

Notebook X

Journal Series V, #1

Ted Kaczynski

June 22, 1980 to Jan 16, 1984

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Cleaner Version

Decoded, Error Corrected and Translated Version.

— *Bold text is text that has been decrypted* —

— *Decrypted parts have been spell corrected and grammar corrected because Ted purposefully made errors to make the text more difficult to decrypt, and an original version can be found after this clean version. Plus the Spanish parts have been translated.*

1980

Unknown Date

[missing pages]

... possible, not in a regular campground, because of the expense, because I hate these places, and because I dislike being conspicuous from the fact that I have neither tent nor camper. So I drive around these little dirt roads trying to find a place to pull my car off where I will be secluded enough so that I won't be questioned by the police (as has happened to me sometimes in the past). Sometimes it is difficult or impossible. Another thing that makes the trip miserable is the fact that the car (Dave's car, which I am using) I've been having trouble and has been having to get it fixed more than once. It wouldn't be so bad if I knew an area where I can find what I want. The main problem is to avoid **jet planes**. I've not had success trying to get information about what areas are free of **them**.

Thus I have to drive around blind, so to speak, and investigate different places personally. I've had to be cautious about making inquiries concerning what areas are free of **commercial air routes** because I have **committed crimes directed against planes**, so I don't want to call attention to myself as one who hates planes and wants to avoid them!

June 29, 1980

My brother has a weak, flaccid personality, and I have no respect for him. His ideology of "Art" is based on self-deception; and is quite imitative, in spite of the fact that (like most who latch onto that ideology) he claims to abhor imitation. On the other hand, I have a real affection for him. Thus, my feelings toward him tend to waver between affection and contempt.

July 30, 1980: From "Mythology of All Races, Ed. Louis Herbert Gray, Cooper Square Publishers, Inc. New York, 1964: Vol III p.261: "The principal business of the [Russian] sylvan spirits is to guard the forest. They do not allow-people to whistle or shout there..."

Vol. IV p.177: "A forest spirit resembling the Russian Lesiy is the Eastern Lapps' iehts-hozjin ("the Master of the forest") ... When anyone shouts, sings or makes a noise in the forest, he becomes offended, and bewilders the culprit so that he cannot find his way out of the forest. The "Master of the forest" loves silence above all."

Aug.6. In order to show how much individual difference exists in our society than in what are value—judgements, but the assumptions that I made about why some people worship Art and Philosophy are statements of a factual character.)

I am not taking any stand as to whether or not there is more diversity (on significant points (what I would consider significant)) in our society than in New Guinea – I am merely sneering at the importance that Maggie Mead ascribes (by implication) to the particular points of diversity that she listed.

Maggie Mead only stayed a few months with those people. She claims that was enough, but one wonders how well she could have really got to know them in that length of time.

Her opinion of their comparative uniformity may be a case of “all coons look alike to me”. Or maybe not. I don’t claim to know. Of course it is very probable that there is more diversity in our society if you take people from widely different backgrounds (say a ghetto nigger and *[crossed out: a profess]* an upper middle class type) than what ordinarily occurs between two individuals in a New Guinea village. But it’s not so clear if you restrict attention to a particular class in our society (say upper-middle-class-businessman).

Aug 18, 1980

In June nineteen eighty, I sent a bomb to P.A. Wood, Pres. of United Airlines. According to newspapers hospitalized with cuts and burns and had surgery for removal of fragments. Post office offered five thousand bucks reward for identification of culprit. FBI said bomb had enough powder to kill, but “faulty craftsmanship” weakened it because culprit left something loose. This is false, though my design may have been poor due to ignorance of the technology. The detonator did all I designed it to do. It ignited the powder. I know for certain there was nothing “loose” in the explosive unit itself, because the ends of the pipe were stopped with wooden plugs fastened with epoxy and for each plug “two nails passing through plug and both sides of pipe. There would be nothing else to get loose that could weaken explosion. Probably, bomb weak from naive design or FBI mistaken about type of powder. They were partly wrong about type of switch used, judging from newspaper.

Sept. 15, 1980

Shortly after getting back to Montana after spending the greater part of a year working in the Chicago area, I reported in my notes that I no longer had the powerful desire for women that had troubled me while I was living among people. That was

correct, and I am still untroubled by any strong sexual desire. Furthermore, I now look with a certain amount of disgust not only on the desire for sexual love that I experienced while at Chicago, but also on the other social feelings that I then experienced, mainly toward my co-workers at Prince Castle. Perhaps those feelings were partly due to my brief infatuation with that Ellen Bitch. Be that as it may, it is better to have coolly detached feelings toward people. Strong feelings do have their pleasures, but they tend to be enslaving; they infringe on one's autonomy. While having those feelings I looked back with a kind of nostalgia to the psychological autonomy and (so to speak) purity that I'd had in the mountains. Now, back in relative solitude, I am somewhat repelled by the memory of my social feelings.

Another topic: Since **committing the crimes reported elsewhere in my notes I feel better. I am still plenty angry**, you understand, but the difference is that I am now able to strike back to a degree. True, I **can't strike back to anything like the extent I wish to**, but I no longer feel totally helpless, and the anger doesn't gnaw at my guts as it used to. Guilty feelings? Yes, a little. Occasionally I have bad dreams in which the police are after me. Or in which I am threatened with punishment from some super natural source. Such as the devil. But these don't occur often you enough to be a problem. I am definitely glad to have done what I have.

Just **two or three weeks ago I committed a particularly satisfy small misdeed**. Feeling the need for a little peace, I took a couple of weeks rations in my pack and set off. I went first to **the thickets around the head of Rochester Gulch**. Tired, I cooked a little cake of bannock, ate, and lay back to rest.

Despite occasional passing airplanes, the peace of the woods began to settle over me. Then my ears picked up a tiny fluctuating sound that seemed like **the distant buzz of chainsaw** but it was so faint that I dismissed it as imaginary. However, the noise soon became louder, and it came closer so rapidly that I concluded it was **no logging operation. Someone must be cutting a trail through those thickets of which I have always been** especially fond, because they are difficult to walk through, and therefore I had always felt sure of my solitude in them.

Though tired, I picked up my rifle, stuck a few items in my pockets, and went to investigate. By this time **the cutters were passing within a hundred yards of my camp and I could hear their voices**. I sneaked through the thickets very quietly. I passed close to a male spruce grouse which had been resting on the ground, sitting flat on its belly. It moved slowly away, watching me dubiously. When I got close enough, I stood and watched **the cutters I could have shot one, but I was afraid that in that case I might be tracked by dogs** and with my heavy pack and fatigue I was in no position to **get away by some long complicated route** wading along stream beds. After a while I saw **them move a motorcycle along the trail they had cut**. I was now fairly sure these must be the **people who have one of the cabins at the mouth of Rochester Gulch**.

I think these people are some of the **main culprits among those who go tearing over the mountain meadows on their cycles.** You can follow the tracks to where they come out quite near **that cabin, and there is a big rutted place where the motorcycles** climb up to get up on the ridge. This new trail would **nicely complement the routes they use, and let them ride past the head of Rochester.**

After watching them play with their **chainsaws a while,** I sneaked around behind them and followed **back along their own trail** for maybe $\frac{1}{4}$ or $\frac{3}{4}$ mile until I found where **they had left their other two motorcycles.** I put sugar in the gas tanks of both and slashed all the tires. Then I sneaked back to my camp. Here I waited tensely for a while, afraid to move out immediately because it's very hard to move **thickets with a pack, and they were walking so close that I was afraid they might hear me.** In the intervals when they were not running the saws.

