

**Journal #1 from Series 7
(1984–1986)**

Ted Kaczynski

1984–1986

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Original English & Spanish

Series VII

#1

Notebook

#2-2-88

Series VII, #1

Enero 23 de 1984.

Durante la noche de enero 21–22 hizo un poquisimo de nieve; así, fui a cazar. Hace pocos días quí di un paseo por encima de la colina que está al norte de mi cabaña y vi el rastro de una liebre junto a un declive fuerte pero corto – lugar algo pintoresco. El rastro era viejo y no considere que valise la pena seguirlo, pero me enseñó que había liebres allí. Durante la parte temprana del invierno yo había recorrido dos veces (si me no me acuerdo) aquella vecindad sin encontrar ni una sola huella de liebre. Creo haber mencionado en alguna parte de mis apuntes la hipótesis de que las liebres se mueven en el invierno desde los lugares bajos cuesta arriba. Sea como fuere, es seguro que, desde hace como dos meses, pocas o ningunas liebres habitaban la ladera norte de la colina que está al norte de mi cabaña, y que ayer cuando las cacé allí, había muchas, según demostraron las huellas, y el hecho de que matase yo cuatro de ellas con poco trabajo. Además, recogí algún berro a la primera Fuente donde crece esta Buena hierba, y mientras que regresaba a casa, encontré el rastro de un Puerco espín. Lo rastree y maté. Era una hembra de tamaño mediano o algo menos. [CROSSED OUT: Así, ahora tengo mucha] Tenía buena cantidad de manteco. Así, tengo ahora mucha carne, de lo cual me agrado, ya que antes de ayer, durante ...

“I think that for a true man it is the lowest depth of shame to submit tamely to wrongs” — speech attributed to Gaius Memmius by Gaius Sallustius Crispus, *Jugurthine War*, 31, 16 or thereabouts

See the case of Eunice Williams, in *Stolen by the Indians*, by Dorothy Heiderstadt, David McKay Co., New York, 1968, pp. 10–16.

“Caesar’s suggestion that they [certain ringleaders in the Catiline conspiracy] should be imprisoned for life in Italian towns was even more contrary to custom than their summary execution: to Roman sentiment it would seem an intolerably severe punishment.” — Introduction by S.A. Handford to “The conspiracy of Catiline”, in *Jugurthine War and Conspiracy of Catiline*, by Gaius Sallustius Crispus, Penguin Books, 1979, pp. 170–171.

Se supone por lo común que nuestra Sociedad es más “humanitarian” que la “bárbara” Sociedad de los antiguos Romanos, porque a los que desobedecían la ley, los Romanos les imponían muchas veces una Muerte dolorosa, crucificándolos o echándolos a bestias fieras, mientras que la Sociedad moderna solamente los pone en la prisión, donde las pandillas les infligen, en muchos casos, el estupro homosexual o otras humillaciones. Pero, si el señor Handford puede creerse, el pasaje citado más arriba parece enseñar que no toda Sociedad convendría con el concepto moderno de lo humanitario. A mí mismo me atemorizaría enos la idea de una Muerte penosa que la de una vida bajo el dominio brutal y humillante de las pandillas en una prisión moderna.

Febrero 3 de 1983

Huy salí al amanecer y fuí a recoger berro a las dos fuentes mejeros donde crece esta Buena herba; las cuales son las más lejanas, siendo la más cercana la quelrinde poco berro. Al acercarme a la major Fuente, descubrí que estaban cortándose los árboles de aquella vecindad vi de lejos las cepas y los troncos recién cortados y oí los horribles gemidos y gruñidos de las máquinas Aquella Fuente era un sitio muy bonito — ahora quizás esté arruinada — no sé, no fui a averi — guarlo. Fui la otra Fuente — la más lejana de mi cabaña — recogí algún berro, y volví a casa entrist — ecido.

Febrero 4

No he comido carne durante cuatro días, con inclusión de hoy. Hace muchos días que no cae nieve. Por lo tanto, en la parte temprano de la tarde, asenté unas trampas junto a una madriguera que supe que la frecuentaba un ardilla. Al anochecer volví allí y hallé ol ardilla agarrada or las trampas. !Pobrecito! Pero necesito la carne.

Febrero 5

Hoy Sali al amanecer y subí el cerro. Tuve poca esperanza de conseguir carne; fui primero palmente a hacer ejercicio y refrescarme el alma con la naturaleza. Coge mucho esta bellísima mañana – el cielo azul, los rayos del sol en la parte temprana de la mañana, los prados pardos – pues le mayor parte del suelo esta descubierto, especialmente en las laderas que dan al sur, porque a fines de diciembre, durante unos pocos días calurosos, se deshizo la mayor parte de la nieve, y desde entonces ha caído poca nieve, de manera que, sobre la mayor parte de la tierra, no solamente es posible andar sin raquetas, sino que se puede prescindir de las botas de invierno y llevar zapatos de verano. Jamás he visto tan poca nieve aquí en esta época del año. Pero el suelo todavía está helado y duro, y la temperatura de mañana era de unos veinte y tantos grados. ...

... primera perdiz a través de una abertura entre las ramas, estando oculta la mayor parte del ave, salvo el pecho, adonde quise dirigir la bala. Pues, disparé, y la perdiz, al parecer, voló, y pensé — ¡Joder! La he perdido — Pero luego me di cuenta de que caía del árbol al suelo *otra* perdiz, mal herida. La cogí y murió en seguida en mis manos, ...

Febrero 8

Hoy al amanecer subí la montaña, principalmente para hacer ejercicio y gozar del buen tiempo, y también con algún pensamiento de conseguir carne, si por ventura tuve una oportunidad. Pero, sin tener en cuenta lo que más conviniese para obtener carne, si por ventura tuve una oportunidad. Pero, sin tener en cuenta lo que más conviniese para obtener carne, me dirigí a un lugar cercano a Ethel Gulch, que yo o no visitaba desde hacía mucho, solamente porque quise verlo otra vez. Fue un agradable paseo al sol hasta que alcancé el lugar adonde iba. Allí hallé un nuevo camino que se había hecho a través del bosque, y a lo largo de él nuevas cepas, raíces de árboles arrancadas del suelo, y de trecho en trecho montones de ración cortadas vigas. Al parecer, había algo así como una tregua durante los tres años (si eran tres — no me acuerdo con seguridad) cuando hacían el RARE (Roadless Area Review and Evaluation). Después de concluido eso, parece que han ido cortando los árboles y haciendo caminos con más rapidez de lo que yo habría supuesto. Después de que hube recorrido una parte del nuevo camino me dirigí derecho a casa; no tuve ganas de asearme más aquella mañana. Pero al bajar el cerro que esta al sur de mi cabaña, me desvié un tanto y atravesé la Adera del dicho cerro que da al sur, porque a menudo se encuentran allí perdices azules. Al pasar por un sendero de venado (quiero decir un sendero hecho por los venados que andan por allí) y acercarme a un gran abeto, desde detrás del tronco donde no la pude ver, se echó a volar una perdiz, y se posó en un árbol muy cercano. El ave estaba muy nerviosa; siguió moviéndose y haciendo un sonido como un bajo cloqueo; el cual señala que una perdiz está nerviosa y está por volar. Metí un cartucho

