

# Ted Kaczynski's 1978–79 Journal

Series VI, #4

Aug 29, 1978 — May 8, 1979

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# 1978

## Aug. 29<sup>th</sup>

For several months past now I have experienced from time to time a desire for death. I have been feeling ever since, say, last fall that I have nothing left to hope for in life. My home country (as I now consider it) in Montana is being ruined gradually, and, while I might still be able to find wilder places, there is nowhere I could feel safe from civilization. There's no place airplanes don't fly. Worse than that, even if I lived in the very wildest spot in North America, it would gall me to know that my very life depends on the decisions made by the cocksuckers in Washinton, Moscow, and Peking. For instance, in case of atomic war, there's no place I could be sure of avoiding radiation. Where would I be safe from radiation in the event that "peaceful" atomic energy were misused? I read in one place that Caribou in the far north have 12 times as much strontium 90 in them as domestic animals, because they eat fallout-contaminated lichens. At another time I heard of possible excessive levels of mercury in seal meat.

It is not any possible danger to my life, in these things, that by itself upsets me. Very likely I run a greater risk of dying from some natural tick-carried disease when I camp out alone in my Montana hills. That is nature and there would even be certain dignity in dying that way. But to die from radiation or some other form of civilized pollution would be a humiliation. It would gall me to be the helpless victim of the cocksuckers who are pushing all this technology crap. So, its not a question of preserving my life and health; getting out of the power of civilization has long since become an end in itself for me.

By now I have practically lost all hope of ever attaining this end. There my happiness in my Montana hills is spoiled every time an airplane passes over or anything else happens that reminds me of the inescapability of civilization. Life under the thumb of modern civilization seems worthless to measure and thus I more and more felt that life was coming to a dead end for me and death began at times to look attractive—it would mean peace.

There was just one thing that really made me determined to cling to life for awhile [sic], and that was the desire for—revenge—I wanted to kill some people, preferably including at least one scientist, businessman, or other bigshot.

This actually was my biggest reason for coming back to Illinois this spring. In Montana, if I went to the city to mail a bomb to some bigshot, Dick Landberg would

doubtless remember I rode the bus that day. In the anonymity of the big city I figured it would be much safer to buy materials for a bomb and mail it. (Though the death-wish had appeared, it was still far from dominant, and therefore I preferred not to be suspected of crimes.)

As mentioned in some of my notes, I did make an attempt with a bomb—whether successful or not I don't know. In making a second bomb I have only barely made a start; because during the last few weeks I was too busy thinking about Ellen Tarmichael to make much effort in other directions.

Anyhow, before I got involved with Ellen my only definite intention was to support myself for awhile — very likely till next spring — by working at Foam-Cutting Engineers; using my spare time to build a bomb or 2 or 3 or invent other means of killing or maiming bigshots. Following that I had a vague intention of taking to the woods — either in Montana or in some wilder place — and, from ambush, murdering snowmobilers, motorcyclists, outboard motor users, or the like; in the end shooting it out with the authorities and not permitting myself to be taken alive.

I didn't feel as badly about this miserable prospect as you might think; I merely took it with a kind of dull, stoical determination — a kind of tough, stoical hopelessness.

But this affair with Ellen has done strange things to me. In the first place, it aroused in me *hope* — a hope for something worthwhile. Perhaps foolishly, I did hope that I might win, if not her love, then at least a reasonable amount of affection—physical sex too, of course, but it would have been more important to have her care for me than have physical sex with her. I could have got by with just holding her hand if necessary, if I thought she really cared for me. Of course, kissing her was immensely pleasurable, an [scan cuts off] the thought of having intercourse with her was probably the most intense sexual fantasy I ever had.

Anyhow, Ellen provided me with something to hope for that I felt was really worthwhile; because, in spite of all her faults, I felt (and still feel) that there is something worth while in Ellen, that most women don't have. (Making an effort to be objective, I confess that my infatuation with that woman probably makes me greatly exaggerate whatever it is [if anything] that she has.)

So *hope*, which was nearly dead in me was revived by Ellen. I didn't realize how much she meant to me until all my chances with her came to an end. I thought that, once I had no more hope of her, my mind would quickly slip back into the state it was in before I met her. So far that hasn't happened.

For one thing, after I got over my anger at Ellen, all anger and hatred seemed to fall away from me. I no longer hate anybody at all. I'd still kill a big shot if I had a convenient opportunity, but it would be a matter of principle, not a gratification of anger or hatred. Thus, the one thing I'd had to look forward to before I met Ellen, namely, revenge, is gone. More-over, my dull, stoical, stubbornness seems to have been broken by my ardent feelings toward that woman.

Ever since the end of that business with Ellen I have been filled with a terrible sense of *desolation*. NOT depression in the usual sense: I have no inclination to sleep

too-much; my greatest solace [scan cuts off] doing a little more than usual); and I often have an urge to go out walking, even though I don't exactly feel restless. When [unreadable] do-pressed I rarely have any urge to cry; but now I've been crying very often when I'm by myself and often have to fight to keep tears back when other people are present. This is an active, poignant unhappiness.

It's not only due to my disappointment over Ellen, but to a lack of *any* good prospects before me. But of course this whole reaction was set off by the business with Ellen.

The last day or so I have definitely desired death. But I want to go back and die in my home hills in Montana — the only place where I've experienced any real, lasting happiness, except in early childhood. I'd like to kill a few people before I die, as a matter of principle. (At present I feel no hatred.).

## Aug. 30

Still feel desolate, but not so badly as last few days. I keep thinking of Ellen in daytime and dreaming of her at night. Still feel she offers something that I value enough so that I'd willingly put up with all her faults if I could have her. Even though it all seems senseless. Feel very nostalgic about Foam-Cutting Engineers; I guess mostly because of Ellen.

## Sept. 1

Yesterday I felt extremely bad again. But when I got home from work in the evening I was very much cheered up because my father brought home from Foam-Cutting Eng. a present of home-made cookies from Ellen, for the family, [scan cuts off] this meant she had any interest in renewing relations with me; but still it put some hope into me, however distant and ill-founded. As a result, I felt fairly cheerful for about 24 hours. I sent Ellen a message through my father: that the cookies were delicious, that I apologize for the tone of my letter, and that I no longer have any hard feelings toward her. Today he said he'd given her the message. He said she seemed pleased and that she said: "I think the problem was that Ted and I speak different languages." But this seemed to confirm her lack of interest in having any type of relationship with me; and consequently I again feel as bad as ever.

In a way this desolate feeling seems incongruous since my health is good — better than before. My colitis (gut problem) has pretty well disappeared, very likely because I've now been regularly getting enough vegetables in my diet, for an extended period. Also, my ragweed hayfever seems to have miraculously disappeared. I never had it in Montana (no ragweed there, I guess) but back in the midwest I had it fairly badly

every year. But this time, with the hayfever season [unreadable] over, I've had only faint traces of the malady, so far. But what good is health when I have nothing left to hope for?

It has occurred to me to earnestly search for some other woman to replace Ellen — but I feel too discouraged at the very outset. For one thing, women who have a spark of something to make me think them worth while are not common. For another, if I found one, would she have any use for me? There is no one, it seems, with whom I have more than a very limited amount in common. Even the comparatively independent thinker Jacques Ellul believes in Art, Philosophy, and all that crap. I believe in *nothing*. Except by purely [scan cuts off] hedonistic degenerates, everyone believes in some stereotypical ideology. I believe in nothing. Whereas I don't even believe in the cult of nature-worshippers or wilderness-worshippers. (I am perfectly ready to litter in parts of the woods that are of no use to me—I often throw cans in logged-over areas or in places much frequented by people; I don't find wilderness particularly healthy physically; I don't hesitate to poach.)

The trivial pleasures of hedonism bore me. I'm glad I don't believe in anything; but it puts me beyond the pale, so to speak. I could have a woman with whom I had only one or 2 points in common, but *she* probably wouldn't want *me*. Even a bigger obstacle is my social awkwardness and ignorance.