After a while I heard the first **cycle running up where the other two cycles had been left.**

After a short interval it ran back to where **the work had been going on,** and after another interval I heard it **roaring away over the mountain and down** in the general direction of the **mouth of Rochester.** I waited a while longer, and, all being quiet, I loaded up my pack and moved out. I was more successful than I'd expected being **quiet with the pack in** — (though not completely so) in **the thicket.** After some hard work getting through that stuff, I went down to a favorite campsite of mine, near where **I had my secret shack.** Here I found the peace I wanted. But next day I went home, because I was **nervous about lingering anywhere in the area after my misdeed.**

I was particularly pleased with myself after this incident, for 2 reasons. For one thing, it was a very **neat trick that I pulled.** Those fuckers must have been **astonished and mystified to find their cycles ripped up only a quarter mile from where they were working, in an area where they would hardly expect to find any people.** For another thing, this revenge was particularly satisfying because it was an immediate and precisely directed response **the provocation.** Contrast it with the **revenge I attempted for jet noise.** I long felt frustrated **anger against the planes.**

After complicated preparation I succeeded in **injuring the Pres. of United Airlines, but he was only one of a vast army of people who** directly and indirectly are responsible for the **jets. So the revenge was long delayed, vaguely directed, and inadequate to the provocation.** Thus it felt good to be able, for a change, to **strike back immediately and directly.**

A few days later I sent **anonymous note to the forest service informing them of that presumably illegal trail.**

But I think the **Forest Service is a little lax about such things, and if they do anything at all they probably only reprimand the people concerned.**

Sept. 23, 1980

Yesterday I got back from a 5-day excursion in mostly wet, drizzly or rainy weather. Generally slept cold at night. At the age of 38, I should be well over the hill physically,

...

[missing pages]

Unknown Date

... linens made from the remains of my old worn-out sleeping bag that I saved for moderate temperature they could also be used without the linens, the fur alone then sewing as insulation. All my other mittens are quite worn out, except for the down-filled ones that I bought in early 1973. These I've used only in very cold weather and never for rough work, because they were expensive (\$16⁰⁰). So that I can continue to preserve these, I made the nockchuck mittens for every-day use.

Nov. 14

I have just re-read, for I suppose the 4th or 5th time, Joseph Wood Knutch's "The Desert Years". I admire this book. To me, the first chapter, "Why I came", is a most wonderful piece of writing. It goes right to my heart.

Jan. 3, 1981. Very mild winter so far – hardly any snow on the ground. A few days ago there was enough of a thaw so that it was possible to dig roots, and I made a little discovery that will be useful if confirmed by later experiences: Dandelion roots are *much* more tender and starch-filled when dug at this time of year than they are when dug in the spring, at which time the plants have already started to grow.

Next year I expect I'll dig some dandelion roots in late autumn before the ground freezes.

1981

Jan. 11

Catching up on some things to be coded: Concerning the excursion reported in the Sept, 23 (1980) entry: 41, 79, 54, ...

Written Dec. 25, 1980

It may surprise some people who regard any 32, 27, 27, 54, ...

... of organized society as “sick” and therefore unhappy, but I find that I am a happy man of course. I have had much satisfaction and happiness ever since I came to live in the mountains, but all too often I was acutely troubled by frustrated anger at motorcycles, airplanes, all that stuff against which my journals are full of complaints, and at the death of wilderness and freedom that I foresee. I sometimes felt as if I wanted to die along with the wilderness. However, since acquiring the ability to commit revenge crimes, I have found vast relief from these problems. Now my anger need no longer be held in. Also, I have made a change of attitude.

Wild country is still best, but now I am more willing to take what good things I can get from life even when I can't isolate myself from the system nearly as much as I'd like. This change of attitude is made possible by my revenge crimes, because since I can strike back, this change of attitude no longer represents a humiliating, slavish surrender with frustrated anger, provided I can get some revenge.

... 48, 68, 74, 93 ...

Jan. 21

Having chiseled and ground the surface of my flat stone to make it more efficient for grinding seeds, I am now adding a heaping tablespoonful of meal made by grinding pennycress seeds to each of my cakes of bread -the pennycress meal being substituted for an equal amount of whole-wheat flour. I am short on whole-wheat flour, which I need for roughage to keep my guts acting right, so that the equally rough pennycress meal is useful in stretching my supply. It makes a dark-brown bread of very good flavor, with a mustardy bite to it, pennycress being related to mustard. When my pennycress

seeds are used up, I expect to try *Cheropodium album* seeds, of which I also have a modest supply.

I wish I could describe how joyous it is to get up early in the morning, take the rifle under the arm, and go out to range over the hills. But I must admit that the rifle has been doing little business this winter, because there's been so little snow. Since about early November I've only shot II rabbits, and one squirrel, and trapped one squirrel. A project I have in hand obliged me to go to Lincoln a few times, and I've brought back a little canned fish, but it isn't really enough, so I've been getting rather meat-hungry in between the few snowfalls when I've been able to get rabbits.

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Unknown date

... Modern society. This piece is: Is there happiness for the woman I work for?, written by Roberto Arlt, pages 54–56. It appeared first in *Nuevas portenas* etchings, by Roberto Arlt.

The Second Piece: (page 37); it appeared first in “The City of a Man” by Leonidas Barletta.) – Look how beautiful our city is! With these guys who don't believe in anything! And they don't respect anything, not even the president! Here no one can pretend to be important, because no one cares. – And when we give importance to something, it is to annoy the opposite, and for a short time. – [This I want. It is as it should be.]

June 26, 1981

90, 3, 76, 30, 9, 56, ...

July 5

11, 37, 0, 15, 26, ...

July 13

Yesterday evening I happened to locate the nest of a hummingbird. Well, I was going to write in Spanish, to practice, but I forgot. Yesterday, a little before sunset, I found a hummingbird's nest. At least I think so. It was a dark object that was high in a Douglas-fir, and the hummingbird landed on it repeatedly, but I couldn't see if it was indeed a nest. I didn't want to climb the tree to see, because ...

[missing pages]

Unknown date

... newspaper “El Sol de Arizona” ... a newspaper printed in Spanish. In his column “My Notes of the Week” Julio Mancillas writes: “Another sacred animal was the silver bear and the eagle, symbol of free life and power, in such a way that the Apaches always sought the feathers of said bird, to adorn their heads.” This phrase is not very clear, but it is evident that Mr. Mancillas means that for the Apaches the eagle was a symbol of free life. A few years ago I mentioned in my notes a case in which a Berber nomad used the Aquila as a symbol of free life. And of course this simosism is very familiar to us. It seems that various towns react in the same way to the eagle.

1982

Jan 28

Two or three years ago when I went 12, 99, 77, 18, 62, 33, 71, 11, ... at the time. So this summer, I think in July I went to ... 25, 44, 17, 2, 87, 55, 76, ... at the time and only one 62, 90, 85, 72, 68, ... on the way back to camp. About two 23, 51, 47, 59, ...

Jan 31

This winter, hunting in zero, said the thermometer. A disappointment. But it is another beautiful and very pleasant morning.

Feb 5

92, 21, 89, 27, 1, 19, 74, 20, ...

Feb. 7

Yesterday 10 degrees at dawn, fresh snow, went up on ridge to hunt. Got 4 rabbits, all of them pretty far out, away from home. Two of them I found sitting together about 8 ft. apart. I think this is only the second time I have ever found 2 rabbits in sight of one another. When I shot first of the 2 rabbits it kicked, though not as violently as they usually do; but the other rabbit gave no sign of noticing any thing unusual, and I shot it, too. Beautiful sunshiney day. Some of my hunting was on steep slopes in very open woods in an area where I haven't hunted rabbits before. The 4th rabbit was the one I got closest to home – in the steep thicket by the big rock outcrop low down in the gulch that runs down from nest peak east of Baldy. Then I had to climb up onto the ridge from that area in order to go home – an exhausting task, as it is very difficult to get up that slope on snowshoes in winter. When I get up on top of the ridge I lay down in the snow to rest. I could see a large bird sitting in a dead tree on the next ridge over. By and by it took off and began soaring upward in circles on an updraft. It looked so large that it may have been an eagle rather than a hawk – but it's hard to tell at such a distance. I watched, absorbed, as the bird circled higher and

higher. It was an entrancing sight. After a while the spell was broken by the noise of a jet plane. But still it was a very good day. There has been a good deal of cold weather this winter. Thermometer read 8 degrees below this morning.

Feb 9

The cold continues. This morning the thermometer said 15 degrees below zero. But I rather like the cold. Things have been quiet lately and life is joyous. It seems I am more sensitive than ever to the attractions of such things as sunlight, open spaces, silence, wind, snow, and even just the interior of the cabin, which after all is my own construction and is part of my way of life here.

