

Ted Kaczynski's Correspondence with his Parents

1968–2011

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Introduction

While Kaczynski refused to speak to his family after his arrest, his mother, Wanda, wrote him constantly until her death in 2011, in hopes of reconciliation. He never responded.

The Washington Post:¹

Wanda writes to Ted at least every other week and sends newspaper articles and magazines stories about the environment and other topics she thinks may interest him. She also sends him some money to buy provisions in the prison.

“I write him short notes and tell him that I think about him all the time and that I hope he is well. In one of the first letters, I said, ‘I want you to know that I have always loved you and always will.’”

Ted has not responded to any of the letters. They don’t hold that against him. They just hope that one day he will pick up a pen or make a telephone call to get in touch. And they’ll be waiting.

“I don’t let myself think about the possibility of never hearing from him or never seeing him again.”

The final letters:²

Thanksgiving 1999, Wanda sends Ted a care package.

“Dear Ted, something to help in keeping you occupied over the holidays.”

Ted annotates it for the researcher.

“With this note, the stupid sent me crossword puzzle books and the like, which of course I threw out.”

A few years later, Wanda sends Teddy a note saying she admires how he’s ‘always come to the defense of the powerless; children, minorities, migratory workers.’

Ted’s take:

¹ Serge Kovalski. His Brother’s Keeper. The Washington Post, July 10, 2001.

² Eric Benson. Project Unabom: The Manifesto. Pineapple Street Studios, June 27, 2022.

“My mother must be getting senile. I have never taken any interest in causes of this kind.”

There’s more, most just a few sentences conveying her love and support. Ted never responded to any of them.

The last came in 2011, Wanda was 94. It was sent a few months before her death. It’s the shortest of all:

“Dear son, as always, I love you, mother.”

Ted did not add an annotation.

The Letters

Ted to Family — 8/?/68¹

[Letter addressed to Kaczynski w/out a salutation. A long letter in which Ted details his latest adventures at the beach.]

You might want an account of my latest adventures; which follows.

Some while back, I went to this beach about 2hrs drive from here. I got up at 4:30 a.m. so as to get there when it was deserted. I had been at that beach before, and I found that you could only walk down the beach for less than a quarter mile before coming to a neck which stuck out into the water and which was too steep to climb up.

This time I brought a pair of trunks (which I purchased specifically for that purpose) so that I could wade around the rock and see what was on the other side. Well, I found that by a combination of wading and climbing I could get far enough to see a nice rocky beach on the other side of the rock, but the water was too cold (7 a.m., chilly weather) and too deep to get all the way around. So I climbed a steep rocky incline and went for a pleasant walk along the tops of the cliffs. This enabled me to see the attractive, deserted beach below; but the cliffs were too high and steep to climb down. However, when I got back, I found that the tide had receded somewhat and the weather was warmer, so, by a combination of climbing and wading, I got around the rock. The water was still numbingly cold, but I only had to go in up to the waist, and the exercise kept me warm. I went for a short walk on the beach on the other side, but I couldn't go far, because by this time the day was well along, and I had to get back. However, I found

(i) An Alalone shell, in poor condition, but still impressive. I will send it to you one of these days.

(ii) A cave, which is nothing so amazing, what was amazing was that I didn't see any scra[PAGE CUTS OFF] or carvings in it!

(iii) I saw a seal, or rather, I saw the hinder 2/3 of it as it was sliding into the water.

¹ Archive.org reupload of a California University Collection. Letter from T. Kaczynski to the

On the way back, I found that I couldn't climb over the rock while carrying the abalone shell, so I had to wade all the way around, which entailed taking off my jacket and shirt and going into that nice cold water up to my neck; which was fun, because it didn't last very long.

As a bit of bravado, just to show off in front of all those sissies sitting on the main beach, all those panty-waists who were too chicken to go into the water to get to the other, deserted beach, I went all the way back to the car in just my trunks; right past all those people with thin winter coats; with their parkies and mukluks on; past all those guys trotting along after their dog leash yelling "mush, you huskies"; past all those squinty women saying to their husbands, "look, honey, who's that nut over there?"