en mi rifle, y después estuve quedo, aguardando lo que hiciera el ave; porque si me hubiese movido, es bien probable que habría volado la perdiz. Pero al paco rato volo sin embargo, lo cual no me sorprendió. Pero bajo no muy lejos, aunque no pude ver exactamente dónde lo hizo. Fui a ver si por casualidad podría Volver a encontrarla. Por ventura lo logré, y aunque voló el pájaro antes de que yo la viese, esta vez logré ver aproximadamente donde se posó. Manteniéndome los ojos calvados en el sitio, me acerqué despacio en línea recta. A medio camino, espanté a *otra* perdiz, que voló. No obstante, proseguí hasta llegar cerca de donde supuse que estaba la perdiz. Entre las ramas de un gran abeto, eché de ver una forma algo anormal. La miré mientras que avanzaba yo lanamente. ¿Seguramente a es la cepa de una rama muerta? ... Quizás un ardilla mirándome ... y de golpe me dí cuenta de que era la cola de la perdiz que buscaba yo. !Son tan difíciles de ver cuando están quietas entre las ramas! Pues, moviéndome con cuidado, alcancé una Buena posición para itrar, apunté, y disparé. La perdiz murió en seguida, pero — !cosa inusitada! — el ave quedó pegado en las ramas, de manera que tuve que trepar el árbol para alcanzarla. Al principio, tuve dudas de poder treparlo; tuvo como 18 pulgadas de diámetro, y por los primeros diez o doce pies, uningunas ramas salvo unas pocas pequeñas, muertas, y secas. Así, me sorprendio que yo trepase el árbol rápoida y fácilmente, agarrando con los dedos o la corteza fragosa o las ramitas muertas

como subí, y me quedé con carne para dos días, poco más o menos.

Febrero 10

Anteayer tome una media pinta de guisantes hendidos (split peas) con intención de ponerlos en agua para que se empapasen para el día siguiente. Y aquello guisantes me dieron tantos ...

... me puse a cocer los guisantes — o lo intenté. Pero los cocí por cinco horas, más o menos, y se negaron a tornar blondos y tiernos. (Hay algunos dias, de vez en cuando, .. cuando parece imposible cocinar debidamente as judías, las habas, o los guisantes. Horace Kephart dice que no es possible cocinar bien las judías donde la altura exceed 5000 pies. Aquí es la altura 4800 pies. ...

... además de la pérdida de tiempo, el cocer tanto los guisantes me constriño a gastar demasiado leña. !Joder! Pero ahora estoy bueno y bastante content.

Febrero 12

Subí el cerro para hacer ejercicio. En un bosque de pequeños pinos encontré una bandada de pájaros cuya belleza me impresionó. ...

... Grosbeak, Pinicola enucleator. Es bien posible que yo haya visto este pájaro antes de ahora, pero no me acuerdo de haberlo visto, de manera que debe de haberlo visto varios años que no lo veo.

Día de San Valentín. Hace dos días que no como carne. ¡Qué dieta tan mala! No sería tan mala si comiese yo judías, pero el mal suceso que tuve con los guisantes ...

... pero sin embargo tuve Buena ventura y conseguí dos liebres. Recogí un tanto de berro en la Fuente cercana, pero no obtuve mucho; pareció como si algún animal (quizás venados) ...

February 15

“Catiline, when he saw his army routed and himself left with a handful of men, remembering his noble birth and the high rank he had once held, plunged into the serried mass of his enemies and fought on till he was pierced through and through ... Catiline himself was found far from his own men among the dead bodies of his adversaries. He was still just breathing, and his face retained the look of haughty defiance that had marked him all through life.” — Sallust, *Conspiracy of Catiline*, end of the book.

Febrero 16

Anteayer, poco después del anochecer, cayó una pulgada de nieve, más o menos. Al día siguiente no era bueno para cazar liebres porque la nieve había venido demasiado temprano, de manera que habría demasiadas huellas...

Febrero 23

La noche de 21–22 Febrero cavó un tanto de nieve cerca de las dos de la mañana. Aunque me quedaba todavía la carne de dos liebres, salí a cazar, porque no se sabe cuándo vengan las oportunidades de cazar, de manera que conviene aprovecharse e ir a cazar lo que se ofrecen. Ya que no hizo ninguna nieve durante las cinco últimas horas de la noche, temí que hubiese demasiados rastros enredados donde cacé Febrero 16, y por lo tanto subí Baldy; cerca de la cumbre, a la parte del norte, había visto, desde unos días, unas huellas de liebre, y no supuse que hubiese más de una allí.

Resultó que tuve razón, y hallé y maté al animal sin mucho trabajo. Sólo por placer, en vez de regresar por la ruta onás corta, bajé la ladera, saliendo al camino Humbug Contour junto a la vieja mina — la más lejana — y me dirigí a casa por un Viejo camino que está más Abajo del Humbug Countour. Por casualidad, topé con el rastro de una liebre, y lo seguí. Me llevó a una espesura de abetos muy Jovenes. Aunque sea siempre difícil cazar en semejantes lugares, logré matar a la liebre. Me costó algún trabajo y volví a casa frío y con la ropa mojada, habiendo estado al aire libre cuatro y media horas.

Marzo 9

Hace unos días que hizo mucha nieve de noche, y la mañana siguiente salí a cazar, yendo otra vez a la ladera norte de la colina que está al norte del la cabaña. Aunque recorrí la mayor parte de la ladera, no logré hallar sino un solo rastro ...

... liebres este invierno, parecen estar casi agotados en esta vecindad. No es bueno. Necesito la carne.