Feb 11

Yesterday morning the thermometer said zero degrees. She got up to about 25 degrees in the afternoon, but early today it said 2 degrees below zero. Almost every morning the moose are out on the Baldy meadows, eating grass. Today I saw the moose dig in the snow to reach the mast. My hare-skin-lined coat is still in good condition and serves me well in this cold weather. Since February 3, the thermometer said at dawn: -10 degrees, -21 degrees, -22 degrees, +10 degrees, -8 degrees, -15 degrees, 0 degrees, -2 degrees. A longer than usual cold spell, but nothing very exceptional, except that the temperatures of -21 degrees and -22 degrees were the lowest I have recorded here except for -29 $\frac{1}{2}$ degrees (-31 $\frac{1}{2}$ degrees) on last winter.

Feb. 12

I recently wrote in a letter to my brother that the inhibitions that have been trained into me are too strong to permit me ever to commit a serious crime. This may surprise the reader considering some things reported in these notes, but motive is clear. I want to avoid any possible suspicion on my brothers part.

Feb. 14

Yesterday I hunted here in the Florence Canyon. Find a hare and hit it with an arrow from a distance of maybe six feet. The arrow entered the hare where I aimed — through the body and just behind the shoulders. However, the hare ran. I followed footprints from one part to another. I was in the thicket for several hours, but I could not catch the hare. After a while I would come several times so close to the hare that

I could see it; but she still ran surprisingly well despite the arrow that was still in her body. Once I could have killed her with the rifle, but I tried to get a chance with the bow and arrow, and the hare ran again. I finally lost the tracks and I couldn't find them again even though I searched for them for a long time. The search was very difficult because I have a short temper ...

... limping. Well, life would not be worth much to me if I were not healthy enough to be physically active, and it would be more in accordance with my opinions and my attitude towards life if I did without this security and accept an early death if it came to me. But I have another reason (by far more important) for accepting this money.

And this is that my projects for revenge on the technological society are expensive and I need money to carry them out. For instance, last fall I attempted a bombing and spent nearly three hundred bucks just for travel expenses, motel, clothing for disguise, etc. Aside from cost of materials for bomb. And then the thing failed to explode. Damn, this was the firebomb found in University of Utah business school outside door of room containing some computer stuff.

March 6

A few days ago I went to get watercress. Since I had not had fresh vegetables for at least three and a half months, I really liked the watercress. Yesterday there was sun in the afternoon and the temperature was higher than 32 degrees. I went on the slope to the north of the cabin where the snow had disappeared in many places and the ground was thawed. I found a single Wild onion, which I also liked a lot. Spring is coming and soon there will be lots of wild onions. [crossed out: Since] It hasn't been very cold for a few weeks. Besides, it's not very snowy, so I can't hunt the hares and I haven't had any meat for a few days. But today I took a walk on the south-facing slopes southwest of Baldy, where most of the snow is gone; there I scared away a group of three or four blue partridges that stopped in nearby trees. I killed two with my "twenty-two". They were female. After removing the feathers from them, I went ahead and took a good walk. As always, the mountains seemed extremely beautiful to me, even though the sky was covered with clouds.

March 9. Yesterday there was sun and I went for a walk again on the slopes that are free of snow. But ...

[missing pages]

Unknown Date

... when my anger against modern civilization is such that I really need *some* form of escapism, and at least mathematics is far less degrading than watching TV and

that kind of crap. Doubtless I will turn to mathematics again when the need to escape arises.

But I want to record it here that the fact that I work on mathematics at times does not imply that I respect it or feel it is worthwhile or anything of that sort. On the contrary, it is merely a rather unwholesome pleasure that I turn to sometimes when I need to forget.

Of course, the kind of mathematics I play with is not likely ever to have any practical applications-i.e., it is not likely ever to be useful to The System.

April 27

This past winter I shot 41 rabbits, at a cost of 42 cartridges, and trapped one rabbit. But haven't been keeping any consistent record of what I shoot any more. Have shot a couple of grouse this spring, though (being involved in other projects) I've done little hunting or gathering. A couple of days ago I had a fine day.

Shot a particularly large packrat at the old mine, and a big male blue grouse that I heard grunting up on the ridge, and I got waterleaf, bitter-root, lomatium, dandelions, and wild onions.

So I've had excellent eating last couple of days. The lomatium was better than usual, whether because I cooked it longer or because it was gathered earlier, hence more starchy. These fine spring days are pure joy. There's been a little bird hanging around here whose singing is most wondrously beautiful.

Original Version

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[missing pages]

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Thus I have to drive around blind, so to speak, and investigate different places personally. I've had to be cautious about making inquiries concerning what areas are free of **COMMERCIAL AIR ROUTES** because I have **COMMITTED CRIMES DIRECTED AGAINST PLANES, SO I DON'T WANT TO CALL ATTENTION TO MYSELF AS ONE WHO HATES PLANES AND WANTS TO AVOID THEM!**

June 29, 1980

My brother has a weak, flaccid personality, and I have no respect for him. His ideology of "Art" is based on self-deception; and is quite imitative, in spite of the fact that (like most who latch onto that ideology) he claims to abhor imitation. On the other hand, I have a real affection for him. Thus, my feelings toward him tend to waver between affection and contempt.

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Aug 18, 1980

IN JUNE NINETEEN EIGHTY, I SENT A BOMB TO P.A. WOOD, PSES. OF UNITED AIR LINES. ACCORDING TO NEWSPAPERS HOSPITALIZED WITH COTS AND BURNS AND HAD SURGERY FOR REMOVAL OF FRAGMENTS. POST OFFICE IFFERED FIVE THOWZAND BUKS REWARD FOR CSQRTV IDENTIFICATION OF CULPRIT. FBI SAID BOMB HAD ENUF POWDER TO KILL, BUT “FAULTY CRAFTSMANSHIP” WEAKENED IT CAUSE CULPRIT LEFT SOMETHING LOORE THIS FALSE, THO MY DESIGN.. MAY HAVE BEEN POOR DUE TO IGNORANCE OF THE TECHNOLOGY. THE DETONATOR DID ALL I DESIGNED IT TO DO. IT IGNITED THE POWDER. I KNOW FOR CERTAIN THERE WAS NOTHING “LOOSE” IN THE EXPLOSIVE UNIT ITSELF, CAUSE THE ENDS OF THE PIPE WERE STOPPED WITH POODEN PLUGS FASTENED WITH EPOXY AND FOR EACH PLUG “TWO NAILS PASSING THRU PLUG AND BOTH SIDES OF PIPE. THERE WOULD BE NOTHING ELSE TO GET LOOSE THAT COULD WEAKEN ERPLODSION “PROBABLY” BOMB WEAK FROM NAIVE DESIGN OR FBI MIS-TAKEN ABOUT TYPE OF POWDER. THEY WERE PARTLY WRONG ABOUT TYPE OF SWITCH USED, JUDGING FROM NEWSPAPER.

Sept. 15, 1980

Shortly after getting back to Montana after spending the greater part of a year working in the Chicago area, I reported in my notes that I no longer had the powerful desire for women that had troubled me while I was living among people. That was correct, and I am still untroubled by any strong sexual desire. Furthermore, I now look with a certain amount of disgust not only on the desire for sexual love that I experienced while at Chicago, but also on the other social feelings that I then experienced, mainly toward my co-workers at Prince Castle. Perhaps those feelings were partly due to my brief infatuation with that Ellen Bitch. Be that as it may, it is better to have coolly detached feelings toward people. Strong feelings do have their pleasures, but they tend to be enslaving; they infringe on one's autonomy. While having those feelings I looked back with a kind of nostalgia to the psychological autonomy and (so to speak) purity that I'd had in the mountains. Now, back in relative solitude, I am somewhat repelled by the memory of my social feelings.