The other day I took another trip to the seashore – but a different place this time. At this place the rocks form a lot of nice tidal pools. By turning over rocks in these pools I caught tow crabs and two small eels, which I brought home and ate. They were good eating, except that I had little trouble with the bones in the eels. The crabs tasted just like crab-meat out of a can. Most of the meat is in the claws. There was another, very numerous, species of crab I saw there, but they were too small to be worth eating. I also saw several more eels, but they were too small also. I also brought home a different kind of seaweed. This kind has very thin, membranous, translucent leaves, which look like green-tinted cellophane. If you enjoy chewing cellophane, I am sure you would like this seaweed. However, I did not like it.

Ted

Ted to Parents — ?/?/1968²

[Combination Birthday and Mother's Day card from Ted to Ma. (No date.)]
Sent from Berkeley, Calif. 94704

Happy
Mothers
Day
And happy birthday, [UNINTELLIGBLE]
–Ted

Kaczynski family T-154. <harbor.klnpa.org/california/islandora/object/cali%3A1058> [now dead]

² Archive.org reupload of a California University Collection. Mother's Day card from T. Kaczynski to Wanda Kaczynski T-159. <harbor.klnpa.org/california/islandora/object/cali%3A1062>

Ted to Parents — 9/16/1968³

ENVELOPE — Postmark dated SEP 16 1968 BERKELEY CA (T-1)

To: KACZYNSKI

463 N. RIDGE

LOMBARD, ILLINOIS

FROM: T. KACZYNSKI

2628 A REGENT ST.

BERKELEY, CALIF. 94704

I enjoyed being home very much—except I was a bit disappointed in the wild plums. I still think the kind of woods one finds in Illinois, Iowa, and Southern Michigan are about the best I have seen, except there's so little of them.

Am sending *Mushroom hunter's field guide* to Dave as Birthday present. Please forward if he's gone when it arrives.

You got a nice house there. Only one thing wrong with it. It's in Chicago area.

If by chance you haven't thrown out those Cow — parsnip roots, and if they haven't gotten moldy or something, please send 'em to me. I forgot them. If you have thrown them out, don't worry about it.

The trip back to Calif. Got to Lisbon bank a little before closing and took out coins. (Parenthetically, I am considering the possibility of selling some of my "dead" collections that are complete and no longer of interest to me e.g. Mercury dimes, Roosevelt dimes, Jefferson nickels, Washington quarters. If by any strange chance you should be interested in acquiring any of these coins, let me know, and I'll give you first chance at them if I decide to sell any.) It was too late to go on to next desirable camp, so I just camped out at the place where I go carp-fishing. Next morning I caught a carp and had it for brunch, along with some tomato soup and corn meal. Started at about noon, and camped that night at an uninteresting place in

Nebraska. Next stop was in Wyoming, same place I camped on the way east. Saw three antelopes and chased them on foot. Unsuccessfully, I hardly need add. But I can't help thinking it would be fun to try to hunt them with spears by getting 4 or 5 guys in good condition for running and trying to herd an antelope toward the river, where you could corner it. That would be going right back to the

Paleolithic! But it probably would be illegal or something.

However, I suppose you could just try to hit the thing with a thrown stone. Then you could get out your picnic basket and pretend you're eating antelope meat.

Anyway, these vast open semi-desert wyoming ranges give you a tremendous feeling of freedom. But too barren. Not completely barren, though. I found 4 edible plants

³ Archive.org reupload of a California University Collection. Letter from T. Kaczynski to Kaczynski family T-1. <harbor.klnpa.org/california/islandora/object/cali%3A1065>

there; a kind of dock (greens) (but looking pretty woe-begone); Lambs-quarters — (greens — later in the year will produce edible seeds) but it was bitter. Not bitter elsewhere, maybe the bad soil here made it bitter. Probably pear (but small ones) and a kind of [UNINTELLIGBLE] belonging to the mustard family.