From *The Nuer* [an ethnological study] by E.E. Evans-Pritchard, ... “the Nuer have no government, and their state might be described as an ordered anarchy. Likewise they lack law, if we understand by this term judgements delivered by an independent and impartial authority which has, also, power to enforce its decisions.” [The Nuer are pastoralists, more-or-less nomadic.]

p.90: “Though they are very poor in goods they are very proud in spirit. Schooled in hardship and hunger — for both they express contempt — they accept the direst calamities with resignation and endure them with courage. Content with few goods they despise all that lies outside them; their derisive pride amazes a stranger. Reliant on one another they are loyal and generous to their kinsmen. One might even to some extent attribute their pronounced individualism to resistance to the persistent claims of kinsmen and neighbours against which they have no protection but stubbornness. The qualities which have been mentioned, courage, generosity, patience, pride, loyalty, stubbornness, and independence, are the virtues the Nuer themselves extol, and these values can be shown to be very appropriate to their simple mode of life and to the simple set of social relations it engenders.”

Abril 3

Me dijo mi madre, hace muchos años, que mi abuela y mi tía (a la parte de mi padre) habían tenido algún problema con presión subida en los ojos; y hace unos veinticinco años que mi padre se espantó algo por la posibilidad de glaucoma, porque algún médico le había hecho regresar repetidas veces para que se le midiese la presión ...

Abril 5

Ahorré los huesos de los animalitos que maté por carne el invierno pasado. Había acostumbrado a echar los huesos en la Huerta sin quemar ...

Abril 15

Hace tiempo que el cielo está generalmente nublado y el aire mojado, con alguna nieve a veces. Pero ayer y hoy hay sol y el Cielo está azul. Salí ayer a buscar perdices sin éxito...

... tirar sin espantar a la perdiz, y la maté. Debo confesar que *casi* erré — la bala pegó al ave demasiado hacia la parte delantera. Empero, bastó...

A causa de estar muy ocupado con ciertos proyectos, todavía no he acabado mi sótano. Ya sirve para almacenar mis raíces, pero la entrada no está acabada, de manera que es incomodo entrar y salir; además, quiero cubrir el sótano con más tierra, instalar un tubo que, permita la circulación del aire, y guiso's añadir más vigas para apoyar las paredes adentro. Pero no sé cuándo yo tenga el tiempo para ello.

Abril 29

Durante los últimos 3 o 4 días cayó mucha nieve. Ayer salí a cazar. Había pensado matar una perdiz. No lo logré, aunque vi las huellas de perdices, y una perdiz que voló. ...

May 1

From Thomas J. Dimsdale, *The Vigilantes of Montana* ...

Mayo 4

Anoche volvio a hacer nieve, pero por la mañana hubo sol. Yo tenio mucha hambre por carne y por esto salí a cazar. Hallé dos perdices azules siguiendo sus huellas en la nieve, y las mate. Dos machos, grandes. Almorce una sopa muy buena ...

... from *Inside the Third Reich*, memoirs of Albert Speer ...

-Albert Speer, *Spandau* ...

June 20

I've learned a new edible plant ...

Julio 14

“Cuando don Quijote se vio en la campaña rasa, libre y desembarazado de los requiebros de Altisidora, le pareció que estaba en su centro y que los espíritus se le renovaban para proseguir de nuevo el asunto de sus caballerías, y volviéndose a Sancho le dijo:

—La libertad, Sancho, es uno de los más preciosos dones que a los hombres dieron los cielos; con ella no pueden igualarse los tesoros que encierra la tierra ni el mar encubre; por la libertad así como por la honra se puede y debe aventurar la vida, y, por el contrario, el cautiverio es el mayor mal que puede venir a los hombres. Digo esto, Sancho, porque bien has visto el regalo, la abundancia que en este castillo que dejamos hemos tenido; pues en mitad de aquellos banquetes sazonados y de aquellas bebidas de nieve me parecía a mí que estaba metido entre las estrechezas de la hambre, porque no lo gozaba con la libertad que lo gozara si fueran míos, que las obligaciones de las recompensas de los beneficios y mercedes recibidas son ataduras que no dejan campear al ánimo libre. ¡Venturoso aquel a quien el cielo dio un pedazo de pan sin que le quede obligación de agradecerlo a otro que al mismo cielo! ...

Sept. 12, 1984.

It's about time to catch up on some items going back more than a year. Most of what follows is transcribed from some notes that I have on odd scraps of paper.

August 14, 1983. The fifth of August I began a hike to the east. I got to my hidden camp that I have in a gulch beyond what I call "Diagonal Gulch." I stayed there through the following day, August 6. I felt the peace of the forest there. But there are few huckleberries there, and though there are deer, there is very little small game. Furthermore, it had been a long time since I had seen the beautiful and isolated plateau where the various branches of Trout Creek originate. So I decided to take off for that area on the 7th of August. A little after crossing the roads in the neighborhood of Crater Mountain I began to hear chain saws; the sound seemed to be coming from the upper reaches of Rooster Bill Creek. I assumed they were cutting trees; I didn't like it but I thought I would be able to avoid such things when I got onto the plateau. Walking across the hillsides on my way there, I saw down below me a new road that had not been there previously, and that appeared to cross one of the ridges that close in Stemple Creek. This made me feel a little sick. Nevertheless, I went on to the plateau. What I found there broke my heart.

The plateau was criss-crossed with new roads, broad and well-made for roads of that kind. The plateau is ruined forever. The only thing that could save it now would be the collapse of the technological society. I couldn't bear it. That was the best and most beautiful and isolated place around here and I have wonderful memories of it.

One road passed within a couple of hundred feet of a lovely spot where I camped for a long time a few years ago and passed many happy hours. Full of grief and rage I went back and camped by South Fork Humbug Creek, and then I returned home as quickly as I could because—I have something to do!

Up on the plateau I heard a helicopter and several explosions, as if of dynamite. I suppose that they are still exploring for petroleum there, that they have found something, and they've put the road in because they are going to drill for oil, or something like that.

Note: In August 1984 I took an overnight hike into that area expressly to find out what was going on around Trout Creek. I explored some of the roads but could find no evidence of oil-drilling, mining, or anything else going on there. I did see some stumps of trees that had been cut well away from the roads so it may be that the roads were put in for the purpose of "selective cutting" logging; i.e. logging where they just cut the trees here and there rather than making a clean sweep of them. But the number of trees cut seemed too small to justify the expense of the roads, so the whole affair is unclear to me.