For instance, Ellen told me that asking a girl to a fancy restaurant is something you don't do for a second date — it comes later. I hadn't even realized that the unwritten code of dating was that complicated. Thus, the task of finding a woman good enough to make me forget Ellen seems so difficult and chances of success so poor that I have little inclination to try it.

## Sept. 2

Felt more desolate than ever today (Saturday). Did much crying in my room and was continually fighting back tears when not alone. Yet I walked around a good deal. Strolled over to the park to look out over the pond, as I so often did when love-sick over Ellen. Ran 5 miles in good time this morning, but what good does that do me? I thought I was too old to get so badly infatuated, but I am far more miserably love-sick over Ellen than I've ever been before over any female; even Carol Wolma never affected me like that when I was 17. I won't try to decide how much this is due to Ellen's qualities are [scan cuts off] summer when I first met her. If Ellen would accept me, I would gladly devote the rest of my life to her.

## Sept 4

Yesterday morning I found that my sense of grief and elation had disappeared, unexpectedly. Since then I have felt alright. But I still think about Ellen frequently, and would be hot after her again if I thought I had a chance. I guess I'm still in love with her. But not miserable over it at present. This morning I timed myself on a 5 mile run and was amazed to find I did it in about 30 min. and 15 sec, as close as it is possible to time it with that watch.

## Sept 16

By now I have entirely gotten over that affair with that damned Catholic bitch, Ellen.

“In ethics he [Antisthenes] was driven to individualism, to the denial of social and national relations, to the exclusion of scientific study and of almost all that the Greeks understood by education. This individualism he and his followers carried to its logical conclusion. The ordinary pleasures of life were for them not merely negligible but positively harmful inasmuch as they interrupted the operation of the will. Wealth, popularity and power tend to dethrone the authority of reason and to pervert the soul from the natural to the artificial. Man exists for and in himself alone; his highest end is self-knowledge and self-realization in conformity with the dictates of his reason, apart altogether from the state and society. For this end, disrepute and poverty are advantageous, in so far as they drive back the man upon himself, increasing his self-control and purifying his intellect from the dross of the external. The good man (i.e. the wise man) wants nothing: like the gods, he is autarkic (self — sufficing) ...”

—Encyclopedia Britannica (1954 edition), in the article “Cynics.”

## Sept. 30

From Victor Hugo's “Les Misérables”, Fantine, Book 3, Chapt.5: “the cat ... had the esteem of the republics of antiquity; it was the incarnation of liberty in their sight ...”

(compare Kipling's Just So stories: “Still I am the cat who walks by himself, by his wild lone”)

From “Bloody end of Meeker's Utopia”, in American Heritage Book of Great Adventures of the Old West, p. 318:

“The agent outlined his Utopian dream to the principal chiefs [of the Utes] ... plans ... to raise their standard of living ... mills, orchards, wood plants, coal mines, and a railroad ... Bu Jack [a Ute chief.] had an irritating way of asking loaded questions ... He wanted to know if the high living standard of the whites was worth all the work

and worry they had to put into it. He asked if white men enjoyed working as much as the Utes enjoyed their lordly leisure of hunting and fishing and riding their ponies ...”

From the same Amer. Herit. book, section titled “Ballad of Cynthia Ann”, p.100.. “the Colonel himself hadn’t a doubt of the identity of that blond girl of thirteen among the Comanches. Promptly he had offered to buy her freedom; proudly Pahuaka replied that members of his tribe were not for sale. The Colonel then asked to speak with the girl ...

Now the girl, in Indian dress, walked slowly out of the group and toward him, her eyes on the ground. At the Colonel’s feet she sat down, as a modest Comanche girl does before a man ...

The Colonel spoke, coolly, kindly. Her family had been hunting for her for years. Her playmates remembered her. Her place waited for her, and a warm welcome...

She raised her eyes... In that long glance he saw the Llano—the endless level of the highlifted short-grass plain, ... Even the blue of those eyes was like the Llano sky, ...

He dropped his own startled gaze. It’s no use, he knew... they went, and they let her go back ... For there is no fugitive so difficult to pursue as the freed will of a woman ...”

[Romantic nonsense, of course, but this (and other evidence) indicate that women, too, take well to wilderness life if introduced to it young enough. Of course, her reluctance to return to whites may have been [scan cuts off] attachment to the people she had lived with for years, than to wilderness life. But obviously she did not find that life miserable — even for the squaws whose life hass sometimes been depicted as very bad.]

## Oct. 15

Here’s a good sick-joke:

From Grzimek’s “Animal Life Encyclopedia,” vol 8, article “Domestic Chicken” by M. Luhmann, p.65:

“The keeping of fowl on a large scale operation is largely mechanized.

This stupid last remark completely misses the point. When mankind lives under the same conditions as the chick (we are already half-way there!) no doubt we, also, will receive “the best possible care and treatment.”

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Lately I have been somewhat in contact with the Chairman of the Da Pa. Unit of Friends of the Earth [scan cuts off] with the idea of joining that organization — not because I think such organizations do any good but because there *might* be a chance I could meet some people in that organization who would share my antitechnological



views. I still keep trying at times with faint hope of starting an antitechnological organisation.

## Oct. 19

From “A Dynasty of Western Outlaws”, by Paul I. Wellman, p.188.

“It should be stated that the outlaws of the West, after the first post-Civil War period, were almost without exception cowboys. And it should be further explained that this was in nowise due to any inherent criminal streak in cowboys ...

... it was a result of the lives they led, and the resentments they held, chief of which was the way in which barbed wire and settlements were constantly restricting their ranges to smaller and smaller dimensions, thus depriving them of their livelihood, and more importantly, their way of life.”

## Nov. 21

From “Geronimo”, by Angie Debo, Univ. of Oklahoma Press, 1976, Preface, p.xi, describing Geronimo:

“He had an active intellectual curiosity and a capacity for original thought. He was hard-headed and practical-minded, ruthless in competition, stern and unbending in his judgements, unrelenting in his hatreds. But he was kind and affectionate to his family and constant in his friendships, and *his love for his mountain homeland was the unchanging sentiment of his life.*” (emphasis mine.)

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Since the chances of stopping technological progress (even temporarily) seem so slight I wish that there would be an all-out atomic war intensive enough to exterminate the human race.

## Nov. 23

Ever since early September, I have, during a substantial proportion of the time, suffered from a powerful craving for women — enough to make me quite unhappy and sometimes very miserable. I suppose this is partly because, for the first time in 16 years, I had a little taste of the delights of woman with that catholic bitch Ellen, and partly because in this society one is constantly subjected to reminders of sex whether one likes it or not. {For example, the majority of the songs played on the radio where

I work are about sexual love.) What I suffer from is not merely a desire for genital sex {that would be relatively easy to handle), but a craving for sexual love. For example, the sight of a married couple often makes me achingly envious. What excites me more than the idea of intercourse is the idea of lavishing tenderness and affection a woman who accepts it joyfully. The second time I kissed that catholic bitch, what I enjoyed even more than the hard kiss was the interval of a seconds between the end of that kiss and the time when she dismissed me, during which interval I was gently brushing my parted lips against hers; to *me* at least this was full of tenderness. (In what spiritry that perverted bitch took it, I don't know.)

Yet I feel practically hopeless about the possibility of ever getting a worthwhile woman. Not primarily because of the scarcity of worthwhile women, but because of my own incompetence in that kind of thing.

## **Nov. 26**

From "The Wolf" by L. David Mech (a scientific work), p.298. Writing of a wolf raised in captivity:

"our wolf Lightning escaped when eleven months old. She roamed the neighborhood for half the night with our dog and a young German shepherd they had picked up somewhere. When she returned home about 1:00 A.M. and I fastened her back to the chain that held her to an artificial life, she was a different animal. She suddenly began to struggle fiercely to escape... she had finally gotten a taste of what it was like to act as her heritage had dictated, to be wild and free.

"As I watched Lightning straining desperately at her chain, pacing, whining, and jumping frantically, I suddenly realized how very wrong it is to try to tame a wolf."

