shining armor," tell her of the case which I have read twice in different books. Said case tries to show what happened to medieval women who did not know how to obey/respect their husbands. The wife of a certain medieval gentleman offended her husband
_____. The gentleman, his patience exhausted,

knocked his wife down with a blow, then he kicked her in the face until her face was damaged forever. That is the true “chivalry” — or should we say “chivalry (in English),” being that the English word is more specific than the Spanish.

By the way, speaking of Spanish, did I mention to you that, since learning that language, I’ve noticed that almost every English-speaking author who inserts Spanish words or phrases in his book butchers the language? The culprits aren’t just two hicks, either; they include such distinguished writers as Joseph Conrad, Ernest Hemingway, Willa Cather, and Edna Ferber. It’s so disgusting because most of the errors [UNINTELLIGIBLE] as could be avoided by simply taking the trouble to look up a word in a Spanish and English dictionary. No advanced knowledge of Spanish would be necessary to avoid the great majority of these mistakes.

Here is a good idea for you. Send Willie Nelson a copy of the story “The Wild Colt” by Horacio Quiroga.

Ted

From Ted to Dave — For Christmas 1985 (T-28)⁶⁶

THE FORT OF TOCQUIL

Juan Carlos Davalos

As it happened, I came to spend the summer at Tacuil, the old domain of my ancestors, who held it as a royal grant. This district owing to its rugged topography, was the scene of Indian wars in pre-hispanic times and of enormous butchery during the bloody period of the Conquest.

Tacuil is a succession of small, fertile hollows hidden among the immense ridges of rock that form the eastern spurs of the Andean plateau. It is still the gateway and the only route between the Uplands of Atacama and the valleys of Cachi, Molinos, and San Carlos.

Two or three mountain streams, which the tenants have providently dammed and diverted through a system of irrigation ditches, fertilize the valuable crops of the estate.

The gorge through which the river of Tacuil rushes down to the valley of Molinos is so narrow and rugged that even on foot it is impossible to climb out of the hollow by following the course of the stream. Across from my house, not far from this gorge, the trail, drawing away from the stream, rises and winds painfully around the flank of the mountain: this ascent, which can be negotiated only on horseback, gives access to the highlands.

At the opposite end of the estate, another steep trail, that of the Fort, scales a mountainside to go around the head of the gorge through which the river falls as it descends from the plateau.

⁶⁶ “The Fort of Tacquil” by Juan Carlos Davalos T-28. <harbor.klnpa.org/california/islandora/

From tradition and from numerous archaeological remains, it is known that this privileged district, with cultivated lands extending for more than a league, was the target of continual raids, at harvest-time, by Pular Indians who came from the valley of Lerma, and by savage hordes of shepherd¹ tribes who burst out of the uplands.

Thanks to the singular situation of the estate, the tribes of hard-working Calchaqui Indians who inhabited the site were able to defend themselves effectively. At one end they dominated from a height with their slings and arrow the road of the Pulars, and at the other end they were able to cover from the parapets of the Fort the trail of the Atacamas.

It was with this famous fort that I wanted to become acquainted. On coming into view of Tacuil as one travels along the slope from Molinos and taking in at a glance the green expanse of the oasis, the first thing that draws one's attention in the background is the red stain of the Fort at the foot of immense tawny-colored mountains.

Seeing it at a distance one would call it a construction of the Cyclops'; so vast are its proportions and so symmetrical the vertical cliffs that rise on all sides to the horizontal plateau that crowns it².

After a month's stay at the estate, only yesterday did I find it possible to organize the excursion that I had planned. From my previous inquiries among the Indians I concluded that none of them liked the idea of going with me. Not that they flatly opposed my plans for archaeological investigation; but they always replied to my urgings with some ambiguous objection.

"Twenty years ago, "I was told by the gardener of the establishment, the lame Felipe Sandoval, "I went up there with don Levy, the English engineer who died below the Fort from a fall of a cliff It is no good, Patron, to go poking around in the graves of the 'gentiles'³. " "

Felipe Sandoval is nearly fifty years old. He was lamed, his knee immobilized with the left leg bent at right angles, as the result of a fall that he sustained while repairing, the roof of his house. Because I belong to the family of his patrones and because I give him now and then a wad of coca leaves⁵, he has acquired a great affection for me and applies himself with real fervor to the cultivation of his vegetables. His complexion is bronze, and he is lean like all the Calchaquis; but his intelligent little eyes, his broad forehead, his profile, and his goat-like whiskers make me suspect that he has a dose of Spanish blood in his veins, as is indicated, of course, by his traditional Spanish baptismal name.

"Do you think, then," I asked him, "that the 'gentiles', that is, the old-time Calchaquis, can revenge themselves on those who uncover their tombs?"

"Who knows? ... They say that the wind blows when no hail falls⁶, and, in any case, the life of anyone who goes looking for corpses is in danger. You see what happened to the engineer. What a misfortune, Patron! I was with him when he went up there. He had dug up some bones and skulls and was studying them... What did he think he

object/cali%3A1089>

was going to learn from them, Senor? He examined them from all sides. And then one day he took it into his head to go up to the Fort. He went up and got killed. He came down turning over and over in the air like a shot bird.”

“But that was only a chance accident.”

“No doubt, Patron.”

Let it be understood that I don’t care one way or the other about aboriginal superstitions. The most educated and civilized persons adhere to the superstitions of their class or their profession; the belief in absurdities is inherent in the human condition.

Yesterday, Sunday, December 167, very early in the morning, we at last started out on horseback for the Fort, with beautiful cloudy weather. The lame Sandoval and a boy, each provided with a pick, accompanied me. We penetrated deeper into Tacuil, passing along the borders of fields of wheat and of alfalfa in flower. The trail winds tortuously along the hillsides, separated from the cultivated fields by a granite wall that is broken only at long intervals by a narrow passageway that provides access to the homes of the tenants, situated on the lower ground next to the river.

All of the land that is capable of being irrigated has been put to use. Each homestead consists of a little vineyard, an orchard of apples and peaches, a vegetable garden, a henhouse, corrals and pens for goats and cattle; fields of wheat, alfalfa, and maize, and little thickets of carob trees and areas, o

Walls of grey granite or hedges of thorny bushes separate the various fields. There is a charming contrast between the green earth next to the springs, dotted with weeping willows, and the wild and rugged landscape in the background. This consists of enormous clusters of inaccessible ridges, of the color of old iron, having no other vegetation between the rocks than the tall thistles and the variegated patches of black, thorny, stunted brush.

Yellow flowers predominate amongst the furze. Gold on the flowers and rust on the mountains. The best of these yellow flowers is that of the amancay, a wild narcissus that is much more attractive than the domestic one, for, being equally beautiful, it has the advantage of a wonderfully sweet aroma similar to that of the orange blossom.

There is heard in the placid morning the cooing of the bumbunas⁹ who, hidden in the quiet groves, lie in wait for the nearly ripe wheat. From time to time the tranquil air is rent by a sharp scream, a cry as of a small wild animal; it is the alarm of the ajarera¹⁰ girls who with their slings contend against the birds for the daily bread, the promise of the pregnant wheat fields. Fleeting hummingbirds zoom across the trail, some red like glowing coals, others with gilded tails, brilliant as jewels.

After me rode the gardener, a knight on a sorry little horse, and, rather lagging behind as befitted his youthful shyness, Daniel, the boy. No matter how wide the road may be, with these Indians there is no way of travelling side by side. Whether their horses are accustomed to narrow mountain trails or whether it is so ordered by their habitual respect for the patrones, it is certain that when travelling with Indians one has to march in single file. Thus, the little I know of what I saw is owed to my habits

as a curious observer, for every time I asked my squire about anything I had to rein in my horse and wait for the man to come within earshot of me. Not to mention the fact that his answers never conveyed any unequivocal affirmation. The Indians' thought is slow, indeterminate, passive. One has to force them to think, and draw their ideas from them with a corkscrew, as it were. We whites have a very different mental constitution. We abstract and generalize too much, and systemically catalogue any new ideas. The Indian doesn't think or reflect, or worry about classifying what he learns from experience. He only looks on, acclimates himself to his environment, and docilely adapts to circumstances.

A trait that surprises me in these men is their good manners, their correct etiquette, not only with the patronos, but even among themselves. They seem to have been brought up by English governesses. One never catches them in crudities of language or awkward gestures. Their natural refinement is due, no doubt, to the fact that the Calchaquis, from remotest antiquity, have been social, industrious, and civil. And this characteristic, so deeply rooted, of never contradicting the white man, of agreeing to everything, of never positively asserting anything — rather than fear of others' opinions, is it not at bottom an exquisite tolerance, human warmth, and refined courtesy?

Meanwhile, I noticed that we had begun to climb the slope up to the fort. The arduous ascent lasted a little less than half an hour, during which we had to pause several times to let our horses catch their breath, so violent was the effort.

Imagine a mountain made of irregular blocks of red granite dropped from the clouds by a mythological crane. The wind and the rain, crumbling the rocks over millions of years, have filled the interstices with a coarse sand that squeaks under the iron-shod hooves of the horses.

After reaching the top of the slope, the route stretches forward in a horizontal strip bounded on the right by the depth of the river, which flows a hundred meters below, and on the left by the colossal cliffs of the Fort, whose crests rise to two hundred meters above the trail. At this point I can take in at a glance the immensity of the monument, as one can only call the massive red cube that presents itself to me as an object for contemplation. The Fort dominates the road for a stretch of half a kilometer [roughly a third of a mile]. It is evident that a thousand men entrenched up there and armed with slings and arrows could defeat at this Thermopylae ten thousand invaders. I observe that the vermillion rock that forms the immense wall resembles a toska. To climb up to the plateau itself, as I had planned, it was necessary to pass on foot through a narrow gorge that is dominated by its own block of mountain as high and precipitous as the main mass and in all respects analogous to it. In the mouth of this narrow ravine or gorge we dismounted and secured the horses. The Indian boy Daniel, being the most agile, took the lead. Contrary to what might have been expected in view of his lameness, old Sandoval followed me closely. His right-angled log served as a hook when his bare foot gripped the toska. His lean body hoisted itself light as a

feather up the mountain, and in the difficult places his sharp profile was accentuated and acquired a surprising goat-like nervousness¹³.

I was able to follow close behind the boy because I was wearing light sandals; though from time to time I was overcome by fatigue and stopped to wait for old Felipe.

As we were approaching the top, Sandoval called out:

“Go up slowly. Wait, wait, Patron, don’t be in a hurry. Don’t go rushing ahead!”

The warning piqued my vanity a little and I was spurred by a desire to get to the top as quickly as possible. Thus it happened that as soon as Sandoval caught up with me I renewed the climb with greater energy.

I reached the top in four bounds and noticed that on my left was vertical wall of rock and at my feet a broad slab projecting out into the void like a cornice. I had arrived at the entrance to the Fort. But at the precise moment when I was about to step forward onto the slab, I felt a violent jerk from behind, so that I was nearly thrown on my back. Old Sandoval had caught me by the trousers and now, panting, was fastening himself to my shoulders. “What’s the matter?” I cried.

All pale, the man was hardly able to stammer:

“Bad business to go ahead, Patron! Senor Levy got himself killed on that rock.”

And with his black, rough, long-nailed finger he pointed at the stone on which I had been about to step.

“So...?”

“That stone is a trap, Senor. God save you from treading on it! ”

“How? What are saying? ... What about Daniel? Isn’t he going ahead? ... Forget about omens, man!”

Daniel didn’t fall because he is little, he is light, Patron. If you step on it, the stone will tilt 14 and you will die down there like the gringo. I swear you’ll be killed! It is the trap of the old one ...”

At last I recovered from my astonishment; I understand, I looked down at a heap of sharp rocks two hundred and fifty meters below, and a cold sweat bathed my forehead and the palms of my (BLANK PAGE) hands.

This is the extraordinary way in which I came to owe to the humble gardener of Tacuil as many years of life as my remain to me.

Well then: The trap really does exist. The slab tilts, by no more than six inches, about its center of gravity. It is the last stone of the paved walk that leads into the Fort, and is flat on top like the other stones. On the bottom it has a rounded projection that rests on a broad rock beneath.

I returned from the Fort without, I confess, any further inclination to initiate new archaeological investigations. Whether it is a work of nature or a product of human ingenuity, the trap impresses me as a maleficent entity inherent in the strange land that our ancestors despoiled. Let us, therefore, leave the mummies of the “gentiles” to sleep in the warmth of the earth, at the bottoms of their urns, like embryos ready to experience some later evolution of a fabulous order. We who have never respected their myths, let us, in mercy, respect the last will of the brave Calchaqui who, wounded in

combat, knocked the wedge from under the trap and then threw himself in despair 15 to the bottom of the fatal “Huaico” seeking a less harsh end to his life than the sorry slavery of his race.

NOTES

1. The term “shepherd” must refer to Indians who kept llamas or related animals.
2. The description of the Fort is not very clear. The original has: “... (SENTENCE IN SPANISH) Literally: “... so symmetrical the vertical walls that enclose, on all sides, the horizontal plateau that crowns it.” But if the horizontal plateau crowns the fort, how can it be enclosed by the walls? From the later part of the story I gather that the Fort is largely a natural formation more or less modified by man for use as a citadel. I assume that the “walls” referred to are cliffs that drop down on all sides from the plateau; which leads me to translate the sentence as I have. Perhaps the Spanish use of encerrar differs slightly from the English use of “enclose”.
3. “Gentiles” here means “pagans,” i.e., the pre-hispanic Indians.
4. The original has *tortear*, in quotes as if to indicate that the word as used here is a local colloquialism. The official meaning of *tortear* is to roll, flatten, or form with the hands, as a pancake. I conjecture, therefore, that the roof was of clay and that the man was doing repairs of some sort on it. The book has a glossary of local colloquialisms: its explanation of *tortear* is rather opaque, but seems generally to support the foregoing interpretation.
5. Narcotic leaves chewed by the aborigines. Apparently they are not generally gathered or grown by the user, but are an article of commerce. I quote Pedro de Cieza de Leon, *La Cronica del Peru*, which dates from 1553; Chapter XCVI: “Throughout Peru it was and is customary to carry this coca in the mouth, and from morning until they go to sleep they carry it there without spitting it out. Asking some Indians for what cause they always have this herb in their mouths (which they do not eat or do anything with except carry it in their teeth), they say that they feel little hunger and find that they have great strength and vigor [because of the coca] . I think that something must cause it, though it rather appears to me to be a perverted habit appropriate to such people as are these Indians. In the Andes, from Guamanga to the town of Plata, this coca is planted, producing small trees, and they cultivate them and greatly pamper them so that they produce the leaf that they call coca, which is after the manner of myrtle, and they dry it in the sun...

“There are some men in Spain who are rich with what they gained from this coca by buying it and reselling it and peddling it in the markets to the Indians.”

The scientific name of the plant is *Erythroxylon coca*. It is the source of cocaine. Thus the Peruvian Indians were all a bunch of junkies; and apparently they still are, since I’ve read that at least in some areas the leaves are still habitually chewed today.

6. Evidently some proverb, of which the significance escapes me.
7. Late spring in Argentina, of course.
8. The regular meanings of *area* don’t seem to fit here. No doubt it is a local name for some tree or bush.
9. Apparently some type of dove or pigeon, since the glossary gives *palomita* as a synonym. *Paloma* = dove.
10. Literally, “birder” girls.
11. The reference is to a mechanical crane, not a bird.
12. I do not know exactly what *tosca* means here. Literally the word means “rough” or “crude”. From the context I think it must refer to a species of stone.
13. The word is *nerviosidad*, which would ordinarily mean “nervousness”. But an alternative meaning *nervioso* is “wiry or sinewy”; hence the meaning may be that his face took on a taut, sinewy appearance.
14. I omit to translate here the phrase *se le va a la cabeza*, which I can’t make sense of in this context.
15. The original has: “...knocked the wedge from under the trap and threw himself in despair...”; the word “then” following “and” is my insertion. When I first encountered this passage I was a little confused by it, because it sounded as if the Indian knocked out the wedge in order to throw himself from the cliff. But why not just jump? Now I think that what is meant is this: The Indian knocked the wedge loose so that the attackers would fall into the trap as they tried to enter the fort; then he jumped off the cliff. My insertion of the “then” is intended to make this clearer.

From Ted to Dave — Jan 17, 1986 (T-30)⁶⁷

To: DAVE KACZYNSKI

TERLINGUA ROUTE, BOX 220 ALPINE, TEXAS 79830

FROM: TED KACZYNSKI

STEMPLE PASS ROAD LINCOLN, MONTANA 59639

Dear Dave—

I'll come down there after all, if it's no inconvenience to you to have me come now after changing my mind. If it's OK for me to come, please write back to me immediately and name a day on which you will be in Alpine to pick me up, and I'll be there, barring some disaster. But we'll keep the original arrangement about picking me up on the succeeding day, just in case I miss a connection or something. On the other hand, we'll skip the arrangement about an alternate day a [UNINTELLIGIBLE] later. Now, when you write back to me naming a day, make it at least *twelve days* later than the day on which you mail your reply to me. This will allow a few days for the letter to reach me, and a few days for me to get ready. On the other hand, the day you name should be *not later than* February 21. If you get this letter too late for it to be possible to comply with these conditions, then we'll just have to forget about the visit.

Also, please try to avoid naming a *Monday* or a *Tuesday* for my arrival. I'll be on the bus for a couple of days, and I don't want to be going through Helena on Saturday or Sunday because I'll have to stop at the bank to get funds for the trip. Probably the best days for me to arrive there would be Wednesday or Friday.

I am enclosing a self-addressed, stamped envelope and a piece of paper to make it easier for you to reply immediately. If you don't have a pencil when you visit your mailbox, you can [UNINTELLIGIBLE].

I can't yet name the time of day when I will arrive, and I don't suppose either of us will want to wait around the bus depot all day, so let's agree that we will leave messages for each other at the ticket counter in the bus station, or if they don't have a regular station, then wherever the tickets are sold. If they don't have even a regular stop where tickets are sold, then please name a place in Alpine where we can meet and/or leave messages.

If all this interferes with any plans of yours, we can just forget it. This whole fuck up is my fault, of course.

—Ted.

⁶⁷ Letter from T. Kaczynski to Dave Kaczynski T-30. <harbor.klnpa.org/california/islandora/object/cali%3A1092>

From Ted to Dave — Jan 23, 1986 (T-31)⁶⁸

(PHOTO COPY OF SMALL FEBRUARY CALENDAR IN LEFT HAND CORNER OF PAGE)

To: DAVE KACZYNSKI
TERLINGUA ROUTE, BOX 220
ALPINE, TEXAS 79830
FROM: T. KACZYNSKI
STEMPLE PASS RD.
LINCOLN, MONTANA 59639

Dear brother:

Once I saw a very pretty young Hutterite I suppose she was 16 or 17 years old, but...the enchantment of her face! The perfection of her figure! But I forced myself very strongly so as not to stare at her with my lusty look. Being Hutterite — I thought — she must be very religious; undoubtedly she is very timid and prudish; very dedicated and innocent. Perhaps she would faint if it would occur to her that a man could have sexual thoughts about her. I don't want to embarrass her.

Well, if I happen to again encounter a similar beautiful Hutterite, I will not hesitate focusing my stare at her crotch. I just finished reading a small book, about the Hutterites, that I found in the library in Lincoln; *Beneath the Mask*, by June Leiby. The author, when she wrote the book, had spent two years teaching children in a Hutterite school, and she appears to have a fondness for them. Judging from her writing the author appears to be well read; some of her sentences appear to have passed through a *mixmaster* before it got to the page. That is why, for the moment, we don't care. The author corroborates that Hutterites are religious, that among them adultery is very rare, and therefore, so is premarital pregnancy. But the author says:

"[School age Hutterite children] would usually burst out in anger at the slightest provocation. Four letter words in German and English would burst out very rapidly to embarrass...

(Bottom of page appears to have missing line[s].)

...that speak of the children and their anatomy; not because they interest them, but to embarrass if they can solicit from someone a shocking reaction." (Page 51)

The innocent, timid, prudish Hutterite...Bah! Better to call her a *whore*.

Additionally, the author says that Hutterites are habitual thieves. In one Hutterite settlement, nothing is secure unless it is put away under lock and key...And many Hutterites do not hesitate to steal from "outsiders," that is, those who are not Hutterites.

It is not surprising that many hate Hutterites.

By the way, the author says that Hutterites have great difficulties with inbreeding, therefore, the birth of deformed babies is very common among them.

⁶⁸ Letter from T. Kaczynski to Dave Kaczynski T-31. <harbor.klnpa.org/california/islandora/object/cali%3A1093>

And now that it appears that they are less puritan than one might think...well, do you remember that legend about the Hutterites that would bring outsiders to their settlements so that they would impregnate their women. I ask myself if there might be a shred of truth in this.

I found quite interesting some of the stories in that book by G. Garcia Marquez that you sent me, especially the one about a blind grandmother and a girl whose lover has left her, and a (to me) somewhat incomprehensible story which nevertheless centers around a very interesting portrait of the psychology of a partly senile 94-year-old priest.

— Ted

Dear Dave:

Explanations: I wanted to get that last letter off promptly, so didn't have time for explanations. By the way, I'd like you to keep this private; would prefer not to have you telling your friends about it, OK? Well, I think my heart is going bad. Question of mental stress. Used to be that I suffered from hardly any tension at all around here. But the area is so fucked up now that my old way of life is all shot to hell. I used to have bad dreams of 3 types. In one type of dream, loggers or earthmoving machinery or things of that kind would move in here and cut down all the trees and tear up the ground all around the cabin. In another type of dream, my cabin would be all surrounded and closed in by summer cottages or cabins that people had built. In a 3rd type of dream, things would get so built up around here that I would find my cabin and myself isolated in the middle of a huge shopping center. Ugh.

Well this 3rd type of dream hasn't come true — yet — but the 2nd type of dream has almost come true since so many people have now moved in around here, and it looks as if the 1st type of dream will soon come true, since those Gehring jerks are planning to log off the woods all around my cabin here.⁶⁹

So, you'll understand that with the way things are around here now I often suffer from tension, anger, frustration, etc., and at the same time am deprived of most of the consolation of woodland life. Well, for over ten years, during those periods when I was subject to stress, as when living in a city, I've experienced an occasional irregularity of heartbeat. According to what I've read, this isn't considered serious if it doesn't happen too often. But in the last few years, it's gotten a lot worse. Exercise, unless somewhat excessive, doesn't bother it, but under the influence of any sort of worry, anger, frustration, etc., sometimes my heart really goes wild. So I wouldn't be surprised if I just drop dead one of these days.

Actually I'm not really all that concerned about it. We all gotta go some time anyway, so what the hell. On the other hand, I'm not anxious to die any sooner than I have to. My heart was acting funny, and I was looking forward with increasing reluctance to all the headaches associated with making a trip down there — getting my stuff together, hiding my valuables, going to Lincoln to make a long-distance phone

⁶⁹ Letter from T. Kaczynski to Dave Kaczynski T-32. <harbor.klnpa.org/california/islandora/object/cali%3A1094>

call to find out about bus schedules, and then a godawful 2-day trip on a probably crowded bus with little sleep. Just the kind of anxieties to make my heart act funny. So I thought I'd better call it off and just spend what I hoped would be a nice peaceful winter here.

Later however, I began to have second thoughts about this; for more than one reason, but the main reason is that I've now learned that they are going to log off the woods here this winter. So there goes my nice peaceful winter. I've known for some time that they would eventually log these woods, but I didn't know *when*, until just recently. I suppose I ought to stay around here to see to it that they don't violate my property boundaries, but it would be unbearable, with all the noise and so forth. So I decided I might as well make the trip after all.

— Ted

P.S. I forgot to mention — I was touched by your extremely generous offer of money. But even if it would have done any good, I wouldn't take it, not from you. When I took to the woods, I made a decision to forgo financial security, being fully aware of the consequences to be expected with the onset of old age and illness. It would obviously be unfair for me now to accept money from you, who *have* paid the price of earning financial security. It would be different if I leached off the welfare dept., since the society that provides welfare is the same one that has fucked up my way of life in the woods — so why not screw them? Though as you know I would for other reasons have a strong aversion to taking welfare. Also it would be different if I took money from our parents. As you know, I hate them, so why not screw them? But from you I wouldn't take any money.

Bear in mind that as one gets older one is likely to get sick more and more frequently, perhaps with expensive chronic ailments. If I started taking money from you for medical expenses I could easily keep you penniless for the rest of your life. I don't think it would be polite for you to describe my restraint in this respect as "cutting off my nose to spite my face."

— Ted

In case you get this letter same time as the other, please read other letter first, since prompt reply to it is desirable.

From Ted to Dave — Feb 18, 1986 (T-32)⁷⁰

ENVELOPE Postmark date FEB 18 1986 AM CANYON CREEK, MT 59633 (T-32)

To: DAVE KACZYNSKI
TERLINGUA ROUTE, BOX 220

⁷⁰ Letter from T. Kaczynski to Dave Kaczynski T-33. <harbor.klnpa.org/california/islandora/object/cali%3A1095>

ALPINE, TEXAS 79830
FROM: TED KACZYNSKI
STEMPLE PASS RD.
LINCOLN, MONTANA 59639

Dear Dave:

I'm writing a second letter to tell you the same things as in the first one, cause letters *do* occasionally go astray, and I figure it's worth a 22 c stamp to make sure that I don't waste 2 or 3 hundred bucks coming down there only to find that I don't get picked up cause you didn't know I was coming.

So — I'll arrive in Alpine on February 28, with March 1 as alternate dates. I'll come by Greyhound, and I'll wait for you at the station if they *have* a greyhound station in Alpine. If there is no station with a waiting-room or anything, I'll meet you at the main post-office in Alpine. If I temporarily leave the bus station or post office, I'll leave a message for you at the counter. I don't yet know what time of day I'll arrive, so you just come whenever it's convenient for you and one of us will wait for the other.

—*Ted*

OVER—

By the way, in regard to your last letter, I do *not* appreciate getting advice concerning my health.

From Ted to Dave — Mar 15, 1986 (T-33)⁷¹

ENVELOPE Postmark dated MARCH 15 1986 (T-33)

To: DAVE KACZYNSKI

TERLINGUA ROUTE, BOX 220 ALPINE, TEXAS 79830

FROM: T. KACZYNSKI

STEMPLE PASS ROAD LINCOLN, MONTANA 59639

1st PARAGRAPH SPANISH

I like to make some comments on my reasons for hating our parents.

First I'll quote some passages from a letter that mother sent me about Christmas time, 1984.

"All families have their fights...But most of us are able to forgive.. "

"[Your hatred] I think, I am convinced, has its source in your traumatic hospital experience in your first year of life"...

"Somehow you were never able to overcome that embedded distrust of the people around you".

⁷¹ Letter from T. Kaczynski to Dave Kaczynski T-34. <harbor.klnpa.org/california/islandora/ob-

I could quote some other accusations from that letter, but the above I think is enough to make the point. Which is, that our parents will not accept any blame for the way they treated me during my teens. Any resentment I have toward them they attribute to there being something wrong with me. “That hospital experience” that mother always likes to dredge up is very convenient for them because it’s something that was beyond their control. Of course, if my resentment of them was caused by that experience, then it remains to be explained why I never resented them before my teens. (By the way, I don’t know how severe “that hospital experience” actually was, but it’s a safe bet that mother’s account of it is considerably exaggerated — you know how she always does exaggerate whenever she is emotionally involved in something, and Dad will generally back her up against any third party.)

When she mentions “fights” in the first passage quoted above she is referring to my complaints about their having applied to me such epithets as “another Walter Teszewski”, “a creep”, “sick”, “mind of a two-year-old”, etc. The term “fight” here is hardly appropriate, since it implies some sort of rough equality of power between the 2 combatants. If a 200-lb. bully beats up a 120-pounder you don’t call that a fight, it’s just abuse. The same applies when parents shout the most cutting sort of insults at a 14 or 15 year old kid who is in their power. It is easy for *them* to talk about forgiveness — they don’t have much to forgive, since they always won what they choose to call the “fights”; they finished them by sending me up to the attic or by shouting “speak respectfully to your parents or we’ll throw you out of the house”. Mother’s calling these things “fights” is one of her typical evasions and an illustration of our parents’ self-righteousness. They will admit to having “made a mistake” and things of that sort, but they never will admit the real reasons for their behavior toward me: first, that they were too lazy to make the effort needed to exercise self-restraint; second, they evidently had certain frustrations or irritabilities, and I was a convenient target on which they could vent these. In later years, if they had felt and expressed a real sense of remorse and regret about these things I probably would have forgiven them. But as you can see from the passages I quoted above, their self-righteousness is incorrigible.

Far from having any sense of having been in the wrong, they attribute all problems to there being something wrong with me.

Actually, about 3 years ago after I’d written them on the subject, mother did write back: “We are truly sorry to have been such failures as parents” (But isn’t there a hint of there of something like, “We are truly sorry you turned out so rotten”?) But even then she tried to excuse it on the grounds of ignorance”. (They can hardly have been ignorant of the fact that it is extremely painful for a teenage kid to have his parents repeatedly tell him, in anger, that there is something wrong with him mentally.) Getting that much of an apology from her [UNINTELLIGIBLE] like squeezing...[UNINTELLIGIBLE]... of a miser. It was cold and curt, and afterward she seemed to just shove it under the carpet and forget about it. Certainly it conveyed no sense of remorse; and very likely

it was something she said merely to get me to soften towards them, since her later letter, from which I quoted above, reveals the same old [UNINTELLIGBLE] dad, from him I have never had any shadow or hint of an apology.

I've brought up this subject partly to explain to you my lasting resentment toward our parents, but also partly because, in thinking about these things, during the last few years, I've become more aware of the fact that the shit that I had to take from our parents I tended to pass on to you, so that you have somewhat the same reason to resent me as I have to resent our parents. I have already apologized to you for this, and I now repeat the apology. I very much regret having bullied and insulting you the way I often did. I wouldn't blame you if you hated my guts for it. It's an indication of the generosity of your character that you've shown very little resentment toward me.

I would note, though, that my position with respect to our parents was worse than your position with respect to me. Our parents were the last authority in this case, so that in conflicts with them I always lost. I generally ended by getting sent up to the attic where I could do nothing but sit and be gnawed by frustrated anger. You, on the other hand, in your conflicts with me could often turn to our parents for support and by that means were sometimes able to carry your point. I had nowhere near as much power over you as the parents had over me. I want to emphasize that I say this *not* to excuse or minimize the way I sometimes abused you, but to help make it clear to you why I have such a deep resentment against our parents.

By the way, as long as I'm on this sort of subject, you'll recall that exchange of letters we had a few years ago in which I sharply criticized the motives behind your philosophical opinions. I naturally found it pretty frustrating that I couldn't get you to accept certain points that seemed so obvious to me, especially in view of my opinion concerning [UNINTELLIGBLE]... these points. As you know, I tend to get hot and angry in frustrating circumstances, and for that reason my criticisms of you, though they [UNINTELLIGBLE] in a general way represent my real opinions and feelings, were harsher and more uncompromising than they would have been if I'd written them in a completely calm state. The things I wrote then should have been softened and qualified a good deal.

In your next to last letter you mentioned the hypothetical possibility that you blood pressure might "shoot up again". I don't know whether this refers to that one reading of 150/95 that you got, or whether it's been higher than that, and I won't ask you about it, since it may be that, like [UNINTELLIGBLE], you don't like being interrogated about your health. But I'll tell you about my own experience with blood pressure just in case the information might be relevant to your case.

Since a predisposition to hypertension is sometimes hereditary, about 11 years ago I thought I ought to get it checked. I tend to get tense whenever I have to keep an appointment, and furthermore, being anxious [UNINTELLIGBLE] to have a bad reading contributed to the tension.

So the doctor got a reading of something or other over 90, the 90 being borderline. So the doctor had me lie down and relax for a minute or two and then got a reading

of 80. The doctor was young and conscientious and he told me I should have my blood pressure checked every three months. I didn't do so, but on any occasion when I consulted a doctor thereafter, and they took my blood pressure, being tense I generally had a reading on the same general order as yours: 150/95, give or take a little. Figuring that I would never find out if I had a blood pressure problem getting it measured in a doctor's office where I was always tense, I brought one of those gismos for myself. Taking my own pressure at home under relaxed conditions I got, and have continued getting ever [UNINTELLIGBLE], systolic pressures anywhere between 115 and 145, and diastolic pressures anywhere between 77 and 86, usually about 81, which I take it is quite safe. As a check, I took my own pressure under the doctor's supervision to make sure I was doing it right. Incidentally, when I told the doctor (not the young one mentioned above but an older one) about the situation, he made a wry face and said, "Yes, that's the difference between taking it at home and taking it in the office." He seemed to think I was alright as long as my relaxed readings at home were ok. Though I've frequently been under great tension, apparently my blood pressure goes back to normal when the tension is off.

Lately I've been reading a biography of columbus by Samuel Eliot Morison which I find interesting. More interesting was a book I've just finished reading, *A Question of Madness*, by Zhores and Roy Medvedev. This book, which appeared in 1971 and refers to events that occurred in 1970, is about how the Soviet authorities tried to railroad Zhores Medvedev into a mental institution for expressing opinions that certain highly placed parties evidently found objectionable. Fortunately for Z. Medvedev, he was a well-known scientist with many friends, including apparently some fairly influential ones, both inside and outside of the Soviet Union, and there was so much protest over the affair that they let him off. According to the book [UNINTELLIGBLE].. fortunate Russians today are [UNINTELLIGBLE] up in the booby-hatch for exercising rights that are (theoretically) guaranteed to them by the Soviet constitution.