Undated note: Ever since seeing how the Trout Creek area has been ruined I feel so much grief whenever I am sitting quietly, or when I am walking slowly through the woods just looking and listening, that I have to keep occupied almost all the time in order to escape this grief. That was my favorite spot. Whoever has read my notes

knows very well what the other causes have been. Where can I go not to enjoy in peace nature and the wilderness life? — which are the best things I have ever known. Even in the officially designated “wilderness” there must be the continued noise of airplanes, especially the jets, since I know that planes are permitted to fly over the Bob Marshal and Scapegoat wildernesses. Are there fewer planes there than here. Maybe, maybe. Perhaps one of these days I’ll go and find out. But so many times I’ve gone looking for a place where I can escape completely from industrial society, and always ... [three dots in the original] well, I’m very discouraged. So, I’ve been playing around with mathematics a good deal lately. It’s a rather contemptible game, but while I’m involved in it, it enables me to escape from my grief.

I can hardly describe how deeply satisfying I found the wilderness life. My grief at losing it is in proportion to that satisfaction. It’s as if I had a taste of paradise and then lost it.

Oct. 24, 1984

E.E. Evans-Pritchard, *The Nuer*, Oxford University Press ...

“Thus Nuer have always felt themselves free to wander as they pleased, and if a man is unhappy, his family sick, his herds declining, his garden exhausted, his relations with some of his neighbours uncongenial, or merely if he is restless, he moves to a different part of the country and resides with some kinsmen. It is seldom that a man goes alone, for brothers are a corporate group ...”

Oct. 24, 1984

Angel Ganivent, *Cartas Finlandesas. Hombres del Norte*, ... “Psychology has its mysteries, and it is not easy to see all at once the influence exerted on our spirit by the external forms ...

Oct. 31, 1984

From *Los tramperos del Arkansas* ... “The general asks the trapper Black Elk if he likes the wilderness life: “Then, you like this life?” ...

Dec. 7, 1984

Henry M. Stanley, *How I found Livingstone* ... Tonight the natives have gathered themselves together to give me a farewell dance ...

Jan 29, 1985

Acabo de leer el “The Monkey Wrench Gang” de Edward Abbey. Yo no puedo hallar fácilmente la página, pero en alguna parte en este libro, el autor se refiere al paso de un avión de pasajeros (avión de reacción) sobre el desierto, y dice — “No es posible escapar de aque ruido, en ninguna parte.” Esto lo menciono pare demostrar que yo no soy el único que tiene aversión al ruido de los aviones de reacción y al que no haya en donde escapar de ellos.

A propósito, la actitud del Sr. Abbey se semeja en cierto modo a la mia, aunque no es idéntico.

Febrero 4, 1985

Juan Carlos Dávalos, “El fuerte de Tacuil”, en *Cuentos y relatos del Norte argentino*, séptima edición, Espasa-Calpe Argentina ...

Feb. 21

Willa Cather, *Sapphira and the Slave Girl*, ... This is a novel about slaves in the South, just prior to the Civil War. On pp.228–229 we find: “Sapphira’s darkies were better cared for, better fed and better clothed than the poor whites in the mountains. Yet what ragged, shag-haired, squirrel-shooting mountain man would change places with [the slave] Sampson, [the] trusted head miller?”

March 14

This is from P.R. Reid, *The Colditz Story* ... The fact that this author looks back with pleasure on his experiences in a German WWII prisoner of war camp is another indication of the relatively low importance for human beings of security and comfort, and of the high importance of the opportunity to exert individual (or small-group) initiative for serious purpose (i.e. a purpose involving life and death matters of comparable significance). Probably one reason why the author has lost interest in big-game hunting and that kind of stuff is that these things are *only* a sport — people do them just for kicks — whereas the POW’s weren’t escaping just for kicks. They had much more serious motives for wanting to get out of the camp — their activities were purposeful. Note that, although the author was a prisoner, he was in one sense more free than “free” men in modern society. The decision to attempt to escape was not prescribed from above but was mad autonomously by individuals or small groups and

thus represented a greater exercise of freedom than we generally have opportunity for in modern society, where the serious, practical matters are dealt with collectively, the individual functioning only as a gear in a machine.

Nichols' dream of tribe vanishes

VIRGINIA CITY (AP) — A Bozeman woman who was kidnapped in the mountains of southwest Montana last summer was meant to be a charter member of a wilderness “tribe,” Don Nichols says.

His plan to abduct a woman for companionship was part of a years-pld dream, said Nichols, who faces charges of kidnapping Kari Swenson, 23, and with fatally shooting her would-be rescuer, Alan Goldstein.

In daylong testimony Wednesday, the 54-year-old Nichols said his' dream was born of growing frustrations with society and its laws. He called it “this organized rat race handed-down from above.”

“I don't like a totalitarian government coming down from above and telling people what to do,” he testified. “I don't respect the values of the system. They stink.”

Nichols' odyssey began in 1961 when he moved from West Virginia and homesteaded on 40 acres in the “beautiful and wild” Cabinet Mountains in northwestern Montana. Within three years, encroaching civilization circled his land with-a copper mine, clearcuts and highways and “ruined it for the reasons I bought it.”

He moved to Jackson, Wyo., where he worked in a machine shop and his family rejoined him, but the call of the mountains tugged at him and his desire to return ultimately led to divorce in 1969.

In 1970, Nichols began spending longer and longer periods in the mountains. He annually took his son Dan, often for weeks or months at a time.

He wanted his son with him because he enjoyed the company. “All “ your dreams are about being with people, talking with people, laughing with people,” he said.

That led to his plan for a wilderness “tribe.” Nichols said he never envisioned a large single group because members would naturally branch off into smaller bands.

He and Dan moved permanently , to the mountains in August 1983. They planted gardens, built an isolated lean-to dwelling and had “lots of fun” living off the land.

But that fun began to end when they grabbed Swenson while she jogged along a mountain trail July 15.

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Now, Nichols said he knows Swenson was the wrong choice and, facing 140 years in prison for his mistake, his plan for a wilderness tribe is gone.

“I don’t think that dream is valid anymore,” he said.

I am surprised by Nichols’ apparent need for people. Not only do I adjust comfortably to solitude myself – I’ve read in books about lots of other people who’ve adjusted comfortably to prolonged wilderness solitude – in fact they seem to find it rewarding, as I do.