I have [UNINTELLIGBLE] the exact species etc.) but most [UNINTELLIGBLE] in the Mustard family is edible, so I tried [UNINTELLIGBLE] quantity of it. Raw, it was terribly [UNINTELLIGBLE] practically inedible. (This is typical of the mustard family.)

Cooked, all hotness disappeared. Both the greens and the thick, turniplike taproot were tender and digestible. The root seemed nourishingly starchy. But unfortunately it was rather bitter.

(Back to Iowa, I forgot to mention; I found some great big wild cherries, at least as good as the ones in your yard; I found a pear tree with sweet but somewhat woody pears; a peach tree with two perfectly good peaches on it. I gathered a bunch of ripe acorns there, and I will try to put them through the treatment to make them edible.)

Next stop Wells, Nevada. too hot on plains, but sufficiently cool way up on the mountain, where I camped (not far from [UNINTELLIGBLE] mountain). Beautiful little pond [UNINTELLIGBLE] a lake) produced by dams [UNINTELLIGBLE].

Some people caught some fish there. I saw a deer there. I climbed up the mountain as far as I dared (climbing looked dangerous higher up) and got beautiful panoramic view. Bet I could see 100 miles — literally. Very stimulating. Found a kind of cactus there. You can cut it open and cut out the insides with a knife — good to eat raw, but not as juicy as one might hope. Cattle grazing on mountain side. Next stop, Berkeley. Ugh. Hippies and congestion. Water shut off at my house had to go 2 days without own water supply because Water office closed on the obscure holiday of “admission day”. I don’t know whether that’s the day Calif. was admitted to the union or the day the H2O Dept. admits it is all fucked up. When Water office finally opened Tues. morning I found out some Mr. Stoller had called and had my H2O supply put in his name, then failed to pay the deposit, so H2O shut off. The water company [UNINTELLIGBLE] probably gave them wrong address, so all O.K. now. Tues I drove up to Humboldt county for deer hunting. 5 hour drive. Arrived late Afternoon. “King’s range”, the place is called. Federal lands, right along Pacific Ocean. Mountainous terrain. Same place I went last year. Was there about 5 days; didn’t get a buck only through my own carelessness, as will be explained shortly. Place is teeming with deer; for instance

I saw 18 deer on one day. Trouble is, most of the deer you see are does or fawns. I talked to the caretaker there, who remembered me from last year. He is a guy maybe 40 years old. Cowboy boots and Western accent. More or less ignorant, but seems like a nice guy.

He said an old man and 4 boys had been running the deer with dogs and he supposed that that must “have them pretty well shook up”. He also said that an awful lot of bucks had been killed there this year — about 60 that he knew of personally, and that

wasn't all of them. He said probably the only ones left are the old ones that have been dodging hunters for a few years, and they are too damn smart.

Apparently these bucks are pretty hard to get, because of this reason.

This guy apparently spends all day driving around this place and working at this and that, and he keeps a much-used-looking rifle with a telescopic sight in his truck — presumably to get any bucks he might see. The deer season was open for more than a month before I got there, and yet this guy had apparently gotten at most one buck, because he was still hunting for them, and you are only allowed 2 bucks a season. He told me one day that in the morning the following had happened. He saw a buck standing up on a ridge maybe 300 yards away, too far to shoot, really but he tried a shot anyway. He hit it and it fell, but wasn't killed. He heard it “making a hell of a racket” down in the canyon, but he wasn't able to find it, so he never did get it. Then another day he told me that the preceding evening he saw some deer moving not far from his house. He went to investigate and found a buck among them. The buck was facing him 200 feet away, so he couldn't shoot him in the side. He didn't want to shoot him in the breast because that “tears ‘em all apart”. So he aim for the neck, apparently quite confident of hitting it, but he missed. He seemed quite chagrined about missing. “Next morning I drew up on a target and hit it dead on. Must have been just me I guess”. —he said