One might apply the last remark to human beings, since it would appear that, as yet, not all of us are genetically domesticated.

## **Nov. 28 (continuation of Nov. 23 entry)**

The fact is that I am practically a social cripple in that area. In some areas I have good social skills. For instance, when I am interviewed for a job I usually make a very good impression. Older people usually seem to like me, and on the few occasions in my adult life when I have become acquainted with small children I have made a big hit with them. But in dealing with what sociologists would (I suppose) call my "peer group", I am usually very unsuccessful. It has not been until recent years that I have come to fully realize how much this disability has cost me. It is about the only important area in which I am not capable, yet I now believe it has fundamentally altered the whole course of my life.

Because I enjoy solitude anyway, I used to think I had lost little by not being able to get along with my peers. I would simply keep to myself, and was well satisfied with that.

It is hard to say what would have happened if I had not suffered this disability. Of the possibilities that occur to me, these are the extremes: On the one hand, I might never have learned the value of solitude; being solaced and entertained by social pleasures (especially sexual ones) my dissatisfaction with organized society might never have become sufficiently acute so that I would have the courage to try to break away from it or rebel against it. In that case I would have missed what I consider to have been of greatest value in my life. I am glad my life has not taken that course.

On the other hand it is possible that, if I had had no social disability, I would still have taken essentially the same course in life that I actually have taken, and I would have been much more successful at it. For instance, when I drove through Canada looking for a place to buy land for a cabin, I found it extremely difficult to make inquiries because I was too embarrassed to admit to people that I just wanted to go off in the woods and live as a hermit. Thus I made only a fraction as many inquiries as I could have made. Had I been less shy, I might have found what I wanted. Also, in a project of that type, it would have been extremely useful to have one or two partners.

If a group of 2 or 3 had once established themselves in a remote area and had come to know the country, they could easily split up afterward, if they wanted solitude.

Then there is my wish to start an antitechnological organization. Since I do well at most everything else, if it were not for my social disability I probably would have done well in attempting to start such an organization. Of course, the chances of *success* for such an organization are no doubt remote, but if there is any chance at all I would seem to have lost it by my inability to be accepted by a group.

Finally, of course, my disability has resulted in the problem that I am now suffering from so acutely — I rarely meet any unattached women, and when I do, I don't know how to approach them. Only recently have I come to feel that this is an enormous loss.

I want to make it clear that I have no desire for membership in a group for its own sake — but the ability to be accepted by my “peer group” would have been highly useful as a means to certain ends, as indicated above.

## Dec. 24

As the reader of my various notes will realize by now, I have a tremendous fund of hatred. This fund is increased with every new difficulty that organized society imposes on me — such as noisy jets. The frustrated craving to have a woman to love has of course tended to stir up this hatred. Just lately, some personal events (not directly the fault of organized society) have added to my hatred to the point where it is very [scan cuts off] to overflowing. I want to get back to Montana in the Spring before I start

killing people, but I am so close to the edge that I may bust loose and start killing at any little minor annoyance.

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My statement that I don't get along with my "peer-group" should be clarified. It is not that I get into conflicts with them — that very seldom happens. In fact, in the 2 factories where I have worked this year, I even got the feeling that I was liked, in a mild way. But never accepted as one of the group. For example, a couple of weeks ago some of the people at work agreed, while I was present, on some kind of outing in which they would go bowling and then do-something else. It would never occur to them to invite me to join such an outing. Of course, I don't bowl anyway, but they didn't know that. It would never occur to them to ask me whether I bowl. It is time that my only interest in joining any social group would lie in the hope that, if I had some social life, I might meet some unattached women. I have hardly any common interests with any groups I've encountered, and I have a strong taste for solitude. But I seem to be excluded from all social groups automatically, before they have any idea what my interests or preferences are; the bowling business described above is an example. Men rarely seem to take me seriously as a potential friend, equal, or comrade; women rarely seem to take me seriously as a potential boyfriend. Their attitude toward me often seems to contain an element of condescension.

This formerly did not bother me much; in fact I tended to take a certain pride in being an arch-loner. But ever since this craving for a woman has come on me, I have been feeling more and more bitter over the fact that my enforced solitude seems to exclude me irrevocably from sexual affection, and even from plain physical sex.

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Presumably because of that delicious taste of Ellen Tarmichael's lips that I had, this episode has been much worse than the period of horniness that I went through in '74 or '75 or whenever it was that I went to California for a couple of months. On that earlier occasion the craving was more physical, and less intense, and seemed less hopeless because I was younger, and my health was better, and perhaps also because the situation was such that I did not get so forcibly reminded of the fact that I seem somehow to get automatically excluded from all social relationships ...

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At the age of thirty-six years, I have never been in bed with a woman, have never had any kind of love-affair, and have kissed only two women on a sexual basis. This in spite of the fact that I have always desired women very strongly (earlier, in a purely physical way; later I desired sexual love). Only when I was living my solitary life in

the mountains was I free from the craving for women. But never before was it as bad, for any extended period, as it is now.

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When I was young I used to view the desire for women as a weakness, as something that merely tended to distract me from aspirations that I considered more important. I still take this view (at least to some extent), but only in a detached kind of way; At present it has no emotional force with me. I have a desperate desire for sexual love with a woman.

So much so that I even did something that I consider degrading, namely, I signed up with 3 dating agencies — without any favorable result. From one I have not yet had a reply. From another I got a list of names and phone numbers, and from codes indicating interests I concluded that only one of the women on the list might be suitable for me. I called her and she just said she was no longer interested in introductions. From another I got 2 names at different times. First time I called the lady 3 times, got no answer, so gave up, because at the time I was suffering from an uncomfortable affliction in my shoulder which did not encourage me to be ambitious. Second time I called the lady and took her out to lunch. She was unattractive and her interests and attitudes were too far from mine.

When I was younger, my feelings toward other people tended to be callous. In recent years I have been getting very soft-hearted and compassionate about certain things. Things like blood and death do not excite my sympathy very much — perhaps because I am not particularly afraid of these things myself. This woman just mentioned above provides example of the kind of thing that strongly excites my sympathy; in fact I often get an acute stab of compassion when I think about it.

I think she was quite nervous (perhaps she had rarely or never had dates in recent years — she might have been around 30 years old.) Mostly she did not show any nervousness — but just twice, through some tremor of voice and hand, I thought I had a glimpse of a strong (but mostly well-controlled) nervousness in her. (I was experiencing that kind of nervousness myself.) After I brought her home from lunch she invited me to come in. Her invitation was rather cold — she said with a shrug, “You can come in if you like, I don’t care.” But it seemed obvious that the coldness was the result of her fear of having her feelings hurt by a refusal — she knew she was unattractive. Though I didn’t want to, I accepted the invitation merely to avoid hurting her feelings. I sat with her in her home for a couple of hours, and there I concluded she was not as unattractive as she’d seemed at first. She was certainly intelligent. There was *some* overlap between her interests and attitudes, and mine.

Looking her over I came to the tentative conclusion that physically she was average or slightly better; she looked so horrible only because of her clumsy attempts to dress herself up. She absolutely reeked with a strong perfume, and in her home the same scent was present in such strength as to be absolutely nauseating. She had too much

make-up inexpertly applied. She wore clothing such as an old lady would wear, and this was so shaped as to give a blocky look to her figure — which was rather full but I *think* properly proportioned. (If she had just put on any old pair of pants with half-way decent fit I *think* she would have revealed the lines of a reasonably good figure.) She occasionally laughed in a way that made one think of an old woman. She had two cats that she referred to as her “children”.

When I finally left, her last words were “See you soon.” But she seemed almost to choke off the last word, as if she suddenly remembered that she had no reason to assume I would ever call her again. My heart goes out to this poor woman, especially when I think of her diffidence when she invited me in, and the way she said “See you soon” when I left. From my own experience, I can well imagine what her feelings may be. The deep yearning for affection from a man’ the humiliation that this yearning involves in view of the fact that she is unable ever to attract a man; the bitter thought that some accidental characteristics of hers have excluded her from something precious that most other people do have during some period of their lives; perhaps a frustrated feeling that she could give so much to the right man — if only he would accept her.