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It seems likely that mathematical talent depends on the neurological and chemical organization of the brain. Hence the personality traits described in the foregoing passage very likely derive also, directly or indirectly, from neurological or biochemical factors. This is interesting because it suggests that neurological or biochemical factors, rather than psychological factors such as childhood experiences and so forth, account for my own imperative need for complete personal autonomy, for doing things on my own initiative, for *not* being part of the system. Why don’t other research mathematicians rebel as I did? Suppose because they have satisfied their need for autonomous action by retreating to a fantasy world — i.e. the world of mathematical abstractions. Mathematics is probably the last area of scientific research where the “lone wolf” investigator still predominates. Thus it is excellent for one who needs to exercise autonomous initiative, *provided* he is willing to have as the principal concern of his life a body of abstractions unconnected with the practical aspects of his daily existence such as the food he eats, the clothes he wears, the people, animals, and physical objects around him, etc. Where I differ from other mathematicians is in having refused to accept a life in a world of abstractions and in having instead on the opportunity for autonomous action on my immediate personal environment.

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Original English & Automatic Translations

Series VII

#1

Notebook

#2-2-88

Series VII, #1

Enero 23 de 1984.

During the night of January 21–22 there was a very light snowfall, so I went hunting. A few days ago I took a walk over the hill north of my cabin, and saw a hare’s track lying on a steep but gentle slope—a rather picturesque spot. The track was old, and I did not think it worth while to follow it, but it showed me that there were hares there. During the early part of winter I had twice (if I remember correctly) walked through that neighborhood without finding a single hare’s track. I believe I have mentioned somewhere in my notes the hypothesis that hares move in the winter from low places uphill. However that may be, it is certain that for about two months past few or no Hares have inhabited the north side of the hill which is north of my cabin; and that yesterday when I shot them there, there were many, as the tracks show, and the fact that I killed four of them with little trouble. Besides, I gathered some watercress at the first Spring where this good herb grows, and while returning home, I found the track of a Porcupine. I tracked it down and killed it. It was a female of a medium size or rather less. [CROSSED OUT: Así, ahona tengo mucha] I had a good deal of lard. So, I have now plenty of meat, which I am glad of, as the day before yesterday, during ...

“I think that for a true man it is the lowest depth of shame to submit tamely to wrongs” — speech attributed to Gaius Memmius by Gaius Sallustius Crispus, *Jugerthine War*, 31, 16 or thereabouts

See the case of Eunice Williams, in *Stolen by the Indians*, by Dorothy Heiderstadt, David McKay Co., New York, 1968, pp. 10–16.

“Caesar’s suggestion that they [certain ringleaders in the Catiline conspiracy] should be imprisoned for life in Italian towns was even more contrary to custom than their summary execution: to Roman sentiment it would seem an intolerably severe punishment.” — Introduction by S.A. Handford to “The conspiracy of Catiline”, in *Jugurthine War and Conspiracy of Catiline*, by Gaius Sallustius Crispus, Penguin Books, 1979, pp. 170–171.

It is commonly supposed that our Society is more “humanitarian” than the “barbarous” Society of the ancient Romans, because those who disobeyed the law were often put to death by the Romans by crucifixion or by throwing them to wild beasts, whereas modern Society only puts them in prison, where gangs often inflict homosexual rape or other humiliations on them. But, if Mr. Handford is to be believed, the passage quoted above seems to show that not every Society would agree with the modern concept of humanity. I myself would be more afraid of a painful Death than of a life under the brutal and humiliating rule of gangs in a modern prison.

February 3, 1983

I went out at dawn, and gathered watercress at the two best springs where this good herb grows; these are the farthest away, the nearest being the one that yields little watercress. As I drew near to the best spring, I found that the trees in that neighbourhood were being cut down; I saw from a distance the vines and the freshly cut trunks, and heard the horrible groaning and groaning of the machines. That spring was a very pretty place — it may be ruined now — I don’t know, I didn’t go to find out. I went to the other spring — the farthest from my cabin — gathered some watercress, and went home sad.

February 4

I have not eaten meat for four days, including today. It has been many days since there was snow. Therefore, in the early part of the afternoon, I set some traps near a burrow which I knew a squirrel frequented. At dusk I returned there and found the squirrel clinging to the traps. Poor thing! But I need the meat.

February 5

Today I set out at dawn and climbed the hill. I had little hope of getting meat; I went primarily to exercise and cool my feet in nature. This beautiful meadow gets a lot of sun – the blue sky, the early morning sunbeams, the brown meadows – for most of the ground is bare, especially on the south-facing slopes, because at the end of December, during a few hot days, most of the snow melted, and since then little snow has fallen, so that on most of the land it is not only possible to walk without snowshoes, but one can do without winter boots and wear summer shoes. I have never seen so little snow here at this time of year. But the ground is still frozen and hard, and the morning temperature was about twenty-something degrees. ...

...first partridge through an opening in the branches, most of the bird being hidden, except for the chest, where the bullet was intended to be aimed. So, I fired, and the partridge, apparently, flew away, and I thought — Damn! I've lost it — But then I noticed that *another* partridge fell from the tree to the ground, badly wounded. I picked it up and it died immediately in my hands, ...

February 8

Today at dawn I went up the mountain, chiefly for exercise and the fine weather, and also with some thought of getting meat, if perchance I had a chance. But, without regard to what was best for getting meat, if perchance I had a chance. But, without regard to what was best for getting meat, I went to a place near Ethel Gulch, which I had not been to for a long time, only because I wanted to see it again. It was a pleasant walk in the sunshine until I reached the place where I was going. There I found a new road made through the woods, and along it new stumps, tree roots torn out of the ground, and here and there piles of freshly cut timbers. There seemed to be something of a lull during the three years (yes, it was three—I don't remember for sure) when they did the RARE (Roadless Area Review and Evaluation). After this was done, they seemed to have been cutting down the trees and making paths more rapidly than I should have supposed. After I had gone a part of the new road, I made straight for home; I had no desire to clean myself any more that morning. But in coming down the hill south of my cabin, I turned aside a little, and crossed the side of the said hill to the south, for blue partridges are often found there. As I passed a deer-path (I mean a path made by the deer that go about there), and came near a large fir-tree, from behind the trunk where I could not see it, a partridge took flight, and perched in a tree very near. The bird was very nervous; it kept moving about, and made a low clucking sound; which is the sign that a partridge is nervous and about to fly. I put a cartridge in my rifle, and then stood still, waiting what the bird would do; for if I had moved, the partridge would probably have flown away. But after a while it flew away, which did not surprise me. But it did come down not very far, though I could not see exactly