Anyway, first 3 days I didn't see any adult bucks at all. I met some other guy hunting — young guy maybe in his middle 20's — and we hunted together for awhile. Saw lots of does but no bucks (except a young one with 2-inch horns, too young to shoot. He apparently had hunted deer a lot before, [UNINTELLIGBLE] and talked as if he knew a lot, but I don't think he knew too much, actually. I didn't like him too well; but I guess he was alright. From talking to him and other people I rather get the impression that people generally are not too fastidious about observing the details of hunting and fishing laws — which is not surprizing, since the laws are kind of complicated. Anyway, I was getting kind of discouraged at not seeing any bucks, so on about the 3^d or fourth day, in the evening, when it rained, I took a walk without taking my gun along because I felt it would be too much trouble to wrap something around it to keep the water from running into the insides. I went up chemise mountain trail, and saw about 8 does on the way up. After I looked around on top,

I started down again, and just a little way down the trail [UNINTELLIGBLE] see but a nice young buck grazing along the trail, with his rear end toward me. The leaves were wet, so they didn't crunch under my feet, and the sound of the rain covered any noise I might make, so it was easy to sneak up on him, even though he moved a few yards off the trail as he grazed along. I was within about 15 feet of him before he noticed me.

With the rifle, it would have been a sure thing. It was so damn frustrating not to have it. I went back down again to get it, but by the time I got back up there it was almost dark. I could hear a deer (probably him) moving around in the bushes, but I couldn't see anything.

I saw another buck (or maybe it was the same buck — don't know.) at a different place along the same trail the following evening. I was walking along the trail very slowly and quietly. First there was a doe that saw me before I saw her and bounded off. Then, a little further [UNINTELLIGBLE] I saw something shaking the branches of a bush. I assumed it was a squirrel or a bird, because that's what it usually is, but when I got closer I saw a deer's face down in the bush, eating something.

I looked at it for a few seconds to see whether it had antlers (I couldn't see at first because of the leaves) and sure enough it did, but by the time I saw that it did, the deer noticed me and took off.

It was going fast through thick brush and trees, so naturally I missed when I took a shot at it. Probably I shouldn't have shot at it, because sometimes they run a little distance and then stop and look at you for a while. Then I would have had a better chance. Next time maybe I will know better. I wasn't more than 15–20 feet from *that* deer either before he noticed me.

Well, maybe I can get away [UNINTELLIGBLE] and have another chance. Also, the squirrel season will be open by then, so I can try my *luck* with them, too. But for now its back to the old grind.

Ted

P.S. (~~crosses out~~ When you he) (Shit on that pen) When you have the good fortune to see a buck, deer hunting is very exciting. Trouble is, seeing it in the first place depends too much on luck. Maybe if you were a real first class expert, like the Indians or something, you would be able to trace them, or know better where to find them.

But where to learn all that stuff? I have tried some of the tricks I have read in book but they don't seem to work too well.

T.J.K.

Ted to Parents — 5/30/1969⁴

[Letter addressed to Kaczynski from Ted, w/out a salutation. Discusses the draft board, receiving and sending correspondence to the board; mentions receiving the Saturday Review; using parents' address as contact point for the draft board; and one page at the end of letter re: midterm examination — Math 16A, Professor Kaczynski.]

... I finally have the full story on this business of getting the draft board's permission to leave the country. Permission to leave the country is *not* required; however, if you *don't* get permission, and if the draft board sends you a notice telling you to do

⁴ Archive.org reupload of a California University Collection. Letter from T. Kaczynski to the Kaczynski family T-148. <harbor.klnpa.org/california/islandora/object/cali%3A984>

something within, say 10 days, and you don't get the notice in time to do it, you can be declared delinquent, in which case you get drafted immediately. But apparently you are safe if you get permission in advance. By the way, they say that all communications to your draft board should be sent by certified mail, with *return receipt requested* so that later on, if necessary, you can prove you sent the letter — and naturally you should keep a copy of the letter, too.

Now, I don't know yet whether my draft board is going to give me permission to go, and perhaps David won't have permission. Furthermore, because of my change of address and occupation. I have reason to suspect that my board might send me a form to fill out which I will be asked to return "immediately". Since you guys won't be home for 3 weeks (by the way, it would be helpful to me if you would let me know when you will return home) it would be very desirable if you could find someone to take care of the mail while you are gone so that I can telephone them every few days, and if there is some thing from the draft board, I can tell them where I am and they can send it to me. Is there perhaps a *very reliable neighbour who could do this? One of our relatives perhaps could do it? If so, I would feel a lot safer, and so would Dave, probably, if he's not going to be home during those 3 weeks.