What was interesting to me about the book is that it seemed to indicate that the soviet system for enforcing ideological conformity is less well-organized, uniform, and intelligent than I had tended to assume. I had generally supposed that the soviet leaders, in pursuit of a fairly well-defined goal (namely, the survival and expansion of the communist system), had a reasonably consistent policy as to just what degree of deviation from official dogmas would be permitted, and that they had a reasonably efficient system for dealing with those who crossed the forbidden line. But the Medvedev book seems to indicate a much less simple situation. Certainly to Medvedev case was a fiasco, and makes the soviet authorities look like a bunch of bungling amateurs. (Stalin doubtless would have handled the affair much more efficiently: the knock on the door at the midnight, the suspect carted off by the secret police, and never heard of again.) The authorities [UNINTELLIGBLE] to have attempted to maintain a thin facade of legality without having a well-defined standard procedure to assure that such cases were handled successfully, so they ended up by backing down. Also, there are indications that Medvedev was not persecuted as the result of a standard policy for insuring

ideological purity, but because of the jealousies of the Lysenko clique of biologists, whom he had criticized. Also, the book seems to indicate that ideological dissent in Russia is more widespread than I had supposed and that Russians are better informed about the outside world than

I had thought. For instance, the author seems to indicate that, for many Russians, it is a routine matter to listen to the BBC.

You'd think that with that much "free-thinking" (so to speak) going on, Russia would be rapidly evolving toward a freer sort of society. Yet it certainly doesn't look to me as if the situation there today is any better than it was 15 years ago when the book was written, and I know that some Russian dissidents have denied that there has been any progressive liberalization of the system since de-Stalinization. But then, I don't really know much about all this, especially since I rarely read newspapers or magazines. I'd be interested to hear what you know and what opinions you may have on this subject.

PARAGRAPH IN SPANISH (EXCEPT AS NOTED) "Let's stop here and get some groceries". — "How do you say "groceries" in Spanish?" — "Uh, I think it's groserias' or something like that" — etc., etc., etc...

-Ted

P.S. Got your latest letter. I'm very sorry to have caused you so much inconvenience — and I also very embarrassed to have made such a hash of all this.

One reason why I offered to send you [UNINTELLIGIBLE] copies of the Skeptical Inquirer is that a few years ago you mentioned to me a woman psychologist you saw on TV who claimed to have evidence of re-incarnation. The stuff I read in the Skeptical Inquirer, and also a book I read by Philip Klass, *UFO's Identified*, shows that time and again you get these very convincing stories of UFOs, psychic phenomena, etc., but when the stories are carefully investigated they always seem to be based on highly misleading information, sometimes on outright lies and deception. I wouldn't take that kind of stuff seriously unless it has been confirmed by some independent and unbiased investigators.

I take the liberty of returning your Spanish passage with corrections marked. Yes, it's true, your grammar *is* pretty bad. On the other hand, I don't doubt that the passage would be understood readily enough by any native speaker of Spanish. Your method of learning — i.e., by conversing with a native speaker rather than studying books — may not be the best way to learn to speak grammatically correct, educated sounding Spanish, but it probably *is* the best way to learn how to communicate easily with native speakers. If I ever do get to converse with a native speaker myself, I'll surely have to ask him to speak very slowly, otherwise I won't understand.

I look forward to hearing more about Juan.

One error you made repeatedly was in the placement of the object pronoun. The object pronoun (le, la, lo, les, las, los, se, te, me, nos, os) always *precedes* the verb, *except* when the form of the verb is the *infinitive*, the *present participle* or the *imperative*. In

these cases the object pronoun *follows* the verb and is combined with it as one word.
Thus: I look at him

I look at her

They look at us

I look at myself etc.

But It is impossible to look at her infinitive

They cannot look at us

Present

I am looking at him

Participle | Singular look at him (familiar imperative) | Plural | Sing look at her (polite imperative) | Pl

But with the *negative* imperative, the object pronoun again *precedes* the verb (also, the negative imperative always uses the subjunctive form): Sing fam Do not look at him pl fam sing polite pl polite

Also, in the construction with “Que...” meaning “let. “, the object pronoun precedes the verb let them break it let them kiss you (pl familiar)

Let him go jump in the lake

Note: This is the “let” that denotes *command*, not the “let” that denotes *permission*.

But these could also be written without the “Que”:

Let him go jump in the lake.

And with the “Que” omitted this is handled like an imperative, with the object pronoun tacked on to the end of the verb.

Finally, when there is an auxiliary verb, not in the infinitive, present participle, or imperative form, the object pronoun can either *precede the auxiliary verb*, or be tacked on to the end of the infinitive or present participle of the main verb, thus: They cannot look at us I am looking at him

They must not offend thee

I am going to give him a kick in the ass

They are beginning to pay us.

About 400 years ago or so, this rule about the placement of the object pronoun was apparently not well developed, cause in stuff that I’ve read from that period, these rules are often violated. Also, in modern writing, especially of a high-toned literary type, they occasionally follow the archaic custom of putting the object pronoun at the end of a verb; this is supposedly done for “stylistic reasons”. Thus: Danle un lapiz — they give him a pencil. But I always avoid doing this because, in the first place, it isn’t done very often any way, and in the second place, I don’t know under what circumstances this practice would be considered to enhance the “style”.

Apparently there are some local dialects where they still follow sometimes the archaic practice of putting the object pronoun at the end of the verb, as in Danle up lapiz.

Thanks for your kind offer of assistance. I have a copy of the book *Colloquial Spanish*, which explains the colloquial or informal use of many words or phrases. I don’t use it

much, but you might have more use for it than I do. If you want it, let me know, and I'll send it to you.

When I send you a Quiroga story for your birthday, would you prefer to have it in English or Spanish?

Yes, you may send me a book for my birthday.

Thank you.

Ted

From Ted to Dave — Apr 16, 1986 (T-34)⁷²

Postmark dated APR 16 1986 (T-34)

ENVELOPE LINCOLN [UNINTELLIGBLE]

To: DAVE KACZYNSKI

463 N. RIDGE AVE. LOMBARD, ILLINOIS 60148

FROM: TED KACZYNSKI

STEMPLE PASS RD.

LINCOLN, MONTANA 59639

Dear Dave—

You son of a bitch. Your letter made me so mad that I was on the point of cutting off all communication with you forever. I had a note to that effect written out and put in an envelope and the envelope stamped, addressed, and sealed. And if I had once sent that note I would have stuck to that resolution, too. I got over being mad at you—or partly got over it—just in time.

Clearly you don't realize that every time I bring up that issue and someone says "Oh, it's only cause you were warped by "that hospital experience*," all it does is make me more angry. By repeatedly giving that kind of rationalization those old fuck-heads have only increased and increased my resentment against them. And by arguing the same way yourself, you also have increased my resentment [UNINTELLIGBLE] against them.

In the first place, most of that shit in your letter is based on unfounded speculation that you are unable to support with any evidence. But the real stupidity of your arguments is revealed by simply *conceding* (for the sake of argument) *that everything you said was true*. Let's assume that I *did* have a fund of resentment against our parents as a result of "that hospital experience". It's still obvious that quite independently of any previous resentments, the treatment I got from them during my teens was quite sufficient to build up any amount of resentment. You don't have to resort to any fancy manipulation of speculative psychoanalytical principles, but only to common. You didn't use those words, but in effect that's what you were saying. (new page) experience

⁷² In fairness I should mention that they aren't going to clear-cut it — they'll just take out the big trees; but you can be sure it will mess things up pretty thoroughly.

of the way people behave, to realize that when someone is repeatedly subjected to humiliating insults without being able to retaliate, he will come to hate those who insult him. This by itself is quite sufficient to explain my resentment, and whether I had any previous unconscious resentments

(which I don't believe is the case) is beside the point. Did you ever hear of Occam's (or Ockham's) Razor? It's the principle that when a simple and obvious explanation, and a complex explanation, are both available for the same phenomenon, the simple explanation is the most probable.)

OK, now let's take your contention that because I was a "gloomy" etc.* kid, the parents had reason to believe I really was "sick". OK, for the sake of argument, let's concede that. Let's even go further and assume I was a real nuthouse case—let's suppose I went around insisting that I was Napoleon Bonaparte. Far from justifying our parents' behavior, that makes it even worse. They certainly knew enough to realize that if someone really is mentally ill, one of the worst things you can do to them is to *shout at them in a hostile and accusing manner*, "You're sick! You're sick! You have the mind of a two-year-old!" etc., etc. This is a point that I made several times in my letters to our parents on this subject, and you claim to have read at least some of those letters. Yet neither you nor they seem to be able to get this obvious point through your thick skulls. They (and now you) keep citing supposedly "sick" symptoms (on bottom of page of letter)

**You weren't old enough to remember what I was like before the age of 11 or 12. Before that I was not gloomy or anything of the sort. *After* that age I had plenty enough reason to be gloomy.

(start of next page) of mine in order to justify their behavior toward [UNINTELLIGIBLE]. The only way to explain this is by assuming that they (and you) are more anxious to justify themselves than they are to get to the heart of the matter.

If you had any *real* understanding of psychology you would realize that every time I try to get the justice [UNINTELLIGIBLE] my case recognized, only to be answered by more arguments purporting to show that there is something wrong with me mentally, it only causes me frustration and consequently intensifies my anger.

I'm not going to go through your letter and answer your arguments point by point; for two reasons: One is that whenever I start thinking over that shit I get so angry that I get tempted to cut off communication with you once and for all. The other reason is that any attempt to reason with you would probably be futile. I know from experience in arguing with you that when you have an emotional investment in your point of view, rational argument has no effect on you.

I will however mention this one point: On the basis of no evidence whatever, you hypothesize that in being affectionate toward you when you were a baby, I was "denying" an unconscious hatred for you. Of course, how can one prove or disprove an assertion that one has such-and-such an unconscious urge? All I can say is that, insofar as it is possible [UNINTELLIGIBLE] know anything about such matters through honest

introspection, I feel sure that my affection for you was unmixed with any resentment. (When we were older of course we had conflicts that resulted in resentment, that resentment was relatively superficial rather than deep and lasting.) [on left hand margin writer inserts, on my part anyway] A more interesting question is *why* you seem to feel—without being able to cite any evidence for it—that I must hate you unconsciously. I [UNINTELLIGBLE] that a few years ago you said you had feared that I had (as you put it) a hatred for you so great that even I was unable to acknowledge it. Just to show that two can play this psychoanalyzing game, I'll resort to the phenomenon of “projection”: Note how you keep attributing to me characteristics that you yourself have:

(1) You assume that I, like you, have, or had, a major problem with guilt over sex. I was really astonished to find you misjudging me so badly. Of course I'm not free of shame over sex—I don't suppose anybody is in our society—but I never had enough shame over sex to feel that it was a serious problem. Actually, though I knew you were kinda prissy, I was surprized to learn that you had such a problem with sex as you indicate in your letter. I never felt that our parents attitudes toward sex were particularly repressive, neither explicitly, nor “subtly” as you put it.

(2) You suppose that I have a strong craving for affection. Your arguments, in my opinion, don't hold water, but I'm not going to go over them in detail. As I said before, how can one ever disprove an assertion that one has such and such an unconscious urge? But *your* need for affection is obvious and one doesnt need any speculative arguments to prove it. Look how important it is to you to have closeness, loyalty, and affection with your friends. And I was surprized at the extent of your gratitude when I revealed to you, a few years ago, how much I care about you.

(3) Finally, you tend to attribute to me a repressed resentment toward you. Yet you've admitted yourself in the past that *you* have certain resentments toward me—and I wouldn't be surprized if you had considerably more resentment toward me than you permit yourself to be conscious of—such resentment would be perfectly natural and justifiable considering the way I used to denigrate you and otherwise push you around when I was in my teens. As I said before, I'm very sorry for it now, and I wouldn't blame you if you hate me.

Actually I don't take this “projection” bullshit very seriously—how much truth there may be to it is merely a matter for speculation. I just wanted to show that two can play this psychoanalysis game. You can “prove” almost anything you want, by selecting, from among the various possible interpretations of the observed phenomena, those interpretations that are convenient for your thesis.

OK, look, I'm still mad at you. I still haven't fully got over it. The only thing that prevented me from sending you that letter cutting off all communication for good was the fact that the night before I was going to send it I had a dream that brought to the surface my real feelings toward you—which are soft and affectionate. Since I'm still mad, don't write to me for awhile. Permission to send me a book for my birthday is rescinded. Later, when I get over being mad—say after a few months—I'll write to

you again and then you can resume corresponding with me if you like. But *don't* ever argue with me about my relations with our parents. I have so much accumulated anger against them that whenever anyone tries to argue with me about it, and *especially* when they attribute my resentment to some kind of a mental aberration, I almost choke. This, moreover, causes me to accumulate more resentment against them, so by trying to argue with me you only defeat your own purpose, which I assume is to encourage reconciliation.

So I flatly refuse to accept any contradictions on this point.

No doubt this is unreasonable. But you're just going to have to humor me if you want to get along with me.

—*Ted*

In your letter you mentioned in their favor that they took very quietly our respective decision not to follow respectable careers as they wanted. Ha! You weren't there most of the time during the first couple of years after I quit my assistant professorship. You wouldn't believe how much shit I had to take from the old bitch. To take just one example: One evening I had to sit there and listen to a long and extremely insulting tirade from her in which she accused me of causing her high blood pressure and ended by calling me "a monster! A monster! An ungrateful monster!" I took all that quietly and when she was done I went to Dad who was in the bathroom shaving or something and I asked him "What do you think of that?" All he said was, "Well, I think maybe you *are* contributing to her high blood pressure". Now if I had said only a fraction of those insults to the old bitch, he would have come to me and said "You know, you hurt mother's feelings, I think you should go and apologize, blah blah blah". Similarly if I seem a little cold toward the old fucker—nothing concrete, just a vague coldness toward him—Ma will come to me and say "I think Dad feels you don't like him"⁷³, you should try to be warmer toward him, etc. etc." Yet during my teens Dad could give me not a vague coldness, but the most cutting kind of insults, and did she ever go to him and urge him to treat me differently? Not that I ever knew of! And if she did it certainly didn't have any effect. Of course there's always an excuse for Ma or Dad, "they're tired, they're worried, blah blah blah". Yet I have to take any kind of insults from them and if I show the effects of it, then I'm "sick".

— *Walter Tszewski II*

"...an almost universal belief to the effect that anyone is competent to discuss psychological problems whether he has taken the trouble to study the subject or not..." — H. J. Eysenck, *Sense and Nonsense in Psychology* Penguin Books, Baltimore, 1959, page 13.

"One of the reasons why popular discussions on psychological matters are so uninformed..."—*Ibid.*, p.1 [UNINTELLIGIBLE]

"It should not be thought, however, that the purveyors of nonsense in this field are entirely to be found in the ranks of non-psychologists. Alas, many members of the

⁷³ Of course I don't like him! Why should I like him

psychological fraternity—and particularly the psychological sorority!—have been equally guilty in this respect.”—Ibid., p. 20.

“What most investigators have done in order to find out whether psychoanalysis and other types of psychotherapy are effective...has been to take a group of seriously ill people, submit them to the particular type of therapy in question, and state at the end of a period of treatment...how many of the patients have been cured...Suppose we find that 70 percent of our patients are cured after four years of treatment. This improvement...might be due to the treatment, but it might also be due to any number of other causes...a proper experiment has been recorded...in which matched groups of neurotic subjects were respectively treated by psychotherapy and not treated at all... The treated group improved to a considerable extent, but the untreated group improved equally.” —Ibid., pp. 68–69.

“The critical reader may feel at this point that while the discussion may have been quite interesting at times, it has not produced a single fact which could be regarded as having scientific validity. Everything is surmise, conjecture... The blame for this state of affairs must be squarely laid at the door of the analysts, whose efforts have always been directed towards persuasion and propaganda, rather than towards impartial investigation and proof.” —Ibid., p. 170.

“It was found again that some people were very much better than others [at assessing a person’s personality intuitively on the basis of a brief period of observation.

...Students of the natural sciences are usually superior to other groups in making judgements of this kind. Psychiatrists have been found to be reasonably accurate in predicting verbal behavior, but not in predicting behavior in actual life situations... Practically then the only relationship between the psychiatrist and his patient is one involving words and verbal behavior...

“Perhaps the superiority of students of the natural sciences over psychiatrists and clinical psychologists is not to be wondered at either. Physicists, chemists, engineers, and so on, are trained to deal with facts and not to indulge in speculation and complex theorizing unsupported by evidence. Psychoanalysts...all too easily take their highly speculative theories seriously, forgetting the very small factual basis supporting them...It is not known whether this is the correct explanation of the findings, but it certainly is a possible one...” —Ibid., pp. 189–190

Timothy Leary (who, before he went nuts on LSD was a respectable psychotherapist) said:

“One can postpone the moment of painful discovery but eventually the unhappy truth finally becomes apparent—that... eventually you begin to think maybe, maybe you don’t know what you’re talking about.” Quoted by Thomas A. Harris in *I’m OK — You’re OK*, page 14. Harris then continues: “After this rare and revealing admission of doubts the few psychotherapists dare state but many have felt...”

In a letter to the *Skeptical Inquirer*, Vol. IV, No. 2, Winter 1979–80, (pp. 107–108), Associate Professor Mark B. Fineman of the Dept. of Psychology, Southern Connecticut College, wrote: “... the pseudoscientific gibberish so endemic to modern-day

mental-health professionals... We should no more accept uncritical [UNINTELLIGIBLE] the pronouncements of mental-health adherents... [UNINTELLIGIBLE]

I can't quote page numbers on the next one, but a psychoanalyst named Robertiello, in a book titled *Your own true love*, which I found in the Lombard Library, mentioned studies which had shown that the effectiveness of a method of psychotherapy depended less on the *theory* used than on the *personal relationship* of the patient to the therapist—the patient had to have respect for and faith in his therapist. Robertiello, however, did not draw the obvious conclusion: All these different schools of psychoanalysis hold theories which largely contradict each other— thus the theories can't *all* be right* at most one or two of them can be right. If *one* were right, one would expect it to show a decisive superiority to the other theories as a basis for treating psychological problems.

Since none of the theories does show such a decisive superiority, it seems likely that *none* of the theories [UNINTELLIGIBLE] right. Insofar as psychotherapy is effective it is evidently a kind of faith cure.

So much for all this bullshit psychoanalysis stuff! (And presumably its validity is even more dubious in the hands of those who are not even thoroughly trained in the theories.)

[Written vertically in left hand margin is the following:]

P.S. Later—when I get over being upset—if you want to discuss our family's old “dirty laundry”, that's OK. But just don't argue with my point of view regarding my resentment toward our parents. Unreasonable as it may be, I can't endure contradiction on this point.

I just get too angry. —Ted.

[3.] Ted him with my head, but he laughed and ran outside the tent. In a few minutes he returned with a young girl who didn't appear to be more than thirteen years old. She was a shy and timid creature, and the man had to pull her into the tent by force. She was barefoot and she had no other clothing but a dirty blue blouse.

[4.] This means that he responded in the negative, moving the head from one side to the other; we would say in English— *he shook his head*.

From Ted to Dave — Apr 21, 1986 (T-35)⁷⁴

ENVELOPE Postmark dated APR 21 1986 (T-35)

To: Dave Kaczynski

463 N. Ridge Ave.

Lombard, Illinois 60148

From: T. Kaczynski

Stemple Pass Rd.

⁷⁴ Letter from T. Kaczynski to Dave Kaczynski T-35. <harbor.klnpa.org/california/islandora/object/cali%3A1097>

Lincoln, Montana 59639

Dear Dave:

I apologize for calling you a son of a bitch and other harsh language that I used in my last letter. But, you know, I was mad. I'm not mad any more, and you can send me the book for my birthday if you want to — or don't send it if you don't want to — whatever you may prefer. But don't send me any letters for awhile yet, [on the left hand margin writer inserts "unless for some urgent reason"] cause if you start raking up all that old family stuff you may just get me upset again, and having just got over being upset I don't feel like getting upset again for awhile yet. Later on we can discuss some of these things further if you want to.

Meanwhile I'll mention the following: As to your hypothesis that I have an unconscious hatred of you, I'll mention that I don't recall ever having had any dreams about you that would suggest hostility or antagonism, but I've had quite a few dreams about you that indicate friendly, loving, and suchlike feelings toward you. Of course, you can always argue that I have a hatred for you that is so deeply repressed that even in dreams it appears only in cryptic symbols that I am unable to interpret.

There is no way of disproving such a supposition — but is it likely? Do you have any evidence to support such a hypothesis? Can you suggest any reason why, if I hated you, I would not permit myself to be conscious of that feeling? I am certainly ready enough to feel other resentments consciously including resentments toward "forbidden" objects such as parents.

It's true that during my teens there was a good deal of antagonism at times between us, but I see no reason to believe that this goes back to any such source as you suggested. In the first place, kids will have their quarrels in any case. In the second place, I was often treated badly both by our parents and by the kids in school, and being unable to retaliate effectively against them, my anger unfortunately tended to find an outlet in rough treatment of you.

Finally, our parents made matters worse: you'll recall that when we got into a quarrel, our parents often would automatically throw the blame on me without even inquiring into the matter. When I then complained that "Dave did such-and-such", they would just answer — "That doesn't matter. You're older — you should be more mature." (Of course *they* often got into screaming matches with me, but apparently it didn't occur to them that they were older and should be more mature.) This wasn't favoritism on their part — it was just laziness. To inquire into the source of the dispute and then try to settle it fairly would have taken an effort. It was much easier to just throw the burden of keeping the peace on the older kid. When they did this, naturally it resulted in resentment on my part, which caused me to be more aggressive with you on the next occasion.

But insofar as it is possible to be confident of such things I feel [UNINTELLIGIBLE] that I have no unconscious resentment of you. I wouldn't be likely to hide from myself any resentments that I might feel!

By the way, while I'm on the subject of our parents' tendency to blame on me anything that went wrong when we were together, there's something that always touches me when I remember it: According to our parents, when you cut your hand, the surgeons said that you kept saying: "Don't blame Teddy, don't blame Teddy."

You say Dad, claims he once sent me an apology. I don't remember it. Of course I can't claim to have a perfect memory, but that's not the kind of thing I would be likely to forget. It maybe that Dad's memory is playing tricks on him — you know how much he used to complain about memory problems. People sometimes plan out something to say, and never get around to actually saying it; then later they think they actually said it. What they are remembering is the speech they composed in their mind and not what they actually said. Another possible explanation of the contradiction is that Dad might have sent me some kind of a half-assed incomplete apology full of rationalizations; or that he apologized for some one or two particular incidents. Since I wouldn't have had much regard for any such half-apology, it's possible I might have forgotten it. But if he'd sent me anything approaching a full and satisfactory apology, I find it difficult to [UNINTELLIGIBLE] that I could have forgotten it.

Also, are you sure that *you* are remembering correctly what he told you? Some minor error of memory could put an entirely different complexion on the matter. I've noticed that from time to time you make errors of memory in your letters — unless it's my memory that's wrong. Example:

In your last letter you wrote "When you saw the murdered babies in the Nazi camp... you vowed to protect me at the expense of your own life..."

As I remember it, I didn't refer to "murdered" babies, but to kids who had been reduced to extreme emaciation through starvation. also, I said that I decided to "do anything I could to protect you" — I don't think I said anything about "at the expense of my own life". If you still have that letter you might look up the relevant passage and see which of us is remembering more accurately.

No, I won't get frustrated if you don't absorb my corrections of your Spanish.

As for your blood pressure, I don't know what you're worried about. Diastolic pressure of 65 or 75 is excellent — typical normal reading I take it is about 80. A *single* reading doesn't mean anything since all kinds of factors can temporarily vary your reading. Systolic pressure of 150 probably [UNINTELLIGIBLE] particular reason for concern — it's on the [UNINTELLIGIBLE] of high, but I understand that the diastolic [UNINTELLIGIBLE] reading is the important one. Diastolic reading of 90 is on borderline between normal and high, but if you're 20 lb. overweight, what do you expect? Get your wght back to 150, and if your reading goes back to 75 I'd say you're in excellent shape. As for increase of pressure with age, I don't doubt that the population as a whole shows a statistical tendency to this, but it needn't take place in every given individual. I've taken my pressure occasionally over the last 8 years or so, and though it fluctuates somewhat I have not observed any upward trend.

-Ted

From Ted to Dave — Apr 30, 1986 (T-36)⁷⁵

ENVELOPE Postmark date APR 30 1986 AM CANYON CREEK, MT 59633 (T-36)

To: DAVE KACZYNSKI
463 N. RIDGE AVE.
LOMBARD, ILLINOIS 60148
FROM: T. KACZYNSKI
STEMPLE PASS RD.
LINCOLN, MONTANA 59639

Dear Dave:

I recently — shortly after receiving your letter that got me mad — sent a note to our parents saying simply, “I need about \$6,000⁰⁰ for medical reasons.” Actually I had no immediate need for the money. As for my heart acting funny, I’m confident that what that needs is simply to avoid tension as much as possible. So for the present I am not going to go to a specialist just to have him tell me what I already know — especially since just making the trip to the specialist would itself involve considerable tension. You know, it’s a big pain in the ass for me just to get to Helena. Anyway I’d just as soon die as become a slave to pills and doctors.

The reason I sent that note was because I was angry and wanted to punish them by subjecting them to the conflict between their greed and their anxiety. The idea was sort of suggested by your recommending to me last winter that I ought to ask them for money if I needed it for medical reasons. If they sent me any money I could either keep it or send it back contemptuously as the humor might suit me. Of course I can always use the money anyway, so perhaps I would keep it. But mainly I just wanted to hurt them because my anger had been stirred up by your letter.

However, I’m afraid you might object to this and with some justification. Not that I feel you have the right to intervene in any disputes between me and the parents. But it’s possible that you might feel you were in some sense a party to this party trick I played on them. For me [UNINTELLIGBLE] I was of course relying on the assumption that you would tell them that my heart is prone to act funny; for another thing, you had suggested to me that I should ask them for money; and finally, it was your letter that got me stirred up against them.

So, out of consideration for *your* feelings, and *not* out of consideration for our parents (I don’t give a shit about them), I’ll say this:

1. If you like, you can tell them that I sent that note just to punish them and not because I had an immediate need for the money.

⁷⁵ Letter from T. Kaczynski to Dave Kaczynski T-36. <harbor.klnpa.org/california/islandora/object/cali%3A1098>

It would be interesting, however, if you would hold off for a while on telling them, just to see what will be the outcome between their love for money and their supposed love for their kids. You can always tell them later, after you see what they decide to do.

2. If they actually do send me money, I will send it back not to *them* but to *you* and you can do what you want with it, which I assume will be (unfortunately) to give it back to them. They spoke of giving me an advance on the \$600.00 that they usually send me for my birthday.

If they send me that I'll just keep it, since it's what they were going to send me anyway, but if they send me anything beyond that I'll send it to you.

I trust this will sufficiently mollify your presumably outraged feelings. You know, if I really *did* need money for doctor bills that's just when I would *not* ask *them* for it.

For your information I'll quote in full the letter they sent me after they got my note:
Text of Letter

In left hand margin, writer says the following:

To judge from difference of pen and handwriting, this first part is written by Ma, second part by Dad.

Dear T.J.

Please be more specific. Fill us in with details.

Have you explored the possibilities of public assistance? Medicaid? Social Security disability payments? County hospital?

Have you any savings left or health insurance?

Can arrangements be made for monthly payments with doctor and/or hospital?

Let us know [UNINTELLIGIBLE] problem is all about. second part (presumably by Dad)

Can you understand our resentment that you totally disassociated yourself from us yet in time of need call for our assistance!!!

The last couple of years have been painful. Your rejection, we feel, is unfair, uncalled for and at the least shows lack of understanding, tolerance or a sense of family.

Right now we can give you an advance on what we have been sending you yearly. In the meantime, please respond to the above questions.

Your father

(Though he spoke of an "advance", he did not enclose any money.)

The difference between this letter and *your* very generous response when I merely mentioned that I had a health problem, is quite striking. All the more so considering that you have much less money than they do — as you said yourself, they have more money than they can spend anyway.

Now, I want to make it clear that I do *not* consider that they owe it to me to send me money. What they owe me has nothing to do with money, and they couldn't pay it off with any amount of money, no matter how large. But the letter *does* reveal their selfishness and hypocrisy.

Their self-righteousness is actually funny! I am grinning broadly at it as I write this. Note where the old son of a bitch accuses me of a lack of understanding and tolerance! When I was a kid, if I annoyed him he would insult me in the most cutting way, calling me “sick”, “immature”, “mind of a 2-year old”, and if I talked back it was “speak respectfully to your parents or we’ll throw you out of the house” and now *he* accuses *me* of a “lack of understanding and tolerance”!! Can you believe it? Not that I claim to be understanding and tolerant. But it’s like a thief who steals something from somebody and then accuses his victim of dishonesty.

I am reminded of the fact that Hitler accused the leaders of the western democracies of being “hysterical war-mongers”.

Can you wonder at the fact that I won’t forgive them? If they had ever shown any remorse, any sense of having mistreated me and wanting to make up for it, I might have forgiven them. But after all this time and all the words we’ve had over it, it is quite clear that they will never change. So you might well give up the idea that there will ever be a reconciliation between me and them.

You claim to have seen “guilt” expressed in their faces during discussions of this subject. I don’t believe it! How can you square it with the tone of that letter, for example? I mean, I’m not questioning your honesty—I just believe you’re mistaken. Perhaps their faces were expressing not guilt but the tension between (on the one hand) the difficulty of denying that they had mistreated me, and (on the other hand) their need to maintain their sense of moral superiority.

—Ted

P.S. You can write to me whenever you like, but please *DON’T* try to psychoanalyse me, and *TRY* not to get me upset. It’s no use trying to reconcile me with our parents, because only a complete and lasting change in their attitude would accomplish that and it’s clear by now that their self-righteousness is incorrigible.

—Ted

From Ted to Dave — May ??, 1986 (T-37)⁷⁶

To: DAVE KACZYNSKI
463 NORTH RIDGE AVE.
LOMBARD, ILLINOIS 60148
FROM: TED KACZYNSKI
STEMPLE PASS ROAD LINCOLN, MONTANA 59639
(FIRST PAGE IS COPPY OF CLAIM CHECK 346303 DATED 5/12/86)
Dave-

Here it is, sent to you according to promise, for you to do as you see fit.

⁷⁶ Letter from T. Kaczynski to Dave Kaczynski T-37. <harbor.klnpa.org/california/islandora/object/cali%3A1099>

Ted

From Ted to Dave — May 16, 1986 (T-77)⁷⁷

I just thought of something. I recently read a book on schizophrenia. It seems that the disease is caused by a certain chemical abnormality in the brain. Apparently they now have drugs that can effectively control the disease except in the most severe cases. You ought to send a copy of that book to Joel's father. As you know, I don't approve of all this fancy technology stuff, miracle drugs and so forth, but I hate to think of the poor guy going to creeps who 'put crystals on his body' and crap like that when there are drugs that would probably do the trick... The title [of the book] is 'The Schizophrenias—yours and mine' ...

In any case, remember: **KEEP OFF** the subject of my relations with our parents. You'll accomplish nothing by trying to discuss it with me and you will only get me extremely angry.

As for the other personal and family ...

From Ted to Dave — May 23, 1986 (T-76)⁷⁸

ENVELOPE — Postmark date [UNINTELLIGBLE] LINCOLN [UNINTELLIGBLE]

To: DAVE KACZYNSKI
463 N. RIDGE AVE. LOMBARD, ILLINOIS 60148
FROM: TED KACZYNSKI
STEMPLE PASS RD.
LINCOLN, MONTANA 59639

Original mix of Spanish & English

Here's the rest of that Vampire story... [Nine pages in Spanish.]

⁷⁷ Letter from T. Kaczynski to Dave Kaczynski T-77. <harbor.klnpa.org/california/islandora/object/cali%3A1137>

⁷⁸ Letter from T. Kaczynski to Dave Kaczynski T-76. <harbor.klnpa.org/california/islandora/object/cali%3A1136>

Dear Dave:

I'm sorry if I seemed to take a somewhat lecturing tone when I urged you to get that book on schizophrenia on Joel's account—I scribbled that note at the last minute before sending the letter—but you know how you tend to procrastinate, and I hate to think of that poor guy seeking help from crackpots who “put crystals on his body”.

Of course, I don't know for a fact that Joel's problem is schizophrenia, but it does seem rather likely—the disease is hereditary, most insanity is either schizophrenic or manic-depressive, schiz. is by far the more common of the two, and Joel doesn't sound like a manic-depressive.

Now I'll try to give a better answer to your long letter. I should first acknowledge that in your letter you did make it clear that you were putting forward those psychoanalytic speculations [UNINTELLIGIBLE] as a conjecture and not as an assertion. I tended to answer as if you had made a flat assertion, because I was so angry—my relations with our parents being such a sore point with me.

I find it burdensome to go over all this crap, but since you indicated that it was important to you to discuss it, I'll discuss it—except my relations with our parents, which are not open to discussion.

Yes, I *did* tend to downgrade you when you were a kid. That's one of the main things I was apologizing for.

You say that I handed down to you “narrow values and “repressive ideas”. I can't imagine what those were. Would you please be more specific so that I could understand what you mean? Maybe you are referring to the fact that (owing to the fund of anger that I began accumulating during my teens, for obvious reasons) I tended to be aggressive in stating my own values and intolerant of any contrary values.

You did give one example in your letter of what you took to be my narrow values: You “interpreted my interference in the case of Linda Erickson as an expression of repressive attitudes toward sex.

I am really surprised [at how completely you misunderstand me. Not just in this case but other cases as well. I don't see how you could be acquainted with me for 35 years and know me so little. You seem to interpret me largely through your own preoccupations and consequently you badly misinterpret me. I don't think you ever will really know me. My interference in the case of Linda Erickson had nothing to do with sexual repression. If you wanted to go fuck some broad I couldn't care less, though I might wish you would choose someone more worthy than Linda Erickson.]

The writer pens the following in the left hand margin for the bracketed area:

This is probably a little too harsh—but I get kind of pissed off at the way you sometimes misinterpret me.'

What I was afraid of was that you would make a fool of yourself and be exploited, and by someone (Linda E) whom I found thoroughly contemptible. What it looked like to me was that (a) you were sexually attracted to Linda E. (your letter seems to confirm this); (b) your attraction was not just physical but—I thought you might be in danger of falling in love with her (c) I found her thoroughly contemptible (d) I

suspected that she had little or no sexual interest in you but that (e) she might be using you as a shoulder to cry on, and (f) I thought there might be a risk that she would exploit you by getting you to marry her, not because she loved you or anything like that, but because she simply wanted to make her position respectable.