where it did so. I went to see if by any chance I could find it again. Fortunately I did, and though the bird flew away before I saw it, this time I could see approximately where it landed. Keeping my eyes fixed on the spot, I slowly approached in a straight line. Halfway along, I frightened off *another* partridge, which flew away. Nevertheless, I continued on until I came close to where I supposed the partridge to be. Among the branches of a large fir tree, I saw a somewhat unusual shape. I looked at it as I moved along woolly. Surely it is the stem of a dead branch? ... Perhaps a squirrel watching me ... and suddenly I realized that it was the tail of the partridge I was looking for. They are so hard to see when they are still among the branches! So, moving carefully, I gained a good position to shoot, took aim, and fired. The partridge was killed at once, but—unusually!—the bird stuck in the branches, so that I had to climb the tree to reach it. At first I had doubts about being able to climb it; it was about eighteen inches in diameter, and for the first ten or twelve feet there were no branches except a few small, dead, and dry ones. So I was surprised that I climbed the tree quickly and easily, grasping either the rough bark or the dead twigs with my fingers.

as I went up, and I was left with meat for two days, more or less.

February 10

The day before yesterday I had a half pint of split peas with the intention of putting them in water to soak for the next day. And those peas gave me so many...

...I started cooking the peas — or tried to. But I cooked them for five hours or so, and they refused to turn golden brown and tender. (There are some days, now and then, when it seems impossible to cook beans, broad beans, or peas properly. Horace Kephart says that it is not possible to cook beans properly where the altitude exceeds 5000 feet. Here the altitude is 4800 feet. ...

... besides the loss of time, cooking the peas so much forced me to waste too much firewood. Damn! But now I'm fine and quite happy.

February 12

I climbed the hill for exercise. In a forest of small pines I found a flock of birds whose beauty impressed me. ...

... Grosbeak, *Pinicola enucleator*. It is quite possible that I have seen this bird before now, but I do not remember having seen it, so it must be some years since I last saw it.

Valentine's Day. I haven't eaten meat for two days. What a bad diet! It wouldn't be so bad if I ate beans, but the bad experience I had with peas...

...but I was lucky and got two hares. I picked up some watercress at the nearby fountain, but I didn't get much; it seemed as if some animal (perhaps deer) ...

February 15

“Catiline, when he saw his army routed and himself left with a handful of men, remembering his noble birth and the high rank he had once held, plunged into the serried mass of his enemies and fought on until he was pierced through and through... Catiline himself was found far from his own men among the dead bodies of his adversaries. He was still just breathing, and his face retained the look of haughty defiance that had marked him all through life.” — Sallust, *Conspiracy of Catiline*, end of the book.

February 16

The day before yesterday, shortly after dark, there was an inch or so of snow. The next day was not good for hunting hares because the snow had come too early, so there would be too many tracks...

February 23

The nock of February 21–22 dug up a little snow about two o'clock in the morning. Although I still had the meat of two hares left, I went out to hunt, for there is no telling when hunting opportunities will come, so it is best to take advantage of those that offer. As there was no snow during the last five hours of the night, I feared there would be too many tangled tracks where I hunted February 16, and so I went up Baldy; near the summit, on the north side, I had seen some hare tracks for some days, and did not suppose there was more than one there.

It turned out that I was right, and I found and killed the animal without much trouble. Just for the fun of it, instead of returning by the shorter route, I went down the hill, came out on the Humbug Contour road by the old mine — the farther one — and headed home by an old road below the Humbug Contour. By chance I came upon the trail of a hare, and followed it. It led me into a thicket of very young fir trees. Although it is always difficult to hunt in such places, I succeeded in killing the hare. It cost me some trouble, and I returned home cold and wet, having been out of doors for four and a half hours.

March 9

It had snowed heavily at night a few days ago, and the next morning I went out hunting, again on the north side of the hill north of the cabin. Although I searched most of the slope, I could find only one trail...

... liebres este invierno, parecen estar casi agotados en esta vecindad. No es bueno. Necesito la carne.

From *The Nuer* [an ethnological study] by E.E. Evans-Pritchard, ... “the Nuer have no government, and their state might be described as an ordered anarchy. Likewise they lack law, if we understand by this term judgements delivered by an independent and impartial authority which has, also, power to enforce its decisions.” [The Nuer are pastoralists, more-or-less nomadic.]

p.90: “Though they are very poor in goods they are very proud in spirit. Schooled in hardship and hunger — for both they express contempt — they accept the direst calamities with resignation and endure them with courage. Content with few goods they despise all that lies outside them; their derisive pride amazes a stranger. Reliant on one another they are loyal and generous to their kinsmen. One might even to some extent attribute their pronounced individualism to resistance to the persistent claims of kinsmen and neighbours against which they have no protection but stubbornness. The qualities which have been mentioned, courage, generosity, patience, pride, loyalty, stubbornness, and independence, are the virtues the Nuer themselves extol, and these values can be shown to be very appropriate to their simple mode of life and to the simple set of social relations it engenders.”

Abril 3

My mother told me, many years ago, that my grandmother and my aunt (on my father's side) had had some problems with high pressure in their eyes; and about twenty-five years ago my father was somewhat frightened by the possibility of glaucoma, because some doctor had made him return repeatedly to have his pressure measured...

April 5

I saved the bones of the animals I killed for meat last winter. I had been accustomed to throwing the bones into the garden without burning them...

April 15

The sky has been generally cloudy and the air wet for a while, with some snow at times. But yesterday and today there is sunshine and the sky is blue. I went out yesterday to look for partridges without success...

...shot without scaring the partridge, and killed it. I must confess that I *almost* missed — the shot hit the bird too far to the front. However, it was enough...

Because I'm very busy with certain projects, I haven't finished my basement yet. It already serves as a storage space for my roots, but the entrance is not finished, so it's awkward to get in and out. Also, I want to cover the basement with more soil, install a pipe to allow air circulation, and maybe add more beams to support the walls inside. But I don't know when I'll have the time for that.

April 29

There has been a lot of snow falling over the last 3 or 4 days. I went out hunting yesterday. I was a bit worried and thought about hunting a partridge. I didn't succeed, although I saw the tracks of partridges and a partridge that flew away. ...

May 1

From Thomas J. Dimsdale, *The Vigilantes of Montana* ...

May 4

It snowed again last night, but in the morning it was sunny. I was very hungry for meat and so I went hunting. I found two blue partridges following their tracks in the snow, and I killed them. Two males, big. I had a very good soup for lunch...