I have felt so sympathetic toward this woman that I have even considered asking her out again, just to make her feel good. But, aside from the fact that I would find it burdensome to do this, I am afraid I might only hurt her by encouraging false hopes. It has occurred to me to write to her and advise her how to make herself more attractive — she’s really not too badly endowed physically and could be mildly attractive, perhaps, if she stopped making herself horrible with her clothing, perfumes, and certain mannerisms. But such a letter would be sure to hurt her feelings cruelly, and might not do her any good anyway. So I don’t know what I can do except just feel sorry for her.

# 1979

## Jan. 28

About 2 1/2 weeks ago my awful craving for a woman went away rather abruptly. Not that I lost interest in sex, but the intensity was very much relieved. There followed a kind of nausea or disgust with the whole thing. This was not primarily a disgust with women, but a nausea at the intensity of the feelings I had been having. As I get older, I more and more dislike experiencing violent or stressful emotions. I more and more prefer tranquility and peace.

This disgust at violent emotions does not result from the need to retain rational control over myself — I feel my rational control is stronger than ever, so that I have no hesitation about relaxing and acting in an uninhibited way (as my family will tell you) when I can prudently do so; because I know I can clamp down the control again whenever I want.

The disgust at violent emotions results from increasing aversion to the stress involved — even the stress involved in intense pleasure.

I mentioned somewhere before in this set of notes that I had been interested in the organization Friends of the Earth. The Raymond Mostek whom I'd been in touch with in this connection finally decided that the local chapter of FOE was no longer functioning, and he suggested I join the Audubon Society. I have no respect for Aud Soc. (Little old lady bird watchers who want so-called "wilderness" that is cared for like a garden.) But I joined anyway because (a) I thought I might find *some* people there who might be inclined toward my anti-technological views. (b) I was curious to see how such organisations function, (c) at that time, being still hungry for women I also took into consideration the chance (only a small chance, I felt) that I might meet some suitable woman there.

About a week after the intensity of my craving relaxed, I attended my first board meeting of the Dupage Aud. Soc. A week after that I attended a general meeting of the Dupage Aud. Soc. I found all this quite interesting, even though I gained no-respect for the opinions of the people involved. It is not completely clear to me why I found it so interesting — but I think it is partly because one often reads in the paper that this or that organization has done such and such; but I've never known anything about how such organizations function; now I've been learning a little.

Anyhow, there were just six people at the meeting, including me and ... a beautiful, charming young girl (maybe 19 years old?) who was serving as secretary and taking

notes. I also met her at the general meeting. She seems inclined to be friendly. Since meeting her a second time, my thoughts turn on her a great deal. Perhaps this will result in another round of stressful sexual feelings for me. Still, I can hardly say that I *regret* meeting a creature full of such bright and cheerful charm.

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From “Assassination and Political Violence: A staff report of the National Commission on the Causes and Preventions of Violence”, prepared by James F. Kirkham, Sheldon Levy, William J. Crotty. Page 4.

“A second category is assassination for the purpose of terrorizing and destroying the legitimacy of the ruling elite in order to effect substantial systemic or ideological change. Such assassination may be directed against high government officials or against mid-level officials to undermine the effectiveness of the central government at the local or provincial level. When such terror is directed toward a chief of state, the assassin may accomplish part of his goal even though the attempt is unsuccessful. For example, the members of the group which set out to assassinate the Czar in the 1880’s realized that they had no realistic chance of short-term success in changing the basic political structure of Czarist Russia. They pointed out, however, that if they forced the Czars to retreat into their palaces or surround themselves with guards, the symbolic separation of the leaders from their people would, in the long run, undermine the legitimacy of the Czarist government.

“Our studies show that this kind of assassination is effective in achieving the long-range goals sought, although not so in advancing the short-term goals or careers of the terrorists themselves. Our studies show that, at least in modern history (post-1850), it cannot be said that in the long run any terrorist group was unsuccessful, except in those countries such as Soviet Russia and Nazi Germany where the ruling elite was willing to use massive counter-terror to suppress potentially terroristic groups. Once a terrorist group is well established, the only effective response is either counterterror or agreement to the basic demands of the terrorists ...

“Terrorists often correctly perceive that their greatest enemy is the moderate who attempts to remedy [I would replace “remedy” by “palliate” here] whatever perceived injustices form the basis for terrorist strength.” [Note this in connection with my contempt for conservation groups (even though I am at the moment a member of one!), consumer protection groups and other groups that attack the superficial inconveniences of life in the technological society without attacking that form of society itself.]

The above conclusions sound hopeful to me, because, if correct, they seem to suggest that a comparatively small group of people *can* change the course of history if sufficiently determined. But I wouldn’t be too confident about this without examining the evidence on which they (the authors) base their conclusions.

Still, if only I could start an anti-technological terrorist group! Any kind of effective anti-technological group! But that would require meeting a lot of people, picking out



the right ones, and fending them with enthusiasm for the idea; that is, it would require considerable social skill — and the social area is my one weak point.

As mentioned before, my motive for originally becoming interested in Friends of the Earth was the hope that I might meet there some ecological fanatics ripe for anti-technological ideas. Doesn't look as if I'll meet many bunch in Audubon Society.

## Jan 31

The people where I am now working (Prince Castle, Inc.) seem pretty nice. I mildly like most of them, and I don't strongly dislike any of them. On principle I *ought* to hate some of them, and [CROSSED OUT] in fact I *would* have hated them, and would have wanted to shoot them, if I had met them under different circumstances. For instance, one fellow is a snow-mobilist; another fellow (from Pakistan) is ambitious to make money in unlimited quantities by going into business and he wants to see his country "developed." However, these 2 fellows have pleasant personalities and I like them whenever I am not thinking about the bad characteristics mentioned above. There is no real contradiction here; no one thinks it very strange if a soldier fraternized with an enemy one day during a truce, then shoots him dead the next day in battle. The fact that you find someone's personality pleasant may be overcome by other factors.

There is a fellow where I work who comes from India, named [PAGE CUTS OFF] very competent mechanically, but otherwise he seems rather stupid. Especially, he is socially stupid for instance, he once asked me, "You like me?" and beamed with satisfaction when I said "yes", in the belief that he had received an honest answer. I find him mildly annoying because he pushed himself on me. I make an effort to avoid hurting his feelings because he is very unhappy, homesick, and hungry for friendship. He is 34 years old, comes from a large, close family group, and seems to find it very difficult to get along without the emotional support that apparently he is accustomed to getting from these people. I also get the impression that he does not get along well with the brother-in-law in whose house he is living. He continually talks about going back to India as soon as he saves up the money he wants. He sometimes cries at work, and once he talked about suicide. He says he writes letters to his friends in India, but most of them don't answer. (This seems to confirm his social stupidity — very likely all these "friends" were people who didn't like him half so well as he imagined they did.)

On the other hand, [CROSSED OUT] despite his weaknesses, he has characteristics worth respecting. He takes pride in [CROSSED OUT: himself, his work, his physical strength, and himself {TEXT OBSCURED}] his ability to work well, in his physical strength, and in himself generally, in this aspect he rather reminds me of myself. He has a sense of humor that is well-developed though somewhat peculiar by American standards. He has, well, more *life* in him than the average person I've known.

He says to me things like — “You my friend! You good! I not forget you!” To earn all this gratitude I’ve done very little more than simply tolerate his advances, with an effort to avoid hurting his feelings.

Another interesting character where I work is the foreman, Joe Cimmamusti. He is a 22-year old Italian who has been in this country something more than 4 years. More so than Ashok, he has more “life” (as I’ve called it) in him than most people do. He is temperamental — he readily shouts at his workers and occasionally gets insulting. But he cools down quickly, and when he is in a good mood his personality is so engaging that most of his workers like him in spite of his tantrums. He has mediocre analytical intelligence but good intuitive intelligence. He has a warm smile, is a natural leader, and probably is very attractive to women.