Another topic: Since **COMMIITING THE CRIMES REPORTED ELSEWHERE IN MY NOTES I FEEL BETTER. I AM STILL PLENTY .ANGRY**, you understand, but the difference is that I **AM NOW ABLE TO STRIKE BACK**, to a degree. True, I **I CAN'T STRIKE BACK TO ANYTHING LIKE THE EXTENT I WISH TO, BUT I NO LONGER FEEL TOTALLY HELPLESS, AND THE .ANGER DUZZENT GNAW AT MY GUTS AS IT USED TO. GUILTY FEELINGS? YES, A LITTLE. OCCASIONALLY I HAVE BAD DREAMS IN WHICH THE POLICE ARE AFI'ER ME. OR IN WHICH I AM THREATENED WITH PUNISHMENT FROM SOME SUPER NATURAL SOURCE. SUCH AS THE DEVIL. BUT THESE DON'T OCCUR OFTEN YOU ENUF TO BE A PROBLEM. I AM DEFINITELY GLAD TO HAVE DONE WHAT I HAVE.**

Just **TWO OR THREE WEEKS AGO I COMMITTED A PARTICULARLY SATISFY SMALLMISDEED**. Feeling the need for a little peace, I took a couple of weeks rations in my pack and set off. I went first to **THE THICKETS AROUND THE HEAD OF ROCHESTERGULCH**. Tired, I cooked a little cake of bannock, ate, and lay back to rest.

Despite occasional passing airplanes, the peace of the woods began to settle over me. Then my ears picked up a tiny fluctuating sound that seemed like **THE DIST.ANT BUZZ OF CHAINSA-** but it was so faint that I dismissed it as imaginary. However, the noise soon became louder, and it came closer so rapidly that I concluded it was **NO LOGGING OPERATION. SOMEONE MUST BE COT'ING A TRAIL THR.U THVSE THICKETS OF WHICH IHAVE ALWAYS BEEN** especially fond, because they are difficult to walk through, and therefore I had always felt sure of my solitude in them.

Though tired, I picked up my [S/0] rifle, stuck a few items in my pockets, and went to investigate. By this time **THE CUTTERS WERE PASSING WITHIN A HUNDRED YARDS OF MY CAMP AND I COULDD HEAR THEIR VOICES.** I sneaked through the thickets very quietly. I passed close to a male spruce grouse which had been resting on the ground, sitting flat on its belly. It moved slowly away, watching me dubiously. When I got close enough, I stood and watched **THE CUTTERS. I COULD HAVE SHOT ONE, BUT I WAS AFRAID THAT IN THAT CASE I MITE BE TRACKED BYIX>GS** and with my heavy pack and fatigue I was in no position to **GET AWAY BY SOME LONGCOMPLICATED ROUTE** wading along stream beds. After a while I saw **THEM MOVE A MOTORCYCLE ALONG THE TRAIL THEY HAD CUT.** I was now fairly sure these must be the **PEOPLE WHO HAVE ONE OFTHE CABINS AT THE MOUTH OF ROCHESTER GULCH.**

I think these people are some of the **MA.IN CULPRTS AMONG THOSE WHO GO TEARING OVER THE MOUNTAIN MEADOWS ON THEIR CYCLES.** You can follow the tracks to where they come out quite near **THAT CABIN, AND THERE IS A BIG RUTTEDPLACE WHERE THE MOTORCYCLES** climb up to get up on the ridge. This new **TRAIL WOULD NICELY COMPLEMENT THE ROUTES THEY USE, AND LET THEM RIDE PAST THE HEAD OF ROCHESTER.** ##### After watching them play with their **CHAINSaws A WHILE,** I sneaked around behind them and followed **BACK ALONG THEIROWN TRAIL** for maybe $\frac{1}{4}$ or $\frac{3}{4}$ mile until I found where **THEY HAD LEFT THEIR OTHER TWO MOTORCYCLES. I PUT SUGAR IN THE GAS TANKS OF BOTH AND SLASHED ALL THE TIRES. THEN I SNEAKED BACK TO MY CAMP.** Here I waited tensely for a while, afraid to move out immediately because it's very hard to move **THICKETS WITH A PACK, AND THEY WERE WLKING SO CLOSE THAT I WAS AFRAID THEY MITE HEAR ME.** In the intervals when they **WERE NOT RUNNING THE SAWS.**

After a while I heard the first **CYCLE RUNNING UP WHERE THE OTHER TWO CYCLES HAD BEEN LEFT.**

After a short interval it ran back to where **THE WORK HAD BEEN GOING ON,** and after another interval I heard it **ROERING AWAY OVER THE MTN), AND DOWN** in the general direction of the **MOUTH OF ROCHESTER.** I waited a while longer, and, all being quiet, I loaded up my pack and moved out. I was more successful than I'd expected being **QUIET WITH THE PACK IN** — (though not completely so) in **THE THICKET.** After some hard work getting through that stuff, I went down to a favorite campsite of mine, near where **I HAD MY SECRET SHACK.** Here I found the peace I wanted. But next day I went home, because I was **NERVUS ABOUT LINGERING ANY WHERE IN THE AREA AFrER MY MISDEED.**

I was particularly pleased with myself after this incident, for 2 reasons. For one thing, it was a very **NEAT TRICK THAT I PULLED. THOSE FUCKERS MUST HAVE BEEN** ASTONISHED AND MYSTIFIED TO FIND THEIR CYCLES RIPPED UP ONLY A QUARDER MILE FROM WHERE THEY WERE WORKING, IN AN AREA WHERE THEY WOULD hardly expect to FIND ANY PEEPLE. For another thing, this REVENGE WAS PARTICULARLY SATISFYING BECAUSE IT WAS AN immediate and precisely directed response TO THE PROVOCATION. Contrast it with the REVENGE I ATTEMPTED FOR JET NOISE. I LONG FELT FRUSTRATED ANGER AGAINST THEPLANES.

After complicated preparation I succeeded in **INJURING THE PRES OF UNITED A.L., BUT HE WAS ONLY ONE OF A VAST ARMY OF PEEPLE WHO** directly and indirectly are responsible for the **.JETS. SO THE REVENGE WAS** long delayed, vaguely directed, and inadequate **TO THE PROVOCATION.** Thus it felt good to be able, for a change, to **STRIKE BACK IMMEDIATELY AND** directly.

A few days later I **SENT ANONYMOUS NOTE TO THE FOREST SERVICE INFORMING THEM OF THAT PRESUMABLY ILLEGAL TRAIL.**

But I think the **F.S. IS A LITTLE LAX ABOUT SUCH THINGS, AND IF THEY 00 ANYTHING AT ALL THEY PROBABLY ONLY REPRIMAND THE PEOPLE** concerned.

Sept. 23, 1980

Yesterday I got back from a 5-day excursion in mostly wet, drizzly or rainy weather. Generally slept cold at night. At the age of 38, I should be well over the hill physically, ...

[missing pages]

... linens made from the remains of my old worn-out sleeping bag that I saved for moderate temperature they could also be used without the linens, the fur alone then sewing as insulation. All my other mittens are quite worn out, except for the down-filled ones that I bought in early 1973. These I've used only in very cold weather and never for rough work, because they were expensive (\$16⁰⁰). So that I can continue to preserve these, I made the nockchuck mittens for every-day use.

Nov. 14

I have just re-read, for I suppose the 4th or 5th time, Joseph Wood Knutch's "The Desert Years". I admire this book. To me, the first chapter, "Why I came", is a most wonderful piece of writing. It goes right to my heart.

Jan. 3, 1981. Very mild winter so far – hardly any snow on the ground. A few days ago there was enough of a thaw so that it was possible to dig roots, and I made a little discovery that will be useful if confirmed by later experiences: Dandelion roots are *much* more tender and starch-filled when dug at this time of year than they are when dug in the spring, at which time the plants have already started to grow.

Next year I expect I'll dig some dandelion roots in late autumn before the ground freezes.

1981

Jan. 11

Catching up on some things to be coded: Concerning the excursion reported in the Sept, 23 (1980) entry: 41, 79, 54, 34, 34, 90, 73, 59, 39, 54, 51, 80, 0, 38, 39, 12, 38, 20, 42, 16, 80, 64, 27, 50, 3, 33, 51, 95, 48, 30, 17, 83, 81, 46, 77, 7, 70, 98, 54, 77, 24, 74, 34, 30, 29, 47, 44, 46, 29, 39, 20, 64, 25, 25, 5, ...

Written Dec. 25, 1980

It may surprise some people who regard any 32, 27, 27, 54, ...