... from *Inside the Third Reich*, memoirs of Albert Speer ...

-Albert Speer, *Spandau* ...

June 20

I've learned a new edible plant ...

July 14

“When Don Quixote found himself on the open countryside, free and free from the antics of Altisidora, it seemed to him that he was at the centre of it and that his spirits were renewed to once again pursue the subject of his chivalry, and turning to Sancho he said:

—Liberty, Sancho, is one of the most precious gifts that heaven has given to men; the treasures that the earth holds or the sea conceals cannot equal it; for liberty, as well as for honour, one may and should risk one's life, and, on the contrary, captivity is the greatest evil that can befall men. I say this, Sancho, because you have seen the gift, the abundance that we have had in this castle that we left; for in the midst of those seasoned banquets and those snowy drinks it seemed to me that I was stuck in the straits of hunger, because I did not enjoy it with the freedom that I would enjoy if it were mine, for the obligations of the rewards of the benefits and favors received are bonds that do not let the spirit roam freely. Fortunate is he to whom heaven gave a piece of bread without having to thank anyone but heaven itself! ...

Sept. 12, 1984.

It's about time to catch up on some items going back more than a year. Most of what follows is transcribed from some notes that I have on odd scraps of paper.

August 14, 1983. The fifth of August I began a hike to the east. I got to my hidden camp that I have in a gulch beyond what I call “Diagonal Gulch.” I stayed there through the following day, August 6. I felt the peace of the forest there. But there are few huckleberries there, and though there are deer, there is very little small game. Furthermore, it had been a long time since I had seen the beautiful and isolated plateau where the various branches of Trout Creek originate. So I decided to take off for that area on the 7th of August. A little after crossing the roads in the neighborhood of Crater Mountain I began to hear chain saws; the sound seemed to be coming from the upper reaches of Rooster Bill Creek. I assumed they were cutting trees; I didn't like it but I thought I would be able to avoid such things when I got onto the plateau. Walking across the hillsides on my way there, I saw down below me a new road that had not been there previously, and that appeared to cross one of the ridges that close in Stemple Creek. This made me feel a little sick. Nevertheless, I went on to the plateau. What I found there broke my heart.

The plateau was criss-crossed with new roads, broad and well-made for roads of that kind. The plateau is ruined forever. The only thing that could save it now would

be the collapse of the technological society. I couldn't bear it. That was the best and most beautiful and isolated place around here and I have wonderful memories of it.

One road passed within a couple of hundred feet of a lovely spot where I camped for a long time a few years ago and passed many happy hours. Full of grief and rage I went back and camped by South Fork Humbug Creek, and then I returned home as quickly as I could because—I have something to do!

Up on the plateau I heard a helicopter and several explosions, as if of dynamite. I suppose that they are still exploring for petroleum there, that they have found something, and they've put the road in because they are going to drill for oil, or something like that.

Note: In August 1984 I took an overnight hike into that area expressly to find out what was going on around Trout Creek. I explored some of the roads but could find no evidence of oil-drilling, mining, or anything else going on there. I did see some stumps of trees that had been cut well away from the roads so it may be that the roads were put in for the purpose of "selective cutting" logging; i.e. logging where they just cut the trees here and there rather than making a clean sweep of them. But the number of trees cut seemed too small to justify the expense of the roads, so the whole affair is unclear to me.

Undated note: Ever since seeing how the Trout Creek area has been ruined I feel so much grief whenever I am sitting quietly, or when I am walking slowly through the woods just looking and listening, that I have to keep occupied almost all the time in order to escape this grief. That was my favorite spot. Whoever has read my notes knows very well what the other causes have been. Where can I go not to enjoy in peace nature and the wilderness life? — which are the best things I have ever known. Even in the officially designated "wilderness" there must be the continued noise of airplanes, especially the jets, since I know that planes are permitted to fly over the Bob Marshal and Scapegoat wildernesses. Are there fewer planes there than here. Maybe, maybe. Perhaps one of these days I'll go and find out. But so many times I've gone looking for a place where I can escape completely from industrial society, and always ... [three dots in the original] well, I'm very discouraged. So, I've been playing around with mathematics a good deal lately. It's a rather contemptible game, but while I'm involved in it, it enables me to escape from my grief.

I can hardly describe how deeply satisfying I found the wilderness life. My grief at losing it is in proportion to that satisfaction. It's as if I had a taste of paradise and then lost it.

Oct. 24, 1984

E.E. Evans-Pritchard, *The Nuer*, Oxford University Press ...

"Thus Nuer have always felt themselves free to wander as they pleased, and if a man is unhappy, his family sick, his herds declining, his garden exhausted, his relations with

some of his neighbours uncongenial, or merely if he is restless, he moves to a different part of the country and resides with some kinsmen. It is seldom that a man goes alone, for brothers are a corporate group ...”

Oct. 24, 1984

Angel Ganivent, *Cartas Finlandesas. Hombres del Norte*, ... “Psychology has its mysteries, and it is not easy to see all at once the influence exerted on our spirit by the external forms ...

Oct. 31, 1984

From *Los tramperos del Arkansas* ... “The general asks the trapper Black Elk if he likes the wilderness life: “Then, you like this life?” ...

Dec. 7, 1984

Henry M. Stanley, *How I found Livingstone* ... Tonight the natives have gathered themselves together to give me a farewell dance ...

Jan 29, 1985

I have just finished reading Edward Abbey’s “The Monkey Wrench Gang.” I cannot easily find the page, but somewhere in this book the author refers to a passenger plane (jet) passing over the desert, and says, “There is no escape from that noise, anywhere.” I mention this to show that I am not the only one who has an aversion to the noise of jet planes and the fact that there is nowhere to escape from them.

By the way, Mr. Abbey’s attitude is somewhat similar to mine, although it is not identical.

February 4, 1985

Juan Carlos Dávalos, “The Fort of Tacuil”, in *Stories and tales from the Argentine North*, seventh edition, Espasa-Calpe Argentina ...

Feb. 21

Willa Cather, *Sapphira and the Slave Girl*, ... This is a novel about slaves in the South, just prior to the Civil War. On pp.228–229 we find: “Sapphira’s darkies were better cared for, better fed and better clothed than the poor whites in the mountains. Yet what ragged, shag-haired, squirrel-shooting mountain man would change places with [the slave] Sampson, [the] trusted head miller?”