He somehow acquired a high opinion of my intelligence on the first day, and I have gotten along well with him ever since. He has occasionally spoken to me in a somewhat irritable tone, but he has never shouted at me or spoken insultingly to me. I get the impression that he has a particular respect for me. (But of course one can easily deceive oneself about such things.)

## Feb. 5

It seems that Art (who is Joe C.’s second-in-command at work) is going to be transferred to a somewhat more responsible position. Today, Joe offered me Art’s job, which would raise my pay from 4.50 to 5.00/hour and give me more interesting work. However, I told Joe that I may quit and go back to Montana next summer, and as I expected, he said he couldn’t give me the job in that case because he needs somebody that he can be sure will stay. He looked as if his feelings were somewhat hurt.

A couple of months ago I was offered a job in the quality control department, inspecting toasters — this also would be \$5.00 an hour. I accepted, but they kept stringing me along without actually transferring me to the other job. After Joe made me this offer, I asked the quality control chief about my inspection job. He told me it is “absolutely certain” I will get the job, but he couldn’t tell me when.

When I told Joe I might leave this summer, I said it was *in confidence*; but it’s possible he might break that confidence and let others know, which might prevent me from getting the inspection job. But I don’t care a hell of a lot now, because it’s not likely that I’ll stay there more than another couple of months anyway.

Unless something definite happens to tempt me in another direction, it is my intention to start killing people this summer.

Feb. 7

Yesterday Joe again brought up the question of that job. He said the job was mine if I could tell him I intended to stay. I told him I couldn't make any promises. He said "Well it was a [UNINTELLIGIBLE], "anyway" and seemed quite disappointed. I think he feels bad about it — I think he takes it personally, in a way. I don't mean he's angry — we're still on good terms. Today he told me he's given the job to someone else.

To tell the truth, I feel heartsick having had to turn down that job. I would have liked very much to accept it. [CROSSED OUT: For one thing, I have to go and get my revenge (or as much *revenge* as I *can* get). For another thing, I won't accept the indignity of living my life as a member of technological civilization.] But of course I *couldn't* accept it, because for one thing, I have to go and get my revenge (or as much revenge as I *can* get); and for another thing, I won't accept the indignity of living my life as a member of technological civilization.

(By the way, my thought that Joe might break confidence and tell about the likelihood of my leaving seems to have come true; because Dominic asked me today if it's true I'm going to quit, and if Dominic knows, it's likely the whole world will soon know, because Dominic is a scatterbrain and I doubt that he can keep a secret. But I don't resent it.)

Further explanation as to why I can't commit myself to staying at the job for a long period: I find it extremely burdensome to be tied to a clock — the rigid schedule seems to leave me with insufficient time to do other things that I have in mind. I don't mind the work itself, but I do find it a strain to have to meet the approval of a supervisor, keep up a good state of work in the face of frustrations like missing tools or lack of materials, and that sort of thing. The only thing that makes this slave-work tolerable to me is the knowledge that I can quit any damn time I please. If I felt that I was committed to being "responsible and keeping the job, then I would feel trapped.

When Joe offered me that job, in view of the nature of the job and what he said about it, his offer seemed to imply not only an appreciation of my ability, but also an acceptance of my personality. Thus, the biggest reason I feel so very badly about having to turn down the job is that I feel as if I have turned down an offer of friendship. See remarks on p.17 of these notes to know why this should affect me.<sup>(1)</sup>

The idea of becoming an accepted and respected member of the social group where I work is certainly very tempting. (But these people are slaves<sup>(2)</sup> to the system. To be one of them, I would have to be a slave too. Of course that is out.)

I don't recall ever having had any strong feelings of this type before. It seems strange that these social feelings should come on me so strongly now. But I think I see some

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<sup>(1)</sup> [ARCHIVISTS NOTE: The section being referred to on p.17 of the physical document likely starts at the paragraph beginning with "My statement that I don't get along with my 'peer-group' should be clarified" on Dec. 24.]

<sup>(2)</sup> At present at least, I don't feel the contempt for these people that the word "slave" would seem to imply.

of the reasons: If I carry out my intentions about killing people, then I face death myself in the near future (I won't be taken alive if I can help it.). So it's natural that I should feel badly when I see slipping away my last chances at certain great pleasures that I have almost completely missed in life (social pleasures and women). Also, going out with Ellen T. seems to have stirred up a lot of dormant feelings. And, by chance, at Prince Castle I seem to have encountered a group which is more acceptable to me than the average group and which seems to accept me better than the average group does. Moreover, there is the fact that, ever since I left the academic world 10 years ago, my attitude toward the human race has been getting less negative. For nearly all the university people I met, I had a deep contempt, mostly because of their pretension, their self-deception, and the fact that I had no use for their values. As for working people, I have no use for *their* values either, but they are certainly not pretentious, and, if they have as much self-deception as intellectuals it is not obvious to me. Also, it seems to me that working people are more tolerant of individual differences than intellectuals are. Intellectuals are inclined to regard every deviant as "sick". Finally, the difference in intelligence between intellectuals and working people appears to me to be not nearly as great as the intellectuals like to believe. I have met far more personalities for whom I have some respect among the working people than among intellectuals or bourgeois types. It appears to me that, generally speaking, intellectuals are more firmly under psychological control by society than are working people.

## Feb. 25

In the Jan. 28 entry of these notes, I suggested that [CROSSED OUT] my encountering that pretty girl (Lisa Zebrowski) at Audubon meetings would result in another round of stressful feelings for me, and I was right. I met her again at a meeting on Feb. 13. I had the strong impression that she was going out of her way to be friendly to me. In fact, I had no doubt about it. I am usually very cautious about concluding that a female finds me attractive, because it is uncomfortable to be disappointed. But in this case I thought it was perfectly clear. So yesterday I asked her out. Her answer was "thank you, but I don't think my boyfriend would like that." Actually, as soon as I heard her on the phone I had misgivings, because her voice (bright and friendly it seemed to me before) sounded dull and uninterested even before I asked her. Even her enunciation seemed sloppy on the phone, though when I met her previously it was quite clear.

I simply don't understand all this. It seemed so obvious that she was trying to get friendly with me. How can one tell whether a woman likes one? — that is, whether she is likely to say "yes" if you ask her out. This case, and some previous cases (such as Ellen Tarmichael and the Debbie whom I met in California [in I think 1975 — referred to in some of my earlier notes] make me wonder whether *any* female (other than Ellen

Arl<sup>(3)</sup>) has *ever* found me attractive. I mean, if this girls behavior (and behavior of girls in a few previous cases) doesn't mean what I thought, I am forced to ask myself whether *all* my interpretations of other people's behavior toward me are miscalculated. Do the majority of the people I work with mildly like me, as I had assumed, or do they merely tolerate me? Was I mistaken in assuming that Joe's offer of a job working closely with him implied that he accepted me in a personal way? Maybe the offer was purely the result of cold calculation in my ability and intelligence.

During my twenties (in spite of the fact that I had had a girlfriend for a while — Ellen Arl) I had pretty well given up hope of even having a girl, and consequently I did not find the lack unbearable. I certainly did suffer considerably from sexual frustration, but I was hardened to it, and resigned. When I was alone in the mountains, I was mostly free of the desire for women. But, coming down from the mountains and into contact with women again, I somehow no longer felt so hopeless and resigned about sex, especially after I found (in Calif. 1975 I think it was — see earlier notes) that I was much better able to overcome my shyness and make advances toward women.

Now I am full of grief and frustration over all this; not only over the fact that I can't get a woman, but over the fact that I can't clearly comprehend the reasons *why* I am never able to get a woman. In mathematical work, I have sometimes encountered a fairly simple problem; the solution seems straightforward. Yet somehow the answer keeps coming out wrong, even though you work it out over and over again. This causes a terribly frustrating sense of perplexity. (Of course, in mathematics there is always a way out — you just go through the troublesome process of writing out your proof in complete, rigorous, formal detail; the formal system of mathematics will then locate your error for you.)