I must admit though that my motive for interfering was partly selfish—I would have felt it as a kind of personal humiliation for my brother to be exploited in that way or to marry someone so contemptible.

On p. 7 of your letter you give a list of traits of mine that you imagine are caused by my supposed “trauma” in the hospital. The trouble with your theory is that you didn’t know me till I was older and already affected by our parents’ mistreatment and by the bad situation in school after I skipped a grade. Most of those traits I did not have as a very young child. Of course, you can always speculate about delayed-action trauma—this psychoanalytic crap is flexible enough so that you can justify anything you want to believe.

But since there are clear reasons in my later childhood for my developing such traits, these are the more likely cause. You don’t realize that the atmosphere in our home was quite different during the first few years of my life than it was later. You know how it was during my teens — people always squabbling, mother crabby and irritable, Dad morosely passive. Too much ice-cream, candy, and treats, parents fat and self-indulgent. A general *low-morale* atmosphere. But it was very different up to the time when I was, say 8 or 9 years old. Until then, the home atmosphere was cheerful, there was hardly any quarrelling, and there was a generally *high-morale* atmosphere. Ice-cream and candy were relatively infrequent treats and were consumed in moderation—consequently they were really enjoyed. Our parents were more alive and energetic. When punishment was necessary it was given with little or no anger and was used as a more-or-less rational means of training; whereas during my teens, when I was punished it was commonly an expression of anger or irritation on the part of our parents. Consequently this punishment was *humiliating*. The more-or-less rational punishment of the early years was not humiliating.

Also, after I skipped a grade, I was subjected to certain humiliations in school. Because of the situation both at home and at school, I had to do one of two things: either lose my self-respect or become hard. So I became hard—hence the traits you listed in your letter.

I should qualify this by mentioning that an aversion to overt signs of affection began somewhat earlier, and for a clear reason: As I remember it, as a very young child I was quite affectionate. When I was about six years old, the following incident occurred. Mother, dad, and I were all dressed up to go somewhere, and I was excited and happy. I ran up to Dad and said I wanted to kiss him.

He said: AAh, you’re like a little girl, always wanting to kiss.”

I drew back, hurt. Then he said, in a somewhat grudging tone, “No, it’s alright, you can kiss me.” But naturally I refused to kiss him after that. I remember that for several

years I had a strong aversion to kissing. You can draw your own conclusions. So much for your psychoanalytic speculations.

You wrote that (during my teens of course), I was “clearly often moody and unhappy...in need of some kind of adult help.” The only kind of adult help I needed was (a) to be taken out of that school where I was regarded as some kind of a freak genius, and (b) to have my parents stop abusing me.

Our parents did *not* “do a pretty decent job with our brother-to-brother relationship.” On the contrary, they did a rotten job. If we have good relations today it is in spite of and not because of our parents. Let me remind you that when we got into a quarrel, our parents would scold *me*, not you, and when I said “but Dave did such and such”, they would interrupt me with “That’s alright, you’re older, you should be more mature.” They did this simply because they were too lazy to investigate the cause of the quarrel and arrive at a fair settlement. Naturally, this made me resentful, so that I was more aggressive with you next time. Thus their treatment made our relations worse and not better.

So much for all that shit.

I enjoyed hearing about Juan and the incident with the beer. As for his (to us) strange combination of wisdom and childishness, its something that I have encountered also in reading about other cultures. Apparently such things as wisdom, self-control, etc. are not simple and unified traits, but may be present in varying degrees in different areas of life. Thus, the eastern forest Indians of North America seem to have had very great self-discipline and perseverance in the fact of physical pain, fatigues and dangers. They exhibited a kind of dignified, philosophical stoicism when undergoing severe hardships. On *the other hand, they couldn’t resist the lure of booze*⁽²²⁾; when they had maple sugar they gobbled it till it was all gone, instead of saving some to last all year round; and they wasted their strength in inter-tribal quarrels instead of presenting a united front against the whites. Francis Parkman pointed out that under certain circumstances they showed remarkable courage, yet in open battle they were rarely able to stand against the white soldiers—a bayonet in charge was sure to send them running.

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Durante el Siglo XVI, los Indios Caribes de la isla de Dominica Solian comer a cualquier espanol que llegara a la isla. Una vez, se enfermaron tanto por comer a un fraile, que de alli en adelante los que llevaban vestimentas eclesiasticas no fueron molestados. Asi, cuando las naves espanolas se detenian a tomar agua en Dominica, solian enviar o a un fraile, o a unos marineros vestidos de frailes.

—*Ted*

Automatic translation

Here's the rest of that Vampire story... [Nine pages in Spanish.]

Dear Dave:

I'm sorry if I seemed to take a somewhat lecturing tone when I urged you to get that book on schizophrenia on Joel's account—I scribbled that note at the last minute before sending the letter—but you know how you tend to procrastinate, and I hate to think of that poor guy seeking help from crackpots who “put crystals on his body”.

Of course, I don't know for a fact that Joel's problem is schizophrenia, but it does seem rather likely—the disease is hereditary, most insanity is either schizophrenic or manic-depressive, schiz. is by far the more common of the two, and Joel doesn't sound like a manic-depressive.

Now I'll try to give a better answer to your long letter. I should first acknowledge that in your letter you did make it clear that you were putting forward those psychoanalytic speculations [UNINTELLIGIBLE] as a conjecture and not as an assertion. I tended to answer as if you had made a flat assertion, because I was so angry—my relations with our parents being such a sore point with me.

I find it burdensome to go over all this crap, but since you indicated that it was important to you to discuss it, I'll discuss it—except my relations with our parents, which are not open to discussion.

Yes, I *did* tend to downgrade you when you were a kid. That's one of the main things I was apologizing for.

You say that I handed down to you “narrow values and “repressive ideas”. I can't imagine what those were. Would you please be more specific so that I could understand what you mean? Maybe you are referring to the fact that (owing to the fund of anger that I began accumulating during my teens, for obvious reasons) I tended to be aggressive in stating my own values and intolerant of any contrary values.

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But since there are clear reasons in my later childhood for my developing such traits, these are the more likely cause. You don't realize that the atmosphere in our home was quite different during the first few years of my life than it was later. You know how it was during my teens — people always squabbling, mother crabby and irritable, Dad morosely passive. Too much ice-cream, candy, and treats, parents fat and self-indulgent. A general *low-morale* atmosphere. But it was very different up to the time when I was, say 8 or 9 years old. Until then, the home atmosphere was cheerful, there was hardly any quarrelling, and there was a generally *high-morale* atmosphere. Ice-cream and candy were relatively infrequent treats and were consumed in moderation—consequently they were really enjoyed. Our parents were more alive and energetic. When punishment was necessary it was given with little or no anger and was used as a more-or-less rational means of training; whereas during my teens, when I was punished it was commonly an expression of anger or irritation on the part of our parents. Consequently this punishment was *humiliating*. The more-or-less rational punishment of the early years was not humiliating.

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rarely able to stand against the white soldiers—a bayonet in charge was sure to send them running.

Also among other people I’ve read of mixtures of traits that to us seem strange.

Did you take any hikes or make any visits to Mexico last winter? I’d enjoy hearing about any experiences that you might care to relate.

Durante el Siglo XVI, los Indios Caribes de la isla de Dominica Solian comer a cualquier espanol que llegara a la isla. Una vez, se enfermaron tanto por comer a un fraile, que de alli en adelante los quDuring the 16th century, the Caribbean Indians of the island of Dominica used to eat any Spaniard who arrived on the island. Once, they became so sick from eating a friar that from then on those wearing ecclesiastical vestments were not bothered. Thus, when the Spanish ships stopped to take water in Dominica, they used to send either a friar or some sailors dressed as friars.

—*Ted*

From Ted to Dave — Jun 2, 1986 (T-38)⁷⁹

If you still like vampire stories, here is one for your amusement that I found in a book called *Raggle Taggle*, by Walter Stankie. In the late 20’s or early 30’s the author travelled as a vagabond through Hungary and Roumania, and he pretends to have been told this tory in a graveyard at night. For various reasons that it is unnecessary to recite here, I am “pretty sure that he is not telling the truth. I wont exactly accuse him of lying, because its not clear that he was seriously trying to make the reader believe that he actually was told such a story. Of course, it’s possible that the tale is an elaboration of a story he actually *was* told (probably not in a graveyard), but on the other hand he might have gotten the idea for it from watching Bela Lugosi movies. However that may be, here is the story, translated, for your convenience, into Spanish.

Me pare por la noche al pie de un ...

⁷⁹ Letter from T. Kaczynski to Dave Kaczynski T-38. <harbor.klnpa.org/california/islandora/object/cali%3A1100>

From Ted to Dave — Jun 2, 1986 (T-39)⁸⁰

ENVELOPE Postmark date JUNE 2 1986 PM LINCOLN, MT 59639 (T-39)

To: DAVE KACZYNSKI

463 N. RIDGE AVE. LOMBARD, ILLINOIS 60148

FROM: T. KACZYNSKI

STEMPLE PASS RD. LINCOLN, MONTANA 59639

-*Dear Dave*- From a birthday card that our mother sent me, I get the impression that you told them some kind of white lie about the \$6,000 check business. Since I gave you full discretion to do what you wanted in regard to that business, I will not complain about your fib. But I would *prefer* that you tell them the truth about it. This is neither a complaint or a demand—it is merely the expression of a preference.

By the way, I came across something in a store in Helena that might interest you—a very small, light (adds this statement in left hand margin) i.e. suitable for carrying on hike portable water-filter that claims to remove giardia. Costs \$18 or \$19, replacement filter I think was around \$8, one filter is good for 400 gal. water. With that + purifying tablets to kill bacteria I imagine you'd be alright. Of course, as you know, I take a dim view of bringing technological stuff like filters, and tablets into the wilderness; though I wouldn't swear that there might not be certain circumstances under which I might use such a thing.

An interesting thing: as strange as it may sound, the English word *much* is NOT related to the Spanish word *mucho*. According to my English dictionary, *much* comes from the Anglo-Saxon word *micel*; which *mucho* comes from—— so I think— the Latin word *multus*, that also means “much.” Well, I don't suppose that you would be interested in such things. Bah! You have the soul of a turnip! But, what would you say if I told you what is about to follow?: All of the European languages—with a few exceptions—belong to the great Indo-European family, which also includes many Asian languages, including the more of the languages in India, like Sanskrit. Comparing the different languages of that family, scholars have managed to reconstruct a large part of the original Indo-European language from which the modern languages of the family have originated.

Sanskrit Latin German English Indo-European vaks vox voice vaks matri mater mutter mother matar

Furthermore: there's also the great family of Semitic languages (that includes Hebrew, Arabic, Ancient Egyptian, and other languages) and the great Finno-Ugric family, that includes Finnish, Magyar (the language of Hungary), and various Asian languages, including the languages of some primitive groups of people. These families are different from the Indo-European family and they don't derive from the ancient Indo-European language.

⁸⁰ Letter from T. Kaczynski to Dave Kaczynski T-39. <harbor.klnpa.org/california/islandora/object/cali%3A1101>

[illegible][illegible][illegible][illegible][illegible][illegible][illegible][illegible][illegible]

To: Dave Kaczynski
463 N. Ridge Avenue
Lombard, Illinois 60148
From: T. Kaczynski
Stemple Pass Rd.
Lincoln, Montana 59639

Dear Dave—

Thanks for handling that \$6000 check business. Thanks also for telling them the truth — mother's answer was surprisingly restrained under the circumstances.

As to Joel's problem — I'm not going to answer your comments in detail. Your views on a number of subject appear to be greatly modified by your ideology and by other factors that I consider to be non-rational, and I just get sick and tired of writing interminable letters to answer all the points you raise — as I just finished doing with this family business. So I'll just make the following remarks:

(a) The objective diagnostic tests mentioned in the book do *not* claim to determine whether anyone is sane or insane (as far as

I can remember, the word "insanity" was never even used in the book). The tests only claim to determine whether the person has a certain chemical peculiarity of the brain. In the most severe cases the person will be what in common parlance is called a raving lunatic; in the most mi-[UNINTELLIGBLE] cases he will show hardly any symptoms in his thoughts or behavior.

(b) As for explaining mental illness on the basis of "skewed [do you by any chance mean skewed?] perceptions or thought processes" it's not clear what you are talking about. Presumably, mental illness *is* "skewed" (skewed?) perceptions or thought processes, so what does this explain? As for explaining mental illness on the basis of "the 'insanity' of society itself", this is certainly plausible in many cases, since our society often uses "mental illness" as a label to pin on anything it disapproves of. But this is not reasonable in the case of schizophrenia, or at least not in the more severe cases of schizophrenia. Example: some severely schizophrenic children walk awkwardly with their legs wide apart as if they had difficulty keeping their balance; the reason is that, to them, the floor appears to be heaving and pitching under their feet. Are you going to argue that the floor really is heaving and pitching and that society is insane for regarding it as stationary?

(c) you "strongly doubt that even most of the hard-core brain theorists would recommend him [[UNINTELLIGBLE] for chemical therapy". Of course no responsible doctor would recommend him for chemical therapy before he has undergone diagnostic tests. But on the basis of the limited information in your letter, I'd say that *any* specialist in this field would certainly recommend that Joel undergo the diagnostic tests. The

fact that he expresses himself clearly and intelligently in some areas — or even in all areas—, by no means incompatible with schizophrenia. My knowledge is of course very limited, but on the basis of what you told me I'd say Joel is a likely candidate for schizophrenia. For instance, he says his sense of time is very poor.

If I remember correctly, distortion of the time — sense is a typical symptom of schizophrenia. As to Joel's oddities: Do they result from some ideological commitment? Are they a response to some emotional need? Are they rational consequences of some original perception that he has arrived at? Or are they simply the pointless and disorganized responses of someone whose mind is falling apart?

(d) In many cases schizophrenia gets worse with time. In such cases, if I remember correctly, the book said it was important to begin treatment early, because later the problem may be more difficult to control.

(f) On the other hand, specialists may be over-enthusiastic about the use of their own tools, and [UNINTELLIGIBLE] may exaggerate the benefits of the drugs and minimize the undesirable side-effects.

(g) Also, there are all kinds of value-judge-ments involved in whether or not one wants to use such drugs, even if one has already concluded that they will benefit the individual patient in the purely medical sense. I won't discuss those here — you can make up your own mind.

(h) You really ought to read that book. Though your library doesn't have it, you can probably get it through the interlibrary loan service. I've got books that way myself and the process is very simple — it's almost as easy as just taking out a book, except that you have to wait a couple of weeks until the library gets a copy of the book from some other library. Ask the librarian. Title (i think): *The Schizophrenias, Yours and mine*; author — I don't remember; it was written by several doctors. It was put out by an organization called (if my memory serves) *The Schizophrenia Institute*, in the early 1970's. There a reference book called *Encyclopedia of Association* (ask the reference librarian). Look under "Schizophrenia" and you should be able to get the address of the Schiz. Institute or some other organization that can give you information on the subject of schizophrenia, clinics or specialists in Joel's area, etc.

If you can't get the book or the information, let me know. There's just a chance I can get the book back on loan. When I traded that book back in at the place where I trade paperbacks, the woman who was keeping store showed an immediate interest in the book, because, she said, her brother has schizophrenia. When I visited the store a couple of weeks ago, the book was not on the shelves; it may have been put back on the shelves after I traded it in and then someone bought it. But it's also possible that that woman kept the book. In that case, if I explained the situation, she might be willing to loan it to me so that you could read it.

But really I think you can probably get it through the interlibrary loan service.

Okay, once you read that book you'll know everything about schiz. that I do, so let's drop the subject. I get sick of these interminable discussions by letter, especially when they touch on philosophical issues. It's a vast expense of time.

Ted

From Ted to Dave — Jul 2, 1986 (T-41)⁸²

ENVELOPE Postmark dated JULY 2 1986 (T-41)

To: DAVE KACZYNSKI

463 N. RIDGE AVE.

LOMBARD, ILLINOIS 60148

FROM: T. KACZYNSKI

STEMPLE PASS RD.

LINCOLN, MONTANA 59639

Since you liked the story regarding the vampire, I am translating for you now another tale from the same book, *Raggle Taggle*, by Walter Starkie, C.M.G., C.B.E., Litt. D. But, different from the vampire story, this story is true—if the author isn't a liar—and I doubt that he is, even though I'm not inclined to trust very much in the accuracy of his details.

I finally arrived at a wooded area, where I found a peasant that was resting in the shade. He was a fine figure of a man, strong, close to 6 foot 3 inches tall, as husky as a boxer. It was difficult for me to understand his dialect, but we became friends and we continued on together, and he told me many anecdotes regarding rural life in Transylvania. He was born in the village of Poplaka, close to Sibiu, and had spent many years in the Carpathian Mountains (Carpathians), and he gave me a very laudatory description of the life of a shepherd in the highlands during the summer...

While we walked, I heard unexpectedly a confused sound that came from a thick forest to the right. It appeared that there was a fight, since we heard the shouts of women and the barking of dogs. Due to curiosity, we got closer to the forest, and under the trees we saw a circle of men and women and in the middle two ragged men who were fighting. My friend, the peasant, wanted that we flee quickly, and said: "Leave them; they're not but some dirty gypsies and if you get close to them you wouldn't gain anything, but to get hit; or better still, they will pick your pocket." It was a bloody fight and the two men were bleeding profusely, but what surprised me was the ferocity of their supporters. Each man had a wild-looking band of hags that scratched with their nails the faces of their adversaries who defended the other man. Everybody in the camp appeared to take part in the fight, even the shrieking children and the growling dogs. Then, suddenly, a man along the outskirts of the mob gave a sharp whistle and

⁸² Letter from T. Kaczynski to Dave Kaczynski T-41. <harbor.klnpa.org/california/islandora/object/cali%3A1103>

warned of us to some of his companions. Within a few seconds the fight had dissolved into a noisy crowd and the multitude transferred their interest to us. The fighters were left alone so they could help themselves up and place their weapons in their sheaths. The mob of dirty gypsies quickly approached us and in an instant they had us surrounded. I compared them to the drawings by Doré of the greedy souls from hell, all of them with outstretched hands, grimacing; multitudes of troubled human beings with crazy eyes. The peasant faced up to them like a man, but he whispered in my ear: "By God! Let's not stay here: they are *Netotsi* and they'll do us harm, because they are as treacherous as foxes." I was mesmerized by those tramps and forsaken children and I wanted to see their camp, and finally persuaded the peasant to accompany me until I could satisfy my curiosity. I was difficult to acquire space to breathe within this smelly throng, but I came up with an ingenious trick. [Cogi*] I grabbed my violin and, [blendiendo-cannot recognize word] out loud, I shouted: "*Bashavav!*" Then I started to play one Rumanian dance after another, hoping to imitate the Pied Piper. My idea turned out pretty good, because the gypsies retreated a

* The word *coger* is very common in Spain, but it is well to avoid it in Latin America, since in parts of the latter it means "fuck". Little and they looked at me admiringly with their eyes wide open. They began tapping their feet and clapping their hands to the beat. Little by little the men and women moved away and my audience diminished until it consisted of a bunch of naked kids with bright eyes that were rolling in the dirt at my feet. Later we went to the camp, that was a few feet away behind a large rock. It was the accustomed gathering of ragged tents, but much more miserable than the gypsy camp near Arpas. Next to the tents were the rickety cars loaded with all kinds of miscellaneous objects; sticks, furs, carpets, pots, pans, pillows, and around them were miserable donkeys and horses. Some of the women were crouched over some fires and they were smoking some curious pipes, and very short full of weeds that emitted a bad odor. I had some cigarettes in my pockets that I threw to one of the men. With a joyful shout he ran to show what I had given him to a ragged woman that was dressed in a red discolored costume, but that wore large earrings. Just like the majority of women with children, her breasts were naked and she carried her baby in a bundle tied with straps to her back and when she walked, the baby cried. She came to me and extended her hand and asked for money whimpering. Seeing that this maneuver was a failure, she retreated a few steps and she started to dance twirling repeatedly, singing in a monotone voice while some of her companions clapped their hands and the baby on her back kept crying. My peasant friend was very uneasy because of my long stay in the gypsy camp, and every moment he would come to me and tell me: "Why can't we leave the this damned place?" Then a gypsy with a black beard took him to show him some talismans that would bring good luck. In the meantime, a small gypsy with a skinny face grabbed me by the arm and whispered in my ear: "reci". I remembered the very strong *reci*, or liquor, that the leader of the tribe of gypsies near Arpas had given me when they received me warmly, but I wanted to try it again. That's why I followed him to one of the tents.

There was nobody in the tent, except us, and for the first time I began to feel uneasy, since my companion did not inspire any trust. His hair was long, it was tangled up and hung in greasy folds over his coarse unshaven cheeks. Inside the tent there was the suffocating stench of dog and pig shit, being that he had some pigs tied to the entrance, and in the back of the tent there were some dogs lying down.

When he had led me inside the tent, he put his fingers to his lips as if he had a secret to tell me. Then he muttered the words “*chai shukar*”, and I understood he wanted to bring me a girl. I refused

But, she had around her neck a chain of colored beads. Her body was slender and athletic like a puma, her skin was the color of a hazelnut, and her hair was as black as her eyes. The gypsy remained quiet to observe the effect that the beauty of the girl would have on me. I deduced that she was his daughter, but he would give her to me for a specific amount of *lei* (Rumanian money). I refused moving my head, but he didn't appear to understand why I would decline to take her, and he continued repeating many times the word “shukar”, smiling malevolently. As far as the girl was concerned, she was passive like an animal that had to be offered for sacrifice. Oh! O Borrow*: Where are your theories regarding the modesty of gypsies [feminine gender] and the ferocious jealousy of the males? Here this vile vagrant offered me his own daughter for a few *lei* as if she was some merchandise.

Seeing that I persisted, he signaled the girl to leave, and he went to a corner and brought out a bottle of liquor, saying “*picho rect*”.

Being that I thought it wise to please him, I took a drink and expressed my appreciation. The drink was horrible, and I could have swallowed liquid fire for the same effect. Once I had tried it, I returned the bottle to him and he took a big swallow. Soon his entire personality turned

*

George Borrow was a man who had wandered with gypsies in Spain—I believe during the 19th Century and he wrote a famous book regarding his adventures. But there are many distinct classes of gypsies, with different customs. very sinister and brutal: his eyes glowed malevolently and he asked more insistently for the money. He extended his hand and he touched my clothing and he gave me taps on the arms, simulating an imploring manner that caused me to retreat before him in disgust. While I attempted to retire toward the entrance to the tent, he continued to pursue me and suddenly he grabbed me. Before I could dodge him, he grabbed a hold of my neck and his callous fingers began to squeeze it. I tried to struggle against him but his arms surrounded me and I couldn't shout. We rolled around from one part of the tent to the other, and I could see that the only possibility of salvation was to deliver a kick to his shinbone so hard that he would loosen his grasp. Finally I was able to gain sufficient leverage in my leg and I gave him a kick with the entire weight of my boot. He uttered a muffled curse, and released his tight grasp on my neck and I was able to recover sufficient breathe to call for help to my peasant companion, who couldn't be far, since he had wanted to watch over me.

But, every moment the gypsy struggled more frantically. Suddenly, I saw him pull out something shiny: it was a knife. I felt myself become paralyzed with fear and I closed my eyes, anticipating the burning sensation of the knife and the stream of blood...but then I heard a shout behind me: it was my peasant friend. Without wasting words he leaped on top of the gypsy and landed a blow to his head with the large stick he was carrying. Moaning, the gypsy slowly fell to the ground, and remained there, stunned.

“Quickly, quickly! Let’s escape immediately,” said the peasant. They will catch us if we don’t run for our lives and God only knows what they will do to us.”

I was dizzy and exhausted and in no way ready to measure my velocity against that of some gypsies. There was nothing more to do but to follow the best I could my friend the peasant, who ran as if he was being pursued by a bunch of phantoms.

Fortunately, it was not too difficult to escape from the camp, being that the gypsy’s tent was hidden from the others by some bushes. We heard some shouts, but no one followed us toward the road. Finally we stopped next to a stream to catch our breath. For a long time I laid exhausted on the ground; I was dizzy and my neck hurt as if the gypsy had branded his fingers on my neck with a white-hot iron.

According to the peasant, we were lucky to escape so easily, because those gypsies were the nomadic type known as the *Netotsi*, who are the most ferocious when they get excited. The police, told me, don’t ever go near them in the countryside, since they are so treacherous that it’s impossible to outsmart them. He told me they were reputed to have recently attacked a traveller and they had killed him. In addition, it was said they had eaten his body. It is due to this that the Rumanian peasants don’t deal with those gypsies except during the day and when there lots of people around. “But you are a foreigner in our country, sir.” –he said– “and I felt I was obligated to accompany you to make sure that no harm came to you.”

That declaration was characteristic of the Rumanian peasant, who usually takes the trouble to help a foreigner, even when they have to face danger, as in this case.

Finally we arrived where we had to separate and the peasant had to leave me so I could follow my path. We said goodbye and I kissed him on both cheeks, because he had saved my life, and I asked him his name and last name and the name of his village, because I swore I would send a reward when I returned home. In the meantime, I offered him a ring I had as a keepsake, but he declined to accept the gift. Then he left me, and I saw his tall figure disappear in the distance, crossing the fields and making a white dot on the horizon.

I’m glad that you have learned a lot of Spanish in order to read with little difficulty what I’m writing to you in this language; I like writing in Spanish, and this way I can train myself and gain experience with the language.

From Ted to Dave — August, 1986 (T-80)⁸³

Dear Dave:

In my last letter I hope I didn't give the impression that I was trying to persuade you to persuade Joel to get drug treatment ...

I agree that there is no clear-cut line dividing insanity from sanity, and that 'mental illness' often is a mere label pinned on those who don't act as society demands. Further, I would question whether 'mental illness' and 'insanity' are even useful concepts—except that they are useful as propaganda tools. On the other hand, when someone is tormented by strange visions and disagreeable feelings that pass through his head owing to a hereditary peculiarity of brain chemistry, it seems absurd to refrain from calling his condition a disease. Many schizophrenics themselves regard their condition as a disease and would much prefer to be rid of it. Note that Joel himself considers that he has a 'problem'—severe enough so that he has spent a great deal of money on it. On the other hand, it is questionable whether the mildest forms of schizophrenia should be considered as disease, since if I remember correctly what I read, they may enhance creativity and result only in minimal distortion of thought and perception. And, as you remarked, a great deal of irrationality is normal to human beings anyway.

As to the use of drugs—you well know my feelings about the technological invasion of human dignity. In principle one should resist any step toward interfering in the human mind by technological means. On the other hand, here is this poor guy with a problem, looking for help and getting taken for large sums of money by fakes and crackpots, and who could very possibly be helped quite effectively by a drug that would take a kink out of the chemistry of his brain—it seems almost heartless not to try to point him in the right direction.

Besides the foregoing, other questions could be raised about using or not using drugs. Luckily, it's a decision that I don't have to make—I have the luxury of being able to just dump the problem in *your* lap.

From Ted to Dave — Aug 11, 1985 (T-43)⁸⁴

ENVELOPE Postmark date AUG 11 1985 PM LINCOLN, MT (T-43)

To: DAVE KACZYNSKI

463 N. RIDGE AVE.

LOMBARD, ILLINOIS 60148

FROM: T. KACZYNSKI

⁸³ Letter from T. Kaczynski to Dave Kaczynski T-80. <harbor.klnpa.org/california/islandora/object/cali%3A1140>

⁸⁴ Letter from T. Kaczynski to Dave Kaczynski T-43. <harbor.klnpa.org/california/islandora/object/cali%3A1104>

Mix of Spanish & English

Querido hermano:

Me agrado de que te hayas adelantado tanto en el estudio de espanol; claro esta que ya lo lees bastante facilmente. A proposito, cuando escribiste “escribir en el espanol”, hubieras debido omitir la palabra “el”. Cuando los nombres de idiomas se emplean con alguno de los verbos *hablar, escribir, estudiar, aprender, o saber* (y creo que se podria agregar tambien a esta lista el verbo *decir*), y con las preposiciones *en* o *de*, o sin preposicion, no se suele emplear el articulo *el*. Asi: *hablar en espanol, decirlo en espanol, aprender espanol*, etc.

Lamento que tu equipo de softball tuviese poco exito este ano; en cambio, me agrado de que tuviese tanto exito en los anos anteriores. Hubieras debido seguir iinformandome de vuestras victorias, para que yo tambien pudiese tener el placer de vuestro exito. Te felicito por haber conseguido dos shut-outs.

The fact that Joel’s case doesn’t clearly fit in any set of symptoms as described in the book by no means shows he doesn’t have schizophrenia. If I remember correctly, the authors emphasized that the problem manifests itself in very diverse ways.

I still think there’s a good chance that his problem is schizophrenia. Take his personal oddities, like the snots running down his lip. Is there any way of explaining this in terms of emotional or problems, philosophical attitudes, or anything of that sort? To me it sounds just senseless. This, together with his problem with his sense of time and his feeling of dissociation of mind and body, suggest to me an organic malfunction of the brain rather than a psychological problem. Schizophrenia, if I’m not mistaken, is the most common of the mental problems that are caused by organic malfunction of the brain. Of course, in Joel’s case there’s also the question of the old head injury, but, if he has an organic malfunction of the brain, it’s rather beside the point whether it’s schiz.. or head injury or something else—he’s still better off going to a brain specialist than going in for these crackpot treatments.

As for the side-effects of drugs, I don’t know what those might be. You might try to dig up more information on the subject. Maybe the public health Dept., or a doctor, [UNINTELLIGBLE] source of information; or you might try the Schizophrenia Foundation or whatever was the name of the organization that put out the book. Against the diminution of Joel’s creativity that might be caused by the drug one has to put the fact that he may be suffering. Basically the decision to use or not use

such drugs ought to be up to Joel himself; but then there's the question of whether his judgement is impaired enough to prevent him from making an intelligent decision. Of course, there are many perfectly "normal" people who are incapable to making an intelligent decision, so if you're going to start trying to pressure people into doing what you think is right because they aren't capable of making an intelligent decision...well you can see where that leads. Still, he may be suffering.

One can — and in principle I think one ought to, ideally — reject any kind of technical intervention on the human mind. But if one does not take that point of view, then I think Joel's problem ought to be diagnosed by a specialist. Diagnosis would simply provide knowledge on the basis of which one could make a decision. The only reservation I have about that is that "crazy" people *can* be involuntarily committed to an institution, and, at least in some states, the legal safeguards [UNINTELLIGBLE], or were until recently, very inadequate.⁽²⁴⁾ But, as long as Joel doesn't "make trouble", [UNINTELLIGBLE] would be any danger of his being committed involuntarily *unless* his father, getting wind of an unfavorable diagnosis, might try to have him committed.

I'd enjoy [UNINTELLIGBLE] to come. But I'd like to have notice at least 3 weeks in advance of when you plan to arrive, which means you have to mail the letter a month in advance@ I don't know yet whether I'll ride down to Texas with you — I'll have to decide.

With all that long-distance travelling you do, I hope you take good care of that car. I don't too much trust an old car for safety.

When my car gave out and I traded it in for an old pickup, I noted that the front wheels on the latter looked a little out of line. I took it in to have it examined. The mechanic asked me "How fast were you driving on the way here?" I said, "60 miles an hour". He said "Jeez, you're lucky. That ball joint was just ready to slip out of there". Which means that a front wheel would have fallen off.

You might consider doing some of your travelling by train or bus. Might work out cheaper too.

Te disculpaste por haber tardado tanto en contestar mi ultima carta. No fue menester disculparte. No te sientas obligado a contestar mis cartas con prontitud — a menos que se trate de algun asunto urgente que exija una respuesta pronta. Contesta mis cartas cuando te de la gana. Si se siente uno obligado a contestar las cartas dentro de un plazo determinado, la correspondencia puede ser una molestia en vez de un placer o entretenimiento.

⁽²⁴⁾ See *Insanity Inside Out*, by Kenneth Donaldson. The author was apparently a paranoiac himself though he refused to admit it. He was committed involuntarily by his parents and spent 15 years in the

Getting back to this Joel business, I must say your reaction leaves me unsatisfied. You complain that the book didn't give enough information to [UNINTELLIGBLE] you to recognize schizophrenia. But that's what the diagnostic tests are for [UNINTELLIGBLE] to tell whether someone has schizophrenia. You seem to want proof that Joel has schizophrenia *before* you induce him to see a doctor who can diagnose him. Since you don't seem to be opposed on general philosophical grounds to having him treated if he does have schiz, I don't understand why you are so hesitant about simply having him examined and diagnosed. It's obvious that Joel has a serious problem of some kind, and surely you'll admit that its nature is such as to indicate at least a *distinct possibility* of a physical problem in the brain, and whether that physical problem is schiz or something else, diagnosis by an expert is required—right? You seem to be very reluctant to face up to the fact that your friend likely has a brain problem.

Of course, it's true that the practical difficulties in getting him diagnosed might be considerable. He might agree to it and then never do anything about it so that you'd have to make an appointment for him and then go and fetch him to see that he keeps it. Doesn't he have some friends in Washington or some relatives other than his father who could work with him? You *might* try his father- maybe he's not as bad as Joel pictures him. Considering the geographical distances between you, I'd see that it might be impractical for you to work with Joel yourself.

—Ted

P.S. If you come out here this fall, I can use your car to take a driver's test and get a driver's license.

Automatic translation

Dear brother:

I am pleased that you have made such progress in studying Spanish; Of course you already read it quite easily. By the way, when you wrote "write in Spanish", you should have omitted the word "the". When language names are used with any of the verbs *speak, write, study, learn, or know* (and I think the verb *say* could also be added to this list), and with the prepositions *in* or *of*, or without a preposition, the article *the* is not usually used. Like this: *speak in Spanish, say it in Spanish, learn Spanish, etc.*

I'm sorry that your softball team had little success this year; On the other hand, I was pleased that it was so successful in previous years. You should have continued to inform me of your victories, so that I could also have the pleasure of your success. I congratulate you for having achieved two shut-outs.

nuthouse under very bad conditions.

