## Ted Kaczynski's Journal Series IV, #1~(1979)

June 9, 1979. I arrived back at my cabin on June 5. Yesterday morning I went and set my 2 traps in the entrance of a rock-chuck den I had located maybe 1/3 mile from cabin, where they were taking all that rock out before. I went back in late afternoon to check the traps and found I had caught a good-sized chuck...

June 12. In the city I was frequently tormented by a desire for women, but now that I am back in the woods, sexual desire has nearly vanished. That is, the idea of a sexual relationship with a woman is still mildly pleasant to me, but I shrug my shoulders at it and feel that I can take it or leave it, and that it is nothing worth making any great effort or sacrifice for. Yet, only two weeks ago, I was terribly horny. This is one more confirmation of my conclusion that (for me at least) there is no intrinsic need for sex or love — the need only arises in response to certain stimuli, such as the presence of women, on the sexually oriented material in advertising in the media generally; whether one like it or not, one is unavoidably subjected to some of this while living and working in the city.

Now, some 3 months ago, in one of my moments of sexual desperation, I placed an ad in a magazine called The Mother Earth News<sup>(1)</sup>, saying "Man, 36, has cabin in Montana, seeks women to share very primitive life". So far I've got about 14 replies. Some are pretty fatuous. They give me the impression that very few people are able to think connectedly. However, a couple of them sounded reasonably sensible. So by the time I left Chicago, I had arranged with one woman that she is to come visit me at an unspecified time in the latter half of June. For that reason I've been very busy cleaning my cabin.

But now that my sexual desires have subsided, I am having grave misgivings about this arrangement. (I had misgivings even before I left Chicago, but at that time my sexual desire overpowered the misgivings.) I mean, I would be delighted to have a nice little sexual experience, but the trouble is that when this woman comes, my sexual feelings likely will be stirred up to full strength again — and that means too much stress, which I hate. I might fall in love and get deeply entangled, and that would ruin other important plans that I have.

June 14. This morning I went and set traps. ...

<sup>(1)</sup> I hate this magazine, because it constitutes a very successful, highly commercial exploitation of the beautiful, poignant, deep and strong dream that many people have of escapint from technological civilization to a self-sufficient life in a rural setting...

June 9, 1979. I arrived back at my cabin on June 5. Yesterday #1 morning I went and set my 2 traps in the entrances of a rockchuck den I had located maybe 1/3 mile from cabin, where they were taking all that rock out before. I went back in late afternoon to check the traps and found I had caught a good-sized chuck. It was strong and I had to exert myself to pull it out of the mouth of its den so that I could knock it on the head. While I was struggling with it, it kept screaming in panic, quite loudly. I felt very sorry for it. This inoffensive animal seemed healthy (no parasites that I noticed) and was probably happy — until suddenly it found its foot clamped in a trap. In the last 2 or 3 years I have been more inclined than previously to regret killing wild animals. However, this chuck makes excellent eating. It had a great deal of fat on it, and (in contrast to all nockehucks I've eaten previously) the meat was very tender. Ample supply for 2 days, I made a very tasty soup today by simmering for 4 hours the following ingredients: chuck fat, chuck meat, dried dandelion roots, one heaping spoonful of rice, and a large quantity of wild greens. Some of the greens were of a kind that are not normally very tender, but by boiling them so long I turned them all into a very soft much. Part of them completely disintegrated, making a thick, green soup. With this I had salad of Erythronium, yellow violet, and sweet cicely. June 12. In the city I was frequently tormented by a desire for women, but now that I am back in the woods, sexual desire has nearly vanished. That is, the idea of a sexual relationship with a woman is still mildly pleasant to me, but I shrug my shoulders at it and feel that I can take it or leave it, and that it is nothing worth making any great effort or sacrifice for. Yet, only two weeks ago, of was terribly horny. This is one more confirmation of my conclusion that (for me at least) there is no intrinsic need for sex or love — the need only arises in response to certain stimuli, such as the presence of women, or the "except fleas, of course.

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drummed 3 consecutive years, including this year. Since it always

\*I hate this magazine, because it constitutes a very successful, highly commercial exploitation of the beautiful, poignant deep and strong dream that many people have of escaping from technological civilization to a self-sufficient life in a rural setting. I only placed my ad in this mag because of don't know of any other publication whose readers would have a particular tendency to be the second of the s interested in my way of life. By the way, the very fact that a mag

drums at the same exact spot, I assume it is the same grouse. 3 Last 2 years I tried repeatedly and unsuccessfully to get a shot at this bird. Hearing it drumming this evening I spent, I think, at least 20 minutes sneaking up on it, crawling on the ground, and I finally killed it. But I confess it took me 2 shots to do it. First shot was a clean mirs. Second shot just grazed the back of the birds neck and stunned it, but that was enough. Distance was maybe 50 feet. I was nervous, since that was my first chance at the bird after so many attempte. Also maybe I'm out of practice. But I expect to So better next time. It saldens me a little to have killed that bird, since he had become practically a fixure of the place; but I need the meat, and weat is hard to get at this line of year. June 16. Severe hailstorn this afternoon. Did considerable damage to my nhisbarb leaves, but relieves recent drought and enables me to omit watering garden this afternoon.

June 18. Went up the gulch today to get mint and greens. Shot a squirrel, but the shot was low and only broke its fore-leg. So in order to get it without spending a second shot, & had to climb 2 trees before divas finally able to see the state of the state of the second shot of the state of the second shot of the state to knock the aguinel down with a stick. Also shot a ruffed grouse hen. Up by the old cabin, which has now collapsed, I saw a nock chuck. June 21. Summer solutice. Set traps at chuck den where I caught a buby one earlier this year. Caught another baby one, which seems a little larger than the other. The meat on it might be equivalent to 2 red squirrels. I am now well-supplied with such items as clothing and foot-wear. I mean quantitatively nather than qualitatively, because much of the stuff is either worn, or poorly selected for the woods. It is mostly stuff that I bought for city use in 1978, or stuff that people gave me.

Frost note continued Mother Earth News is so successful shows how many people are deeply dissatisfied with technological civilization and yearn for a more independent way of life. In my view, the scientists, politicians businessmen, etc. who push technological progress, economic growth, and so forth should be regarded as criminals.

June 22. Today I went upon the flat to see how the strawberries were (4) doing. The crop is not in its prime yet, but I picked a cup of strawberries, which I had with lunch. I also picked a good batch of salsify flowers to make the vegetable in this evening's soup. While picking berries, I seared up two big male blue grouse. I watched where one of them landed - not in a tree, but on the ground amongst some bushes. I went over there and was able to shoot it - so there is meat for 2 days. I have been eating tots of cooked and new wild greens. The spin of that first chuck I trapped was so saturated with fat that of was afraid it would be ruined if left for any length of time. (Fat left on a skin makes it not.) So I worked it soft and smoked it - though I would rather have waited tell I softened up a couple of deerskins so I could smoke them all together. I assume the smoking will preserve the skin, even though there is a little grease left in it. I wet the skin to test it, and it dried as soft as it was before - so the smoking really works.

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Ted Kaczynski's Journal Series IV, #1 (1979) 1979

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