I get this same feeling of frustrating perplexity with regard to women; though I'm 36 years old I've never had a girlfriend (except Ellen Arl, and she turned out to be rotten) and while I can conjecture some possible reasons for this, none of them seem fully convincing and adequate. One reason that most women might not form any attachment to me is the fact that my attitudes and values are so far out that most women might consider these objectionable. But the only 3 women in my age group who have even had even an inkling of my extreme attitudes were Carol Wolman<sup>(4)</sup>, Ellen Arl, and Ellen Tarmichael. In other cases, I've never even got started with the girl — never far enough for her to know I had any remarkable attitudes. I mean, I don't just go around telling people that I hate organized society and view all ideas of ethics with contempt.

Or do women find me physically unattractive? I don't see why they would. I'm not bad-looking. Once, a few years ago, when I was waiting in a car to pick up my mother

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<sup>(3)</sup> Ellen Arl was a moderately nice-looking girl I went out with over a period of months when I was 19–20 years old. She had thrown herself at me more or less shamelessly, openly said she was "infatuated", etc. Eventually I got sick of her objectionable personality traits; I made some cutting remarks and after that she refused to [PAGE CUTS OFF]

<sup>(4)</sup> See earlier notes.

after work, her young, married female co-worker walked by. According to my mothers report, this girl asked her, “is that your son waiting in your car?” My mother said “yes”, and the girl said, “He’s very nice-looking.”

Am I too skinny for women? ...

Is it my mannerisms or the way I present myself to people? ...

Until recent years, I ascribed my lack of success with women mainly to the combination of shyness and stubborn pride.<sup>(5)</sup> ...

... Sometimes I get the feeling that I am the victim of some strange jinx — that there is an unalterable law of nature which states: “T.J. Kaczynski will never get a woman”. (Of course, I don’t for a moment *believe* such nonsense; but sometimes I get that *feeling*.) Every stroke of chance that *might* have brought me a woman has forestalled by some other stroke of chance...

Just to be sure there is no mistake about it, I want to explain that my craving for women does not result from any need for love as such, for security, or companionship, or any such thing. (This is demonstrated by the fact that I usually had very little desire for women when I lived alone in the mountains.) My craving for women is as follows.

When we fantasize an intense pleasure, and feel that there is a possibility of making the fantasy a reality, we are tempted to think about this pleasure more and more until our desire for it is apt to become irresistible. The idea of sexual love is of course intensely pleasurable. When I come down from the mountains and meet women, I am reminded of sex and presented with the possibility that I might have a relationship with some woman. Then, too, there are the constant sexual stimuli that our society disseminates through advertising, radio, etc. The result is that my ascetic tendencies soon break down, and sexual desire partly takes control. The fact that my desire for women is even stronger now than when I was in my teens and twenties is, I think, explained by two factors. One is *hope*; that is, during my twenties, I tended to feel that it was more or less impossible that I would get a woman ...

... other factor is that during my teens and to a lesser extent during my twenties, the dominant role that ego<sup>(6)</sup> plays in my personality made me very resistant to the self-surrender involved in sexual love. But the repeated assaults of sexual desire over the years gradually broke down the resistance of my ego, so that now I am all too ready to experience tender feelings toward women. Of course (for reasons that I won’t enter into here) sexual love is far more pleasurable than physical sex alone, so, now that I am ripe for sexual love, I suffer more from desire than I did in my teens when I craved only physical sex, most of the time.

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<sup>(5)</sup> See earlier notes.

<sup>(6)</sup> By ego I mean will, purpose, decision, purposeful work, and that sort of thing. strictly correct use of the word ego. desire for power, need for I don’t know if this is a

## March 6

Yesterday, instead of going to work, I phoned in and said s quitting. It was terribly hard for me to do this. But I had to t, for the following reasons. I will not fritter away my life as a pawn of the system. And I have to get my revenge. Also, I am so tired of stress and struggle — making a bomb (buying materials separately at different places, working on it secretly in my room, etc.) is an ordeal; I have to force myself to do it, and it takes a lot of forcing. It would be the same with planning out and executing any other means of murdering a big-shot<sup>(7)</sup> safely. It is especially hard to summon up the energy to do these psychologically difficult things when one works 8 hours a day. I have nothing to look forward to in life but that purposeless round of getting up every morning, going to work, coming home again, eating, going to sleep, and getting up for work again the next morning. (Maybe there would still be something better I could still strive for, some corner of the world where there's still some wilderness, or other things, but again, I'm so terribly—tired—of struggling.) For these reasons, I want to get my revenge in one big blast. By accepting death as the price, I won't have to fret and worry about how to plan things so I won't get caught. Moreover, I want to release all ay hatred and just go out and kill. When I see a motorcyclist tearing up the mountain meadows, instead of fretting about how I can get revenge on him safely, I just want to watch the bullet rip through his flesh and I want to kick him in the face while he is dying.

You mustn't assume from this that I am currently being tormented by paroxysms of hatred. Actually, during the last few months (except at a few times) I have been troubled by frustrated hatred much less than usual. I think this is because, whenever I have experienced some outrage (such as a low flying jet or some official stupidity reported in the paper), as I felt myself growing angry, I calmed myself by thinking—just wait till this summer! Then I'll kill! Thus, what I've been feeling in recent months is not hot rage, but a cold determination to get my revenge.

But I want to be in my home or hills in Montana, not here in the city. Death in the city seems so sordid and depressing. Death in these hills—well, if you have to die, that's the place to do it!

However, it would have been very tempting to just hang onto my job at Prince Castle indefinitely, even though I have nothing to look forward to. The truth is, I don't want to die!

And, while I see no prospects for myself, who knows what might turn up? I might even get lucky and find a suitable woman for myself, hopeless as that seems. (That doesn't fit in with my plans, but the temptation would be so powerful... well, it might even be worth it.)

The trouble with letting things drift along at Prince Castle is this: If I am going to roam around in the Montana hills making murderous raids, as I plan, I'll have to have

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<sup>(7)</sup> Scientist, businessman, govt. official, etc.

reasonable health and physical ability, and I'll want, if at all possible, to have most of the summer ahead of me when I start. Preferably I should return to Montana in spring, and I'd be very reluctant to delay it beyond the middle of the summer; if I delayed beyond that point, I'd want to put it off till next year. And the trouble with that is — what if my health goes bad? I don't feel I can trust my health too well any more. The status of my blood pressure is open to doubt. I have irregularities of heartbeat that seem associated with periods of nervous tension.

... What if tension and blood pressure give me a crippling stroke or heartattack? What if the arthritis spreads to my knees next year? I have been putting off my revenge for years. If I put it off another year it could possibly be too late — that is, I could possibly get too broken down physically to do it the way I want to. And if I want to go back to Montana next spring, I felt I shouldn't delay quitting my job much longer, because I want to have time to finish making a bomb, to write down on paper some of the things that are on my mind, and to do some other things...

... By quitting my job, I've made myself again an outcast, a good-for-nothing, a bum — someone whom "respectable" people can't view without a certain element of suspicion. I can't feel comfortable in this respect until I get away into the hills again — away from society.

Besides, in quitting I feel as if I have signed my own death -warrant. Drifting along indefinitely in that job would have been the path of least resistance — and that, in a way, was the only thing remaining between me and the finish of everything. Now the path of least resistance is simply to go back to Montana, and once I'm there, I'll kill, because, as I decided before I left Montana, if I ever went back there I'd have to kill, because I had too much accumulated anger over the inroads of civilization. I'm not likely to change my mind and go looking for another job — job hunting is a great ordeal for me, and so is adjusting socially to a new job. so it seems nearly certain now that it's back to Montana, and then — the end.

It would have been better if I had never met Ellen T. and had worked in some big, anonymous factory where I would never get to know anyone. Then I could take all this stoically, as I used to. As it is, my social and sexual feelings have been stirred up in such a way that I feel a terrible sense of loss...