The fact that Joel's case doesn't clearly fit in any set of symptoms as described in the book by no means shows he doesn't have schizophrenia. If I remember correctly, the authors emphasized that the problem manifests itself in very diverse ways.

I still think there's a good chance that his problem is schizophrenia. Take his personal oddities, like the snots running down his lip. Is there any way of explaining this in terms of emotional or problems, philosophical attitudes, or anything of that sort? To me it sounds just senseless. This, together with his problem with his sense of time and his feeling of dissociation of mind and body, suggest to me an organic malfunction of the brain rather than a psychological problem. Schizophrenia, if I'm not mistaken, is the most common of the mental problems that are caused by organic malfunction of the brain. Of course, in Joel's case there's also the question of the old head injury, but, if he has an organic malfunction of the brain, it's rather beside the point whether it's schiz.. or head injury or something else—he's still better off going to a brain specialist than going in for these crackpot treatments.

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month in advance@ I don't know yet whether I'll ride down to Texas with you — I'll have to decide.

With all that long-distance travelling you do, I hope you take good care of that car. I don't too much trust an old car for safety.

When my car gave out and I traded it in for an old pickup, I noted that the front wheels on the latter looked a little out of line. I took it in to have it examined. The mechanic asked me "How fast were you driving on the way here?" I said, "60 miles an hour". He said "Jeez, you're lucky. That ball joint was just ready to slip out of there". Which means that a front wheel would have fallen off.

You might consider doing some of your travelling by train or bus. Might work out cheaper too.

You apologized for taking so long to answer my last letter. You didn't need to apologize. Do not feel obligated to answer my letters promptly — unless it is an urgent matter that requires a prompt response. Answer my letters whenever you feel like it. If you feel obligated to answer letters within a certain deadline, correspondence can be a nuisance rather than a pleasure or entertainment.

Getting back to this Joel business, I must say your reaction leaves me unsatisfied. You complain that the book didn't give enough information to [UNINTELLIGBLE] you to recognize schizophrenia. But that's what the diagnostic tests are for [UNINTELLIGBLE] to tell whether someone has schizophrenia. You seem to want proof that Joel has schizophrenia *before* you induce him to see a doctor who can diagnose him. Since you don't seem to be opposed on general philosophical grounds to having him treated if he does have schiz, I don't understand why you are so hesitant about simply having him examined and diagnosed. It's obvious that Joel has a serious problem of some kind, and surely you'll admit that its nature is such as to indicate at least a *distinct possibility* of a physical problem in the brain, and whether that physical problem is schiz or something else, diagnosis by an expert is required—right? You seem to be very reluctant to face up to the fact that your friend likely has a brain problem.

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—Ted

P.S. If you come out here this fall, I can use your car to take a driver's test and get a driver's license.

From Ted to Dave — Sep 2, 1986 (T-44)⁸⁵

Dave — you can come between Sept. 27 and Oct. 4 inclusive, but not outside those dates.

But please let me know right away if I will be able to use your car to take a driver's test. If so, I'll want to get a copy of one of those "rules of the road" booklets to study for the written test.

—Ted

P.S. As to Joel, I suggest you talk the matter over with Dale Edwards and get his opinion.

Please let me know exact date of your arrival as soon as you can

Dear Dave:

I don't know whether or not you find this kind of thing interesting, but in cas you do, I'll tell you about the fact that — leaving aside the probability of some Polish broade having been raped when the Tartars invaded that area — it is not unlikely that we have in our veins some few drops of Central Asian nomads. You neadn't go to the mirror and anxiously searching your face to assure yourself that there is no hint of yellow in your complexion, cause the nomads in question were white, thank heaven.

We tend to think of all steppe nomads as Montolian types, but actually in ancient times the nomads of the westernly parts of Asian steppe were white. According to Herodotus, some of the tribes were blond. Later, the Tartars and suchlike mongoloid nomads pushed westward and absurbed those of the earlier nomads who did not move out to escape them. Among these earlier nomads of Western Central Asia were the Samirations. I had previously encountered references to them in various books, but recently I came across an interesting by by one Professor Sulimirski, *The Sarmatians*, which supplies a great deal of information about them. The following information comes largely from this book, but also from other things I've read.

The Sarmatians were not a single tribe or nation, but an ethnic group — loosely related tribes spread over a large area. Some of them, apparently, were of the dark-

⁸⁵ Letter from T. Kaczynski to Dave Kaczynski T-44. <harbor.klnpa.org/california/islandora/object/cali%3A1153>

though he refused to admit it. He was committed involuntarily by his parents and spent 15 years in the nuthouse under very bad conditions.

complected Mediterranean physical type, while other groups were of a more northern racial type, since they had hair “inclining to blond” according to one ancient writer. Like other Central Asian peoples they were horse-riding nomads who subsisted largely on the milk and meat of their livestock, though some groups practiced agriculture to a certain extent. Like other pastoral nomads, they were warlike, and, if my memory serves, one of the gods or idols that they worshipped consisted of a naked sword stuck in the ground. Unfortunately, their society had a rigid caste system. Their language was an Iranian — and therefore Indo-European — dialect.

The Sarmatians apparently were the first “knights” — they wore armor and charged with lances, like the knights of the middle ages. Their armor, which covered practically their whole body was either of hardened leather, or of metal disks sewn onto leather, giving a scale-like effect...

Later, when the more eastern nomad groups pushed westward many of the Sarmatian groups were forced out and moved into Europe — those who stayed behind were absorbed by the mongolian nomads...

According to Suliminski, there is a long-standing Polish tradition that the country is of Sarmation origin. Moreover, certain symbols that were used in Polish heraldry up to the early 20th century were direct descendants of ancient Sarmation religions or magical symbols!

Did you get the letter I sent you in care of Hoken? Just in case there was some hitch or they forgot to give it to you or something; Yes, you may send me that book for my birthday, provided it is not more than 7” wide, cause if it doesn’t fit in the box I’ll have to go to the post office to get it, which is a pain in the anus. Also, if you send it, it must be understood that if I find the book not to my taste, I won’t read it, but will trade it in where I trade books and get something I like better.

—Ted

P.S. The etymologists are all wrong about the origin of the word “pederasty”. Actually it comes from “peter” + “ass”.

If convenient, you might some time look up for me in your Spanish grammar book something that my book doesn’t cover fully — maybe your book does cover it. Usually when a Spanish feminine word starts with ...

Original Spanish letter

Querido hermano:

Lo que me dijiste acerca de lo que le acontecio a Joel cuando tenia cuatro anos fue bien conmovedor. Considera lo dependiente de sus padres que es un nino de cuatro anos, asi psicologica como fisicamente, y figurate lo que significa a semejante nino que su madre comience a volverse loca y intente hacerle dano; y que al acudir el nino a su padre, este se niegua a reconocer que el problema exista. Me parece en cierto modo casi heroico que haya soportado eso un nino de cuatro anos sin que se le aplastase el animo. Y ahora le oprime este otro problema. Ojala supere el este problema.

Voy leyendo una obra — “Maximina” — de un autor espanol, Armando Palacio Valdes — que me gusta mucha; por lo menos, hasta donde la he leido; todavia no he leido siquiera la mitad de ella. Antes, lei la novela *Riverita* del mismo autor. Este escritor tiene un excelente sentido del humor; pero su humor — asi como el resto de sus escriptos — es siempre tranquilo y reposado. Nunca pierde el autor su dignidad. He aqui un ejemplo:

Don Leandro es profesor en una escuela dirigida por el capellan y cura don Juan Vigil, de quien recibe mal tratamiento Escribe nusetro autor:

“Marroquin lo encontro [a don Leandro] un domingo en la calle, y despues de saludarle con efusion, como tenia, por costumbre, comenzo a hablarle mal del cura [don Juan Vigil] (como tenia por costumbre tambien). Esto halagaba infinito al buen don Leandro ...

... sin poder defenderse.”

Antigunmente, se solia decir que la miopia no se producia por leer o estudiar u otro trabajo que exigiese mirar una cosa muy de cerca por mucho tiempo. Pero, hace unos meses, lei que unas investigaciones mas recientes parecon indicar que la miopia si se causa por semejante trabajo. Me digiste, una vez, que eras un poco corto de vista en uno de tus ojos. Si mal no me acuerdo, aunque no lo dijese definitivamente que yo recuerde, el articulo parecio endicar indirectamente que la miopia de 20 o 25 anos o cosa asi; no menciono que ocurra mas dano a una edad mas madura. Sin embargo, dado lo nuevas e incompletas de estas investigaciones, puede convenir, cuando lees, deseausarte los ojos de vez en cuando mirando algo lejano.

Automatic translation

Dear brother:

What you told me about what happened to Joel when he was four years old was very moving. Consider how dependent a four-year-old child is on his parents, both psychologically and physically, and imagine what it means to such a child when his mother starts to go crazy and tries to hurt him; and that when the boy goes to his father, he refuses to acknowledge that the problem exists. It seems almost heroic to me that a four-year-old child could endure this without having his spirit crushed. And now this other problem oppresses him. I hope that he gets over this problem.

I'm reading a work — "Maximina" — by a Spanish author, Armando Palacio Valdes — that I really like; at least, as far as I have read it; I still haven't read even half of it. Before, I read the novel *Riverita* by the same author. This writer has an excellent sense of humor; but his mood — as well as the rest of his writings — is always calm and calm. The author never loses his dignity. Here is an example:

Don Leandro is a teacher at a school run by the chaplain and priest Don Juan Vigil, from whom he receives bad treatment. Our author writes:

"Marroquin met him [don Leandro] one Sunday on the street, and after greeting him warmly, as was his custom, he began to speak ill of the priest [don Juan Vigil] (as was his custom too). This flattered him to no end. to the good Don Leandro...

... without being able to defend himself."

In the past, it used to be said that myopia was not caused by reading or studying or other work that required looking at something very waxy for a long time. But, a few months ago, I read that more recent research seemed to indicate that myopia is caused by such work. You told me, once, that you were a little shortsighted in one of your eyes. If I remember correctly, although it didn't say it definitively that I remember, the article seemed to indirectly indicate that the myopia of 20 or 25 years or something like that; I don't mention more damage occurring at a more mature age. However, given how new and incomplete this research is, it may be helpful, when you read, to use your eyes from time to time to look at some distant object.

From Ted to Dave — Sep 8, 1986 (T-45)⁸⁶

Dear Dave —

I'll see you on October 4. We'll consider your visit confirmed for that date.

⁸⁶ Letter from T. Kaczynski to Dave Kaczynski T-45. <harbor.klnpa.org/california/islandora/object/cali%3A1105>

By the way you might bring along my diplomas and reprints. Remember I asked you to send them last year and you left it to our parents? Well, they asked me if they should send the stuff certified and I didn't answer cause I ain't communicating with them.

Please let me know if I can use your car for driver's test.

Did you get Quiroga story OK?

I'm enclosing an article that I translated into Spanish for practice. You can read it for practice if you like, or throw it out if you prefer.

Ted

Ted's Spanish Translation

La Venganza de Grijalva en los Apaches
por
Jacqueline Meketa

A la banda merodeadora de Apaches bien adentrada en Mexico, no les parecia sino un incidente rutinario al nino. Al llevarselo al chico aterrado y griton, no tenian la menor idea de que en los anos venideros la tribu pagaria caro esa accion.

Merejildo Grijalva tenia cerca de diez anos en 1853 cuando se le arrebató al seno de su familia y hogar en una pequenita aldea de Sonora unas cien millas al sur de la frontera estadounidense. Esos apaches de Arizona, miembros de una de las badas de Cochise, le forzaron a permanecer con ellos durante los anos siguientes y aun le hicieron acompanarlos en sus frecuentes correrias en Mexico para hurtar ganado. Pero,

aunque aprendio las costumbres y tecnicas de los apaches, nunca olvido su origen, y a medida que crecia, buscaba una oportunidad de escaparse.

No se sabe como recobro Grijalva su libertad. Pero antes del verano de 1864, a los once anos de ser capturado, estaba crecido y trabajaba de guia, explorador y interprete por la guarnicion de Fort Bowie, Arizona. Grijalva pudo obtener tal empleo porque el comandante militar del territorio, el General Games Carleton, entusiasmado con el buen exido de su redada para prender a los Navajos en Nuevo Mexico por un ejercito de tejanos que se empenaban en conquistarlo por los Estados Confederados...

Automatic translation for skim reading

Grijalva's Revenge on the Apaches
by
Jacqueline Meketa

To the Merodeodora band of Apaches well entered in Mexico, they seemed only a routine incident to the child. When taking it to the terrified boy and shouted, they had no idea that in the years that the tribe would pay that action.

Merejildo Grijalva had about ten years in 1853 when his family and home in a small village of Sonora a hundred miles south of the US border was snatched. Those Arizona Apaches, members of one of Cochise's Bades, forced him to stay with them during the following years and still made them accompany them in their frequent runners in Mexico to steal qanado. But, although he learned the customs and techniques of the Apaches, I never forget their origin, and as he grew up, he was looking for an oportunity to escape.

It is not known how Grijalva recovers his freedom. But before the summer of 1864, at eleven years of being captured, he was grown and worked as a guide, explorer and interpreted by the Fort Bowie garrison, Arizona. Grijalva was able to obtain such an employment because the military commander of the territory, General Games Carleton, excited about the good exid of his raid to turn on Navajos in Nuevo Mexico for an army of Texans who began to conquer him by the Confederate states...

Original English

The original English magazine can likely only be found within some US libraries or bought online and posted cheaply within the US, it's on our wishlist of texts to scan up and add to the website.

From Ted to Dave — Dec 30, 1986 (T-46)⁸⁷

ENVELOPE Postmark dated DEC 30 1986 (T-46)

To: DAVE KACZYNSKI
TERLINGUA ROUTE, BOX 220
ALPINE, TEXAS 79830
FROM: T. KACZYNSKI
STEMPLE PASS RD.
LINCOLN, MONTANA 59639

Dave- Don't forget to try the experiment of going out for a hike for a couple of weeks *without* taking any reading material along. I think you'll find the experience rewarding.

With regard to the book on ancient Mexican sculpture that you gave me, I find that on looking over the pictures more attentively, there are more pieces that I like. For instance, there is the "Great Coatlicue", which didn't interest me at first but which I now like much better. I look at it with a sense of humor. Since it looks like the monster from a cheap horror movie, but still in its own way it is a kind of feast for the eyes. Much better is a statue of an adolescent boy, maybe 14 years old or so. From the point of view of strict realism it is pretty poor — for example the modeling of the limbs is very crude. But the artist has done a splendid job of capturing the general impression of the gawky physique of a teenage kid — and also it seems to me the psychological ebullience of that time of life — the kid looks like he has the *energy* of an adolescent. An interesting question — if the limbs had been well and realistically modeled, would it have detracted from the overall impression by distracting the viewer's attention to the anatomical details? Very possibly so.

Ted

NORTH POLE (AP) — Santa ("Saint Nick") Claus alias Kris Kringle, was indicted today on charges of grand larceny and fraud for allegedly having diverted several million dollars' worth of toys to the mansion of a California millionaire on the evening of December 24 in exchange for \$220,000 worth of shares in a nationally-known toy-manufacturing firm. The toys were to have been delivered to children across the country. The bearded, jack-booted Claus, who has been operating for years under a contract to transport several thousand sleigh-loads of toys annually, allegedly falsified records and altered shipping orders so that between 6 and 8 percent of the most expensive items arrived at the home of the millionaire, who was not named. Claus declined to comment on the charges.

⁸⁷ Letter from T. Kaczynski to Dave Kaczynski T-46. <harbor.klnpa.org/california/islandora/object/cali%3A1106>

“We feel that this may be only the tip of the iceberg”, said investigator Anacharsis Klotz. “We know that Claus has repeatedly entered private homes at night through the chimney. This is illegal entry, but the police have been consistently winking at it. We are continuing our investigation to determine whether payoffs have been involved”.

Meanwhile, a reliable source reported that the Easter Bunny has filed a complaint against Claus for allegedly attempting to muscle in on his egg-delivery business. Bunny, who had been threatened, was previously afraid to take action but was encouraged to do so on receiving news of Claus’s arrest. In other developments, the Tooth Fairy reportedly has been accused of

NOTE: LINE CUT OFF ON THE BOTTOM OF THE PAGE investigating for sexually abusing sleeping children; a recent audit showed that more than \$700,000 in boullion is missing from the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow; and laboratory tests have revealed that “Virgin” Mary is infected with AIDS. Several Halloween ghouls, including “Baron Frankenstein and “Count” Dracula are said to have ...[UNINTELLIGIBLE]... last October 31 by posing as costumed children.

From Ted to Dave — Jan 13, 1987 (T-48)⁸⁸

Mix of Spanish & English

Este pasaje esta sacado (y traducido al ingles) del libro *The Log of a Cowboy, de Andy Adams, University of Nebraska Press, Lincoln, Nebraska, 1971, pages 179–181.

“A mi me era siempre un misterio,” dijo Billy Honeyman, “como sabe un mexicano o un indio tanto mas que nosotros acerca de los caballos. Los he visto rastrear un caballo varias millas a campo traviesa andando a paso largo sin que yo pudiese ver ni huella ni senal. Una vez ayudaba yo a un hambue que criaba caballos a arrear a San Antario un rebano de caballos de las tierras de la parte baja del Rio Grande. Los arreabamos al mercado a vender, y ya que entonces no habia deriocarriles hacia el sur, tuvimas que tracer caballos que noi llevasen a casa despues de vendido el rebano. Siempre soliamos traer caballos favoritos nuestros que no queriamos vender, generalmente dos para cada una de nostros ...

Nos reimos de el. Habia sido peon⁽²⁶⁾, y eso le hizo respetar nuestra opinion — al menos, se abstuvo de contradecirnos...

... insistio en que se le diese de comer. Desde entences, yo siempre respeto mucho la opinion sobre un caballo de un Greaser.

⁸⁸ Letter from T. Kaczynski to Dave Kaczynski T-48. <harbor.klnpa.org/california/islandora/object/cali%3A1108>

⁽²⁶⁾ La version inglesa emplea la palabra *peon*, que en ingles singifica un casi sierro de la gleba (*serf*); pero, en espanol, “peon” ...

Dear Dave:

In accord with your suggestion, I wrote to Hoken asking him if he could refer me to any philosophical writings on that problem of consciousness that I described to you. But the letter was returned to me with the notation "forwarding address expired". I assume you have Hoken's current address and would appreciate it if you would send it to me so I can send him that letter. If you will send me his address I promise not to bite him, put a tack on his seat, or attempt to draw him into any fraudulent schemes. By the way, what is the current spelling of his first name? Hakon? Hakan? Haken? Hokum?

Las anécdotas que siguen están sacadas de una vieja gramática del idioma alemán que tengo.

Un forastero campesino que estaba de visita en Londres quiso asistir a un concierto. Acudí a la taquilla a enterarse del precio de los billetes...

Automatic translation

This passage is taken (and translated into English) from the book *The Log of a Cowboy, by Andy Adams, University of Nebraska Press, Lincoln, Nebraska, 1971, pages 179–181.

"It was always a mystery to me," said Billy Honeyman, "how a Mexican or Indian knows so much more about a horse than any of us. I have seen them trail a horse across a country for miles, riding in a long lope, with not a trace or sign visible to me. I was helping a horseman once to drive a herd of horses to San Antonio from the lower Rio Grande country. We were driving them to market, and as there were no railroads south then, we had to take along saddle horses to ride home on after disposing of the herd. We always took favorite horses which we didn't wish to sell, generally two apiece for that purpose. This time, when we were at least a hundred miles from the ranch, a Mexican, who had brought along a pet horse to ride home, thought he wouldn't hobble this pet one night, fancying the animal wouldn't leave the others. Well, next morning his pet was missing. We scoured the country around and the trail we had come over for ten miles, but no horse. As the country was all open, we felt positive he would go back to the ranch.

"Two days later and about forty miles higher up the road, the Mexican was riding in the lead of the herd, when suddenly he reined in his horse, throwing him back on his haunches, and waved for some of us to come to him, never taking his eyes off what he saw in the road. The owner was riding on one point of the herd and I on the other. We

hurried around to him and both rode up at the same time, when the vaquero blurted out, 'There's my horse's track.'

"What horse?" asked the owner.

"My own; the horse we lost two days ago," replied the Mexican.

"How do you know it's your horse's track from the thousands of others that fill the road?" demanded his employer.

"Don Tomas," said the Aztec, lifting his hat, 'how do I know your step or voice from a thousand others?'

"We laughed at him. He had been a peon⁽²⁷⁾, and that made him respect our opinions—at least he avoided differing with us. But as we drove on that afternoon, we could see him in the lead, watching for that horse's track. Several times he turned in his saddle and looked back, pointed to some track in the road, and lifted his hat to us. At camp that night we tried to draw him out, but he was silent.

"But when we were nearing San Antonio, we overtook a number of wagons loaded with wool, lying over, as it was Sunday, and there among their horses and mules was our Mexican's missing horse. The owner of the wagons explained how he came to have the horse. The animal had come to his camp one morning, back about twenty miles from where we had lost him, while he was feeding grain to his work stock, and being a pet insisted on being fed. Since then, I have always had a lot of respect for a Greaser's opinion regarding a horse."

Dear Dave:

In accordance with your suggestion, I wrote to Hoken asking him if he could refer me to any philosophical writings on that problem of consciousness that I described to you. But the letter was returned to me with the notation "forwarding address expired". I assume you have Hoken's current address and I would appreciate it if you would send it to me so I can send him that letter. If you will send me his address of him I promise not to bite him, put a tack on his seat of him, or attempt to draw him into any fraudulent schemes. By the way, what is the current spelling of his first name? Hakon? Hakan? Haken? Hokum?

The anecdotes that follow are taken from an old German grammar that I have.

A peasant stranger who was visiting London wanted to attend a concert. Go to the ticket office to find out the price of the tickets...

⁽²⁷⁾ The English version uses the word *peon*, which in English means a quasi-saw of the land (*serf*);

From Ted to Dave — May 22, 1987 (T-47)⁸⁹

Original Mix of Spanish & English

Querido hermano:

Recibi el libro de Ovid (o Naso, como le suelen llamar en español, siendo su verdadero nombre Publius Ovidias Nasa O cosa así), que me devolviste. Pero conviene advertirte que el paquete llegó muy maltrecho, con el papel desharapado de tal manera que la mitad del libro estaba descubierta. Por fortuna, el libro mismo no sufrió ningún dano, pero por poco hubiera ...

Si esta carta te llega antes de que vayas a México con Juan — ¡Buen viaje! Y ten cuidado con el agua y la comida para que no te enfermes de algún parásito.

—Ted

Acabo de recibir tus recuerdos de cumpleaños y te los agradezco. No te inquietes por no haberme enviado el libro que pensabas enviar. “Es el pensamiento lo que importa”. (Espero que no te asombres demasiado de este frase tan originalísima.) Si acaso encuentras en México algún libro que me pueda interesar — bueno. Si no, no te inquietes.

— Ted.

Sin duda, te agrada este pasaje de José Ortega y Gasset, *La rebelión de las masas*, Espasa-Calpe, Madrid, 1984, p.122. “La filosofía no necesita ni protección, ni atención, ni simpatía de la masa. Cuida su aspecto de perfecta inutilidad, y con ello ... si no vive más que en la medida en que se combata a sí misma, en que se desviva a sí misma?”

P.S. Si quieres darme un regalo de cumpleaños, lo puedes hacer sin costo alguno: Obténme la dirección de algunos editores (publishers) españoles y hispanoamericanos para que yo pueda pedirles sus catálogos. Parents sent me photos of your cabin. Looks like good workmanship as far as I can see from the distant photos.

Automatic translation

Dear brother:

I received the book of Ovid (or Naso, as they usually call him in Spanish, his real name being Publius Ovidias Nasa Or something like that), which you returned to me. But it is worth warning you that the package arrived very damaged, with the paper torn in such a way that half of the book was uncovered. By chance, the book itself suffered no damage, but it almost would have...

⁸⁹ Letter from T. Kaczynski to Dave Kaczynski T-47. <harbor.klnpa.org/california/islandora/object/cali%3A1107>

but, in Spanish, “peon”...

If this letter reaches you before you go to Mexico with Juan — Have a good trip! And be careful with water and food so you don't get sick from any parasites.

—Ted

I just received your birthday wishes and I thank you. Don't worry about not having sent me the book you were planning to send. "It's the thought that matters." (I hope you are not too surprised by this very original phrase.) If you happen to find some book in Mexico that might interest me — well. If not, don't worry.

—Ted.

Without a doubt, you will like this passage from Jose Ortega y Gasset, *La rebellion of the masses*, Espasa-Calpa, Madrid, 1984, p.122. "Philosophy needs neither protection, nor attention, nor sympathy from the masses. It maintains its character of complete inutility, and thereby frees itself from all subservience to the average man. It recognizes itself as essentially problematic, and joyously accepts its free destiny as a bird of the air, without asking anybody to take it into account, without recommending or defending itself. If it does really turn out to the advantage of anyone, it rejoices from simple human sympathy; but does not live on the profit it brings to others, neither anticipating it nor hoping for it. How can it lay claim to being taken seriously by anyone if it starts off by doubting its own existence, if it lives only in the measure in which it combats itself, deprives itself of life?"

P.S. If you want to give me a birthday gift, you can do it at no cost: Get me the addresses of some Spanish and Hispanic American publishers so I can ask them for their catalogues. Parents sent me photos of your cabin. Looks like good workmanship as far as I can see from the distant photos.

From Ted to Dave — Jul 15, 1987 (T-49)⁹⁰

Original mix of Spanish & English

Del perodico "Missoulia", 16 Mayo, 1987.

Autor, Don Baty.

El Azote del Despoblade

Aquel arroyo frio y claro puede parecer muy bueno cuando se esta en las montenas en un dia de calor, pero piense en Giaria lambia antes de echarse a la ribera a chuparse el agua.

⁹⁰ Letter from T. Kaczynski to Dave Kaczynski T-49. <harbor.klnpa.org/california/islandora/object/cali%3A1109>

Giardia lamblia es un animalito de celula unica que puebla los intestinos de los hombres y otros mamiferos, produciendo giardiosis, enfermedad cuyos sintomas son nausea, vomito, diarrea y calambre abdominal.

En 1986 se registraron 229 casos de giardiasis en el estado [de Montana] y 45 en el condado de Missoula.

Greg Oliver, especialista en sandidad ambiental del Departamento de Sanidad de la ciudad y el condado ...

... filtrandose, o hirriendose por cinco minutos a lo menos.

[I don't have time right now to finish translating this article into Spanish, so I'll just transcribe the rest of it in English.]

Small filters that can be carried in a backpack, as well as large filters that can treat about 3 quarts of water in a minute, are available. He said water purification tablets will kill backteria but are not always effective on Giadia cysts.

Spring water just bubbling out of the rocks is the safest and water in, or downstream of, lakes and beaver ponds is most likely to contain cysts...

– End of article

No mention of cysts in your liver or brain. I think that must have been a confusion either your part or the part of your source of information.

–Ted

Querido hermano:

Me muero por saber tus aventuras en Mexico — supongo que ya habras regresado a tu casa. Por supuesto, puede ser que estes ahora ocupado de otras cosas, de modo que no te convenga escribirme tus experiencias, yo leeria con mucho gusto lo que me escribieses.

De proposito, Pancho Villa era oriundo de Durango. Esto lo supe leyendo un libro muy interesante que adquiri recientemente: John Womack, Jr., *Zapata and the Mexican Revolution*, Vintage Books, 1968.

Eres en cierto modo mas afortunado que yo:

A ti te es atraida la gente, y eso te abre ciertas oportunidades que generalmente no se me abren a mi. Por ejemplo, este viaje a Mexico: Yo en tu lugar, probablemente ningun mexicano no me habira invitado a mi a visitar su pais.

–Ted

P.S. I went down to the mailbox to send you this letter, and found your latest letter there. I read your account of your adventures with the greatest interest, and would be most eager to hear about any other such experiences that you may have. Your adventures seemed most wonderful to me — it must have been like stepping into a different world.

I also thought your account was very well written. I assume you will make other visits to Mexico in the future, and after you have accumulated enough material I'll bet you could publish a book on your experiences. I think there would be a much better market for a book like that than there is for fiction. If you wrote the whole book as well as you did that account that you sent to me, and if it were properly organized and

so forth, I don't see why you shouldn't be able to find a publisher for it. I thought you did a very good job of characterizing Rosa and some of the other people you described.

I do have a couple of minor criticisms. First, I wonder if it wasn't unfair to compare Rosa to a child. A little condescending, perhaps. A lot of people — in our own society too — give little thought to their own or other people's motives, and that is a weak point, but I don't know that I would call them childish for it.

Also, your last line, about "a bestial dialectic which filled the earth with intense music while humanity slept," stuck me as perhaps too lushly poetic to fit in with the tone of the rest of the material. But some people might differ with me on this point. And as I said, on the whole I thought your account was very good.

One dictionary I have lists "adventige" as an acceptable variant of "adventure", but another ...

You might be interested in reading Oscar Lewis, *Pedro Martinez* — an anthropologists account of the Mexican peasant. Our Parents have it, or used to have it, at home.

You might also be interested in reading that book on Zapata that I mentioned above. A lot of the book is devoted to political and military events that probably wouldn't interest you, but the book also tells one a lot about the Mexican peasants of the State of Morelos. Also, the character of Emiliano Zapata is interesting. I think some of the leftists have tried to make a kind of patron saint of Zapata, but actually he was no leftist. He and his revolutionaries were just peasants who wanted to get back the land that the rich landowners had stolen from them. Some urban-intellectual type revolutionaries who seem to have had something in common with the leftists, did attach themselves to Zapata's revolution, but if I remember correctly the book said the peasant revolutionaries never respected these urban-intellectual types — they just made use of them. Anyhow, if you want to read the book I'll send it to you on loan, but I'd like to have it back, cause I want to keep it in my history collection. Let me know if you want to borrow it.

I already have the catalog of Editions Mexicanos Unidos. Their selection is pretty poor. Thanks for the other publishers address. Whenever I think I can afford it, I may want to order that Popol Vuh book. This Popol Vuh stuff is ancient Maya material. Some time ago I ordered a book on it from Espasa-Calpe, but it turned out to be out of print.

The Spanish phrase you included in your letter was screwed up. You wrote: ...

Sigue estudiando español para poder comunicarte mejor con tus amigos mexicanos. Ya sabes probablemente más que yo acerca de la habla coloquial de México, pero si puedo ayudarte de alguna manera con la gramática del idioma oficial, lo hare de muy buena gana.

—Ted

Automatic translation

From the newspaper “Missoulain”, May 16, 1987.

Author, Don Baty.

The Scourge of Depopulation

That cold and clear stream may seem very good when you are in the mountains on a hot day, but think of *Giardia lamblia* before lying down on the bank to drink the water.

Giardia lamblia is a small animal with a single cell that populates the intestines of men and other mammals, producing giardiasis, a disease whose symptoms are nausea, vomiting, diarrhea and abdominal cramps.

In 1986, there were 229 cases of giardiasis in the state [of Montana] and 45 in Missoula County.

Greg Oliver, environmental health specialist with the city and county Health Department...

... seeping, or boiling for at least five minutes.

[I don't have time right now to finish translating this article into Spanish, so I'll just transcribe the rest of it in English.]

Small filters that can be carried in a backpack, as well as large filters that can treat about 3 quarts of water in a minute, are available. He said water purification tablets will kill bacteria but are not always effective on *Giardia* cysts.

Spring water just bubbling out of the rocks is the safest and water in, or downstream of, lakes and beaver ponds is most likely to contain cysts...

– End of article

No mention of cysts in your liver or brain. I think that must have been a confusion either your part or the part of your source of information.

–Ted

Dear brother:

I'm dying to know about your adventures in Mexico — I assume you've already returned home. Of course, it may be that you are currently busy with other things, so it is not convenient for you to write me your experiences, I would gladly read what you write to me.

By the way, Pancho Villa was a native of Durango. I learned this by reading a very interesting book that I recently acquired: John Womack, Jr., *Zapata and the Mexican Revolution*, Vintage Books, 1968.

You are in some ways luckier than me:

You are attracted to people, and that opens up certain opportunities for you that are generally not open to me. For example, this trip to Mexico: If I were you, probably no Mexican would have invited me to visit his country.

–Ted

P.S. I went down to the mailbox to send you this letter, and found your latest letter there. I read your account of your adventures with the greatest interest, and would

be most eager to hear about any other such experiences that you may have. Your adventures seemed most wonderful to me — it must have been like stepping into a different world.

I also thought your account was very well written. I assume you will make other visits to Mexico in the future, and after you have accumulated enough material I'll bet you could publish a book on your experiences. I think there would be a much better market for a book like that than there is for fiction. If you wrote the whole book as well as you did that account that you sent to me, and if it were properly organized and so on, I don't see why you shouldn't be able to find a publisher for it. I thought you did a very good job of characterizing Rosa and some of the other people you described.

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The Spanish phrase you included in your letter was screwed up. You wrote: ...

Keep studying Spanish so you can communicate better with your Mexican friends. You probably already know more than me about the colloquial speech of Mexico, but if I can help you in any way with the grammar of the official language, I will do it very well.

—Ted

From Ted to Dave — Jul 31, 1987 (T-50)⁹¹

ENVELOPE Postmark dated JULY 31 1987 (T-50)

To: Dave Kaczynski

Terlingua Route, Box 220

Alpine, Texas 79830

From: T. Kaczynski

Stemple Pass Rd.

Lincoln, Montana 59639

Letter ID 60225031 DVI K443

Dated July 31, 1987

Original Spanish

Querido hermano:

Recibi el regalo de cumpleaños que me enviaste. Escogiste bien: has tenido en cuenta mi preferencia por las obras clásicas. Yo quedaba sin nada que leer en español que no hubiese leído antes. Leí *Pelita Jimenez* con mucho gusto. Te agradezco. No sé si leíste tu el libro antes de enviármelo. Si no: Trata un tema muy gastado, el del amor erótico, pero lo trata muy bien. La composición es perfecta, salvo en la última parte del libro (como explico más abajo) y la psicología humana está representada con exactitud, a mi parecer. El autor plantea el caso de un ...