March 14

This is from P.R. Reid, *The Colditz Story* ... The fact that this author looks back with pleasure on his experiences in a German WWII prisoner of war camp is another indication of the relatively low importance for human beings of security and comfort, and of the high importance of the opportunity to exert individual (or small-group) initiative for serious purpose (i.e. a purpose involving life and death matters of comparable significance). Probably one reason why the author has lost interest in big-game hunting and that kind of stuff is that these things are *only* a sport — people do them just for kicks — whereas the POW’s weren’t escaping just for kicks. They had much more serious motives for wanting to get out of the camp — their activities were purposeful. Note that, although the author was a prisoner, he was in one sense more free than “free” men in modern society. The decision to attempt to escape was not prescribed from above but was mad autonomously by individuals or small groups and thus represented a greater exercise of freedom than we generally have opportunity for in modern society, where the serious, practical matters are dealt with collectively, the individual functioning only as a gear in a machine.

Nichols’ dream of tribe vanishes

VIRGINIA CITY (AP) — A Bozeman woman who was kidnapped in the mountains of southwest Montana last summer was meant to be a charter member of a wilderness “tribe,” Don Nichols says.

His plan to abduct a woman for companionship was part of a years-pld dream, said Nichols, who faces charges of kidnapping Kari Swenson, 23, and with fatally shooting her would-be rescuer, Alan Goldstein.

In daylong testimony Wednesday, the 54-year-old Nichols said his’ dream was born of growing frustrations with society and its laws. He called it “this organized rat race handed-down from above.”

“I don’t like a totalitarian government coming down from above and telling people what to do,” he testified. “I don’t respect the values of the system. They stink.”

Nichols' odyssey began in 1961 when he moved from West Virginia and homesteaded on 40 acres in the "beautiful and wild" Cabinet Mountains in northwestern Montana. Within three years, encroaching civilization circled his land with a copper mine, clearcuts and highways and "ruined it for the reasons I bought it."

He moved to Jackson, Wyo., where he worked in a machine shop and his family rejoined him, but the call of the mountains tugged at him and his desire to return ultimately led to divorce in 1969.

In 1970, Nichols began spending longer and longer periods in the mountains. He annually took his son Dan, often for weeks or months at a time.

He wanted his son with him because he enjoyed the company. "All " your dreams are about being with people, talking with people, laughing with people," he said.

That led to his plan for a wilderness "tribe." Nichols said he never envisioned a large single group because members would naturally branch off into smaller bands.

He and Dan moved permanently , to the mountains in August 1983. They planted gardens, built an isolated lean-to dwelling and had "lots of fun" living off the land.

But that fun began to end when they grabbed Swenson while she jogged along a mountain trail July 15.

Nichols had considered finding a woman companion since 1978. When Swenson came along, Nichols "stood there in disbelief," surprised at apparently finding exactly the type of woman who seemed at home in the mountains.

Now, Nichols said he knows Swenson was the wrong choice and, facing 140 years in prison for his mistake, his plan for a wilderness tribe is gone.

"I don't think that dream is valid anymore," he said.

I am surprised by Nichols' apparent need for people. Not only do I adjust comfortably to solitude myself – I've read in books about lots of other people who've adjusted comfortably to prolonged wilderness solitude – in fact they seem to find it rewarding, as I do.

Karl C. Garrison, *Psychology of adolescence ...*

It seems likely that mathematical talent depends on the neurological and chemical organization of the brain. Hence the personality traits described in the foregoing passage very likely derive also, directly or indirectly, from neurological or biochemical factors. This is interesting because it suggests that neurological or biochemical factors, rather than psychological factors such as childhood experiences and so forth, account for my own imperative need for complete personal autonomy, for doing things on my own initiative, for *not* being part of the system. Why don't other research mathematicians rebel as I did? Suppose because they have satisfied their need for autonomous action by retreating to a fantasy world — i.e. the world of mathematical abstractions. Mathematics is probably the last area of scientific research where the “lone wolf” investigator still predominates. Thus it is excellent for one who needs to exercise autonomous initiative, *provided* he is willing to have as the principal concern of his life a body of abstractions unconnected with the practical aspects of his daily existence such as the food he eats, the clothes he wears, the people, animals, and physical objects around him, etc. Where I differ from other mathematicians is in having refused to accept a life in a world of abstractions and in having instead on the opportunity for autonomous action on my immediate personal environment.

Nov. 4, 1985

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Feb. 3, 1986

From Jack London, *The Sea Wolf* ... “I wrestled with myself and could not pull the trigger”

March 3, 1986

Samuel Eliot Morison, *Admiral of the Ocean Sea ...*

[Bibliography]

Archivists note: This section was not included in the original.

Mentioned Reading in 1984

- Gaius Memmius by Caius Sallustius Crispus, Jugurthine War, 31, 16 or thereabouts
- Stolen by the Indians by Dorothy Heiderstadt, David McKay
- Jugerthine War and Conspiracy of Catiline by Gaius Sallustius
- Sallust, Conspiracy of Catiline
- The Nuer; an ethnological study by E. E. Evans-Pritchard
- The Vigilantes of Montana by Thomas J. Dimsdale
- Inside the Third Reich, memoirs of Albert Speer
- Spandau by Albert Speer
- Don Quijote, Miguel de Cervantes
- Cartas Finlandesas. Hobres del Norte by Angel Ganivet
- Los tramperos del Arkansas by Gustavo Aimard
- How I found Livingstone by Henry M. Stanley

Mentioned Reading in 1985

- The Monkey Wrench Gang by Edward Abbey
- Cuentos y relatos del Norte argentine by Juan Carlos Davalos
- Sapphira and the Slave Girl by Willa Cather
- The Colditz Story by J. B. Lippencott

- Psychology of adolescence by Karl C. Garrison
- My Lives in Russia by Markoosha Fischer
- Pages from his Life by Leonid I. Brezhnev
- The Sea Wolf by Jack London
- Admiral of the Ocean Sea; A Life of Christopher Columbus by Samuel Eliot Morison

Reading that Ted referred to having done at an earlier unknown date

- The Leatherstocking Tales of James Fenimore Cooper

The Ted K Archive

Ted Kaczynski
Journal #1 from Series 7 (1984–1986)
1984–1986

archive.org & University of Michigan Library, Box 79, Folder 6.
The one outlying date of '1983' was I think a mistake by Ted. The FBI labeled this
journal: K2046T.

www.thetedkarchive.com