## March 8

I still feel acutely miserable. (Not depressed — I follow my urge to go out running and walking, and I spend a good deal of time writing down my thoughts — I don't hope too much.)

... Because my feelings of a certain type have been stirred up, I have been reviewing my past life. I am feeling so much grief and bitterness over it, that I conclude the social rejection I've usually endured ever since age and consequent sexual frustration,



cut much deeper than I formerly realized. By the time I was out of high school I was hardened to social rejection, so that I did not find it acutely painful; yet now that my memories and feelings are stirred up I feel very bitter about it.

... I feel full of acute grief over the fact that I have never experienced sexual love, and that there is almost no chance now that I will ever have it —

## March 9

From “Assassination and Political Violence”, by Kirkham, Levy, and Crotty. cited before on p.24 of these notes: p.93:

“Presidential assassination is, for the overwhelming majority of Americans, the equivalent of parricide. Most Americans felt after the assassination of John F. Kennedy that they had lost a member of their own family, almost always their father. They had responded similarly to the death of President Roosevelt.

“Many not only compared their sense of loss to the death of their fathers but expressed a more profound sense of shock, loss, and deprivation than they had felt at the death of their own father. Two-thirds of those interviewed complained not only of depression, but of almost unbearable nervousness and tension. One-half of them could not eat or sleep.”

[to me, this seems difficult to believe. If it is true, I find it profoundly despicable. And it shows what a powerful grip propaganda has, in being able to put across so effectively this image of the president as father. How can anyone possibly believe that the public is capable of making national decisions on public issues? On the leaders, either, since the leaders too, nearly all of them, in a democracy, are immersed in the mass of propaganda and swallow it whole. (Since the leaders themselves [not only in politics but in all fields] are slaves of propaganda, they are all the more able to make the masses believe in it.)

To me the president is just some jerk who makes a lot of decisions that I resent.

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From *The Coming Dark Age*, by Roberto Vacca (a specialist in computers and systems research), Transl. by J.S. Whale; Doubleday, 1973.

P.13: “Jay W. Forrester of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, has shown that in the field of complex systems, cause-to-effect relationships are very difficult to analyse: hardly ever does one given parameter depend on just one other factor. What happens is that all factors and parameters are interrelated by multiple feedback loops, the structure of which is far from obvious...”

P.199: “As H.J. Eysenck has argued very plausibly, the conscience that defines what is evil and prevents us from doing it does not derive from a learning process but from a conditioning process”.

In other words, people believe in “right” and “wrong” because they are brainwashed, not because they have made some supposedly rational decision about morals. Of course this should be qualified: Some of our behavior that appears moral probably results from biologically built — in predispositions. In this category we could include such things as loyalty toward family and friends, and pity toward a fellow-human (but only if this fellow — human poses no threat to us!). Also, very likely, incest taboos are of biological origin, if one believes the evidence cited by Vitus Droscher in *They love and kill*.

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Now I will have something to say about the question of why sexual love is so much more attractive than physical sex alone... there are two distinct kinds of sexual feeling. Let’s call them S-feeling (for soul-feeling) and B-feeling (for body-feeling). By B-feeling I mean simple physical sexual lust. By S-feeling I mean something like sexual love, that is, in connection with the S-feeling one, desires to look long into the woman’s eyes, to *communicate* with her on an intimate level, to have an intimate psychological communion, to feel that your *souls* touch, that sort of thing.

... But one must not confuse S-feeling with ordinary friendship or companionship or sympathy such as occur between persons of the same sex. There is a special titillation and intensity about S-feeling that does not appear in ordinary friendship; S-feeling is of a different character from ordinary friendship, and usually occurs between persons of opposite sex.\*

\* When I was a small boy my feeling for Adam Krokos (see my autobiographical notes) was probably an S-feeling, but not too intense. On very rare occasions since then, I have experienced flickers of S-feeling toward other males. Other than that, I have experienced S-feeling only toward females...

## April 7

I just can’t stand living with my parents. They turn my stomach. I find them both irritating and repulsive. You ask why I am living with them? Some time ago I found myself an apartment at an acceptable price. (This wasn’t too easy, since apartments are expensive around here.) I stayed there less than a month, because some stupid woman in the apartment below mine would play her radio at night and keep me awake.

... there are so many ways in which dealing with people is a strain for me. But worse than that, suppose I took another apartment and had a noise problem there too? It would be just too much. (Of course, the manager will always assure you that the place is quiet, but you can’t trust that.) so I figured it was best to just stay with my parents, even though they disgust me.

## April 30

I have written this before in some of my other notes, but just to remind the reader, I'll write it again: No one should believe anything my parents say about me, because their view of me is hopelessly distorted.

## May 5<sup>th</sup>

A couple of months ago I came across a book in the Library titled "The Gellar Papers". It is about certain people, notably one Geller, who can supposedly bend metal, read people's thoughts, and stuff like that, under conditions that would seem to preclude any obvious explanation in terms of the known laws of physics. Of course, there is always a lot of that junk in the popular press, but what is remarkable about this book is that the papers in it are written by people who are represented as having prior backgrounds and excellent credentials in *the hard sciences*. Moreover, the papers are written in very temperate terms, and the authors give no obvious evidence of having an emotional attachment to "far-out" beliefs. I had always assumed that all this telepathy stuff was a lot of crap, and the undisciplined character of most of the stuff that is printed about "psychic" phenomena, flying saucers, astrology, Atlantis, etc., etc., certainly gives ample justification for the opinion that most of this is only believed by certain people because it satisfies their emotional needs.

However, since the physicists and other hard scientists responsible for the papers in this particular book seem to have no *prior* commitment to telepathy or other crackpot beliefs, I am forced to think again. Naturally, this is uncomfortable for me, since no one likes to change his habitual assumptions.

The book strongly suggests that, by application of will, certain individuals are able to mobilize some force not comprehended within the present knowledge of physics and chemistry. Such a suggestion must be viewed with great caution. Such a large part of human mental functioning can be explained in terms of physiology and neurology that there are strong grounds for the supposition that *all* human mental functioning is based on physics and chemistry. (See, for example, *The Nervous System* by Peter Nathan.) Thus, one thinks of the following explanations for the book, which would not require anything outside the realm of physics as we now conceive it: (1) The book is a very cunning hoax (I have not gotten around to checking up to see whether the scientists really exist.) (2) The scientists writing the book fabricated the whole thing for reasons of their own such as money. (Fanley Mowat, formerly Canadian Government biologist, wrote book called "Never cry Wolf", which he represented as an account of his personal experiences in studying wolves, but according to wolf expert L. David Mech, Mowat's book is largely a fabrication, and gives a false picture of the wolf.) (3) The scientists writing these papers were not consciously dishonest, but their emotional needs caused

them to give a highly distorted presentation. (4) The observed phenomena resulted from known physical forces combining or operating unknown ways to produce very remarkable effects.

However, none of these explanations seem likely. Of course, there is always the possibility of some explanation I haven't thought of. Still, this book has caused me to reluctantly accept the probability that there is some force operating of a kind that is not currently known to physics.

But experiments of the kind described in the book will probably lead some people to jump to unwarranted conclusions enough associations established by popular literature. It should be remembered that we know *only* what has been established by careful experiment, unverified reports being usually worthless. For instance,

(1) The careful experiments reported in the book provide no evidence for the existence of flying saucers, lost continents, precognition, re-incarnation, ghosts, or gods, or for the validity of the predictions of popular "psychics" reported in the newspapers. (Twice I wrote down predictions of astrologers in physics for the coming year, as reported in the newspapers; then I checked them again a year later. The rate of success of the predictions was so poor that I probably could have done better myself on the basis of common sense. On the other hand, if these "Geller papers" are on the level, it ought to make us give closer attention to other putative "psychic"-type phenomena, so as to see which ones actually have something to them.)