... de un telefonazo y él vendrá en seguida, trayendo consigo al aguacil⁽²⁸⁾, y “nosotros los ahuyentaremos pronto”.

Dicho sea de paso que, según Glen, una vez uno de los amigos de Kim que trajo ella a la cabana meo en una cafetera de Glen, y Glen tuvo que botarla.

⁹¹ Letter from T. Kaczynski to Dave Kaczynski T-50. <harbor.klnpa.org/california/islandora/object/cali%3A1110>

⁽²⁸⁾ Quiero decir sherref.

–Ted

Me pregunta si en el vegano hay demasiado color en tu cabana. Quizas podrias remediarlo erigiendo algo asi como un toldo, o de tablas o de lona:

[Image of a cabin shaded from the sun.]

FBI Translation

Dear brother:

I just received your birthday present. You made an excellent choice: you have taken into consideration my preference for classical works. I didn't read anything in Spanish that I haven't read before.

I enjoyed reading *Pepita Jimenez*. I thank you. I do not know if you read the book before sending it to me, if not, let me tell you that deals with an old and exploited theme, erotic love, but it is a good story. Its composition is perfect, but not so in the last part of the book (like I explain later on) and I think that the human psychology I well presented. The author presented the [CROSSED OUT TEXT] of a youngster that is preparing to become a Priest and that falls in love with a beautiful young female, whom also falls in love with him. Valera shows us how the young man is able to fool himself and the false pretexts that the young man uses to convince himself that he is not in love with the woman; also he is able to mix the concepts of egoism and vanity with a true sentiment of religion which makes him yawn to be a Priest. In one specific passage, the young woman confesses to the "vicar Priest", who is her confessor, that she has fallen in love with the young man: it is presented in a very peculiar way the mix of desire and vanity that moves her. Of course, the author realizes the complexity of the human motives, but does not discards the human nature nor presents them as foul, like so many authors do now a days. To the contrary, he seems to be to humble to fool his kin. In his novel they are presented with love-but without shadowing their imperfections.

The ending of the book is not as good as the rest of the book.

The author gives, in an epilogue, the principal acts within the lives of the youngsters after their marriage, and this part of the book is quite lame. But I suppose that this were the ways in the past; Fielding, Thackery, Dickens, etc. did the same thing. More serious would be an insult, and the following duel that is introduced in the story by the author. This episode does not fit in the story; it has no relationship, and it does not necessary. It also tends to disrupt the character that the author has develop in the young man. I believe that Valera brought this episode in the novel, because almost all the action (if you can call it action) in the novel is psychological and the author thought that many of his readers needed some physical or violent action or thought that some of his readers would consider his hero as gay, this might have made him

compelled to make more of a man out of his character; from here this episode seems to grow artificially from The rest of the story.

It is interesting to point out two things within the writings of Valera that we could feel are undetectable. In “Comendador Mendoza”, Valera makes a young man of 18 or 20 years, to fall in love with another man of 50 years of age. In “Pepita Jimenez”, and also in “Comendador Mendoza”, if I do remember well, some of the characters talk about dying for love. To us it seems a little difficult that a young woman falls in love with an old man or that someone might die for love. But in Valera’s writing it would be difficult not to believe something like this, when we consider a real life episode of Valera himself when he was 61 years old! He had a love adventure with a young woman [CROSSED OUT TEXT], who committed suicide when Valera left her.

This I learned reading the biographical data in the beginning of the book.

In the same prologue, Valera did not believe in the pedagogical value of the novels, and that they should not be used to “test theses”; for “dissertations and specialized books” should be written. He also said that “the object of art is to create beauty”, and that after writing *Pepita Jimenez*, “my purpose was to limit myself in writing something to entertain”.

In majority, Indeed to agree with that; but a matured taste finds more fun in works that represent true human psychology, it’s [CROSSED OUT TEXT] developments and it’s changes, and then to bored the external and physical action. And so, indirectly, I believe the novel has some pedagogical function, because it tells us of certain things of the human mind and makes us think about *our personal psychic*.

I suppose you have received mi letter were I mentioned your marvelous adventures in Mexico and your relations to them?

Almost 2 weeks ago that the adopted daughter of Glen and Dolores Williams (owners of the cabin next to mine) arrived with various adolescents, friends of his, and without their parents. They did-as known- a lot of noise, but the bad thing is that the boys fired their rifles almost all day long, for two consecutive days. It seems, that this girls have made a group of some very stupid, and irresponsible friends, or like we would say in English *she’s fallen into bad company*.

Because of this, I became quite concern about all the bullets this irresponsibles were firing, mainly, it made me mad [CROSSED OUT TEXT] of the runnings. At the end of the first day, I got tired of the noise and I went down the hill to talk to this imbeciles to ask them to control themselves. But, as soon as I started to walk down, I found one of them walking up the hill. I started to talk to him very politely about the noise, but suddenly he responded -why don’t you shut the fuck up?- and then he said something that sounded like a menace, although I was not able to hear him well. I felt happy, because it gave me a clear and defined reason and I knew exactly what to do. A complaint such as “too much noise” is seldom strong, so I kept silence and waited until the stupid kids left. I later wrote a cordial letter to Glen and Dolores explaining to them what happened, and I asked them to please inform Kim (their adopted daughter)

that from now on she should consider not bringing people as those; and that if some friends of hers wanted to shoot all day, they should find some other place to do that.

A few days later after sending the letter, Glen came by, and it seems he was madder than me with those adolescents. He told me the following story: When he received the letter, his wife Dolores did not told him about it. (Glen is from the south, and seems to belong to a school of strong discipline; while Dolores is less incline to it, and maybe this is why she did not inform her husband). So Glen [CROSSED OUT TEXT] the letter. Glen works for McDonald's in Great Falls. And his adopted daughter is presently living with her true mother and not with Glen and Dolores- I do not know why. Also, Glen told me that Kim should not have the key of the cabin, and that the one she has, stole it from Glen. (Glen said that he would change the lock of the cabin). Then, not long ago, after reading the letter, he was working in McDonald's and they showed up-for one reason or other- Kim and her boyfriend or lover, what ever. Glen started to speak to them about the event; I do not know how he approached them. But they started to curse on him and Glen said to the youngster:- Are you man enough to come out of the car?- The boy started to exit the car and Glen hit him three times. [CROSSED OUT TEXT] Kim and her lover left the place, they called the police and reported him for assault, and threaten him to take him to court, because the boy's eye started to hurt. Glen did not show proper wisdom by hitting the boy, but I feel happy he did.

Glen said: when they are together four or five of this boys, they think they are strong; but when you find one of them alone, is as tamed as a sheep". He told me that if something like this happens again, I should call him and he will come immediately with the bailiff.⁽²⁹⁾

I should tell you that Glen told me that once, one of those friends that Kim brought to the cabin pissed inside one of Glen's coffee pots and Glen had to throw it away.

— Ted

He asks me if there is too much color in vegan in your cabin. Perhaps you could remedy this by erecting something like an awning, either made of boards or canvas:

[Image of a cabin shaded from the sun.]

From Ted to Dave — Aug 26, 1987 (T-51)⁹²

ENVELOPE Postmark dated AUG 26 1987 (T-51)

⁹² Letter from T. Kaczynski to Dave Kaczynski T-51. <harbor.klnpa.org/california/islandora/object/cali%3A1111>

⁽²⁹⁾ I want to say Sheriff.

To: Dave Kaczynski
Terlingua Route, Box 220
Alpine, Texas 79830
From: T. Kaczynski
Stemple Pass Rd.
Lincoln, Montana 59639
Letter dated Aug. 26, 1987. LAB ID 60225031 D VI K444

FBI Translation

My Dear brother:

I thank you for correcting my spelling of the word “subsistencia”; most probably I would have continued spelling that word wrong if you did not correct me.

I have not yet received the book of Nunez Cabeza de Vaca. The books that are ordered to Spain usually arrive within 3 months. After receiving the book and reading it, I will send it to you. I beg of you to safe it well, because I want to add it to my collection of Conquerors. It could be very difficult to find another such book, because when you request books from Espasa-Calpe, they say that they are run out of them. It is very possible that my book is one of the last ones available. I think you have already read the Nunez Cabeza de Vaca book in english, but without doubt you want to read it in spanish.

Pertaining to the attitudes of the hispanic peasant, they could have been different a few decades ago from what they are now. Emilio Zapata was a peasant, but a little richer than the medium peasant and, it seems that he wanted to have more economic enhancement than others.

... (Zapata) had foreseen that reorganized haciendas might be a bountiful source of public wealth, and recent talks with agronomists had confirmed his idea that the mills should continue to operate as “national factories”. Farmers growing [sugar] cane and selling it to the mills would earn money, he understood, and so be able to save, buy new goods, and use new services...[He] urged villagers to quit growing vegetables and instead produce a cash crop. “If you keep on growing chile peppers, onions, and tomatoes”, he told Villa de Ayala farmers, “you’ll never get out of the state of poverty you’ve always lived in. That’s why, as I advise, you, you have to grow cane...”...

“But most families went on truck farming. Rather than rehabilitate the hacienda, they obviously preferred to work and trade in foodstuffs that had always seemed the mainstay of the pueblo...

So profuse was the production [CROSSED OUT TEXT]od that... there was little sign of inflation...

“...in the very crops people liked to grow, they [CROSSED OUT TEXT]led the kind of community they liked to dwell in. They had no [CROSSED OUT TEXT] for the style of individuals on the make, the life of [CROSSED OUT TEXT]etual achievement and acquisition, of chance and change [CROSSED OUT TEXT] moving on. Rather, they wanted a life they could control, [CROSSED OUT TEXT]odest, familial prosperity...” — John Womack, Jr. *[CROSSED OUT TEXT]ata and the Mexican Revolution*, Vintage books, 1968, pp. 240-[CROSSED OUT TEXT] (the time referred to in this passage is between 1910 [CROSSED OUT TEXT]920, and the place is the state of Morelos, Mex.)

The following passage is from Walter Starkie, *Spanish[CROSSED OUT TEXT]aggle-Taggle*, E.P. Dutton, Inc. 1935, pp. 301–302.

In the early 1930’s Starkie travelled on foot through [CROSSED OUT TEXT] in Spain, consorting with Gypsies and peasants and so [CROSSED OUT TEXT] In Castilla la Vieja (Old Castile) he met a peasant named Moreno. Here is a snatch of their conversation:

“‘Come now, Moreno, what about the agrarian reform?’

“‘Who cares a curse about the agrarian reform except the politicians? Why, here is Castile we all have our piece of land and what we want is to be left alone to work it!

“‘It was useless to urge Moreno to consider the benefits of modern methods, new inventions and mechanical contri[CROSSED OUT TEXT] that would increase, his output. ‘I have nothing to do with that’ was his constant refrain. ‘My father, my grandfather and my great-grandfather reaped and threshed in the old traditional way and they were able to live *an honest life*. Why should I worry my head over *those new[CROSSED OUT TEXT] notions?*’”

This type of attitudes are often qualified as “mindless conservatism” and they are mindless- at least, in the case of the majority of the peasants- but I believe that the results are indeed less damaging than those of the mindless progressivism. But what I wanted to point out is that the peasants pertaining to the past, did not feel helpless, inferior, nor yearn the opportunities of the modern society.

But, I most tell you of the non-assured and [CROSSED OUT TEXT] truthful passage of Starkie that I just cited.

This author encountered in his occurrences, many romantic incidents and it is very possible that he enhanced his adventures with a little of fantasy or exaggeration. The passage I cited is plain and free of romanticism; but I have no trust on the veracity of the author.

I do not sympathize with Glen Williams for having just a daughter;

I doubt he was a better father [CROSSED OUT TEXT] daughter. It would be more appropriate to sympathize his wife, who- although was not smart, maybe was more of a parent to the daughter. To those adolescents you call them “rotten”. Maybe — but comparing them to the *yuppies* and certain other bourgeois, who are more rotten?

— Ted

P.S. Pertaining to the book of Nunez Cabeza de Vaca — could be that I may take quite some time reading it, mostly because I have ordered other books that should be arriving at the same time, and I will read them, probably, simultaneously with the one of Nunez. If you want a copy that you want to read, I can give you the address of the editor, the catalog number of the book, etc. Or, I could lent you my catalog, that contain many other books with interesting titles: fiction, philosophy, history, what ever [CROSSED OUT TEXT]

From Ted to Dave — Oct 26, 1987 (T-52)⁹³

ENVELOPE Postmark date OCT 26 1987 PM LINCOLN, MT 59639 (T-52)
To: DAVE KACZYNSKI
TERLINGUA ROUTE, BOX 220
ALPINE, TEXAS 79830
FROM: T. KACZYNSKI
STEMPLE PASS RD.
LINCOLN, MONTANA 59639

-From *Joseph Conrad: Life and Letters*, by G. Jean-Aubry, Doubleday, Page and Co., New York, 1927, Vol. 11 pp. 72–73. Letter from J. Conrad to Arthur Symons, Aug., 1908:

My Dear Sir:

Thanks for communicating to me your study of my work — this “rejected address” to the public on behalf of my art. I can be nothing but grateful for the warm, living sincerity of your impression and of your analysis. [UNINTELLIGBLE] imagine with what curiosity I went on from page to page.

You say things which touch me deeply. Reading certain passages

I feel that 14 years of honest work are not gone for nothing. A big slice of life that, which thanks to you I may say, in not altogether lost. There has been in all that time not 10 minutes of amateurishness. That is the truth. For the rest I may say that there are certain passages which have surprised me. I did not know that I had “a heart of darkness” and an “unlawful” soul. Mr. Kurz had, and I have not treated him with the easy moncha[UNINTELLIGBLE] of our amateur. Believe me, no man paid more for his lines than I have. By that I possess an inalienable right to the use of all my epithets. I did not know that I delighted in cruelty and that the shedding of blood was my obsession.

⁹³ Letter from T. Kaczynski to Dave Kaczynski T-52. <harbor.klnpa.org/california/islandora/object/cali%3A1112>

The fact is that I am really a much simpler [UNINTELLIGIBLE] too. In the simplicity of my heart, I tried to realize these facts when they came in. Do you really think that old Flaubert gloated over the deathbed of Emma, or the death march of Malho, or the last moment of Beline?...

P.78 of the same book, in a letter to John Galsworthy concerning the latter's novel "Shadows":

"There will be thousands who will feel a sort of uneasiness.

It will to them dwarf the greatness of the book. I am talking of simple people. The other kind will no doubt discover varied interpretations, not one of which will be worth-having."

So much for the speculations of critics.

Paragraph in Spanish.

Note: A point about which I had wondered sometimes: Conrad was evidently a skeptic in religious matters: Above-mentioned book, p 83, in a letter to Edward Garnett, Aug 28, 1908: "I wish I could believe in an intelligent, benevolent Supreme Being to whom I could leave the task of paying my debts..... And perhaps there is one. I don't know, but it is clear that unless there be a God to repay you [rest of words cut off]

NEXT THREE (3) PAGES IN SPANISH

TWO COLUMNS SPANISH GRAMMAR, and then the following:

I like *to run* infinitive object of serving as direct object of "like" [UNINTELLIGIBLE] might analyse the sentence differently, but this is what it amounts to.) I guess grammarians would say the verb [UNINTELLIGIBLE] is "like to run", like "being an auxiliary verb to "to run"

That he runs is a well-known fact subject of sentence is itself a complete sentence ("he runs") preceded by "that".

You say "I went in order to ask for transportation", not "I went in order that to ask for transportation"

You do say "I went in order *that I might find transportation*," complete sentence prefixed by "that, though in this case I can't say it serves as a noun.

Thus, in spanish: "Le di un telefonazo para pedir transporte".

[Next two sentences in Spanish.]

I'm not explaining this well — I ought to get a book and review my *English* grammar so as to know the correct terminology for [UNINTELLIGIBLE] sentence.

[Spanish written on left hand margin] possibly you were confused here by Spanish expressions like "tener que hacer" and "haber que hacer". But these are special idiomatic expressions — normally an infinitive is not preceded by "que".

You wrote Correction: realizan que el should have written "darnos cuenta de que hombre no iba el hombre no iba..."

Spanish "realizar" does not mean "to become aware"; it means "to achieve" or "carry out". "Realizamos nuestro proposito" = "we achieved our purpose". My dictionary does give "realizan que" meaning "to become aware that", but it marks it as an *anglicism*. I

don't recall ever having encountered this use of this word in my reading. el solo camino factible I'm not sure but I rather question that this is a correct use of *factible*. I suspect that the word can only be applied to nouns that more or less describe an action. Thus I think you could say "proyecto factible" or "plan factible". But I'm not at all sure about this. cada vez pasaban vehiculos cado vez que pasoban vehiculos

It may be that colloquially "que" is often omitted before a subordinate clause, but in the official language it generally should not be omitted.

THE REST OF PAGE IS IN SPANISH.

So in two days you covered 60 miles on foot. That's good going considering that all of it was, I take it, either at night, or else cross-country without a good trail. Me intereso mucho tu relacion. Y leere con gusto cualesquier otras relaciones de tus aventuras que me kutenus [UNINTELLIGBLE].

Pues cuidate bien, aventurero y atrevido hermanite — no te arriesques demasiado.
-Ted

P.S. If you decide to order any books from Espaca-Calpe, this is how it works: What you pay will of course vary with the exchange rate.

So you write to them to ask the price of the book or books. In reply they send you a "factura" listing the books with their prices in pesetas, and also in "divisas". The word means foreign exchange. The units aren't listed in the factura, but the number that appears under the heading "divisas" refers to dollars and cents. Despite the variation at the exchange rate, the price in dollars and cents remains valid provided you get your order in within a fixed period of time — 60 days from the date of the factura, if I remember right.

A postal money order won't be valid in Spain. You'll have to get a money order at a bank. You don't need an international money order.

A regular bank money order is OK — but just to make sure, ask at the bank to make sure their money orders are good in Spain. You might want to send the money order by registered [bottom of page cut off] [written in left hand margin] [UNINTELLIGBLE] able to get the money required.

But a registered letter to Spain costs about \$3.60. It will probably take a month or more to get a reply to your inquiry. Then from the time you send in the money it will probably take about 3 months or a little more, to get the books. The way the facturo is set up, it's not clear whether you have [UNINTELLIGBLE] order either all or none of the books you inquired about, or whether you can order just *some* of the books.

The [UNINTELLIGBLE] cost [UNINTELLIGBLE] bucks — I don't remember what I paid. Remember that in Spain, when they write numbers, they use a comma for a decimal point and a decimal point for a comma thus:

U.S.

41,022.56

Spanish

41.022,56

FBI Translation of Spanish Portion

If at any time you find in some bookstore a copy — be it new or used — of *The Summing Up*, by W. Somerset Maugham, but it for me please, and send it to me. I will pay you for it. I have wanted to buy this book for a long time but it is hard to get. Several months ago I ordered it from Interlibrary Loan Service, but it does not appear (cannot read) supplied me with a copy.

(Cannot read) ...they are known mainly by the father's last name, (cannot read) second to last and not his last name: thus:

Ignacio *Guzman Herrero* father's last name mother's last name will be known as "Guzman" and not as "Herrero." Or so I thought: But Alver Nunez Cabeza de Vaca is known that way "Cabez de Vaca" instead of "Nunez and he who wrote those notes also is sometimes named that way?!?! Perhaps they do this because "Nunez" is a very common last name.

Dear Brother:

Your adventure with Juan was very interesting. But was it not very risky? — in two different senses, physical and legal. I ask myself if you are braver than you are smart. It is worth taking a risk when there is something to be gained. Something that is worth plenty to compensate the danger, but when there is nothing to be gained.* Wasn't your friend able to walk as well without you as he could with you? Well, "it's your ass" — it's your ass, as we say in English. You have the right to risk it without reason if you so desire.

As for the book of Nunez Cabeza de Vaca: I have received it and have started reading it. In spite of some archaisms, it is very easy to read as far as the difference in language is concerned. But some parts are somewhat difficult to understand, not because the author wrote in Spanish, but because he did not know how to give a clear and well organized narration of the events. Not only will I send you the address of the editors, but I will send you the catalog; they have sent me a new one and I will send you the old one. You don't

**Perhaps you had something to gain — knowledge of the lives of the Mexicans — It's worth the risk. have to return it to me. Before you buy the book, perhaps you prefer to read my copy — which I will willingly loan to you if you want it — because you may not want to buy it after reading it: First, the author describes a tribe of Indians who always appeared to be half starved. (Really, describes all the Indians* as if they were always half starved) and he goes on to say that the men from this same tribe could run all day, from sun up to sun down, and that in this manner they hunted deer, running them down until they could no longer evade the man, and in this manner they caught the live deer. It is clear that a man who is half starved cannot catch a running deer. But, OK: a wrecked man not accustomed to the hardships of Indian life could well exaggerate. However, the bad thing is, that Mr. Nunez asserts shaving cured the Indians by making the sign of the cross and praying over them. This does not

refer to a few sick people who might have been made well by accident after they had somebody make the sign of the cross and pray over them. Mr. Nunez affirmed having cured a very large number of Indians; he affirms that his cures were *never unsuccessful*, including the treatment of people who are gravely ill; he also asserts having brought back to life a man who had no pulse and was believed by everybody to be dead. I am therefore obligated to conclude that Mr. Alvar Nunez Cabeza de Vaca is a liar or a fool, therefore one cannot believe that his story is true.

On the other hand, I have no reason to doubt that the majority of story he tells is true, and the story is very interesting — or it would be if one could believe it. I find it difficult to enjoy reading this because of the miraculous treatments; because I don't know which parts are lies and which are truths.

Be as it may, let me know if you want me to send you the book.

“(Can't read) Austral” of the Espasa-Calpe is a collection of cheap and rustic editions of classic works. The volumes of the old editions are well made, with the pages stitched; but the new volumes are very poorly made: the pages are bound with glue and they come loose very easily. The book of N. C. de V. that I got was printed in 1985 (and therefore, notwithstanding what I said in my last letter, will be easy to obtain) and it has its pages bound to the back with glue. Because of that, if you want me to send you the book, I will not get angry if the pages come loose while you have it — really, it is probably inevitable for the pages to come loose. But I beg you to be careful and not lose any pages. Using the English expression: [I don't necessarily expect to get the book back in one piece, but I do want to get all the pieces back!]

Your Spanish continues to improve. I only have a few

I have read more into the book (can't read) But, as I said, in light of what it says about miracle cure, How can one believe this man? If he was not a liar, Cabeza de Vaca must have had a poor sense of judgement, or he had a great ability to fool himself.

You wrote Correct

English English a small town a small town more or less more or less 60 miles from rancho Terlingua

60 miles from One would probably say rancho Terlingua small town instead of small town, but the matter is very (can't read) and I am not sure. to request to request transportation transportation “que” is not used before an infinitive — An infinitive serves as a noun. “que” is placed before a complete sentence to make that sentence serve as a noun.

Thus:

To run is good

(English)

This, in Spanish: “I gave him/her a phone call to ask for transportation.” “I gave Juan the boss' telephone number so that he can ask him for transportation.” “Que” precedes this ...

(English) possibly you were confused here by Spanish expressions like “having to do” and “having to do.” But these are special idiomatic expressions — normally an infinitive is not preceded by “que.”

You wrote Correction realize that theShould have written “Become aware man was not goingthat the man was not going...”

Spanish “realizar” does not mean “to become aware”; it means “to achieve” or “to carry out” “Realizar nuestro proposito” = “we achieved our purpose.” My dictionary does give “realizar que” meaning “to become aware that,” but it marks it as an *anglicism*. (English) the only feasible road I’m not sure, but I rather question that this is a correct use of *factible* (feasible) I suspect that the word can only be applied to nouns that more or less describe an action. Thus I think you could say “feasible project” or “feasible plan.” But I’m not at all sure about this. each time each time *that* (que) vehicles passed vehicles passed

It may be that colloquially “que” is often omitted before a subordinate clause, but in the official language it generally should not be omitted.

1. Now and then-Now and then’

2. die-die

3. where a creek named-creek named

Terlingua Creek runs

4. It was seven in the -It was seven in the morning morning

5. forget how sweet it -forget how sweet it tasted tasted In your grammar book look up “how.” until we *arrive* at the ranch infinitive until we *arrive at the ranch* complete sentence

(English)

Your narration interested me very much. I will gladly read any other narrations of your adventures that you wish to send me.

Take care, adventurous and daring little brother — don’t be too daring.

Ted

From Ted to Dave — Dec 1, 1987 (T-53)⁹⁴

ENVELOPE Postmark dated DEC 1 1987 (T-53)

To: DAVE KACZYNSKI

TERLINGUA ROUTE, BOX 220

ALPINE, TEXAS 79830

FROM: T. KACZYNSKI

STEMPLE PASS RD.

LINCOLN, MONTANA 59639

⁹⁴ Letter from T. Kaczynski to Dave Kaczynski T-53. <harbor.klnpa.org/california/islandora/object/cali%3A1113>

And yet literary creation being only one of the legitimate forms of human activity has no value but on the condition of not excluding the fullest recognition of all the more distinct forms of action. This condition is sometimes forgotten by the man of letters, who often, especially in his youth, is inclined to lay a claim of exclusive superiority for his own amongst all the other tasks of the human mind.

The mass of verse and prose may glimmer here and there with the glow of a divine spark, but in the sum of human effort it has no special importance. There is no justificative formula for its existence any more than for any other artistic achievement. With the rest of them it is destined to be forgotten, without, perhaps, leaving the faintest trace.

——— Joseph Conrad, “Books, II, in *Notes on Life and Letters*, Doubleday, Page (U) Company Garden City, N.Y., 1924, page 7.

Dear Brother:

Merry Christmas! I’m sending you for a present a book you might like if you are still interested in Bela Lugosi and those types; and besides I’m sending you some delicacies that consist of parsnips prepared this way: first they were cooked, then they were sliced lengthwise, and, finally, they were dried. They are ready to eat and don’t require any preparation. But, be careful not to break your teeth on them! They are very hard. You have to suck on them until they soften up before you chew them. It’s possible to soften them up cooking them or covering them in water, but that way they lose all their flavor. I’m not sending you but a small amount, because I don’t know if you’ll like them. Do me the favor of telling me if you like them.

-Ted.

(PHOTO COPY OF NOTEBOOK PAPER 100 COLLEGE RULED SHEETS)

From Ted to Dave — Dec 18, 1987 (T-54)⁹⁵

Envelope Postmark dated DEC 18 1987 AM CANYON CREEK, MT 59633 (T-54)

To: DAVE KACZYNSKI

463 NORTH RIDGE AVE.

LOMBARD, ILLINOIS 60148

FROM: T. KACZYNSKI

STEMPLE PASS ROAD

LINCOLN, MONTANA 59639

FRONT TO ENVELOPE HAS LINES RUNNING UP AND DOWN AND THE WORDS “THAT IS ALL” AT TOP OF ENVELOPE.

⁹⁵ Letter from T. Kaczynski to Dave Kaczynski T-54. <harbor.klnpa.org/california/islandora/object/cali%3A1154>

FBI Translation

Dear brother:

Here are some books that you can buy for me if you can find them some bookstore. In descending order of importance (that is, the first is the one I desire the most.

1 .) *The Summing Up*, W. Somerset Maugham (\$15.00)

2 .) G. Mackey, *The Mathematical Foundations of Quantum Mechanics* (\$15.00)

3 .) Fernando Orozco y [UNINTELLIGBLE], *La Guc*** de Treirta akos* (but this one you're not likely to find) \$3.00

4 .) Dictionary of the Royal Spanish Academy (Diccionario de la Lergua Espanola, de la Real Arademcia Espanola) (Preferably the most recent edition, but wouldn't *have* to be the most recent.) The most recent edition is 2 volumes, older editions might have different no. of volumes — don't buy unless you have all the volumes. *New* this dictionary would cost somewhere in the neighborhood of \$70.00 — hopeless! But if you should find a used one, I'd go up to \$20.00 for it.

Don't buy the *Grammar* of the Royal Spanish Academy — I already have that.

The prices written after the above books indicate the maximum price I'd be willing to pay for them. The maximum *total* I'd be willing to spend would be \$30.00. I'm very [UNINTELLIGBLE] to spend that much all at once on books, but the books mentioned might be difficult to get, so I'd hate to pass up the chance.

Bear in mind that the better book stores often have extensive

used book sections and that's where to look to get books cheap, or to find hard to get books.

Ted

I have finished reading the book of Cabega de Vaca. Let me know when you want me to send it to you.

Your account about the lamb was very interesting.

You wrote | *should be* | The name was | The name was | It was explained | It was explained | [UNINTELLIGBLE] | [UNINTELLIGBLE] | More or less 20 steps | Morae or less 20 steps | The eyes were green | The eyes were green | Across a distance | Across a distance | The skin was brown | re brown skin and hair | Me di cuenta | Me di cuenta de que | On left are parts | of sentences from Dave's letters. On right | Ted tells Dave how it should have been written. dar se cuenta de que means more like "to realize." If you [UNINTELLIGBLE] *notice* I think it's better to use [UNINTELLIGBLE], rotar, or observer el sol [UNINTELLIGBLE] present participles (like [UI]) are not used as pure adjectives. [UNINTELLIGBLE] [UNINTELLIGBLE] [UNINTELLIGBLE] no [UNINTELLIGBLE] *que* is followed by subjunctive (fuera), but no sober *si* is followed by indicative.

Actually your use of *fuera* could perhaps be justified by recourse to a high-level and fancy grammatical conversation which equates the reference the past subjunctive with the [UNINTELLIGBLE] indicative (*fuera* = *habia* [UNINTELLIGBLE], [UNINTELLIGBLE] = *habia venido*, etc.) This is [UNINTELLIGBLE] the fact that the [UNINTELLIGBLE] of the past subj. derives from the Latin [UNINTELLIGBLE] *so* that the above convention amounts more or less to using Latin grammar. — *Ted* P.S. You say you get this sodium-free baking powder. I can't get it around here. Please get me some, if convenient. Since I may not get another chance to get [UNINTELLIGBLE] for a long time, get me about \$10.00 worth, which of course I'll pay for. Thanks, Merry Christmas. — *Ted*

Did you get the Christmas package I sent you there in Texas? I sent it about Dec. 1.

P.S. How is Joel Schwarz doing?

T. J.

Kaczynski

Stemple Pass Road

Lincoln, Montana 59639

U.S.A.

April

1, 1987

Espasa Calpe, S.A.

Apartment 5_7

_____ Madrid

Dear Gentlemen:

I wish to purchase one volume of each of the following titles which appear in your catalog of June 1985:

From Ted to Dave — Jan 20, 1988 (T-55)⁹⁶

To: DAVE KACZYNSKI

463 N. RIDGE AVE.

LOMBARD, ILLINOIS 60148

FROM: T. KACZYNSKI

STEMPLE PASS RD.

LINCOLN, MONTANA 59639

Dear Dave:

⁹⁶ Letter from T. Kaczynski to Dave Kaczynski T-55. <harbor.klnpa.org/california/islandora/ob-

Thanks for taking the [UNINTELLIGIBLE] trouble to look for books for me. [UNINTELLIGIBLE] Thanks for *The Summing Up*, which I have received.

If Dale Edwards is so generous as to want to copy for me Mackey's *Mathematical Foundations of Quantum Theory*, he is [UNINTELLIGIBLE] certainly welcome to do so, and I'll be glad to receive the copy. If you'd like to give me his address I'll send him reimbursement and my thanks.

I'll send you the Cabeza de Vaca book next time I get to town—but please tell me where to send it. I gather you're still in Lombard, and I don't know when you're going back to Texas.

(A CIRCLE IS DRAWN AROUND: Note spelling of apparently)

[UNINTELLIGIBLE] One isn't supposed to look a gift horse in the mouth but

I suppose you want [UNINTELLIGIBLE] truth: I think Altamirano's (*Spanish words*) stinks. A part from the fine descriptive passage at the beginning

[UNINTELLIGIBLE] the book is inept from a literary point of view, and as for the ideas it promotes I have no use for a patronizing priest who tries to brainwash villagers into adopting bourgeois values.

You'll recall that Juan Valera regarded literature as mere entertainment, and considered the treatise rather than the [UNINTELLIGIBLE] novel to be the proper vehicle for instruction. You'll also recall the passage [UNINTELLIGIBLE] of Conrad I quoted for you recently, in which he argued mundane occupations. Here is Maugham on the same subject: *The Summing Up*, Chapt. [UNINTELLIGIBLE] XIV:

"There is no more merit in having read a thousand books than in having ploughed a thousand fields. There is no more merit in being able to attach a correct description to a painting than in being able to find out what is wrong with a stalled motorcar. In each case it is special knowledge. The stockbroker has his knowledge too and so has the artisan. It is a silly prejudice of the intellectual that [CROSSED OUT TEXT] the only one that counts. The true, the good, and the beautiful are not the perquisites of those who have been to expensive schools, burrowed in libraries, and frequented museums. The artist has no excuse when he uses others with condescension. He is a fool if he thinks his knowledge is more important than theirs and an oaf if he cannot meet them on an equal footing. Matthew Arnold did a great disservice to culture when he insisted on its opposition to philistinism."

Ted (OVER- >)

(ATTACHED ON TWO PAGES AT WHAT LOOKS LIKE INVOICES IN SPANISH FROM SOME COMPANY)

From Dave to Ted — Feb 17, 1988 (T-56)⁹⁷

Dear Ted

I'm back at the ranch again.

It would please me to receive that [UNINTELLIGBLE] book anytime its convenient [UNINTELLIGBLE] are delicious! Thanks on all counts.

I hope Dale sends you a copy of the Mackey book. He's sometimes forgetful. According to his plans, he would have left his mother's by now to return to Minnesota. Otherwise, I would write to remind him.

Hope you're having a nice, quiet winter.

Dave

From Ted to Dave — Feb 17, 1988 (T-56)⁹⁸

ENVELOPE Postmark date FEB 17 1988 PM LINCOLN, MT 59639 (T-56)

To: DAVE KACZYNSKI

TERLINGUA ROUTE, BOX 220

ALPINE, TEXAS 79830

FROM: T. KACZYNSKI STEMPLE PASS ROAD LINCOLN, MONTANA 59639

FBI Translation

Dear brother:

I just sent you the book of Cabeza de Vaca. It made me happy that you liked the dried parsnips.