... OF ORGANIZED SOCIETY AS "SICK" AND THEREFORE UNHAPPY, BUT I FIND THAT I **AM A** HAPPY MAN OF COURSE. I HAVE HAD MUCH SATISFACTION AND HAPPINESS EVER SINCE I CAME TO LIVE IN THE MOUNTAINS, BUT ALL TOO OFTEN I WAS ACUTELY TROUBLED BY FRUSTRATED ANGER AT MITORCYCLES, AIRPLANES, ALL THAT STUFF AGAINST WHICH MY JOURNALS ARE FULL OF CIMPLAINTS, AND AT THE DEATH OF WILDERNESS AND FREEDOM THAT I FORESEE. I SOMETIMES FELT AS IF I WANTED TO DIE ALONG WITH THE WILDERNESS. HOWEVER, SINCE ACQUIRING THE ABILITY TO COMMIT REVENGE CRIMES, I HAVE FOUND VAST RELIEF FROM THESE PROBLEMS. **NOW MY ANGER NEED NO LONGER BE HELD IN. ALSO, I HAVE MADE A CHANGE OF ATTITUDE.**

Wild country is still best, but now I am more willing to take what good things I can get from life even when I can't isolate myself from the system nearly as much as I'd like. This change of attitude is made possible by **MY REVEMGE CRIMES, BECAUSE (SINCE I CAN STRIKE BACK) THIS CHANGE OF ATTISUDE NO NONGER. REPRESENTS A HUMILIATING, SLAVISH SURRENDER..WITH FRUSTRATED ANGER, PROVIDED I CAN GET SOME REVENGE.**

Jan. 21. Having chiseled and ground the surface of my flat stone to make it more efficient for grinding seeds, I am now adding a heaping tablespoonful of meal made by grinding pennycress seeds to each of my cakes of bread -the pennycress meal being substituted for an equal amount of whole-wheat flour. I am short on whole-wheat flour, which I need for roughage to keep my guts acting right, so that the equally

rough pennycress meal is useful in stretching my supply. It makes a dark-brown bread of very good flavor, with a mustardy bite to it, pennycress being related to mustard. When my pennycress seeds are used up, I expect to try *Cheropodium album* seeds, of which I also have a modest supply.

I wish I could describe how joyous it is to get up early in the morning, take the rifle under the arm, and go out to range over the hills. But I must admit that the rifle has been doing little business this winter, because there's been so little snow. Since about early November I've only shot II rabbits, and one squirrel, and trapped one squirrel. A project I have in hand obliged me to go to Lincoln a few times, and I've brought back a little canned fish, but it isn't really enough, so I've been getting rather meat-hungry in between the few snowfalls when I've been able to get rabbits.

[missing pages]

Unknown date

... modern society. Este trozo es,: Existe la felicidad para la mujer que trabajo?, escrito per Roberto Arlt, paginas 54–56. Parecio primero en Nuevas aguafuertes portenas, de Roberto Arlt.

El Segundo trozo: (pagina 37; parecio primero en «La Ciudad de un hombre» de Leonidas Barletta.) – ! Mira que es linda nuestra ciudad! !Con estos tipos [guys] que no creen en nada! !Y no respetan nada, ni al president! Aqui nadie so puede hacer el importante, porque nadile le da importancia. – Y cuando le damos importancia a algo, es para fastidar al contrario, y por poco tiempo. – [Esto quiero. Es como debe ser.]

June 26

90, 3, 76, 30, 9, 56, ...

July 5

11, 37, 0, 15, 26, ...

July 13. Yesterday evening I happened to locate the nest of a hummingbird. Pues, yo iba a esciber en espanol, para practicar, pero olvide. Ayer, un poco antes de la puesta del sol, halle el hido de un colibri. Al menos, lo creo. Era un objeto oscuro que estaba alto en un abeto de Douglas, y el colibri se poso en el repetidas veces, pero no pude ver si era por cierto un nido. No quise trepar el arbol par aver, porque

[missing pages]

... periodico “El Sol de Arizona” ... un periodico impreso en espanol. En su columna “Mis Apuntes de la Semana” escribe Julio Mancillas: “Otro animal sagrado lo era el oso plateado y el aguilá, simbolo de la vida libre y de poderio, de tal suerte que los apaches

siempre procuraban las plumas de dicha ave, para adorning sus cabezas.” Esta frase no es muy clara, pero es evidente que quiere decir Sr. Mancillas que para los apaches el aguila era un simbolo de la vida libre. Hace unos anos que mencione en mis notas un caso en el que uso un nomada bereber al Aquila por simbolo de la vida libre. Y por supuesto nos este muy familiar este simoslismo a nosotros. Farace que varios pueblos reaccionan de la misma manera al aguila.

1982

Jan 28. Two or three years ago when I went 12, 99, 77, 18, 62, 33, 71, 11, ... at the time. So this summer, I think in July I went to ... 25, 44, 17, 2, 87, 55, 76, ... at the time and only one 62, 90, 85, 72, 68, ... on the way back to camp. About two 23, 51, 47, 59, ...

Jan 31. Este invierno, cazando en la de cero dijo el termometro. Una decepcion. Pero es otra manana bella y muy agradable.

Feb 5. 92, 21, 89, 27, 1, 19, 74, 20, ...

Feb. 7. Yesterday 10 degrees at dawn, fresh snow, went up on ridge to hunt. Got 4 rabbits, all of them pretty far out, away from home. Two of them I found sitting together about 8 ft. apart. I think this is only the second time I have ever found 2 rabbits in sight of one another. When I shot first of the 2 rabbits it kicked, though not as violently as they usually do; but the other rabbit gave no sign of noticing any thing unusual, and I shot it, too. Beautiful sunshiney day. Some of my hunting was on steep slopes in very open woods in an area where I haven't hunted rabbits before. The 4th rabbit was the one I got closest to home – in the steep thicket by the big rock outcrop low down in the gulch that runs down from nest peak east of Baldy. Then I had to climb up onto the ridge from that area in order to go home – an exhausting task, as it is very difficult to get up that slope on snowshoes in winter. When I get up on top of the ridge I lay down in the snow to rest. I could see a large bird sitting in a dead tree on the next ridge over. By and by it took off and began soaring upward in circles on an updraft. It looked so large that it may have been an eagle rather than a hawk – but it's hard to tell at such a distance. I watched, absorbed, as the bird circled higher and higher. It was an entrancing sight. After a while the spell was broken by the noise of a jet plane. But still it was a very good day. There has been a good deal of cold weather this winter. Thermometer read 8 degrees below this morning.

Feb 9. El frio continua. Esta manana dijo el termometro 15 degrees debajo de cero. But I rather like the cold. Things have been quiet lately and life is joyous. It seems I am more sensitive than ever to the attractions of such things as sunlight, open spaces, silence, wind, snow, and even just the interior of the cabin, which after all is my own construction and is part of my way of life here.

Feb 11. Ayer por la manana dijo el termometro cero grados. Se levanto hasta unos 25 degrees por la tarde, pero hoy a la madrugada dijo 2 degrees debajo de cero. Casi todas las mananas estan los alces en los prados de Baldy, comiendo pasto. Hoy vi a los alces cavar en la nieve para alcanzar el masto. Mi chaqueton forrado con pieles de liebres esta todavia de Buena condicion y me sirve bien por este tiempo frio. Desde

febrero 3, el termómetro dijo a las madrugadas: -10 degrees, -21 degrees, -22 degrees, +10 degrees, -8 degrees, -15 degrees, 0 degrees, -2 degrees. Un período de frío más largo que lo usual, pero nada muy excepcional, fuera de que las temperaturas de -21 degrees y -22 degrees eran las más bajas que he registrado aquí salvo la de -29 $\frac{1}{2}$ degrees (-31 $\frac{1}{2}$ degrees) el invierno pasado.

