

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

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*⁽¹⁾, 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. ...

⁽¹⁾ 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...

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den I had located maybe $\frac{1}{3}$ 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 rockchucks 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 mush. Part of them completely disintegrated, making
a thick, green soup. With this I had salad of Erythronium,
yellow violet, and sweet cicely.

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* except fleas, of course.

sexually oriented material in advertising and in the media generally; whether one likes it or not, one is unavoidably subjected to some of this while living and working in the city. (2)

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June 14. This morning I went and set traps at another rock-chuck den, the one where I caught a chuck last spring. This afternoon I went back and found, dead in the trap, a baby rock-chuck with not much more meat on it than a red squirrel. Better than nothing, though.

June 15. Just up the hill N. of the cabin, a ruffed grouse has 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 I don't know of any other publication whose readers would have a particular tendency to be interested in my way of life. By the way, the very fact that a mag like (TO NEXT PAGE) (4)

June 22. Today I went up on 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 scared 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 lots of cooked and raw wild greens.

The skin of that first chuck I trapped was so saturated with fat that I was afraid it would be ruined if left for any length of time. (Fat left on a skin makes it rot.) So I worked it soft and smoked it — though I would rather have waited till 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.

Journal

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