I have received the copy of Mackey's book. But you failed to give me Dale Edwards' address so that I can pay and thank him. For that reason I am enclosing in this letter a check for \$5.50, which represents approximately, according to my calculations, what I owe Dale. Please see that Dale gets them both.

Ted.

From Ted to Dave — May 31, 1988 (T-57)⁹⁹

To: DAVE KACZYNSKI

⁹⁷ Letter from T. Kaczynski to Dave Kaczynski T-56. <harbor.klnpa.org/california/islandora/object/cali%3A1115>

⁹⁸ Letter from T. Kaczynski to Dave Kaczynski T-56. <harbor.klnpa.org/california/islandora/object/cali%3A1115>

⁹⁹ Letter from T. Kaczynski to Dave Kaczynski T-57. <harbor.klnpa.org/california/islandora/object/cali%3A1115>

TERLINGUA ROUTE, BOX 220 ALPINE, TEXAS 79830
FROM: T. KACZYNSKI STEMPLE PASS ROAD LINCOLN, MONTANA 59639
-(TWO PAGES OF CARTOONS FROM NEWSPAPER BY HANK KETCHAM)

Dear Dave:

Received birthday present. Thank you. Will read it later.

I'm very sorry to hear about Juan's accident. I wish I could do something to help out—he seems like a very decent sort of fellow, to judge from what you've told me about him. Let me know how it turns out.

If it's practical for you, you might try to see to it that Juan gets proper legal help so that he gets whatever money compensation he's entitled to. He might not know that free legal aid is available to poor people.

Ted

From Ted to Dave — Jul 28, 1988 (T-58)¹⁰⁰

Original Spanish

Querido hermano:

Me amigo de que Juan — segun parece — vaya a sanor bien. Expresale a el mis felicitaciones.

Si, *lo* puede significar *him* o *you* politeform). Te do la Santa Verdad, “de la boca del cabello”, como accimos en Ingles. Lo siguiente proviene del *Esbozo de una Nueva Gramatica de la Lengua Espanola*; de la augusta y conservador. Real Academia Espanola, 3.10.5(c):

“La academia Espanola, teniendo en cuenta el origen etimologico de estas formas y la practica mas autorizada entre los escritores modrinos, ...

Pues, bestante por ahora. Hasta la vista (o mejor dicho, hasta lo prexima carte).

—Ted

P.S. Cuentame los experimias o aventuras interestantes si las tienes.

?Has leído Los hermano: Karamazov? Yo lo estoy leyendo ahora, pero todavia no he leído sino la cuarta parto del libro (es decir, 1/4 ael libro, no la purte No. 4). Es interesante, pero todavia no peribo la direccion o tema unificador del libro. Pues, vamos a ver.

English

Dear brother:

ject/cali%3A1116>

¹⁰⁰ Letter from T. Kaczynski to Dave Kaczynski T-58. <harbor.klnpa.org/california/islandora/ob-

I am confident that Juan — it seems — is going to heal well. Express my congratulations to him.

Yes, *lo* can mean *him* or *you* politeform). I give you the Holy Truth, “from the mouth of the hair”, as we say in English. The following comes from *Outline of a New Grammetics of the Spanish Language*; of the august and conservative. Royal Spanish Academy, 3.10.5(c):

“The Spanish academy, taking into account the etymological origin of these forms and the most authorized practice among Modrino writers,...

Well, good for now. See you soon (or rather, see you soon).

—Ted

P.S. Tell me about interesting experiences or adventures if you have them.

Have you read *The Brothers: Karamazov*? I am reading it now, but I have not yet read only the fourth part of the book (that is, 1/4 of the book, not part No. 4). It’s interesting, but I still don’t get the direction or unifying theme of the book. Well, let’s see.

From Ted to Dave — Sep 15, 1988 (T-59)¹⁰¹

To: DAVE KACZYNSKI

BOX 216, HC 65

ALPINE, TEXAS 79830

FROM: T. KACZYNSKI

STEMPLE PASS ROAD LINCOLN, MONTANA 59639

Dear Dave:

Some three years ago, more or less, I had a dream about you that I’m about to report. We were at our old house in Evergreen Park, and I saw you as you were when you were about 4 years old. I forget the exact sequence of events, but it went something like this.

When you were little you often seemed so full of energy and joy.

I have a vivid mental image of you a the age of about 4, running with your face all lit up with joy and enthusiasm. I clipped this picture out of the paper because it reminds me very much of the way you looked at those times. The kid in the picture is 4 years old, too.

(PICTURE ATTACHED WITH TAPE)

After you came home from college you seemed to have become morose; you didn’t seem to have any joy of life. Consequently my memories of you as a joyous and enthusiastic kid were poignant and nostalgic.

ject/cali%3A1117>

¹⁰¹ Letter from T. Kaczynski to Dave Kaczynski T-59. <harbor.klnpa.org/california/islandora/object/cali%3A1118>

Anyway, in the dream I called to you and suggested that we should play catch. You came running with your face all lit up with joy and enthusiasm in the way I've described, and we played catch out in front of the house. Before the Berta's house was built, as you probably remember, there was a small "prairie" (as we called it) there. In this prairie I had a mental image of a pond of clear water with grass and trees around it—very beautiful. Then my thoughts transferred to the big prairie across 92nd Street. There I saw a bigger and better pond, with trees and grass around it. It was way on the far side of the prairie, out by the cemetery fence. I suggested that we should go out there and you enthusiastically agreed. So we headed out across the prairie to enjoy the beauty of nature—except that "beauty of nature" doesn't quite capture what I mean. Nature represents not only beauty, but peace and happiness and freedom and a lot of other stuff of that sort.

Anyway, at that point I woke up. I was filled with poignant, acutely nostalgic feelings, a kind of grief over the lost joy of your childhood. But then I thought of the fact that you were now enjoying the freedom and beauty of the desert, and this greatly comforted me.

That was before you paid me that visit 2 years ago. When you did visit me, naturally, I was extremely pleased to see how much you seemed to be enjoying life. Apparently you were enjoying it even more that I'd hoped after my dream.

So you see what kind of feelings I have about you, and how much I value you—in spite of our differences.

I suppose it would be superfluous to again express my regret over the way I used to treat you when I was in my teens. But it's something I haven't forgotten. Nor am I likely to forget it.

Ted

From Ted to Dave — Sep 21, 1988 (T-60)¹⁰²

Original Spanish

Querida hermano:

Feliz Cumpleanos! Te envio separadamente un paquete de pastmacas cocidas y secadas, y listas para comer Peru, guardate de quebeas en ellas les dientes — son muy duras...

¹⁰² Letter from T. Kaczynski to Dave Kaczynski T-60. <harbor.klnpa.org/california/islandora/object/cali%3A1119>

Automatic translation

Dear brother:

Happy Birthday! I send you separately a package of cooked and dried pasta, ready to eat. Peru, beware of the teeth in them — they are very hard...

From Ted to Dave — Nov 16, 1988 (T-61)¹⁰³

Dave —

According to that article about the millionaire, “offbeat requests for sums of up to \$500 probably stand the best chance”, which doesn’t sound promising for Juan’s case. On the other hand, he bought a station wagon for a dwarf who was too short to climb on busses, so he evidently does give out larger sums.

Also, I get the impression from the article that he just makes a snap decision on the basis of a letter, and either sends a check right out or turns down the request. Thus, I think its important that the first (and presumably only) letter we send should contain *all* the facts necessary for a decision. On the other hand, since this guy gets thousands of letters each week (and grants, of course, only a very small fraction of the requests), I think its important to give a very *brief* account of the case; otherwise he or his assistants may just get impatient and throw the letter aside without finishing it.

SO I think the letter should be divided into 3 sections ...

SAMPLE LETTER

Dear Mr. Ross:

I write to request funds on behalf of an elderly Mexican living in the U.S. who through no fault of his own was severely injured in an accident. He now has medical bills totalling more than \$17,000. He has a wife and three children in Mexico of whom he is the sole support, ...

I’ve written this letter on my own initiative — Juan didn’t ask me to do it. But I did get his permission to write you. His address (to which you can send a check if you decide to do so) is:

Juan Sanches Arriola — — — — — — — — — —

... I’m enclosing for your perusal the article about the millionaire. Please return it to me with your next letter. Who knows? I might want to make a request myself some time.

Dear Dave:

If, as I suppose, you read Juan’s note to me, you know that he invited me to visit his home. I’d love to accept the invitation, but I probably can’t, because of the expense.

¹⁰³ Letter from T. Kaczynski to Dave Kaczynski T-61. <harbor.klnpa.org/california/islandora/ob-

Even to just go down to Texas and back, without counting the cost of travel in Mexico, would probably cost \$250⁰⁰ or so in bus and/or train fare, and then I'd have to eat along the way, and I'd have to get a passport at a cost of \$40⁰⁰ or so, and there'd be a lot of minor expenses ...

8. Where did their water supply come from? Well, stream or what? If a well, was it covered or open, exposed to possible contamination, etc.? ...

Another item you can add to the list of garments that would make useful Christmas presents for me would be *long underwear*. It would be easy to find long underwear that fits me, since I can take any size from medium on up (no harm if its too big).

Once again I'm by no means suggesting that you should get me *all* the items I've listed — one or two would be a good Christmas present. I merely mention all this stuff so you'll have a long list to chose from, since it may be hard to find items that are suitable for me and fit me.

—Ted.

P.S. You remember *The Forest People*, by Colin Turnbull. I'm reading another book of his that you might like: *Wayward Servants: The Two Worlds of the African Pygmies*

I suppose you remember that philosophical problem about consciousness I told you about. I consulted Hokem about it and he sent me a copy of the bibliography of a book, thinking I might find a useful title there. We exchanged four letters on the subject. He never did answer my last letter. I wonder if Jeanne got hold of it and forbade him to correspond with me — the letter contained some nasty jokes about women. Anyway, I saw nothing that looked useful in the bibliography and told HOkem so. But later I looked over the bibliography again and found a title that looked interesting. I happend to find a used copy of the book at Aunt Bonnie's book store — However just one essay in the book — the last one — was very interesting and seemed to throw some light on the problem, and led me to order some other material from the library on that subject. So I'm writing to Hokem to thank him for giving me that lead.

—Ted

Can you read my scrawl? I've been writing pretty carelessly here.

From Ted to Dave — Nov 26, 1988 (T-62)¹⁰⁴

To: DAVE KACZYNSKI

463 N. RIDGE AVENUE LOMBARD, ILLINOIS 60148

FROM: TED KACZYNSKI STEMPLE PASS RD.

ject/cali%3A1120>

¹⁰⁴ Letter from T. Kaczynski to Dave Kaczynski T-62. <harbor.klnpa.org/california/islandora/ob-

LINCOLN, MONTANA 59639

Dear Dave—It occurs to me that if you haven't yet sent off that request on Juan's behalf to the millionaire, it might be best to delay sending it until after the Christmas season is over—say until January 2.

I'll bet that guy receives a particularly large number of requests during the Christmas season, and there should be a correspondingly slack period after the Christmas season is over. So the best chance for success should come after the Christmas season.

Ted

I'm sending a duplicate of this to Texas, since I don't know where you are at the moment.

From Ted to Dave — Dec 19, 1986 (T-63)¹⁰⁵

Original Spanish

Querido hermano:

Acabo de recibir tu carta y el libro que la acompañaba. No voy a tomarme la molestia de apuntarte tus errores al escribir en español; solo observo que, aunque todavía cometes errores, cometes cada vez menos y escribes español cada vez mejor.

? Recibiste el cuento de Javier de Viana que te envíe de regalo?

? Lees Mucho en español?

En cuanto al libro sobre la escultura mexicana antigua que me enviaste, escogiste bien, aunque este libro me interesa principalmente como un aspecto de la historia. Por lo general, no me gusta mucho el arte azteca, siendo muchas de las obras horribles o repugnantes cuando juzgadas por nuestras normas; mientras que el arte maya se inclina a exceso de decoración compleja. En cambio, hay algunas ...

... vez en un escaparate en Helena una pintura de un águila que caía sobre algún animal. La pintura de un águila que caía sobre algún animal pequeño. La representación era sobradamente realista, los detalles perfectos, pero la pintura era aburrida y falta de interés; a pesar de lo intrínsecamente dramático del suceso representado, la obra carecía totalmente de drama. Claro está que no es cosa trivial infundir interés en una *obra artística, por más realista que sea*.

? Que ha sido de Juan? ...

Automatic translation

Dear brother:

ject/cali%3A1121>

¹⁰⁵ Letter from T. Kaczynski to Dave Kaczynski T-63. <harbor.klnpa.org/california/islandora/ob-

I just received your letter and the book that accompanied it. I'm not going to take the trouble to point out your mistakes when writing in Spanish; I only observe that, although you still make mistakes, you make fewer and fewer and you write Spanish better and better.

? Did you receive the story by Javier de Viana that I sent you as a gift?

? Do you read a lot in Spanish?

As for the book on ancient Mexican sculpture that you sent me, you chose well, although this book interests me mainly as an aspect of history. In general, I don't like Aztec art much, with many of the works being horrible or disgusting when judged by our standards; while Mayan art leans toward excess of complex decoration. However, there are some...

...once in a shop window in Helena a painting of an eagle falling on some animal painting of an eagle falling on some small animal. The representation was very realistic, the details perfect, but the painting was boring and uninteresting; Despite the intrinsically dramatic nature of the event represented, the work completely lacked drama. Of course, it is not a trivial thing to infuse internality into an *artistic work*, *no matter how realistic it may be*.

? What has become of Juan? ...

From Ted to Dave — Dec 21, 1986 (T-64)¹⁰⁶

Original spanish

Querido hermano:

En cuanto lo sepas, dame cuenta de como salga el asunto de Juan y el millonario. Ojala ayuda este a Juan; como creo haberte dicho antes, juzgando por lo que me has dicho acerca de el, me gusta ese hombre; y me da lastima que se vea obligado a pagar aquella inmensa denda...

No me gusta mucho la idea de comer comida en lata y alojarme en un hotel, si visito a Juan. Seria algo asi como hacer un viaje en el basque y salir del basque todas las nochas a dormir en un hotel y comer en un cafe. Y ademar, temo ofender a Juan y su esposa — podria parecerles que no me gustase su hospitalidad. En verdiad, me parece mucho menos probable que se ofendan si se les explica francamente que los norteamericanos muchas veces se enferman de las tripas en Mexico, a causa de un microbio que puede haber en el agua, y en comida que se prepare con agua no hervida, y que por eso preferimos beber agua hervida, y que se emplee agua hervida al adobar comida que se haya de comer sin cocinar. ? Por que no hen de comprender

ject/cali%3A1122>

¹⁰⁶ Letter from T. Kaczynski to Dave Kaczynski T-64. <harbor.klnpa.org/california/islandora/object/cali%3A1123>

esto? Me parece inverosímil que estén tan aislados que nunca hayan oído hablar de los microbios...

? Has intentado alguna vez hablar con algún mexicano sobre el problema de “la venganza de Moctezuma” u otras enfermedades más funestas? Si no lo has intentado, ? Como sabes que no comprenderían?

Hace unos días en el almacén en Lincoln encontré unos chiles verdes que se vendían por 19c/lb. — precio casi insignificante. Compré unas onzas. Estando para cocer mi guisado, probé un pedacito de uno de los chiles, crudo. No era nada picante — tenía el mismo sabor que los *green peppers* norteamericanos...

Los demás chiles los he secado, para preservarlos. Voy a tardar mucho en comerlos. Una octava parte de uno de estos chiles basta para un guisado.

– Ted

Automatic translation

Dear brother:

As soon as you know, let me know how the matter of Juan and the millionaire turns out. I hope this helps Juan; As I think I told you before, judging by what you’ve told me about him, I like that man; and it pities me that he is forced to pay that immense debt...

I don’t really like the idea of eating canned food and staying in a hotel if I visit Juan. It would be something like taking a trip in the Basque and leaving the Basque every night to sleep in a hotel and eat in a café. And also, I’m afraid of offending Juan and his wife — they might think I didn’t like his hospitality. In fact, it seems to me much less likely that they will be offended if it is frankly explained to them that North Americans often get sick from the stomach in Mexico, due to a microbe that may be in the water, and in food that is prepared with water it is not. boiled, and that is why we prefer to drink boiled water, and that boiled water is used when marinating food that is to be eaten without cooking. ? Why shouldn’t they understand this? It seems unlikely to me that they are isolated people who have never heard of microbes...

? Have you ever tried to talk to a Mexican about the problem of “Moctezuma’s revenge” or other more serious illnesses? If you haven’t tried it, How do you know they wouldn’t understand?

A few days ago at the store in Lincoln I found some verdes chiles that were selling for 19c/lb. — almost negligible price. Buy a few ounces. While I was cooking my stew,

I tried a small piece of one of the chiles, raw. It wasn't spicy at all — it had the same flavor as American green peppers...

I have dried the rest of the chiles to preserve them. It's going to take me a long time to eat them. One eighth of one of these chiles is enough for a stew.

— Ted

From Ted to Dave — Feb 28, 1989 (T-86)¹⁰⁷

Original spanish

Querido hermano: Me agrado de que te gustase “El crimen del viejo Pedro.” La anecdota de los huevos del hacendera que me contaste me divirtio mucho. !Lo merecio! En cuanto a Juan y el millonario, porque este todavia no ha contestado, ya no creo que haya mucha esperanza de que ayude a Juan.

Quiziera que hubiese alguna otra cosa que pudiesemos hacer para Juan para aliviar sus dificultades financieras. ¿Puedes idcar algo? Se me ha ocurrido que, hace 10 anos, Wynn Pettingill empleaba a algunos mexicanos a Foam-Cutting Engineers; si los emplease todavia ahora, quizas Juan podria trabajar alli tambien, ganando de este modo un sueldo regular. Pero esta idea parece muy dudosa, porque, de vivir cercade Chicago, el costo de vivir seria — supongo — mucho mayor; y aunque no lo fuese, parece dudoso que Juan podria adaptarse bien a la vida urbana. Despues de obtenida la “tarjeta verde”, ¿sabes si Juan podra obtener la ayuda de “Medicaid” o cosa semejante?

En cualquier casa, pasale a juan mis saludos — y tambien mis conmisericordias si crees que le agradarra recibir estas.

Me gusto muchismo el libro que me enviaste, “Los relampagos de Agosto”, de Ibaranguenoitia. Es una muy divertida sativa sobre la politica hispanoamericana. Y, a pesar de sus grandes defectos y pecados, el protagonista me resulta bastante simpatico.

He leido un libro sobre la corrupcion policial en Chicago. Una parte es tan comica que tango que contartela.

Ciertos abogados iban investigando la corrupcion policial; prendieron a 2 agentes de policia en contra de los cuales tenian evidencia y los trajeron ante el *grand jury*. Los agentes de policia una regla de silencio; todo agente se negaba a delatar a los demas. Por eso, a los dos agentes se los encarcelo.

Mientras que estaban en la carcel, sus familias padecieron de pobreza. Por fin, los dos agentes se rindieron y consintieron en dar testimonio. Explicando el motivo de esto, uno de los agentes dijo a los abojados:

“A raffle was set up to raise some money to support our families while we were in jail. It was supposed to be enough to keep us going. Except, our families never saw

¹⁰⁷ Letter from T. Kaczynski to Dave Kaczynski T-86. <harbor.klnpa.org/california/islandora/object/cali%3A1146>

any of it. The cops who set it up ripped it off! The goddamn scum. I can't believe it. Can you believe it?"

Por supuesto, los agentes que hurtaron el dinero eran de los mismos a quienes protagonian los dos agentes encarcelados que se negaban a dar testimonio.

Quizas querrás referir esta aneecdota a Juan, para que sepa que Mexico no es el unico pais en que hay corrupcion.

—Ted

Automatic translation

Dear Brother: I am glad you liked "Old Pedro's Crime." The anecdote about the rancher's eggs that you told me amused me greatly. He deserved it! As for Juan and the millionaire, since he has not yet answered, I do not think there is much hope of his helping Juan.

I wish there was something else we could do for Juan to ease his financial difficulties. Can you tell me anything? It occurred to me that, ten years ago, Wynn Pettingill employed some Mexicans at Foam-Cutting Engineers; if he were still employing them now, perhaps Juan could work there too, thus earning a regular salary. But this idea seems very doubtful, because, if he lived near Chicago, the cost of living would — I suppose — be much higher; and even if it were not, it seems doubtful whether Juan could adjust well to city life. After obtaining the "green card," do you know if Juan will be able to get "Medicaid" or something similar?

In any case, please pass on my regards to Juan — and also my condolences if you think he would like to receive them.

I really liked the book you sent me, "Los Relampagos de Agosto," by Ibarguengoitia. It is a very funny sativa on Hispanic American politics. And, despite its great defects and sins, the protagonist seems quite likeable to me.

I have read a book about police corruption in Chicago. One part is so funny that I have to tell you about it.

Some lawyers were investigating police corruption; they arrested two police officers against whom they had evidence and brought them before the *grand jury*. The police officers had a rule of silence; each officer refused to betray the others. For this reason, the two officers were imprisoned.

While in jail, their families suffered from poverty. Finally, the two agents gave in and agreed to testify. Explaining the reason for this, one of the agents told the lawyers:

"A raffle was set up to raise some money to support our families while we were in jail. It was supposed to be enough to keep us going. Except, our families never saw any of it. The cops who set it up ripped it off! The goddamn scum. I can't believe it. Can you believe it?"

Of course, the agents who stole the money were the same ones portrayed by the two imprisoned agents who refused to testify.

You might want to tell Juan this anecdote, so he knows that Mexico is not the only country where there is corruption.

—Ted

From Ted to Dave — Mar 28, 1989 (T-65)¹⁰⁸

Original mix of Spanish & English

Querido hermano:

Acabo de leer el original “relato de perro peludísimo” — es decir, *shaggy dog story*, el cual, según Bennet Cerf, dio su nombre a todos los *shaggy dog stories*. Tengo que comunicártelo porque me deleita tanto, de manera extraña y difícil de comprender.

A Kansas City barfly picked up a year-old copy of the London Times one day — don’t ask me how it got there — and found therein a personal ad offering a ten-pound reward for the return of a very shaggy dog to its bereft owner in Bishop’s Bowes, Essex. Ten minutes later he stumbled over the ...

Sea como fuere, los 2 cuentos que me enviaste me interesaron mucho.

Un dicho de Groucho Marx: “I never forget a face, but I’ll make an exception in your case.”

En una de las películas de los hermanos Marx, al entrar Chica, Groucho dijo: “Hola, usted se semeja a un hombre que conozco y que se llama Ravelli.” Repuso Chico: “Yo soy Ravelli”. “Ha,” respondió Groucho, “eso explica la semejanza.” ...

De momento, no se me ocurre nada.

Mis saludos a Juan, cuando le veas.

—Ted

Otro chiste del mismo libro: Durante la segunda guerra mundial, a bordo de un lujoso navío grande que llevaba pasajeros ricos, un loro miraba a un prestidigitador que hacía sus gracias sobre un estrado, entreteniendo un auditorio de ricos. Primero hizo desaparecer a un pez, luego a su guera ayudante, y después a tres marinas fornidas en un baul. En aquel momento encontró al navío un torpedo de un submarino alemán, y el loro se encontró solo en medio del océano atlántico, ...

¹⁰⁸ Letter from T. Kaczynski to Dave Kaczynski T-65. <harbor.klnpa.org/california/islandora/object/cali%3A1124>

Automatic translation

Dear brother:

I just read the original “shaggy dog story” — that is, *shaggy dog story*, which, according to Bennet Cerf, gave its name to all *shaggy dog stories*. I have to tell you because it delights me so much, in a strange and difficult to understand way.

A Kansas City barfly picked up a year-old copy of the London Times one day — don’t ask me how it got there — and found therein a personal ad offering a ten-pound reward for the return of a very shaggy dog to its bereft owner in Bishop’s Bowes, Essex. Ten minutes later I stumbled over the...

Be that as it may, the 2 stories you sent me interested me a lot.

A saying by Groucho Marx: “I never forget a face, but I’ll make an exception in your case.”

In one of the Marx Brothers movies, when Girl entered, Groucho said: “Hello, you look like a man I know named Ravelli.” Chico replies: “I am Ravelli.” “He Ha,” Groucho replied, “that explains the similarity.” ...

At the moment, I can’t think of anything.

My greetings to Juan, when you see him.

—Ted

Another joke from the same book: During the Second World War, on board a large luxurious ship that carried rich passengers, a parrot looked at a conjurer who performed graces for him on a stage, entertaining an audience of rich people. He first made a fish disappear, then his assistant warrior, and then three strong sailors in a trunk. At that moment he found a torpedo from a German submarine on the ship, and the parrot found himself alone in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean, ...

From Ted to Dave — Jul 25, 1989 (T-66)¹⁰⁹

Original Mix of English & Spanish

Dear Dave: I apologize for taking so long to answer your last letter. I’ve been somewhat harassed and busy lately. For instance, I’ve had to build a 9-foot-high fence to keep the deer out of my garden.

¹⁰⁹ Letter from T. Kaczynski to Dave Kaczynski T-66. <harbor.klnpa.org/california/islandora/object/cali%3A1125>

In a way it's just as well that I didn't answer your last letter immediately, because, after not having looked at it for a month or more, I re-read your story ("the Congurerer's Stone") and got a fresh impression of it. I found that, the second time around, those metaphors and similes that I objected to went down much more smoothly. I still think a more sparse and unadorned style⁽³⁰⁾ would be more suitable for this material, but I find most of those figures of speech less objectionable than I did the first time around.

In any case it's a damn good story, both as to the material provided by Juan and as to your re-telling of it, and I repeat my suggestion that you should make a collection of these stories for publication...

Speaking of ozone depletion and the consequent increase of ultraviolet light from the sun, I read not long ago that, unless sunglasses are of an appropriate type designed to exclude ultraviolet, they actually damage your eyes rather than protecting them. The reason is that by excluding much of the visible light, the sunglasses cause the pupils of young eyes to be more dilated than they would be without the sunglasses ...

Querido hermano:

Pues, al parecer, no soy bueno para predecir la lluvia. Inmediatamente después de despacharte la carta en que me queje de la sequía, tuve que volver a casa en una tormenta lluviosa. Y ya vamos recibiendo mucha lluvia.

Sin embargo, el porvenir distante parece funesto. Según las últimas predicciones que he leído, el clima de esta región, debido al efecto de invernadero, se cambiará a través de un período de 35 a 60 años (siendo más probable 35 que 60) de tal manera que sufrirá sequías prolongadas, y morirán todos los abetos y (si mal no me acuerdo) los pinos lodgepole — lo cual quiere decir que morirán casi todos los bosques de esta parte. No es muy probable que yo viva 35 años de aquí.

Por supuesto, tales predicciones no son seguros. Podría resultar o mejor o peor que lo prediche. Pero, teniendo todo en cuenta, el efecto de invernadero, la desaparición del ozono, etc., parece probable un porvenir bastante funesto, y se debe preguntar si la agricultura podrá alimentar el infinito número de habitantes del mundo. Yo preferiría que no. Mejor que tengamos una gran baja del número de habitantes.

⁽³⁰⁾ It's really unfair of you to call this a "reportorial style". Consider Maugham's "the Razor's Edge", Orwell's "1984", or Hemingway's work. Unadorned, straight-forward writing; but whether or not you like those works, you could hardly say the writing is mere "reportorial".

Automatic translation

Dear Dave: I apologize for taking so long to answer your last letter. I've been somewhat harassed and busy lately. For instance, I've had to build a 9-foot-high fence to keep the deer out of my garden.

In a way it's just as well that I didn't answer your last letter immediately, because, after not having looked at it for a month or more, I re-read your story ("the Congurerer's Stone") and got a fresh impression of it. I found that, the second time around, those metaphors and similes that I objected to went down much more smoothly. I still think a more sparse and unadorned style⁽³¹⁾ would be more suitable for this material, but I find most of those figures of speech less objectionable than I did the first time around.

In any case it's a damn good story, both as to the material provided by Juan and as to your re-telling of it, and I repeat my suggestion that you should make a collection of these stories for publication...

Speaking of ozone depletion and the consequent increase of ultraviolet light from the sun, I read not long ago that, unless sunglasses are of an appropriate type designed to exclude ultraviolet, they actually damage your eyes rather than protecting them. The reason is that by excluding much of the visible light, the sunglasses cause the pupils of young eyes to be more dilated than they would be without the sunglasses ...

Dear brother:

Well, when I die, I'm not good at predicting tears. Immediately after sending you the letter in which I complained about the drought, I had to return home in a rainy storm. And we are already receiving a lot of rain.

However, the distant future seems dire. According to the latest predictions I have read, the climate of this region, due to the greenhouse effect, will change over a period of 35 to 60 years (35 being more likely than 60) in such a way that it will experience prolonged droughts, and everyone will die. The firs and (if I remember correctly) the lodgepole pines — which means that almost all the forests in this part will die. It is not very likely that I will live 35 years from here.

Of course, such predictions are not certain. It could turn out better or worse than predicted. But, taking everything into account, the greenhouse effect, the disappearance of ozone, etc., a rather disastrous future seems likely, and one must ask whether agriculture will be able to feed the infinite number of inhabitants of the world. I would prefer not to. Better that we have a great drop in the number of inhabitants.

⁽³¹⁾ It's really unfair of you to call this a "reportorial style". Consider Maugham's "the Razor's Edge",

From Dave to Ted — Oct 1989 (Excerpt)¹¹⁰

“I’m returning to Schenectady on Oct.8 to undertake the experiment of living with Linda. I’ve been in love with her for more than 20 years, so much so that no other woman has ever seriously interested me ... [T]his is a very happy time in my life. So wish me luck.”

From Ted to Dave — Oct 1989 (C-794)¹¹¹

Dear Dave:

As for ‘Ernesto and the Widow’—This is a style of story-telling that I dislike. On the other hand, there must be a lot of people who like that kind of story-telling, since that style is much in vogue nowadays [among intellectuals]. I only read the story once, and while reading it I was in a state of irritation at you for reasons that will be explained below; moreover, I was continually interrupting my reading to write comments in the margins. Thus, I was less able to judge how the story flows along than I would have been under other circumstances. Moreover I am, naturally, less sensitive to differences in a form of writing that I dislike than I would be in a form of writing in which I take an interest. So I’m not sure if I can judge the story well. But, for whatever it may be worth, my reaction to the story is as follows.

“Here and there I noticed places where words were used amateurishly or not quite correctly. But apart from that I thought it was a good story—for those who like that type of writing, but not for me. If the little awkward places I mentioned were cleared up, I see no particular reason why the story couldn’t be published. But, while I felt pretty sure you ought to be able to find a publisher for the stories that stuck closer to the material you had from Juan, I don’t know whether you could find a publisher for stories like ‘Ernesto and the Widow.’ The difference is that, while the stories that followed Juan’s material had a note of authenticity—something on the order of folkloric material—‘Ernesto and the Widow’ is obviously a made-up story, merely inspired by an incident you heard from Juan. Of course there are thousands or millions of people in America who want to write fiction and they all think they have something original to say, so there is an abundance of stories offered—far more than anyone wants to read. But there are not so many people who can offer authentic stories from a peasant culture. That’s why I think your stories that stick closer to Juan’s material—with their

¹¹⁰ Ted Kaczynski. Truth versus Lies [Book]. Boxes 66 & 67, Ted Kaczynski papers, University of Michigan Library (Special Collections Library). Original link. Archived link.

¹¹¹ Ted Kaczynski. Truth versus Lies [Book]. Boxes 66 & 67, Ted Kaczynski papers, University of Michigan Library (Special Collections Library). Original link. Archived link.

Orwell’s “1984”, or Hemingway’s work. Unadorned, straight-forward writing; but whether or not you like those works, you could hardly say the writing is mere “reportorial”.

note of authenticity—have a much better chance of being published than ‘Ernesto and the Widow’, which just doesn’t fit into the same category.

As for the reason why you’ve never been able to get anything published, I can only say this:

The story titled ‘The Raid’, which you sent me some time ago struck me as hopelessly amateurish—both in the details of language and the general outline of the story. If that story is typical of your previous writing, then it’s obvious why no one wants to publish your stuff—it’s just plain bad, by anyone’s standard. ‘Ernesto and the Widow’ is such a vast improvement over ‘The Raid’ that the difference seems incomprehensible. If your previous writing resembles ‘Ernesto and the Widow’ rather than ‘The Raid’, then I suppose that your failure to get anything published is due either to the fact that, as I mentioned, there are more would-be writers than there are readers, or else to the fact that here and there in your writing there appear little awkwardnesses or amateurish constructions. What you need is someone to criticize the details of your language (as I did with ‘The Conjuror’s Stone’) to induce you to develop literary craftsmanship.”

The question is whether you are capable of profiting from such criticism. It seems doubtful. It seems that your vanity prevents you from making any suggested changes except on inessential points—and sometimes even on minor points it prevents you from making changes. Here are two examples from your revised version of ‘The Conjuror’s Stone.’ *First*, on p. 1, the phrase ‘descend to the street on strutting claws.’ Leave aside the fact that I think the metaphore [sic] is hackneyed. As I carefully explained in my last letter, the sentence is illogical because the buzzards don’t *descend* on their claws, they descend on their wings. This is just the kind of amateurish linguistic blunder that will discourage an editor from publishing your stuff. It is *not* an arguable point. The sentence is clearly and plainly illogical, there is no conceivable literary motive for introducing that kind of illogic at this point, and any competent editor would agree that it is simply an amateurish blunder. If you felt you had to retain the ‘strutting’ claws metaphor you could have done so by reconstructing the sentence to eliminate the illogic. I carefully explained in my last letter what was wrong with the sentence, yet you let it stand.

Second. On the last page you have: ‘some of the others began laughing so hard it looked like they might hurt themselves.’ As I explained carefully in a previous letter, this sentence is grammatically incorrect because ‘like’ is not a conjunction. To make the sentence correct you have to replace ‘like’ by ‘as if.’ There is no conceivable literary motive for using the incorrect ‘like’ instead of the correct ‘as if.’ Yet you let the sentence stand.