Feb. 12. **I RECENTLY WROTE IN A LETTER TO MY BROTHER THAT THE INHIBITIONS THAT HAVE BEEN TRAINED INTO ME ARE TOO STRONG TO PERMIT ME EVER TO COMMIT A SERIOUS CRIME. THIS MAY SURPRISE READER CONSIDERING SOME THINGS REPORTED IN THESE NOTES, BUT MOTIVE IS CLEAR. I WANT TO AVOID ANY POSSIBLE SUSPICION ON MY BROTHERS PART.**

Feb. 14 [Spanish]

Ayer caze aquí en la Barranca Florence. Halle a una liebre y la pegue con una flecha desde una distancia de quizás seis pies. La flecha penetró a la liebre donde I a punto – a través del cuerpo y poco detrás de los hombros. No obstante, la liebre corrió. Seguí huellas de una parte a otra. Dente de la espesura por varias horas, pero no pude coger a la liebre. Después de un rato yo venía a veces tan cerca de la liebre que podía verla; pero ella todavía poco corer sorprendentemente bien a pesar de la flecha que estaba todavía en su cuerpo. Una vez habría podido matarla con el rifle, pero traté de conseguir una oportu- nidad con el arco y la flecha, y la liebre corrió de Nuevo. Por fin perdí la huellas y no pude hallarlas otra vez aunque las busque por mucho tiempo. La busque era muy difícil porque la temperatura ...

... cojo. Pues, no me valdría mucho la vida si no tuviera yo bastante salud para estar físicamente activo, y sería más de acuerdo con mis opiniones y mi actitud ante la vida que yo pasara sin esta seguridad y aceptara una muerte temprana si esta me viniese. Pero tengo otro motivo (más importante por mucho) de aceptar este dinero.

AND THIS IS THAT MY PROJECTS FOR REVENGE ON THE TECHNOLOGICAL SOCIETY ARE EXPENSIVE AND I NEED MONEY TO CARRY THEM OUT. FOR INSTANCE, LAST FALL I ATTEMPTED A BOMBING AND SPENT NEARLY THREE HUNDRED BUCKS JUST FOR TRAVEL EXPENSES, MOTEL, CLOTHING FOR DISGUISE, ETC. ASIDE FROM COST OF MATERIALS FOR BOMB. AND THEN THE THING FAILED TO EXPLODE. DAMN, THIS WAS THE FIREBOMB FOUND IN U. OF UTAH BUSINESS SCHOOL OUTSIDE DOOR OF ROOM CONTAINING SOME COMPUTER STUFF.

March 6

Hace unos pocos dias que fui a obener berro. Ya que no habia tenido legumbres frescas desde hacia tres meses y medio, por lo menos, me gusto mucho el berro. Ayer habia sol por la tarde y la temperature estaba mas alta que 32 degrees. Fui en la cuesta al norte de la cabana donde la nieve habia desaparecido en muchas partes y el suelo estaba deshelado. Encontre una sola cebolla Silvestre, la cual tambien me gusto mucho. La primavera se acerca y al poco tiempo Habra muchas cebollas silvestres. [crossed out: Ya que] No hace mucho frio desde hace unas semanas. Ademas, no hace mucha nieve, pore so no puedo cazar a las liebres y no tengo ninguna carne desde hace unos pocos dias. Pero hoy di un paseo sobre las cuestras al suroeste de Baldy que dan al sur, donde ha desaparecido la mayor parte de la nieve; alli espante a un grupo de tres o cuatro perdices azules que se detuvieron en arboles cercanos. Mate ados con mi “veinte y dos”. Eran hembras. Despues de quitarlas las plumas a ellas, fui mas adelante y di un buen paseo. Como siempre, me parecieron sumamente hermosas las montenas, aunque estaba el cielo cubierto de nubes.

March 9

Ayer habia sol y volvi a dar paseo sobre las cuestras que estan libres de nieve. Pero ...
[missing pages]

April 27.

This past winter I shot 41 rabbits, at a cost of 42 cartridges, and trapped one rabbit. But haven't been keeping any consistent record of what I shoot any more. Have shot a couple of grouse this spring, though (being involved in other projects) I've done little hunting or gathering. A couple of days ago I had a fine day.

Shot a particularly large packrat at the old mine, and a big male blue grouse that I heard grunting up on the ridge, and I got waterleaf, bitter-root, lomatium, dandelions, and wild onions.

So I've had excellent eating last couple of days. The lomatium was better than usual, whether because I cooked it longer or because it was gathered earlier, hence more starchy. These fine spring days are pure joy. There's been a little bird hanging around here whose singing is most wondrously beautiful.

Unknown Date

... when my anger against modern civilization is such that I really need *some* form of escapism, and at least mathematics is far less degrading than watching TV and that kind of crap. Doubtless I will turn to mathematics again when the need to escape arises.

But I want to record it here that the fact that I work on mathematics at times does not imply that I respect it or feel it is worthwhile or anything of that sort. On the contrary, it is merely a rather unwholesome pleasure that I turn to sometimes when I need to forget.

Of course, the kind of mathematics I play with is not likely ever to have any practical applications-i.e., it is not likely ever to be useful to The System.

Decoding process sample

For the full handwritten source, with some of the number codes that haven't been publicly decrypted click here: <archive.org/details/ae.-teds-journals_202303>

APRIL 7

possible, not in a regular camp-ground, because of the expense, because I hate those places, and because I dislike being conspicuous from the fact that I have neither tent nor camper. So I drive around these little dirt roads trying to find a place to pull my car off where I will be secluded enough so that I won't be questioned by the police (as has happened to me sometimes in the past). Sometimes it is difficult or impossible. Another thing that makes the trip miserable is the fact that the car (Dave's car, which I am using) has been having trouble, and I've been having to get it fixed more than once. It wouldn't be so bad if I knew there was a place where I can

Notebook X APRIL 8

find what I want. The main problem is to avoid 80, 68, 4, 40, 86, 91, 31, 30, 98, 4, 9, 34, 63, 22, 38, 45, 59, 95. I've not had success trying to get information about what areas are free of 91, 61, 80, 74, 56.

Thus I have to drive around blind, so to speak, and investigate different places personally. I've had to be cautious about making inquiries concerning what areas are free of 34, 3, 39, 46, 95, 5, 3, 36, 26, 49, 90, 80, 25, 14, 21, 28, 39, 29, 46, 88, 6, 67, 79, 43, 78, 88, because I have 41, 54, 53, 51, 48, 60, 61, 92, 40, 33, 25, 71, 87, 79, 81, 72, 87, 44, 41, 47, 18, 3, 21, 13, 40, 3, 8, 74, 60, 65, 72, 16, 60, 48, 39, 49, 90, 64, 91, 46, 12, 67, 71, 44, 55, 64, 8, 35, 36, 4, 64, 99, 51, 67, 61, 33, 62, 26, 28, 0!

APRIL 9
57, 25, 19, 90, 88, 40, 36, 49, 46, 20, 22, 39,
26, 78, 79, 54, 63, 48, 53, 49, 9, 54, 30, 34, 8, 58,
64, 47, 35, 67, 39, 83, 67, 55, 80, 22, 12, 87, 45, 50, 30,
41, 29, 59, 41, 59, 54, 37, 55, 37, 55, 24, 32, 48, 43,
33, 62, 66, 35, 18, 45, 50, 17, 12, 31, 40, 64, 71, 69, 50, 32, 60

June 29, 1980. My brother has a weak, flaccid personality, and I have no respect for him. His ideology of "Art" is based on self-deception; and is quite imitative, in spite of the fact that (like most who latch onto that ideology) he claims to abhor imitation. On the other hand, I have a real affection for him. Thus, my feelings toward him tend to waver between affection and contempt.

July 30, 1980: From "Mythology of A.U. Races, Ed. Louis Herbert Gray, Cooper Square Publishers, Inc. New York, 1964:

→ 17, 41, 39, 47. APRIL 10

Vol III p. 261: "The principal business of the [Russian] sylvan spirits is to guard the forest. They do not allow people to whistle or shout there..."

Vol. IV p. 177: "A forest spirit resembling the Russian Lěšij is the Eastern Lapps' Miehts-hozjin ("the Master of the forest")... When anyone shouts, sings or makes a noise in the forest, he becomes offended, and bewilders the culprit so that he cannot find his way out of the forest. The "Master of the forest" loves silence above all."