(2) These Geller papers do not provide evidence for a life after death. According to Peter Nathan's "The Nervous System" and other books on brain research, practically all the sensations, emotions, thoughts, memories, perceptions, etc. — in short, practically everything we experience, has been shown to be dependent on the functioning of certain parts of the brain. For instance, if one part of the brain is destroyed, certain memories are lost. If another part of the brain is destroyed, the patient permanently ceases to show any evidence of ever feeling angry. If still another part of the brain is destroyed, then the patient ceases to show any evidence of ever feeling any emotion whatever. And so forth.

The obvious conclusion is, that if my whole brain were destroyed, I would thereafter experience nothing whatever.

Still, it is true that, if the human mind is capable of mobilizing some force not currently known to physics, then this raises the possibility that some aspect or attribute of the mind might persist after destruction of the physical brain, since the physical brain (so far as we know) operates according to the laws of physics. However, the experiments reported in the "Geller papers" do not provide any evidence that such a thing actually happens.

The rather tenuous possibility raised by the Gellar papers that I might experience something after death makes me a little hopeful and a little uneasy. On the one hand, it would be nice if life in some form did not have to end, but on the other hand I am displeased by any possibility of being plunged into some experience that I can't predict, control, or rationally prepare for. On the whole, I would prefer to be absolutely certain

that I would experience nothing after death. Of course, this feeling is somewhat colored by religious propaganda about heaven and hell, since I'm amoral and impenitent and would surely go to hell according to Christianity. Of course, I don't believe in that stuff, and "the Geller papers" gives no evidence or even suggestion in favor of it, but naturally (having read so much literature from earlier times which accepted traditional Christianity) I can't help being slightly affected emotionally by the fable of hell.

Well, in regard to any possibility of experience after death, the word is... courage! I am attracted to William Henley's famous poem, "Invictus," though I consider it a little too vainglorious.

## May 7<sup>th</sup>

From "1978 Sports A field Outdoor Almanac": "Radio tracking of wildlife is breaking new ground in wildlife research. It is estimated that between 3000 and 10,000 animals are wired for sound today, and their movements are being monitored on special computerized receivers ...

"Wildlife scientists estimate that within the next five years a nationwide network of automated recording devices will not monitor yearly travels of major species of migrating birds...."

Of course, this sort of thing makes me violently angry. Not that I imagine it does any harm to wildlife, you understand. What angers me is simply the fact that the technological society knows everything and controls everything. Even in the remaining so-called "wild" areas, it is no longer possible to escape from "the system".

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But I haven't yet finished my discussion of the book, "the Geller Papers."

(3) Probably one of the things that attracts many people to the belief in so-called "psychic" phenomena is this: They imagine that these things provide some kind of escape from the mechanistic view of the human mind that is indicated by scientific results, and they may also imagine that these phenomena promise some kind of free will, — ability to avoid control by "the system."

There is no reason to suppose that the "Geller papers" provide any evidence in favor of free will or a non-mechanistic view of human nature; nor do they indicate any limitations of the scientific method.

Science never claims to know everything. The business of science is, by useful, disciplined observation and experimentation, to construct formal, educative models of various aspects of human experience, that will enable human organization to predict and/or control certain aspects of human experiences.

Since past observation and experimentation is limited, scientific models must be continually revised and/or extended as our information comes to light. This does not

mean older models are proven worthless. What it does mean is that older models are replaced by newer models that are either more accurate, or applicable over a wider range of conditions than the older models.

Thus, scientific models continually provide wider, more detailed, and more accurate pictures of reality. The classic example is the replacement of Newtonian mechanics with relativistic mechanics.

If the “Geller Papers” are on the level, then they seem to indicate that science is about to come to grips with some new force or some new class of phenomena. The probable outcome I think is this: science will eventually bring under control these new phenomena, just as it has brought under control such formerly mysterious phenomena as electricity, radiation, etc. “Psychic” phenomena, if they exist, probably have their own laws, which science will come to understand. “Psychic” phenomena will then be “harnessed”, and turned into tools of “the system”, which tools will be used to control individuals, and also the physical world; just as science has turned other classes of phenomena into tools of the system.

Even if science is for any reason unable to analyse psychic phenomena, it still is probable that these phenomena will be turned tools of the system. Note that Geller is essentially a conformist and (apparently) uses his powers only for purposes approved by the system. If Geller-type powers turn out to have practical utility (as they probably will), then it is safe to assume that The System will organize programs for the following purposes: A. To determine the most efficient ways of utilizing psychic powers for the purposes of the system; B. To identify persons having psychic powers at the earliest possible age; C. To devise special programs for the training and socialization of persons having unusual psychic talents, so as to guaranty that they will use their powers “for the good of society” (i.e., for the purposes of the system) rather than for “irresponsible” (i.e., individualistic) purposes.

If the “Geller papers” are on the level, then it is quite possible that, thirty years from now, we may have government-employed psychics wandering around checking up on our thoughts to make sure we aren’t planning to do anything illegal.

## May 8<sup>th</sup>

From things that I have written in some of my earlier notes, some people may assume that I tend to idealize hunting-and-gathering societies. This is not exactly true. Let me explain my view of these societies. They have the following good points:

Because a nomadic hunting-gathering society is more or less egalitarian and has very few members as compared to a modern society, each adult male can significantly participate in the important decisions, rather than having these decisions arbitrarily imposed by some vast system.

If a nomadic hunter-gatherer prefers he can wander off by himself, in which case he gets to make all his own decisions. (Example: According to Elizabeth Marshall Thomas's "Harmless People", the bushman Short Kwi spent most of his time off in the Veldt, away from the others, talking with him only his immediate dependents, Viz, his wife, daughter, and mother-in-law.)

I suspect that this freedom would make serious rebellion a rare thing in nomadic hunting band. But, if a member of such a band does feel a need to rebel against or escape permanently from his group, he has a much better chance of success than a member of today's world — encompassing technological society, simply because a hunting-gathering band is a very small and weak society, compared to modern societies. This, in fact, is the biggest reason for my preferring primitive to modern societies — small, weak society means individual is comparatively strong and significant; whereas individual in modern society is totally impotent and insignificant.

Some people imagine primitive hunters must be crude, bestial, or degraded. I have argued against this elsewhere. It can be argued that primitive hunters have more of what we call "noble" qualities than modern man. But, whether this "noble savage" idea has any truth to it or not, it is of minimal interest to me, because, to me, all of mankind (with possible rare individual exceptions) is contemptible. It is true that recently I've come to be more tolerant of human failings, but I am still strongly aware of these failings, and despise them, even though I may feel friendly toward certain individuals exhibiting those failings. The failings to which I principally refer are irrationality, unclear thinking, and inability to liberate oneself from values and assumptions that one has been trained to accept. Some people imagine that modern man are more liberated from the "official" value of their society than are men of traditional societies. To one like me, who is a social outsider, this is not so clear, since, to a real outsider, it is obvious that most of those who imagine themselves to be nonconformists are really slavish conformists. (Imagine people who believe in racial equality, sexual equality, nonviolence and the transcendent value of art and philosophy, describing themselves as nonconformists! Do they imagine that they invented these ideologies themselves?) However it may be that there really is more psychological freedom in today's society than in a hunting society, because our society is transitional: traditional psychological controls are breaking down, while the far more effective psychological controls that technique is providing have not yet come close to being fully supplemented. I wouldn't venture to say which kind of society offers more psychological freedom, not having any personal experience in a hunting society. Also, it is possible I may even be wrong in assuming that a hunting society provides more physical freedom, because, not having lived in such a society, I can't be absolutely certain.

In any case, even the most primitive society carries in it the seeds of what I consider evil, since all societies have the potential for eventual "progress" toward civilization. Thus I am more inclined to wish that the human race would become extinct.

Now, considering hunting and gathering as an *economic* form — this I *do* idealize. By this I mean that I would rather make my living by hunting, gathering plant foods,

and making my own clothing, implements, etc., than in any other way I can think of. Here I do have some personal experience to go on.



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Series VI, #4

Aug 29, 1978 — May 8, 1979

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