I can see no motive for your leaving these two incorrect sentences in their original form except stubborn vanity—vanity of the most puerile kind.”

This last remark was unnecessarily cruel. Lots of people would show as much vanity—motivated resistance to changing something they’d done as my brother did.

To argue about metaphors—whether they are hackneyed or not, appropriate or not, etc.—is reasonable, since after all that is a matter of taste. But I suppose you

can understand why I get frustrated and irritated when you ignore my corrections of clear-cut and unarguable errors of logic or grammar.

Even when it comes to metaphors—your defence of your metaphors and similes (in an earlier letter) irritated me because—while one can reasonably argue about those metaphors—your arguments were simply silly. You explained all these meanings that these metaphors were supposed to convey—meanings that no one but you would ever guess at or even sense intuitively.

Of course, you have the right to write anything you damn well please. But I'm not going to criticize your work any more because, as I've just explained, I find your reactions frustrating and irritating. I do feel that you've got something good there in your re-tellings of Juan's stories, and I would really be very pleased on your account if you could get them published. I would moreover be willing to spend considerable time criticizing the details of your style if it weren't for the fact that, when you ignore my corrections of clear-cut, unarguable flaws, it just seems futile, and it's too irritating and frustrating.

More than that. This has been building up for a long time. It's not just this business of the stories. I find *you* insufferably irritating in general. You're certainly not the type of personality I would choose for a friend—I just happened to get stuck with you as a brother. As you know, I have tender feelings toward you, but that's just because you're my brother and because of old ties going all the way back to childhood.

Some of your letters are a pleasure to read, but, just as often, they irritate me and make me conscious of an unbridgeable gulf between you and me. It's not so much a difference of attitudes or ideology—in some respects our attitudes are pretty similar—as a difference of personality. The ideological differences are largely a reflection of the personality differences. You use verbal formulations to satisfy your emotional needs, very often to protect your ego [here, ego = self-esteem], and you frequently insist on verbal formulations that are meaningless (or at least, whose meanings you don't try to analyze) or contrary to reality, or simply ludicrous. I use verbal formulations in a reasonably honest attempt to describe reality. I am so constituted that I find it difficult to listen to your nonsense without arguing against it. So when you write me some of your silly 'ideas' (as you choose to call them) I am faced with a choice: either I restrain myself and make no reply, which is frustrating, or, what is more frustrating, I permit myself to be drawn into writing you one of these interminable letters in which I explain my point of view in detail—though it is absolutely futile, because I know by this time that, wherever your ego is involved, you are absolutely impervious to reason and will resort to the most far-fetched rationalizations to avoid having to make any concession.

A good example occurred a few years ago when I ventured to suggest that your friend Joel might have schizophrenia. I don't know whether that suggestion was right or wrong, but the point is that your reaction to it was irrational. You tend to take any criticism of your friends, from me, as an assault on your ego. In this case you also took my suggestions as an attack on your ideology; even though I was careful to frame my arguments as tactfully as possible and in such a way as to avoid offending

your ideology. Of course you got your back up and became absolutely insufferable. Later, when you came to visit me, in reference to schizophrenic children who see the floor heaving and tossing under them, you said, 'maybe the floor really is heaving...' Of course you don't really believe this—you just make that statement to confirm an ideology designed to satisfy your emotional needs. Where your ego and your ideology aren't at stake, you take an entirely different point of view. Thus, during that same visit, you mentioned Nora's case. There—since no friend of yours was involved and your ego and ideology weren't at stake—you unhesitatingly accepted the existence of schizophrenia, the undesirability of it, and the fact that drugs can bring a schizophrenic back to perception of reality. You also added, 'Gee, I hope *we* haven't got anything like that.' If you really believed that the hallucinations of a schizophrenic were as real as the perceptions of a sane person, why would you 'hope we haven't got anything like that'?

I refrained from pointing out the obvious contradictions in your expressed views because by that time I knew that it was hopeless to try to reason with you on that subject—you would never under any circumstances make any concession. I find that kind of thing thoroughly contemptible and insufferably irritating—though in the majority of cases I refrain from showing my irritation, since it would accomplish nothing anyway.

This has just happened too many times. If you don't irritate or disgust me in one way then you do so in another. I've just had enough of it. My tolerance for irritation was low to begin with, and the older I get, the less I can tolerate irritation.

And now, to top off my disgust, you're going to leave the desert and shack up with this woman who's been keeping you on a string for the last 20 years. You write, 'I've been in love with her for more than 20 years, so much so that no other woman has ever seriously interested me.' You forgot to add the qualification, 'except Linda E.' But leaving that aside, I would say that love is one thing and grovelling servitude is another. Judging from the comparatively little that I know of the case, it seems clear that this woman has just been exploiting you. I recall that one time when I was helping you clean out your apartment in Great Falls, I picked a letter out of the garbage on your table and started reading aloud: 'Dear Linda, Of course it was a blow to learn that you may be falling in love with someone ... ' You got mad and snatched the letter out of my hand."

But it's pretty clear what was going on there. She knew you were stuck on her and she knew that she wasn't much attracted to you as a male. Under the circumstances, the decent thing to do would have been to simply cut off all relations with you. In that case you probably would have forgotten about her eventually and would have found someone else. But she found it more expedient to keep you on a string—to keep hold of your affections while her affections wandered elsewhere. Women like passive, gentle males—but they don't typically consider them desirable as lovers. Especially when they are younger, women are attracted sexually by dominant, virile males. But they like to have a shoulder to cry on—some gentle, affectionate person to whom they can

turn for emotional support. There's nothing evil in that—but in using you for that purpose, knowing that you were in love with her and that her love was going to go elsewhere, Linda Patrik was exploiting you. She must have realized that it would be painful and humiliating for you when she unburdened herself to you about her love affairs, yet apparently she did so anyway, to judge from that letter.

When she got married, I can just imagine her husband's amusement when she told him about 'this poor sap who's been in love with me for years, and still is, even though I am marrying you.' Then when her marriage broke up, the first thing she did was run to you for a shoulder to cry on. And you accepted that. Don't you have any self-respect at all? Apparently not. It's just too despicable.

So now, after having kept you around as a kind of spare tire for the last 20 years, she's finally ready to shack up with you. Maybe because she's getting older and can't so readily find sex partners any more, maybe for some other reason. Does she love you? I venture to doubt it. I'll bet you're the one who is making all the concessions and sacrifices. Thus you're going up to live with her in Schenectady and she's not going down to live with you in Texas. It's safe to say that you two will be adopting her life-style and not *your* life-style.

If you want to find out whether she loves you, try this: Ask her to make some major concessions to your life-style and preferences. For example, ask her to live with you in Alpine. This would be a reasonable compromise, because in Alpine she would have most of the urban conveniences to which she is presumably addicted, yet you would be close to the desert. If she says yes, then probably she really cares about you. If she refuses to consider the possibility of moving down to Texas, or of making any other major concessions to your life-style, then clearly she doesn't love you but is merely using you as a convenience.

The idea here is not actually to extract concessions from her. For instance, if she agreed to live in Alpine, you could then, if you wanted to, be generous, change your mind, and say, 'No, let's live in Schenectady after all.' The idea of asking for concessions is simply to find out whether she really cares about you or whether she is just exploiting you and wants to have everything on her own terms.

But if I know you, you probably won't even have the nerve to ask her to live in Alpine. I can pretty well guess who the dominant member of that couple is going to be. It's just disgusting. Let me know your neck size—I'd like to get you a dog collar next Christmas. I recall your negative opinions about Jeanne's selfishness in her relationship with Hoken and I wonder whether your own case is going to be any better. You thought Jeanne was selfish because Hoken wanted to stay in Chicago, Jeanne wanted to go to Texas, so of course it was a foregone conclusion that they would go to Texas. How does this differ from your case? At least Jeanne didn't keep Hoken on a string for 20 years before marrying him.

The only thing I've really respected in you has been your life in the desert. I especially remember how you returned that beautifully-made spear-point to its original resting place out of respect for the people who made it, and how you crossed the Rio

Grande with Juan and shared his risks and hardships. So now you're going to leave all that just because this female has finally decided to permit you to become her personal property, and I presume that you will now be adopting a more-or-less conventional middle-class life-style. While you're at it, why don't you take a few courses and learn to be an accountant? Or better—why don't you go to law school? I've always felt that if a thing is worth doing, then it's worth doing right, so as long as you're selling out you may as well go all the way and become a lawyer.

Be all that as it may, I've just been disgusted and irritated by you too damn many times. I just can't take all that crap any more. So from now on, I am just going to cease corresponding with you altogether, and I'll thank you not to send me any letters of any kind. There's no question of ill will here—it's just that I can't any longer take the frequent irritations that I have from you. You probably don't realize how often I've restrained myself in the face of your irritating traits. That's the reason for the present outburst of irritation in response to relatively minor irritants; as I said, it's been building up for a long time. Time after time, after receiving a particularly asinine letter from you I've told myself that I ought to cut off correspondence with you, but then I've always softened again. But now I just can't take any more. I realize that it's partly my fault. It's true that you're a fatuous ass and that our personalities are incompatible, but it's also true that my tolerance for irritation is unusually low. I suppose that one reason why you get me so upset may be the fact that I *do* care about you. When my neighbor [Butch Gehring] down here chatters along idiotically like the jerk that he is, I just listen noncommittally to his nonsense and then forget it. But when you speak or act like a fool, I find it hard to be indifferent.

You're still my little brother (unworthy though you are of that honor) and you still have my loyalty, and I'm ready to help you if I can whenever you may be in *serious* need. But, as I said, I'm not going to write you any more, and I don't want to receive any letters from you either. If you send me any letters I'll just throw them in the stove unread. *Except*: if something really important comes up, you can write to me and get my attention as follows: On the envelope, *draw a straight, heavy line under the stamp (or stamps)*. If you send me a letter with this marking, I will know that it is something particularly important and will read the letter. But don't cry wolf by putting this marking on an envelope that contains an unimportant letter. If you do so, then I will no longer regard the marking, and you'll have no way of getting in touch with me if something important comes up. As to what I consider important: If you're seriously ill, that's important; if our parents croak, that's important; if you're in any kind of serious trouble and need my help, that's important; and so forth. On the other hand, if you want to justify to me your ideas about writing, that's *not* important; if you want to explain your relations with Linda Patrik, that's *not* important; and so forth.

I realize that, not knowing very much about the case, I may possibly be wrong about your relations with Linda P. (though I'm probably right), and I don't doubt that you could be induced to withdraw your threat (contained in your last letter) to send me some of your goofball ideas on language and literature (the last thing I want

to hear from you), but it wouldn't really matter, because if it's not one thing then it's another. If you don't irritate me in this way then you irritate me in that way.

So let's just call it quits, for the indefinite future.

But remember—you still have my love and loyalty, and if you're ever in *serious* need of my help, you can call on me.

—Ted

From Dave to Ted — Sept. 1990¹¹²

Dear Ted,

Our father has cancer. It began in the lungs and then metastasized. He is suffering quite a lot of pain from a tumor lodged against his spine. However, the doctor's believe that radiation will shrink the tumor and cure the pain. They say its difficult to predict how long he will have, but probably in a range of a 6 months to 2 years.

I though you'd like to know.

I hope all is well with you.

Dave

Dave's description of letters sent ~Sept. 1990

Quoting Dave:¹¹³¹¹⁴

While I was hurt and deeply disappointed by Dad's suicide— especially by his failure to tell Mom he loved her—my brother wrote me a note expressing his admiration for Dad's courage. He said that in “doing what he had to do” our father had shown a lot of guts. Although Ted declined our invitation to attend the memorial service, he made a rare phone call from a pay phone to Mom to convey his sympathy. She sensed that he might have been crying on the other end of the line as he hung up. It was reassuring to know Ted still had feelings for his family.

... he attempted to re-established some contact with mom, he still said he didn't want to talk with me anymore.

¹¹² A Review and Compilation of the Writings of Ted Kaczynski

¹¹³ David Kaczynski. Every Last Tie [Book]. Duke University Press. January 8, 2016. Original link. Archived link.

¹¹⁴ David Kaczynski. Families as Secondary Consumers of the Mental Health System [Lecture]. NYS

From Ted to Dave — October 13, 1990¹¹⁵

Dear Dave:

I am astonished that there is to be a “memorial service” for Dad. The term “memorial service” refers to a religious function, probably a CChristian one. As you know, Dad was a convinced atheist ...

... For reasons of health I do not find it advisable to do any travelling at present. But quite apart from that, I am surprised that you would think that I would want to attend any sort of Christian function.

I haven’t shed any tears over our father’s death — you know how I felt about him. I must say, though, that I feel very sorry for our mother...! never resented her quite as much as I resented Dad ...

At this time there may be various matters about which you have to communicate with me, so — for the present — you can write to me without taking the trouble to underline the stamp, I’ll read your letters. (Later we can revert ur policy of non-correspondence.) But please, p”Tease, *Please* keep off of those subjects that are likely to lead into those hassles and interminable discussions that we get into.

I just *CAN’T* stand any aggravation at present ...

Linda’s description of letters sent ~1991

Quoting Linda:¹¹⁶

Since I never met Ted, I came to know him through his correspondence with the family. Ted briefly corresponded with his family in 1990 and 1991 but then lapsed into sending extremely negative, insulting, violent-sounding letters.

In the fall of 1990, after the death of his father, he resumed correspondence with his mother, and at first the letters were cordial. They would address, for example, Buddhism, because Wanda was puzzled as to why David and I were married in a Tibetan Buddhist ceremony. They wrote about other matters, such as books and politics, but sometime in the spring or early summer of 1991 Ted became furious with his mother again, as he had many times in the past. He insisted that she not write to him again, and these letters included fairly cruel and vicious attacks. He blamed her for his lack of sociability and for his lack of relationships with women. He blamed her for pushing him academically; he blamed her for everything.

Consumer Affairs. 2012. Original link. Archived link.

¹¹⁵ A Review and Compilation of the Writings of Ted Kaczynski

¹¹⁶ A conversation with Linda E. Patrik

One of the most frightening letters for me — the one that convinced me that we needed a psychiatric opinion — was about two women. They were women that Ted knew from a distance and would have liked to date. The way that he described them was strange. So I was worried and wanted a professional opinion.

From Ted to Dave — July 20, 1991 (T-92)¹¹⁷

Quoting Ted:¹¹⁸

Concerning the foregoing letter ... Quite intentionally, I grossly exaggerated my real feelings. I did this because Dave is so inert and passive that I figured that in order to be sure of getting any action out of him I had best lay it on pretty thick.

Dave—

Recently you offered to help me if I ever needed your help. Well, I need it now and I need it desperately. It is a matter of life and death, and this is not an exaggeration. I seriously believe I will die if you can't accomplish this for me. And *soon*.

What you have got to do is this: In case you don't know, Ma put aside \$7,732.81 in an account that is to pay medical expenses for me. The deal is that when I have a medical bill, I am to ask her for the money to pay it, and she will pay it, up to the amount of \$7,732.81 [ADDED LATER: I have already drawn \$700 of this, so the balance is \$7,032.81] total. I asked her to put the money in my name so that I wouldn't have to come begging to her when I have to pay a medical bill, and she wouldn't do it. She wanted to make it a joint account with my name, hers, and yours, and I said that would be OK, but *only* if I could withdraw money myself without coming beggin to her for it. She wouldn't do that, either. Apparently she likes power and wants ot keep it in her own hands.

I've talked with the welfare dept., and they said I could probably get medical aid from them if it weren't for the fact that I have that offer of \$7032.81. As it is, I'd have to use up the \$7032.81 before I can get help from the state. So this puts me in such a position that the only way I can get money for medical expenses is by begging to

¹¹⁷ Letter from T. Kaczynski to Dave Kaczynski T-92. <harbor.klnpa.org/california/islandora/object/cali%3A966>

¹¹⁸ Ted Kaczynski. Truth versus Lies [Book]. Boxes 66 & 67, Ted Kaczynski papers, University of Michigan Library (Special Collections Library). Original link. Archived link.

Ma for it. And I *can't* *CAN'T* do that any longer, for reasons that will be explained below...

Recently I sent Ma a letter in which I tried once more to get her to accept responsibility for the verbal and psychological abuse to which she and Dad subjected me during my teens. I ventured to try this because lately she had seemed to be in a more or less sympathetic mood. More frankly than ever before I tried to tell her about the consequences for me of the constant rejection that I suffered both at home and at school throughout my teens — about the terrible fear of rejection that has prevented me from ever having any friends or social life of any kind.

In reply she sent me two letters in a patronizing tone. As she's done before, she tried to evade responsibility by attributing my fear of rejection to "that hospital experience"...

Mother must not send me any checks, money, or communication of any kind, except that one registered letter containing either the check for \$7032.81 or the letter withdrawing all offers of money. Other than that one registered letter, any communications that I receive from you, Ma, or anyone else connected with our family, will be thrown in the stove unopened, *regardless of whether they contain checks, money, or anything else important...* As for my share of the inheritance, *I don't want any of it.* Not because I can't use the money, but because in order to collect the money I would have to have contact with the family, and I can't endure that.

I have got to know, I have GOT TO, GOT TO, GOT TO know that every last tie joining me to this stinking family has been cut FOREVER and that I will never NEVER have to communicate with any of you again... I've got to do it NOW. I can't tell you how desperate I am... It is killing me.

From Ted to Dave — Aug. 13, 1991 (C-832)¹¹⁹

Quoting Ted:¹²⁰

At first, however, he did not do so forcefully enough to stop her from writing to me. Within about three weeks she sent me a letter and three postcards, one of which said, "I am deeply, deeply sorry for having hurt you," and nothing more. For once, no evasions, excuses, or accusations. It was beginning to sound like a real and honest apology, but by that time it was too late. I wanted no more contact with my stinking family. I sent my brother a second emotional letter in response to which he must have intervened more forcefully with my mother, because she did stop writing to me, apart from one or two minor relapses over the next couple of years.

¹¹⁹ A Review and Compilation of the Writings of Ted Kaczynski

¹²⁰ Ted Kaczynski. Truth versus Lies [Book]. Boxes 66 & 67, Ted Kaczynski papers, University of

Ma sent me a letter which I did not open and two postcards AFTER I made it emphatically clear that I did NOT want to hear anything more from this stinking family. POSTCARDS so that the whole world can read the messages about this family stuff. And now you send me a post card. You KNOW that the mailman is an acquaintance of mine. I introduced you to him when you visited me. Now I will be too embarrassed to ride to Helena with him after he has seen these stupid cards from you and Ma. Don't you have any common sense? By sending me these postcards instead of letters you two are deliberately thwarting my expressed desire to receive NO communications from you. I made it clear — I said it over and over again in my last letter that I DESPERATELY need to get away from this stinking family once and for all and to get away from anything that even reminds me of it.

How many times do I have to say this before get it through your stupid head? I quite clearly in that letter that any message you could send me would only get me more upset — and it did. After I got the check I felt so relieved and so good thinking I would never again have to have any contact with or reminders of this filthy family. Then I start getting these postcards and letters from you and Ma, and every time I get one I get upset all over again. You two are driving me desperate with frustration.

I've TOLD you in the clearest possible terms that I DON'T WANT TO HEAR ANYTHING MORE FROM THIS FAMILY EVER AGAIN — NO MATTER WHAT THE REASON IS OR HOW IMPORTANT IT IS. By this time you have got my heart beating irregularly again and I don't know when it will go back to beating normally. I do know that I won't be able to sleep for the next 2 or 3 nights since receiving your stupid postcard.

Since you can't seem to get it through your head, I'll say it a few more times:

I have got to get away from everything that reminds me of this family

I have got to get away from everything reminds me of this family

I have got to get away from everything that reminds me of this family.

You must not try to communicate with me You must not try to communicate with me You must not try to communicate with me. Now have you finally absorbed that?

ALSO you have got to stop Ma from sending me these letters and postcards. I have GOT TO get away from this stinking family and forget it completely, and by repeatedly frustrating my need to do so, you two are driving me to THE UTMOST DESPERATION. So you have GOT TO stop Ma from trying to communicate with me.

She has got to understand that this means FOREVER.

Once more, you have GOT TO stop Ma from sending me these letters and postcards.

From Ted to Dave — Feb 19, 1992 (T-67)¹²¹

To: DAVE KACZYNSKI
1266 KEYS AVE.
SCHENECTADY, NY 12309
FROM: T. KACZYNSKI
P.O. BOX 524
LINCOLN MT 59639

February, 13, 1992

Dave—

It seems that the bureaucracy puts obstacles in the way of making a quick and clean break with one's family. I need a piece of information.

Because of the amount of money she gave me in 1991, our mother could legally claim me as a dependant on her 1991 income tax return.

I have to know whether or not she is actually claiming me as a dependent for federal income tax purposes. Would you please find out and let me know as promptly as is convenient for you? I might add that it is likely to cause me serious inconvenience if she does claim me as a dependent.

This is NOT an invitation to resume correspondence. I just need that piece of information for red-tape reasons.

Thank you for your help with this.

Ted

Note address change— > Ted Kaczynski

P.O. Box 524

Lincoln, MT 5939

(BLANK PAGE ATTACHED)

From Ted to Dave — Aug. 18, 1992 (C-820)¹²²

[Sent August 18, 1992. I intentionally exaggerated my feelings because that is the only way I can make any impression on those clods.]

¹²¹ Letter from T. Kaczynski to Dave Kaczynski T-67. <harbor.klnpa.org/california/islandora/object/cali%3A1126>

¹²² A Review and Compilation of the Writings of Ted Kaczynski

Dave — Ma wrote me another letter. I don't know what was in it because I burned it without opening it. But you have *got* to stop her from writing to me.

I don't care how important it is. I don't want to hear from her...She has got to understand that there must be no further connection between us *of any kind*. She is not to know even whether I am alive or dead. You've *got* to make her stop writing to me. I can't tell you how desperate this is making me — because I know that if she is allowed to get away with sending me this one letter, then she will send me another one and another one and another one.

One reason why I am so ous to stop her writing to me is this. She's a y-wart, and she always used to nag me about writing to her regularly so she would "know that I was alright." I suspect that she writes to me now and sends me checks so that when the cancelled check comes back to her with my endorsement she will know that I am still alive...I wouldn't put it past her to contact the Montana Highway Patrol, or the Sheriff's Office, and ask them to check up on me. Needless to say, it would be acutely embarrassing to me if the cops came up here and I had to tell them that I wasn't writing to my mother because of family problems. So the position in which this puts me is that either I have to make some response to her communications, at least to the extent of cashing her checks, or else I have to risk her sending the cops up here. But I want to completely sever all communication with her ...

From Ted to Dave — Nov 2, 1994 (T-68)¹²³

Dave—

I need money desperately. If you're willing, I'll sell you my property here on the following terms. I'll deed the property over to you for \$1000⁰⁰. If I pay you back the thousand dollars, plus \$200⁰⁰ interest, within eight months, I get the property back. If I'm not able to pay you the \$1200⁰⁰ within 8 months, you keep the property, and I'll even make arrangements with a local realtor so that you can sell it. Since the appraised value of the property is over \$6000⁰⁰, you'll make a fat profit, though of course you may not be able to sell the property immediately. If you wanted to get your money back fast, I imagine a realtor would snap it up at \$1200⁰⁰ so that he could sell it at his leisure and make a big profit.

Now in case your response to my need for money should be to suggest to our mother that she send me some — I will *not* accept any mail from her and I will not accept a check from her or anything else with her name on it. I'd rather die than have any further contact, however remote, with that vicious old bitch.

If you decide to accept my proposition, please don't send me a personal check. I had to close my bank account because the minimum balance was \$200⁰⁰, and without

¹²³ Letter from T. Kaczynski to Dave Kaczynski T-68. <harbor.klnpa.org/california/islandora/object/cali%3A1127>

a bank account it would be difficult to cash a personal check. So send a cashier's check or postal money order or the like.

I am enclosing an informal document transferring the land to you. If you want a formal document notarized and with full legal description of the land and so forth, let me now.

Thanks.

—Ted

I, Theodore John Kaczynski, of Lincoln, Montana, give my brother, David Richard Kaczynski, full title to my land, about 1.4 acres on Canyon Creek below Baldy Mountain roughly three miles south of Lincoln, Montana, in exchange for \$1,000.00 to be paid to me not later than November 15, 1994. Transfer of title is to take effect July 15, 1995. However if I repay my brother the \$1,000.00, plus \$200.00 interest, prior to July 15, 1995, then I retain title to the land, and this document is void.

Theodore John Kaczynski
November 1, 1994

From Ted to Dave — Nov 14, 1994 (T-69)¹²⁴

To: DAVID KACZYNSKI

1266 KEYES AVE.

SCHENECTADY NY 12309

FROM: T. KACZYNSKI

P.O. BOX 524

LINCOLN MT 59639

Receipt: On November 14, 1994

I received \$1,00000 (one thousand dollars) from David Richard Kaczynski.

Theodore J. Kaczynski s/b November 14, 1994

P.S. Thanks! — *Ted*

From Ted to Dave — Dec 23, 1994 (T-70)¹²⁵

Dave—

¹²⁴ Typed transcription of T-69 T-69 Typed. <harbor.klnpa.org/california/islandora/object/cali%3A1200>

¹²⁵ Letter from T. Kaczynski to Dave Kaczynski T-70. <harbor.klnpa.org/california/islandora/ob-

I need another \$2000⁰⁰. If you don't want to lend me any more, I don't blame you, but if you are willing to lend me either part or all of this amount I'll be very grateful. If you can lend me anything, it would be best if I get it by Feb 1 ...

... If and when I get over present difficulties sufficiently to have an opportunity to do I will get a formal deed made up to transfer the property to you. That way, if I croak or anything, you'll get the property without having to wait for probate or suchlike formalities ...

... There won't be any further requests for loans. If another \$2000 won't do it, then I guess nothing will, so I may as well give up ...

From Ted to Dave — Dec 23, 1994 (T-71)¹²⁶

ENVELOPE — Postmark date DEC 23 [UNINTELLIGBLE] 1994 LINCOLN, MT
[UNINTELLIGBLE]

To: DAVID KACZYNSKI
1266 KEYES AVE.
SCHENECTADY NY 12309
FROM: T. KACZYNSKI
P.O. BOX 524 LINCOLN MT 59639

P.S. I asked a local realtor what she thought my property would sell for, and she said that under current market conditions it would sell for between 12 and 15 thousand dollars. No doubt prices fluctuate but it seems pretty safe to say that the value of the property would suffice to pay you back your money + interest.

—*Ted*

From Ted to Dave — Mar 19, 1995 (T-72)¹²⁷

Receipt.

On January 19, 1995 I received \$2000⁰⁰ (two thousand dollars) from David Richard Kaczynski.

Theodore J. Kaczynski
January 19, 1995

Dave— Thanks again! Some time ago I withdrew my offer to give you any help I could if you ever needed it. I'll now reinstate that offer. It would be ungracious of me,

ject/cali%3A1129>

¹²⁶ Letter from T. Kaczynski to Dave Kaczynski T-71. <harbor.klnpa.org/california/islandora/object/cali%3A1131>

¹²⁷ Letter from T. Kaczynski to Dave Kaczynski T-72. <harbor.klnpa.org/california/islandora/object/cali%3A1132>

to say the least, not to do so after you've never been so generous with me. Probably you'll never need to make use of the offer, since you have so many friends and so forth. But if you ever do need help in a big way and don't know where else to turn, I'll do everything I can for you.

—Ted

From Ted to Dave — Mar 28, 1995 (T-73)¹²⁸

ENVELOPE-Postmark dated MAR 28 PM 1995 LINCOLN, MT 59639

To: DAVID R. KACZYNSKI

1266 KEYES AVE.

SCHENECTADY, NY 12309

FROM: P.O. BOX 524

LINCOLN MT 59639

WARRANTY DEED TO JOINT TENANT

WARRANTY DEED

For Value Received

THEODORE JOHN KACZYNSKI OF LINCOLN, MONTANA the grantor, does hereby grant, bargain, sell convey and confirm unto

THEODORE JOHN KACZYNSKI OF LINCOLN, MONTANA, AND

DAVID RICHARD KACZYNSKI OF SCHENECTADY, NEW YORK the grantees, as joint tenants (and not as tenants in common), and to the survivor of said named joint tenants, and their assigns, and to the heirs and assigns of such survivor, the following described premises, in LEWIS AND CLARK County, Montana, to-wit:

BEGINNING AT THE W1/4 COR. SECT. 6, T.13N., R.8W., M.P.M.;

O

THENCE N 82 03' E A DISTANCE OF 333.2 FEET;

THENCE S 5 59' E A DISTANCE OF 2014.3 FEET;

THENCE S 44 55' E A DISTANCE OF 787.0 FEET;

THENCE S 67 39' E A DISTANCE OF 373.4 FEET;

THENCE S 62 26' E A DISTANCE OF 220.0 FEET;

THENCE S 86 47' E A DISTANCE OF 198.0 FEET;

THENCE S 77 36' E A DISTANCE OF 265.0 FEET

TO THE TRUE POINT OF BEGINNING;

THENCE S 12 37' W A DISTANCE OF 300.0 FEET;

THENCE N 82 52' E A DISTANCE OF 217.2 FEET;

THENCE N 12 37' E A DISTANCE OF 300.0 FEET;

THENCE S 82 52' W A DISTANCE OF 217.2 FEET;

¹²⁸ Land deed and letter from T. Kaczynski to Dave Kaczynski T-73. <harbor.klnpa.org/california/islandora/object/cali%3A1133>

TO THE TRUE POINT OF BEGINNING, CONTAINING
1.4 ACRES, MORE OR LESS, ALL IN SECTION 5, T.13N., R.8W., M.P.M.,
LEWIS AND CLARK COUNTY,
MONTANA

TO HAVE AND TO HOLD the said premises, with their appurtenances unto the said Grantees, as joint tenants with right of survivorship (and not as tenants in common) and their assigns, and to the heirs and assigns of the survivor of said named joint tenants forever. And the said Grantor does hereby covenant to and with the said Grantees, that they will be the owners in fee simple of said premises; that they are free from all incumbrances and that he will WARRANT and DEFEND the same from all lawful claims whatsoever.

Dated this 27 day of March 1995.

Theodore John Kaczynski s/b

STATE OF MONTANA, COUNTY OF

On this 27 day of March, 1995, before me, a notary public in and for said State, personally appeared Theodore John Kaczynski known to me to be the person whose name subscribed to the within instrument, and acknowledged to me that he executed the same.

July L. Brown s/b

Notary Public for the State of Montana

Residing at Lincoln, Montana.

My commission expires 5-14, 1999.

-Dave — Here is a photocopy of a deed that I have just sent off to the Lewis and Clark County Clerk and Recorder's Office to be recorded.

The original of the deed will be mailed back to me. I will hide it by burying it in the exact center of my upper garden patch, so you will know where to find it if that is ever necessary. However, if you would prefer to keep the deed in your own custody, write me and let me know, and I will send it to you.

I put the property in your name and my name jointly. If I die, the property is all yours without any problems or probate or other red tape. I put it in my name and your name jointly, rather than in your name alone, because this gives an advantage with regard to taxes. I get a low-income tax discount of about \$50.00 a year. If the property were in your name alone, the tax discount would be lost whatever your income may be, because you don't live on the property.

(OVER)

The tax bills will be sent to me, and I of course will pay them, assuming I have the money.

The water rights also will be in our names jointly.

-Ted

From Dave to Ted — Nov 1995¹²⁹

Quoting Dave:¹³⁰¹³¹¹³²

I needed something more to go on than guesswork and intuition. I told Linda I needed to visit Ted at his cabin in Montana.

This suggestion upset Linda.

“It’s not to confront him,” I tried to reassure her. “I won’t even mention the Unabomber. I just know that if I see him and spend some time with him, I’ll learn something.”

“But David,” Linda countered. “He might hurt you. He’s got guns, doesn’t he? I can’t let you go out there!”

“Hon, I’m sure Ted would never hurt me.”

“David, a month ago you didn’t believe he was capable of hurting anyone. The truth of the matter is that we really *don’t know* what he’s capable of!”

She thinks this man is psychotic and a killer, what would he do if he thought his brother suspected? So, she was adamant against it. At one point she said the only way I’ll permit this is if you have a bodyguard with you disguised as a friend and even then she was not enthusiastic about the idea.

After going back and forth for a while, we hit on a compromise: I’d write to Ted, ask for permission to visit, and wait for his response. Linda and I could make a decision once we heard back from him. Maybe Linda was counting on Ted to discourage me, since I hadn’t received a friendly letter from him in years.

In the letter I wrote, I told Ted I missed him. I said I had some vacation time coming and would be happy to drive him to Helena to pick up supplies before the heavy snows came. I tried to invest all the love and concern I felt for Ted in a simple and straightforward letter. There was no way I could put my heart on the page, but I hoped Ted might somehow feel it and understand.

¹²⁹ Ted Kaczynski. Truth versus Lies [Book]. Boxes 66 & 67, Ted Kaczynski papers, University of Michigan Library (Special Collections Library). Original link. Archived link.

¹³⁰ David Kaczynski. Every Last Tie [Book]. Duke University Press. January 8, 2016. Original link. Archived link.

¹³¹ Alan Chartock (Host). David Kaczynski | WAMC’s In Conversation With [Podcast Interview]. WAMC’s In Conversation With. August 12, 2021. Original link. Archived link.

¹³² David Kaczynski. Every Last Tie [Book]. Duke University Press. January 8, 2016. Original link. Archived link.

... I'd like to see you because we're brothers, with shared memories and a bond of genuine affection between us...

From Ted to Dave — Nov 30 1995 (T-74)¹³³

Quoting Dave:¹³⁴

Ted's reply came two weeks later. I was alone at home after work when I retrieved his letter from our mail slot. I sat down on the living room couch and gazed at the envelope for a minute. My name and address were hand printed in the familiar block letters I'd seen on every letter Ted had sent me since college. I noticed my hand trembling slightly as I held the envelope...

The letter was a short one for Ted: two sides of one sheet of notebook paper. Ted's anger and coldness were truly incomprehensible to me. I couldn't fathom what was going on inside his mind.