Aug. 6. In order to show how much more individual difference supposedly exists in our society than in that

[missing pages]

|| JET PLANES. || COMMERCIAL AIR ROUTES || COMMITTED CRIMES DIRECTED AGAINST PLANES, SO I DON'T WANT TO CALL ATTENTION TO MYSELF AS ONE WHO HATES PLANES AND WANTS TO AVOID THEM! || IN JUNE NINETEEN EIGHTY, I SENT A BOMB TO P.A. WOOD, PRES. OF UNITED AIR LINES. ACCORDING TO NEWSPAPERS HOSPITALIZED WITH COTS AND BURNS AND HAD SURGERY FOR REMOVAL OF FRAGMENTS. POST OFFICE OFFERED FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS REWARD FOR CSQRVT IDENTIFICATION OF CULPRIT. FBI SAID BOMB HAD ENOUGH POWDER TO KILL, BUT "FAULTY CRAFTSMANSHIP" WEAKENED IT CAUSE CULPRIT LEFT SOMETHING LOOSE THIS FALSE, THO MY DESIGN.. MAY HAVE BEEN POOR DUE TO IGNORANCE OF THE TECHNOLOGY. THE DETONATOR DID ALL I DESIGNED IT TO DO. IT IGNITED THE POWDER. I KNOW FOR CERTAIN THERE WAS NOTHING "LOOSE" IN THE EXPLOSIVE UNIT ITSELF, CAUSE THE ENDS OF THE PIPE WERE STOPPED WITH POODEN PLUGS FASTENED WITH EPOXY AND FOR EACH PLUG "TWO NAILS PASSING THRU PLUG AND BOTH SIDES OF PIPE. THERE WOULD BE NOTHING ELSE TO GET

APRIL 19

are value-judgements, but the assertions that I made about why some people worship Art and Philosophy are statements of a factual character.)

I am not taking any stand as to whether or not ~~there~~ there is more diversity (on significant points [what I would consider significant]) in our society than in New Guinea — I am merely sneering at the importance that Maggie Mead ascribes (by implication) to the particular points of diversity that she listed.

Maggie Mead only stayed a few months with those people. She claims that was enough, but one wonders how well she could have really got to know them in that length of time. Her opinion of their comparative uniformity may be a case of "all coons look alike to me". Or maybe not. I don't claim to know. Of course it is

APRIL 20

very probable that there is more diversity in our society if you take people from widely different backgrounds (say a ghetto nigger and ~~a~~ ^{an} upper middle class type) than what ordinarily occurs between two individuals in a New Guinea village. But it's not so clear if you restrict attention to a particular class in our society (say upper-middle-class ~~businessmen~~ businessmen).

Aug 18, 1980: 46, 90, 80, 20, 32, 17, 10, 87, 51, 47, 2, 80, 42, 2, 11, 95, 94, 18, 50, 23, 35, 41, 42, 64, 54, 11, 49, 55, 70, 13, 18, 8, 75, 24, 99, 1, 89, 32, 35, 67, 23, 3, 62, 44, 97, 28, 76, 22, 4, 56, 39, 51, 31, 29, 26, 58, 53, 38, 93, 69, 15, 43, 74, 86, 49, 43, 28, 42, 3, 11, 67, 78, 58, 27, 53, 44, 56, 30, 60, 99, 26, 36, 38, 33, 56, 58, 66, 80, 9, 65, 46, 78, 82, 94, 93, 55, 63, 17, 71, 81, 62, 78, 26, 50, 46, 18, 29, 67, 79, 76,

APRIL 21

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 2, 12, 13, 41, 71, 66, 59, 48, 45, 55, 61, 20,
 83, 53, 42, 53, 51, 54, 82, 86, 60,
 56, 57, 90, 49, 26, 52, 14, 89, 4, 35, 51,
 27, 75, 51, 56, 59, 55, 41, 23, 13,
 3, 69, 55, 43, 79, 1, 14, 23, 45, 53,
 41, 33, 41, 50, 64, 83, 35, 17, 43, 10,
 7, 8, 1, 50, 49, 35, 24, 39, 63, 49, 61,
 28, 54, 40, 53, 15, 25, 89, 67, 91, 25, 57,
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 30, 8, 26, 90, 99, 53, 53, 56, 57, 77,
 14, 70, 86, 33, 40, 10, 34, 2, 19, 11,
 79, 24, 50, 82, 50, 94, 24, 45,
 49, 57, 41, 33, 37, 81, 50, 85, 91, 86, 43,
 19, 16, 26, 46, 81, 34, 27, 80, 26, 29, 53,
 41, 20, 29, 17, 36, 39, 18, 31, 34, 33, 24,
 86, 14, 90, 60, 43, 42, 43, 18, 45, 75, 15, 83,
 8, 73, 40, 5, 9, 43, 31, 83, 65, 30;

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17, 87, 32, 9, 87, 23, 17, 98, 70, 8, 87,
 63, 64, 43, 77, 42, 45, 9, 53, 41, 12, 22,
 42, 0, 33, 91, 6, 24, 49, 38, 89,
 19, 89, 16, 46, 9, 51, 73, 32, 26, 19,
 50, 81, 64, 24, 92, 75, 89, 42, 52,
 24, 25, 31, 36, 43, 57, 50, 47, 54, 32, 52, 69,
 32, 8, 66, 2, 26, 29, 38, 46, 53, 45, 18,
 55, 57, 14, 7, 77, 40, 26, 69, 41, 24,
 20, 55, 60, 52, 8, 39, 17, 23, 54, 5, 6, 1,
 44, 50, 55, 90, 7, 79, 15, 92, 33,
 29, 95, 24, 28, 15, 81, 62, 52, 55, 63,
 69, 82, 85, 83, 36, 23, 68, 49, 36,
 34, 40, 8, 59, 68, 71, 73, 68, 88, 83, 75,
 4, 68, 97, 72, 48, 30, 50, 47, 55,
 48, 64, 42, 34, 2, 74, 18, 39,
 61, 40, 21, 76, 85, 21, 27, 92, 72, 47,
 31, 59, 81, 64, 0, 55, 25, 37,
 82, 14, 51, 89, 32, 24, 76, 91, 65, 63,
 13, 0, 52, 63, 56, 99, 54, 23, 59, 8, 14,
 44, 68, 69, 44, 33, 33, 59, 27, 20, 75, 32, 62,
 85, 57, 47, 26, 68, 70, 94, 86, 39,

APRIL 23

44, 0, 75, 92, 38, 83, 89, 24, 77, 59, 77, 71,
 45, 74, 57, 69, 23, 45, 53, 87, 48, 77, 90,
 77, 23, 37, 79, 33, 62, 13, 44, 64, 88, 54, 51, 18;
 53, 30, 36, 13, 44, 23, 38, 27, 29, 45, 95, 96,
 14, 54, 49, 62, 59, 42, 46, 57, 31, 23,
 16, 51, 92, 27, 45, 11, 22, 16, 25, 22, 55,
 34, 74, 63, 2, 44, 57, 46, 62, 37, 49, 51, 39,
 37, 15, 25, 26, 59, 31, 87, 51, 39, 55, 43,
 2, 22, 70, 83, 35, 61, 28, 90, 42, 53, 59, 1,
 26, 60, 75, 46, 60, 25, 40, 45, 15, 36, 22,
 19, 99, 14, 43, 83, 19, 87, 55, 89, 14, 76, 52,
 40, 36, 4, 42, 86, 24, 73, 4, 31, 45, 48,
 65, 54, 38, 26, 9, 91, 22, 32, 56, 20, 33,
 32, 29, 28, 1, 35, 70, 38, 69, 65, 38, 27, 9, 36,
 9, 87, 89, 74, 76, 45, 5, 33, 35, 56,
 26, 4, 1, 79, 46, 52, 89, 71, 29, 50, 25,
 52, 52, 1, 33, 40, 87, 78, 36, 31, 61, 40,
 31, 34, 25, 1, 6, 92, 27, 72, 43, 7, 14, 32, 25,
 42, 20, 6, 68, 48, 64, 18, 25, 44, 40,
 50, 93, 28, 46, 49, 86, 39, 47, 40,
 41, 39, 22, 29, 38, 72, 64,

APRIL 24

55, 62, 54, 26, 19, 30, 36, 44, 37, 41,
 34, 36, 33, 3, 45, 67, 32, 0, 10,
 11, 61, 26, 64, 39, 98, 62, 47, 96,
 23, 5, 21, 13, 39, 8, 62, 66, 54, 59, 63,
 30, 58, 67, 99, 54, 44, 70, 21, 54, 80, 31,
 39, 82, 98, 33, 0, 62, 82, 46, 13, 31, 7, 4,
 45, 42, 29, 48, 90, 9, 5, 53, 21, 42,
 41, 20, 0, 71, 82, 21, 6, 55, 10, 59.
 Sept. 15, 1980. Shortly after getting
 back to Montana after spending the
 greater part of a year working in
 the Chicago area, I reported in
 my notes that I no longer had
 the powerful desire for women that
 had troubled me while I was living
 among people. That was correct, and I
 am still untroubled by any strong
 sexual desire. Furthermore, I now
 look with a certain amount of disgust
 not only on the desire for sexual
 love that I experienced while at

LOOSE THAT COULD WEAKEN ERPLODSION "PROBABLY" BOMB WEAK
 FROM NAIVE DESIGN OR FBI MISTAKEN ABOUT TYPE OF POWDER. THEY
 WERE PARTLY WRONG ABOUT TYPE OF SWITCH USED, JUDGING FROM
 NEWSPAPER. || COMMITTING THE CRIMES REPORTED ELSEWHERE IN MY
 NOTES I FEEL BETTER. I AM STILL PLENTY .ANGRY, || I AM NOW ABLE TO
 STRIKE BACK, || I CAN'T STRIKE BACK TO ANYTHING LIKE THE EXTENT I
 WISH TO, BUT I NO LONGER FEEL TOTALLY HELPLESS, AND THE .ANGER
 DUZZENT GNAW AT MY GUTS AS IT USED TO. GUILTY FEELINGS? YES,
 A LITTLE. OCCASIONALLY I HAVE BAD DREAMS IN WHICH THE POLICE
 ARE AF'ER ME. OR IN WHICH I AM THREATENED WITH PUNISHMENT
 FROM SOME SUPER NATURAL SOURCE. SUCH AS THE DEVIL. BUT THESE
 DON'T OCCUR OFTEN YOU ENUF TO BE A PROBLEM. I AM DEFINITELY
 GLAD TO HAVE DONE WHAT I HAVE. || TWO OR THREE WEEKS AGO I
 COMMITTED A PARTICULARLY SATISFY SMALLMISDEED. || THE THICK-
 ETS AROUND THE HEAD OF ROCHESTERGULCH. || THE DIST.ANT BUZZ
 OF CHAINSA- || NO LOGGING OPERATION. SOMEONE MUST BE COT'ING
 A TRAIL THR.U THVSE THICKETS OF WHICH IHAVE ALWAYS BEEN || THE
 CUTTERS WERE PASSING WITHIN A HUNDERD YARDS OF MY CAMP AND I
 COULDD HEAR THEIR VOICES. || THE CUTTERS. I COULD HAVE SHOT ONE,
 BUT I WAS AFRAID THAT IN THAT CASE I MITE BE TRACKED BYIX>GS
 || GET AWAY BY SOME LONGCOMPLICATED ROUTE || THEM MOVE A MO-
 TORCYCLE ALONG THE TRAIL THEY HAD CUT. || PEOPLE WHO HAVE ONE
 OFTHE CABINS AT THE MOUTH OF ROCHESTER GULCH. || MA.IN CUL-
 PRTS AMONG THOSE WHO GO TEARING OVER THE MOUNTAIN MEAD-
 OWS ON THEIR CYCLES. || THAT CABIN, AND THERE IS A BIG RUTTED
 PLACE WHERE THE MOTORCYCLES || TRAIL WOULD NICELY COMPLE-
 MENT THE ROUTES THEY USE, AND LET THEM RIDE PAST THE HEAD OF
 ROCHESTER. || CHAINSAWS A WHILE, I || BACK ALONG THEIROWN TRAIL ||
 THEY HAD LEFT THEIR OTHER TWO MOTORCYCLES. I PUT SUGAR IN THE
 GAS TANKS OF BOTH AND SLASHED ALL THE TIRES. THEN I SNEAKED
 BACK TO MY CAMP || THICKETS WITH A PACK, AND THEY WERE WLK-
 ING SO CLOSE THAT I WAS AFRAID THEY MITE HEAR ME. || WERE NOT
 RUNNING THE SAWS. || CYCLE RUNNING UP WHERE THE OTHER TWO
 CYCLES HAD BEEN LEFT. || THE WORK HAD BEEN GOING ON, || ROER-
 ING AWAY OVER THE MTN), AND DOWN || MOUTH OF ROCHESTER. ||
 QUIET WITH THE PACK IN || THE THICKET. || I HAD MY SECRET SHACK.
 || NERVUS ABOUT LINGERING ANY WHERE IN THE AREA AFTER MY MIS-
 DEED. || NEAT TRICK THAT I PULLED. THOSE FUCKERS MUST HAVE BEEN
 ASTONISHED AND MYSTIFIED TO FIND THEIR CYCLES RIPPED UP ONLY
 A QUARDER MILE FROM WHERE THEY WERE WORKING, IN AN AREA
 WHERE THEY WOULD || FIND ANY PEEPLE || REVENGE WAS PARTICU-
 LARLY SATISFYING BECAUSE IT WAS AN || TO THE PROVOCATION || RE-

VENGE I ATTEMPTED FOR JET NOISE. I LONG FELT FRUSTRATED ANGER AGAINST THE PLANES. || INJURING THE PRES OF UNITED A.L., BUT HE WAS ONLY ONE OF A VAST ARMY OF PEEPLE WHO || .JETS. SO THE REVENGE WAS || TO THE PROVOCATION. || STRIKE BACK IMMEDIATELY AND || I SENT ANONYMOUS NOTE TO THE FOREST SERVICE INFORMING THEM OF THAT PRESUMABLY ILLEGAL TRAIL. || F.S. IS A LITTLE LAX ABOUT SUCH THINGS, AND IF THEY DO ANYTHING AT ALL THEY PROBABLY ONLY REPRIMAND THE PEOPLE ||

[missing pages]

|| 41, 79, 54, 34, 34, 90, 73, 59, 39, 54, 51, 80, 0, 38, 39, 12, 38, 20, 42, 16, 80, 64, 27, 50, 3, 33, 51, 95, 48, 30, 17, 83, 81, 46, 77, 7, 70, 98, 54, 77, 24, 74, 34, 30, 29, 47, 44, 46, 29, 39, 20, 64, 25, 25, 5, || ...

[missing pages]

|| 90, 3, 76, 30, 9, 56, ... || 11, 37, 0, 15, 26, ... ||

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|| 12, 99, 77, 18, 62, 33, 71, 11, ... || 25, 44, 17, 2, 87, 55, 76, ... || 62, 90, 85, 72, 68, ... || 23, 51, 47, 59, ... || 92, 21, 89, 27, 1, 19, 74, 20, ...

|| I RECENTLY WROTE IN A LETTER TO MY BROTHER THAT THE INHIBITIONS THAT HAVE BEEN TRAINED INTO ME ARE TOO STRONG TO PERMIT ME EVER TO COMMIT A SERIOUS CRIME. THIS MAY SURPRIZE READER CONSIDERING SOME THINGS REPORTED IN THESE NOTES, BUT MOTIVE IS CLEAR. I WANT TO AVOID ANY POSSIBLE SUSPICION ON MY BROTHERS PART. || AND THIS IS THAT MY PROJECTS FOR REVENGE ON THE TECHNOLOGICAL SOCIETY ARE EXPENSIVE AND I NEED MONEY TO CARRY THEM OUT. FOR INSTANCE, LAST FALL I ATTEMPTED A BOMBING AND SPENT NEARLY THREE HUNDRED BUCKS JUST FOR TRAVEL EXPENSES, MOTEL, CLOTHING FOR DISGUISE, ETC. ASIDE FROM COST OF MATERIALS FOR BOMB. AND THEN THE THING FAILED TO EXPLODE. DAMN, THIS WAS THE FIREBOMB FOUND IN U. OF UTAH BUSINESS SCHOOL OUTSIDE DOOR OF ROOM CONTAINING SOME COMPUTER STUFF. ||

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The Ted K Archive

Ted Kaczynski
Notebook X
Journal Series V, #1
June 22, 1980 to Jan 16, 1984

<archive.org> & A Review and Compilation of the Writings of Ted Kaczynski.
“Personal experiences, outdoor or city; ideas and quotations; coded stuff (code
probably breakable).”

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