"He's gone over the edge," I murmured.

I realized I couldn't reason with him; I couldn't control him. And now it struck me that he probably could not control himself either.

For Ted's part he wrote later:¹³⁵

Since I had made it emphatically clear that I wanted to separate myself permanently from the family ... I don't know how he could have expected me to let him come and visit.

I am not suffering, sick or discouraged, and I don't know what indications you think you have that I am so. But if you want me to get sick, all you have to do is keep trying to communicate with me, because I get just choked with frustration at my inability to get our stinking family off my back once and for all, and stinking family' emphatically includes you.

¹³³ Letter from T. Kaczynski to Dave Kaczynski T-74. <harbor.klnpa.org/california/islandora/object/cali%3A1134>

¹³⁴ David Kaczynski. *Every Last Tie* [Book]. Duke University Press. January 8, 2016. Original link. Archived link.

¹³⁵ Ted Kaczynski. *Truth versus Lies* [Book]. Boxes 66 & 67, Ted Kaczynski papers, University of

So get this straight — and I hope you will get it straight this time, because I get desperately frustrated by the fact that I’ve told you this again and again, and it just doesn’t seem to sink in— I DON’T EVER WANT TO SEE YOU OR HEAR FROM YOU, OR ANY OTHER MEMBER OF OUR FAMILY, AGAIN. If I were “suffering, discouraged,” etc., It would only make me feel worse, MUCH worse, to see you or any other member of our family.

It was with the utmost reluctance that I asked you for a loan. But since I did so, of course some communication on practical matters related to the loan, or the land that serves as security for it, may be necessary. But I would really appreciate it if you would communicate only for strictly practical reasons related to the loan or the land. Or, of course, you can contact me if you ever need to cash in on my offer to help ou if you have nowhere else to turn, if all your friends fail you, etc. But understand that I reinstated that offer not from any affection, but only from a sense of obligation due to your generosity in lending me money. The affection I once had for you is all gone by this time, and it will never come back.

As for my wishes with regard to this piece of land, if I should die before I pay off my debt to you, the land is yours and you can do whatever you please with it. On the other hand, if I ever do get you paid off, we will remove your name from the deed and you will never have need to worry about what to do with the land.

Ted

Post Ted's Arrest

From Ted to Dave — 1996¹

Dave,

Of all the things you could conceivably have done to me, what you have done is by far the cruelest. You know it, and you knew it before you did it, even though, with your usual talent for self-deception, you never permitted yourself to be conscious of it. You know me well enough to realize that above all I need physical freedom, silence, and solitude, and that, to me, permanent imprisonment will be a fate far worse than death. That would be the case even if I were imprisoned under the best of conditions. But you know very well that in prisons there is a high risk of homosexual rape and of abuse by other prisoners, or even by guards; and that even without that prisons are noisy and crowded; and you are certainly aware that I can't endure noise and crowding.

The FBI assured you that conditions in federal prisons were fine and that I would be happier in prison, but it is not conceivable that you could have believed this except by a particularly egregious act of self-deception. You know me, and you know that the FBI had very strong ulterior motives for giving you such assurances. As a matter of fact, I was living rather happily prior to my arrest, and prison will be torture for me.

You tried to get the FBI to arrest me under conditions that wouldn't involve risk of my being killed, and you urged the government not to seek the death penalty for me. But, as already noted, you knew well that permanent imprisonment would be for me far worse than death, so your effort to "save" me from death can only have been an attempt to solve your conscience by inflicting on me a punishment that in our society, is conventionally regarded as less severe than death.

It is interesting that you asked the FBI to promise not to reveal your identity as the informant, and you were very upset when that promise was broken. Evidently you were ashamed of what you were doing. Why did you do it? To stop the unabomber? Hardly. You knew that the unabomber had promised to stop bombing if his manifesto were published, and you knew that the promise would be kept if I were the unabomber, since I am strict about keeping promises. Furthermore, if I were the unabomber you could have effectively stopped the bombings by warning me that you would tip off the FBI if I didn't desist.

The real reason why you informed on me is that you hate me. You say you love me, and you probably do. But you have deep, unresolved and uncontrolled conflicts

¹ Brother to brother

concerning me, and your loving me does not prevent you from hating me at the same time. This hatred has repeatedly revealed itself in your behavior toward me over the years. And what you hate me for is your own gnawing sense of inferiority. Your suspicion that I was the unabomber at last gave you your opportunity to get a crushing revenge on big brother for being smarter and more capable than you are, while maintaining the illusion that your motives were “moral.”

Of course, you will not accept the truth about your own motives. I know from long experience that it is useless to reason with you where your emotions are involved, because you will resort to any sort of rationalization, no matter how far-fetched, to avoid facing up to difficult truths. You wear a kind of veil over your motives to keep yourself from being conscious of them, and it is this veil that enables you to live with yourself. But, some day the veil will fall away and you will see yourself as you really are. And on that day you will go to hell, because seeing yourself as you really are will truly be hell.

Ted

From Ted to Dave — 1996²

Dave:

If there was ever any doubt about the fact that your turning me in was motivated by your hatred of me, that doubt has been removed by your interviews that appeared in the New York Times and on 60 Minutes.

In those interviews you portrayed me as mentally ill. Did you really believe I was so? Hardly. In the past you have denied the very existence of mental illness. I have proof of this in the letters you wrote me concerning Joel Schwartz. Were you trying to “save” me from the death penalty by providing me with an insanity defense? If that had been your motive you would have emphasized the fact that I was subjected to verbal and psychological abuse, which you know is true and which would have helped my defense. Instead, you lied and denied that I had suffered such abuse, even though you are well aware (I’ve made it clear to you in various letters) that the acknowledgment of that abuse was desperately important to me, and that the denial of it tortured me with frustration and a sense of injustice.

Though you don’t admit it to yourself, you know deep inside that you were inflicting acute suffering on me by making the public statements that you did, and you were doing it because you hate me on account of your own feelings of inferiority and of inadequacy relative to me.

Ted

² Brother to brother

From Dave to Ted — 1996³

Oct. 30 1996

Dear Ted,

Your letters were shown to me. Afterward I spoke with one of your attorneys, Gary Sowards, who confirmed that the jail environment is terribly noisy and demeaning. I both fear and in a gut sense know the effect this must be having on you. I know that I am the immediate cause of this suffering. I've passed through periods of denial, in which I tried to convince myself that my actions might even have helped you. But all of that is over now. I have had to glimpse my own cruelty and it is, as you say, a kind of hell. I do love you, I'm so, so sorry for what I've done and for how it hurts you.

Dave

From Ted to Dave — Sep 18, 1998⁴

To David Kaczynski —

You have my permission to let Alston Chase interview you in regard to me.

Ted Kaczynski

September 18, 1998.

[Sent to Alston Chase.

– TJK Nov. 1, 2011]

From Dave to Ted — Nov 23, 1998⁵

Dear Ted,

I recently received a letter from someone named Alston Chase, who is writing some sort of a book. He included a copy of a note from you which gave me permission to speak with him about you. He mentioned that you and I “apparently disagree about some matters.” I can imagine that that is so. However, I wrote back to him saying that I didn't want to get into a debate with you, least of all through an intermediary.

In the past, our various disagreements have ended up being very painful for me and, I sense, for you as well. Very little was ever resolved. However, I would like to have a relationship with you and am willing to look at issues that may stand in the way of such a relationship. In other words, I am willing to hear you out in full and to think seriously about any and all of your concerns with regard to me.

³ Brother to brother

⁴ Brother to brother

⁵ Brother to brother

Most of all, I would like to come to Colorado to visit you. I don't know that I have a great deal to say to you, except that I love you and would like to have a relationship with you despite everything. Perhaps something can be resolved or at least come unstuck through meeting face to face.

Please be well.

From Dave to Ted — June 25, 2001⁶

Dear Ted,

I'm sorry to have to tell you that mom has had a setback with her health. On June 10, I visited her as I customarily do on Sundays and found her lying on her couch in her livingroom. She said she'd been there for almost three days, too weak to move, without food or water, and soiled from being unable to reach the bathroom. She was calm and lucid. It began, she said, with pain worse than usual from her supposed stenosis. At first, she was reluctant to move because of the pain, but later she found herself unable to stand up, or even to crawl without falling over. We called an ambulance which took her to the hospital, where she remained for six days at the hospital, nurses found a large, oozing rash on her right leg and buttocks, which was later determined to be a symptom of shingles — a painful nerve infection related to chicken pox. A blood test showed that she also has a chronic form of leukemia, not uncommon in the elderly and not necessarily life-threatening, although it might have weakened her immune system enough to bring on the shingles. She has been staying with us for the past week and may remain here for some time, as she still can't walk without a walker, and even then she needs assistance because of her continued weakness and poor balance. She remains in pain because of the shingles and has difficulty controlling her bladder. This, we learned today, may be the result of urinary tract infection, for which the doctor has prescribed an antibiotic. In her opinion, mom has a fair chance of recovering her mobility and independence in time. Mom is not exactly cheerful about any of this, but she does still display some cheerfulness at times. She is not one to cling to life at this stage, yet she seems to be thinking and responding rationally, apparently waiting to see what course the illness will take. We all more or less cooperate in doing what must be done to see her through each day. I believe I see signs of gradual improvement. She is eating a little more and her voice is stronger, although she has trouble concentrating on the written word and hasn't been reading anything — not at all usual for mom. She sleeps most of the time, but her appetite has improved. She avoids seeing or speaking with her friends, who are very concerned, but she seems cheered by their cards and get well wishes. She has lived so independently in every way since Dad's death, I'm sure that this sudden loss of independence has been a blow to her. I suspect

⁶ Brother to brother

that she has concealed from us at least, some of her infirmities up ‘til now, and still she remains stoic.

I will let you know how she progresses once the prognosis is clearer. ‘til then.

Your brother, Dave Kaczynski

From Dave to Ted — July 14, 2001⁷

Dear Ted,

I’m writing to let you know that mom is much better...

From Dave to Ted — May 20, 2002⁸

Dear Ted,

I hope this greeting finds you well, on or about your 60th birthday. My, my ... 60 years is an age, although I would imagine that youth is still in you because of your vigorous life and disciplined commitment to exercise. I finally gave up playing baseball this year, partly for lack of time and partly because I felt my skills decline last year. Frankly, I didn’t feel the same joy in the game as I used to, either.

Mom is doing much better now, a pleasant surprise after last summer’s setback. The main problem is that she remains unsteady on her feet, increasing the likelihood that she will have a serious fall at some point. She has a wonderful, reassuring dignity and treats everyone with kindness.

I’ve been thinking of you a lot in recent months. I keep a picture of you on the wall in my study. Time moves like a lamb of clouds with occasional breaks. Your place in my life and heart is as great as ever.

Love, Dave

From Dave to Ted — December 10, 2002⁹

Dear Ted,

I hope the season finds you well. Owing to my desert calm, I stopped in Austin to visit with [TEXT CENSORED] youngest daughter [TEXT CENSORED] and her husband [TEXT CENSORED] who are trying to make a go of it with their two infant children. My heart really went out to them. [TEXT CENSORED] seems so balanced,

⁷ Brother to brother

⁸ Brother to brother

⁹ Brother to brother

centered, patient — more like her mother than her father, yet in a way quite vulnerable, walking a bridge that has few supports. [TEXT CENSORED] and [TEXT CENSORED] seem to have a real message, much more than an arrangement. [TEXT CENSORED] has been grappling with his mother's apparent suicide last winter. Compared with that, the uncertainties of life in the U.S. seem small and bearable to him. They represent a fresh start. The validation and dignity of work. There is no going back, because there's no work in Mexico, only ghosts. He speaks of faith but has no dogma, much like [TEXT CENSORED] yet his worrying is far less anxious than [TEXT CENSORED]. I felt deeply touched them both.

[TEXT CENSORED] told a strange story that about 3 years ago journalists came to Ojimag from L.A. to investigate a story that [TEXT CENSORED] was supposedly alive and was reported to have been seen in L.A. by his estranged brother. [TEXT CENSORED] took them to [TEXT CENSORED]'s grave and that, as far [as] she knows, was the end of it. Peculiar.

Mom is doing O.K., but hse's lost much of her mobility in the last year. She has a walker and gets tired very quikly. The luekemia is apparently advancing ...

From Dave to Ted — January 18, 2004¹⁰

Dear brother,

I hope this letter find you well. I'm fine. So is mom — a bit slower and weaker each year, but sharp of mind and well-liked and admired by her neighbors at her apartment complex. She participates in a weekly discussion of current affairs among the seniors there. You can imagine that they've had a lot to discuss this year. Mom treats everyone with great kindness — even the Republicans.

Jeannie Edswardson has had a difficult year. She had a benign tumor removed from her brain. She's had some slight memory loss, but nothing drastic. In October, her father died...

I picked up my ball and bat and played baseball again last summer. I can't seem to quit. I still remember with great pleasure how we sued to bat the ball around; and the softball game where you went 7 for 7 & I made a great catch. We were something that day.

Dave

¹⁰ Brother to brother

From Dave to Ted — June 14, 2004¹¹

... IN THIS SHIPMENT
The Stones Cry Out
Okuizumi, Hikaru — Paperback

[{Note from Ted:} needless to say, every book that my brother sends me goes straight into the trash. -TJK 6/22/04]

From Dave to Ted — Undated¹²

Dear Ted,
I hope all is well with you. I haven't talked to Joy in a few weeks, but mom says she's been in some discomfort. She strikes me in every way as such a bright, intelligent human being. My thoughts and (Buddhist) prayers are with you both. She is a gift to you, and has shown much kindness to mom. Thank you for bringing her into our lives. Little news here. Mom has devolved to a wheelchair. But her spirits are fairly good. Best wishes always, Dave

From Dave to Ted — May 21, 2005¹³

May 21, 2005
Dear Ted,
I've been out of contact a long time. In some ways it hasn't seemed so — for instance, I think of you often in other ways, I've been feelin an ever greater distance. Your birthday comes and I think of you more. That long ago trip together to Canada. I just never realized how fragile everything was. I still don't understand your will to sever the past. You must somehow feel that you understand it. The bright news is that mom seems reborn since her hip-replacement ...

¹¹ Brother to brother

¹² Brother to brother

¹³ Brother to brother

From Dave to Ted — June 3, 2005¹⁴

... IN THIS SHIPMENT
Never Let Me Go
Kazuo Ishiguro — Hardcover

[{Note from Ted:} Needless to say, this book went straight into the trash. –TJK 6/3/05]

From Dave to Ted — December 10, 2005¹⁵

... IN THIS SHIPMENT
South of the Border, West of the Sun: A Novel (Vintage International)
Murakami, Haruki — Paperback

[{Note from Ted:} Needless to say, this went straight into the trash, like all books sent by my brother. –TJK 12/20/05]

From Dave to Ted — December 11, 2005¹⁶

... IN THIS SHIPMENT
Who Ordered This Truckload of Dung?: Inspiring Stories for Welcoming Life's Difficulties
Brahm, Ajahn — Paperback

[{Note from Ted:} Needless to say, this went straight into the trash, like all books sent by my brother. –TJK 12/20/05]

¹⁴ Brother to brother

¹⁵ Brother to brother

¹⁶ Brother to brother

From Dave to Ted — March 31, 2007¹⁷

Dear Ted,

I'm sorry to tell you this, but our mother is having a serious health crisis. Two days ago, she was admitted to the hospital to treat pains in her leg that have grown more severe since they just appeared about three weeks ago.

The doctors are still diagnosing the cause of the leg pain as a severe muscle strain. But she is also weak and at times confused...

From Dave to Ted — May 29, 2009¹⁸

... IN THIS SHIPMENT

The Ancestor's Tale: A Pilgrimage to the Dawn of Evolution

Dawkins, Richard — Paperback

[{Note from Ted:} As always with books sent by my brother, this one went straight into the trash. -TJK]

From Dave to Ted — December 20, 2010¹⁹

Dear Brother,

I hope this note finds you well. Little has changed here since the last time I wrote. Mom is surprisingly strong, still living on her own about a mile away from us. The one marked change is her diminished hearing, making communication with her somewhat laborious process... My friend Joel is basically disabled after letting his diabetes get out of control. I visited him in D.C. last weekend, where he's landed in an very nice assisted living place run by Jewish family services. We spoke of his visit to Montana in the early 1970's, when the three of us hiked up to that beautiful lake in the mountains. For a moment it didn't seem like such a long time ago. I also met his brother, whom I'd not seen in 40 years. He was just a baby when Joel was attacked by their mother, who passed away February. At the funeral, Joel spoke the eulogy. Life is certainly strange for us all. I miss you very much. Best wishes for 2011.

Love, Dave

¹⁷ Brother to brother

¹⁸ Brother to brother

¹⁹ Brother to brother

From Dave to Ted — December 24, 2011²⁰

In Memorium
“Memories, memories, memories”
she intoned while dying.
Her version of memories
Fading now is mine
Three years since her last fall:
she lived without mistake,
a tiny figure hunched above
her walker, unconquerable
in her delight of company,
ideas, empathy, friendship —
longing to be a gracious host
until it nearly hurt you.
“Beautiful golden light,” she told me.
To her, it was like a room opening.
To me, like a flock of stars
rising from her bosom.

Dave’s description of other letters and packages he sent

Yahoo News:²¹

At one point, Richards even began speaking regularly to Kaczynski’s family — his mother, Wanda, and brother, David, whom the bomber had cut off after learning his sibling had given the FBI the tip that led to his arrest. Her overtures weren’t a secret. His mother and brother wrote him letters mentioning Richards, and Kaczynski, who was quick to cut off anyone he didn’t trust, apparently had no objection.

His family, desperate to end their estrangement with him, viewed Richards’ outreach as surprising but hopeful. “I thought it was an opening, that maybe Joy could become the bridge by which I could reconcile with my brother,” David said in an interview.

In letters and phone calls, Richards mainly gave the family updates on Kaczynski’s life in prison — though occasionally she seemed to hint that

²⁰ Brother to brother

²¹ Falling in love with the Unabomber

she was passing the messages on at his request. "Once or twice, she even said something like, 'He said to tell David this' or something like that, which made me hopeful," David recalled.

But one day, he had a phone conversation with Richards about his brother's crimes in which she offered a view into her thinking on the Unabomber. "You know, they have never really proven that Ted killed people," she told David, who was taken aback.

"Joy, if I thought he was innocent, I would be fighting a different cause right now," he told her.

On the other end of the line, Richards was silent for a moment. "Well, even if he did it, I can still accept it," she said. "I can understand it."

Not long after that, David recalled, Richards stopped communicating. "The door was really shut," he said. Several months later, the family learned why: Richards told Kaczynski's mother that her son had forbidden her from talking to the family. He thought she was becoming too sympathetic to them and had started to question her loyalty.

Washington Post:²²

David writes to his brother three or four times a year, reminiscences sometimes, recountings of jokes he's heard, a gentle bemoaning of the loss of contact. The letters are never that long. Last Christmas, he sent Ted the book *Ishmael* about a gorilla who speaks telepathically, telling a philosophical tale about the fall of human beings from their natural state. David figured that the theme would be of interest to Ted.

"There is a tremendous threat to the soul of human beings. And I think so much depends on some ability to resist it, to keep your life spiritually rich."

He has never tried to explain to his brother why or how he decided to turn him in to the FBI.

I guess it has to do with my past experience with Ted and an understanding of how his mind works. If I were attempting to justify myself it would trigger a sort of debate or an argumentativeness. And it's almost like he would analyze what I've said and try to show that it is insincere in some way or find the fallacy in it.

Time heals to some extent, but the bond I feel with Ted doesn't disappear. Sometimes I'll remember the good times — a backpacking trip, a softball game, or talking at night in his cabin — and my sense of loss is very poignant. Those times we shared mean a lot to me and so I hold on to them

²² His Brother's Keeper

... Different as we may seem in some respects, Ted was a major influence in my life, and so, inevitably, he remains a part of me.

Unknown Dates

From Ted to Dave (T-75)¹

Dear Dave: I don't know if I told you that this guy who has built the big house down on the flat below me is named Mason. Well, Mason is in the jerky business — he makes jerked beef that is sold in the stores around here. They call it “Hi-country beef jerky.” They have a plant down on Highway 200 where they jerk the beef. I hear he's done very well in this business. Of course I take a dim view of all this, as you might guess. I mean, what would you think of a man who makes his living by just jerking meat all day?

By the way, I wonder if you found that when living by yourself in the desert, you had considerably more energy than when living in the city? By “energy” I do not mean a need to be constantly busy, I mean a greater ability to undertake and complete a project that you have a sound reason for undertaking. I now this has been my response to life in the woods ...

From Ted to Dave (T-78)²

Dear Dave:

I noticed that in one of your letters you recommended that I bring “enough changes of clothes to go a couple of weeks between washings”. Am I to conclude from this that you *actually wash and change your clothes*? I'm surprised at you, sir! as Martin Ricardo said to Ms. Jones. I never wash my clothes except when I have to go to town, and when I get back here I get right back into the same old filthy rags, which I wear until they rot off my body. I am following a highly respectable example. I quote Otto J. Jaenchen-Helfen, *The World of the Huns* (1973), pp. 259–260:

[Quoting the Roman historian Ammianns Marcellinus:]

¹ Letter from T. Kaczynski to Dave Kaczynski T-75. <harbor.klnpa.org/california/islandora/object/cali%3A1135>

² Letter from T. Kaczynski to Dave Kaczynski T-78. <harbor.klnpa.org/california/islandora/object/cali%3A1138>

“‘When they [the Huns] once put their neck into a faded tunic, it is not taken off or changed until by long wear and tear it has been reduced to rags and fallen from them bit by bit.’

“Ammianus cannot be blamed for taking the aversion of the Huns to washing their clothes for just another mark of their beastliness. Ibn Fadlan, a keen observer and ever ready to ask questions, noticed the same unclean habit among the Oguz without suspecting that it might have religious significance. The object of the Turkish and Mongol custom was to avoid offense to the water spirits. It probably was the same with the Huns, and it presumably corresponded happily with their natural inclinations. Priscus noticed as remarkable that Attila’s dress was clean. The ‘Massagetae’- Huns were as dirty as the Sclaveni.”

I suspect that the “Sclaveni” may be the ancient Slavs. It behooves us to be true to our racial antecedents and wash no more than is absolutely necessary to avoid being persecuted by the Public Health Dept.

From Ted to Dave (T-79)³

ENVELOPE (No postmark)

To: DAVE KACZYNSKI

Terlingua Route, Box 220

Alpine, Texas 79830

FROM: TED KACZYNSKI

STEMPLE PASS ROAD LINCOLN, MONTANA 59639

Dear Dave: I have a problem that you may be able to help me with if you are willing to participate in something slightly shady. I went to build a root cellar, and I want to use logs to hold up the sides and roof. I have picked out a stand of dead but sound standing lodgepole pines. Since they are dead, the forest service says I can have them for nothing. The only trouble is...how to haul them to my place. As for that guy I sold my pickup to...I asked him, and it turns out the pickup is no longer in proper running condition. I also tried to make a deal with Irene, but she says there is something broken in the steering mechanism of her pickup and it is only wired together so she wouldn’t want to have logs hauled with it. I don’t know any other likely parties to ask, so I guess I will have to try a regular rental outfit.

³ Letter from T. Kaczynski to Dave Kaczynski T-79. <harbor.klnpa.org/california/islandora/object/cali%3A1139>

Now, the trouble is, I believe most or all car or truck rental outfits require a reference from your employer, and you have to have been employed in the same place for at least a year.

Now, I could try this: I could use my Illinois driver's license for identification, claiming I am on vacation, and give them the name of an imaginary employer, with our home phone number. I take it you are still home, usually between 9 AM and 3 PM, so you could answer the phone and say "yes, this is so-and-so company", etc. I would call you immediately before I go to the rental place, so that you would be prepared.

If you don't want to do this, it's OK, since I suppose conceivably one could get into trouble for it, but I don't suppose it would be very serious trouble, since I'm not trying to pass myself off with a false name or any such thing, I'm only trying to give the impression that I'm employed when I am not.

Here is the fake data we could use:

Horvath Sausage Company
718 National Ave.
Lombard, Illinois 60148
629-7235

You are:
Harold Buldinski
Plant supervisor

I work on the loading dock, loading and unloading trucks. I have been working there about 3-1/2 years.

Please let me know what you think about this scheme, and also let me know of any modifications, or alternative ways of getting a truck, that you may think of.

One alternative plan would be for Dad to send me a signed, notarized statement to the effect that he takes responsibility for rental of the truck. He is a sufficiently solid — citizen type for that. The only trouble with this plan is the following: An owner, or a manager with plenty of authority, would probably accept some such arrangement; but I may not be able to see owner or manager.

I will probably be talking to some clerk who will say—"Sorry, but I don't have the authority to do this, I'm only supposed to rent to people who...etc. etc."

A variation on this plan might be to have Dad rent the truck by long-distance phone, arranging

Dave— >See other letter enclosed where its explained that I'm not coming to visit you.

By the way, I remember a few years ago you spoke to me about some woman psychologist whom you saw on television who claimed to have impressive evidence in favor of re-incarnation. You said she cited all kinds of impressive-sounding (alleged)

facts. Well, a few years ago when I was back in Lombard there I found a book called *The Geller Papers* edited by some guy named Parati or something like that.

It was difficult not to take the book seriously because the papers (those I read, anyway) were by people in the “hard” sciences who claimed to have done experiments under controlled conditions with this guy Uri Geller, and they found he exhibited powers not explainable on the basis of known scientific principles. What was impressive was the fact that there was nothing sensationalistic about the papers and the authors seemed to take a very conservative attitude and made no flat assertions that Geller had any supernormal powers. So I was forced to take the book seriously, though I didn’t like to do so. On the other hand, the thing just didn’t seem right to me — it all just didn’t seem to fit with things that are definitely known, are obvious and simple experiments that I thought ought to have been done. So I always meant to try to do some checking up to see if the book was on the level. But I didn’t get around to it.

However, a few months ago I learned of an organization that goes by the initials CSICOP and publishes a periodical called “the Skeptical Inquirer” (formerly *the Zelectic*) devoted to exposing fraudulent occult and psychic — type stuff. So I wrote them asking about this Geller book. They wrote back referring me to some articles in back issues of their journal. So I ordered the 3 back issues in question (\$2000 altogether, ugh!) It seems that, investigated carefully, these Geller claims look much less impressive. In fact, at one point it was flatly asserted that Geller was a fraud. A very clever trickster. Their investigation of Geller and other psychic-type stuff generally seemed to be very careful and reasonable. On the other hand that pro-Geller book (so far as I read it) had also seemed reasonably and moreover I have learned that people sometimes publish gross distortions if not outright lies, or sound quite reasonable while doing it. Furthermore, some (not all) of the Skeptical Inquirer writers seemed to have an emotional bias *against* this psychic stuff just as strong as the emotional bias that some people have *for* it.

Of course, in a case like this where it is impractical to do one’s own investigating, so that one has to take the word of one side or another as to the facts on which to base a judgement—how can one be sure who is distorting things and who is not? However, I opined that the antipsychic school is right. Naturally, my preferences may be influencing me here, but it does seem to me that all the psychic and occult stuff just doesn’t fit in with the general pattern of definitely established facts, so that, in the absence of very solid evidence for psychic phenomena one would have to reject this. And since the evidence produced by the anti’s is at any rate sufficient to deprive the evidence of the pros of a solidly convincing character, one would have to conclude that the antis are most likely right. Also, some of the statements about Geller, notably the statement that he has been “exposed as a fraud,” would lay the writers open to a libel suit if Geller were on the level.

If you find all this occult bullshit disturbing and would like to read those 3 issues of the Skeptical Inquirer that I have, let me know and I will send them to you. In that

case you are welcome to keep them if you like, but if you decide you don't want to keep them, then please send them back to me rather than throwing them out.

—Ted

From Ted to Dave (T-82)⁴

To: DAVID R. KACZYNSKI

Via: HUKEN (HAKAN?) AND JEAN (JEANNE?): PLEASE GIVE THIS TO DAVE WHEN HE ARRIVES.

Dear Dave,

I enjoyed reading about the apparently inaccessible canyon you found.

The reason I offered to send you the Quirog's book was because I thought you might find it interesting. If you ever want to borrow it, let me know. Besides your practical motive for wanting to learn Spanish, I imagine you would enjoy exploring Latin-American literature.

When you to get around to exploring Mexico, unless I get down there to go with you, I'll enjoy hearing about your experiences.

Yes, you may send me a book for my birthday, *provided* its width does not exceed 7 inches.. If it's bigger than that I'd have to make a trip to the post office to get it, and that's such a pain in the ass. Also, if you send it, it must be with the understanding that if it doesn't look to me as if I'll like it, I won't read it, but will trade it in a place where I trade paperbacks (if it's a paperback) to get something that's more to my taste. I assume you don't mind if when I send you a book or something without asking you about it before hand, since you haven't expressed any wishes to the contrary.

Here's a favor you can do me IF and when you find it convenient.

If you're busy or find it inconvenient, just forget it or put it off indefinitely or whatever you want. I have an idea. Years ago I have seen, in college newspapers, ads offering to do translations at such and such a price. It occurs to me that I might be able to make a little money by placing such an ad and doing translations of Spanish material. Worth a try, anyway, so, if you pass any large universities on your way home to Lombard, or after you get there, or any time you happen to have a convenient opportunity, if you can get hold of any college newspapers, and you can find in them any ads for translations, [UNINTELLIGBLE] do me a favor by clipping them out and sending them to me along with the name and address of the paper. I could then respond to some of the ads just to find out what the going rates are, and if it seems promising, I could try placing such an ad myself.

⁴ Letter from T. Kaczynski to Dave T-82. <harbor.klnpa.org/california/islandora/object/

What do you eat when you're in the desert? How do you make your flour edible? I won't ask you about blood-pressure, because I don't like to be asked questions about my health myself, and it may be that you feel the same way about it; but in case it hasn't occurred to you baking powder contains a great deal of sodium—I suppose a spoonful of baking powder is almost like a spoonful of salt in that respect.

Any kind of bread is superior to pancakes as a steady diet. You can make bread in a frying pan if need be, or by heating the ground with a fire and burying the bread in the ashes, or by improvising an oven. But its true that without a civilized oven, some experience in judging and controlling the heat is necessary for consistent success with the bread. Sourdough and yeast bread are much superior to baking powder bread. Sourdough bread worked fine for me for some time. But then apparently my sourdough pot got contaminated with some objectionable organism, because the stuff got spoiled. Since then I've been unable to sourdough because every time I try, the stuff goes bad—apparently my whole cabin is contaminated with the spores.

So I bought some commercial yeast and started a new pot with that. Apparently this yeast is stronger than the objectionable organism, because I am able to keep my “starter” pot going without having it get spoiled. This yeast also raises the bread faster and higher than the sourdough did, but on the other hand it doesn't have the superior flavor. I understand they also make pancakes with sourdough and yeast, but I haven't tried that. Another way to use flour is to make noodles—just roll the dough out on a board and slice it into strips.

But you have to roll it out extremely thin if the noodles are to be good. Tastiest if you add whole wheat flour and a little cornmeal to the dough.

You remember that old Doctor Smith that was here in Lincoln? Well, he died. It was about time—he was 94 years old. While he was in the hospital they posted up notices all over town asking people to write to him, and the same thing in the Blackfoot Valley Dispatch, which is a little local mini newspaper that someone has taken to publishing here. It was all disgustingly saccharine. I did send him a note anyway—he *did* treat my foot for nothing, and all that saccharine crap, wasn't his fault. I've been told that he was a doctor back in Massachusetts—he got sick of the “rat race”, as its called, and came out here—it must have been quite a while back.

Meanwhile, a new doctor, one Doctor [UNINTELLIGIBLE] or Shiels, has settled here. I'm told he came here for the same reason, to escape the rat race. I'm also told that the first thing he did when he got here was buy himself an airplane. Sounds like he's trying to bring some of the rate race out here with him. But I will have to give him credit for the fact that he only charges \$10.00 for an office call, when the going rate is \$14.00. Also, I've known him to make an least *one* house-call. A few months ago my neighbor Dutch Gehring (son of the defunct Gehring from whom we bought the lot) fell off a scaffold, knocked himself unconscious, and broke both arms. By chance I was present at the time. The doctor came out and looked him over before

sending him off in the ambulance. He gave the impression of competence, seemed to know what he was doing—but of course such impressions are not [UNINTELLIGBLE]. So who knows? Maybe he cam [UNINTELLIGBLE] because he got discouraged aft [UNINTELLIGBLE] 2 patients in one week.

From Ted to Dave (T-83) (Extract)⁵

Original Spanish

... muerto despues de comer hojas de remolachas, Ambrosia (Ragweed), Amaranthus, y Chenopoium, los cuales habian estado rociado con 2, 4-D. Informacion obtenida en South Dakota indica que tales plantas rociadas habian acumulado una cuantia de potassium nitrate mas alta que la menos neresario para causar la muerte. Es posible que ... 2, 4-D pueda aumentar la acumulacion de potassium nitrate demodo que ciertas cizanas, de otro modo innocuas; puedan ilegar a ser venenosas.”

?Fuisteis rosotros a Mexico? ?Hablasteis un poco espanol alla?

–T.J.

Automatic translation

... died after eating beet leaves, ragweed, amaranthus, and chenopoium, which had been sprayed with 2,4-D. Information from South Dakota indicates that such sprayed plants had accumulated a higher amount of potassium nitrate than was necessary to cause death. It is possible that ... 2,4-D may increase potassium nitrate accumulation so that certain otherwise harmless weeds may become poisonous.”

Did you go to Mexico? Did you speak any Spanish there?

⁵ Letter signed “T.J.” and advertisement T-83. <harbor.klnpa.org/california/islandora/object/cali%3A1143>

Sources

California University

California University recently digitalized a long list of letters from Ted to his brother Dave.

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The Ted K Archive

Ted Kaczynski's Correspondence with his Brother David
1968—2023

(1) California University Archive. (2) Brother to brother. (3) Truth versus Lies & (4)
A Review and Compilation of the Writings of Ted Kaczynski

www.thetedkarchive.com