By the way, I am receiving the Saturday Review alright, in case you were wondering. Thank you very much.

Also, would mother please sign the enclosed thing from Commonwealth Edison and send it in?

Finally, I am sending in an old insurance card, from that '54 Olds, that I had in my wallet. Probably you have no use for it anyway, though.

Ted

P.S. I have given 463 North Ridge, Lombard, Ill. as my new address to my draft board, because naturally I won't be keeping the apartment here. I hope this is alright with you.

See you in a couple of weeks!

Ted to Parents — 5/9/1970⁵

[Note to Ma from Ted thanking her for being a good mother.]

Dear Ma:

⁵ Archive.org reupload of a California University Collection. Letter from T. Kaczynski to Wanda Kaczynski T-149. <harbor.klnpa.org/california/islandora/object/cali%3A989>

You [TEXT OBSCURED] to have been concerned about whether you have been too crabby, whether you have been a good mother to me, etc. So I want to say that I think you are the best mother that anybody could ask for. In fact, both my parents have been the best that anybody could ask for. I hope you will forgive me for disappointing you in certain ways. *Please* try not to worry about me so much.

Love,
Ted J.

Ted to Parents — October 5, 1970

Dear Ma:

I had the impression your feelings were hurt when I didn't want to talk further in that phone call yesterday. I do feel sorry for my poor old ma, so I want to say that all is forgiven. However, in order to clear the air and reduce the likelihood [sic] of further disagreements, I would like to state some of my grievances and tell you some of the things that irritate me.

The reason I didn't talk to you yesterday was this: I knew you would ask questions like 'have you got a job,' 'what kind of job are you looking for,' 'what do you plan to do next,' etc... I would have to listen to your 'suggestions' to the effect that I should get some kind of a high-prestige job. I don't like to be told I am wasting my mind. You have a way of asking, 'what *kind* of a job are you going to look for, dear?' that makes me squirm, because I know perfectly well what is going on in your mind, even if you don't mean to express it. It was legitimate for you to suggest once or twice that I should get a high-class job, but over the past year you have raised the subject repeatedly, even though I made it plain that I found it irritating...

If you follow the following suggestions it will help improve our relations: ...

Don't make suggestions as to how I should run my life. If you *must* make such a suggestion, make it *once* and then *drop the subject*—and I mean drop it *permanently*...

Ted to Parents — 5/?/71⁶

[Birthday card from Ted addressed to Kaczynski, w/out a salutation. Mentions wishing Dave good luck.]

⁶ Archive.org reupload of a California University Collection. Letter from T. Kaczynski to the Kaczynski family T-150. <harbor.klnpa.org/california/islandora/object/cali%3A999>

... here. Otherwise O.K. Hope your teaching is easy. If you ever camp in Michigan, try the *state forest* campgrounds. They are free, and tend to be off the beaten track. Good way to prepare black walnuts — roast over an open fire. Makes the shells much easier to crack. Wish Dave good luck for me.

-Ted J.

Ted to Parents — 10/17/72⁷

Envelope postmarked from:

GREAT FALLS. MT 59401

OCT 17 PM 1972

Parents: ...Received your latest letters and neither of them seem to have had the seal tampered with, so probably my suspicions were unfounded. But please put a small “T” in the corner of the letter when you unseal and reseal an envelope; because it still strikes me as odd that the first 4 letters I got were taped; so it is best to keep track of it ...

DON'T SEND ME ANY MORE MAGAZINES. I mean it...

Ted to Parents — 11/11/72⁸

NOV 11 PM 1972

ELOPE — POSTMARK GREAT FALLS MT NOV 11 PM 1972 59401

To: T.R. Kaczynski [father]

I *have* to have a cabin somewhere where I can get away from civilization. Look — it's a matter of desperation. Never mind why. I could tell you to read Ellul's “Technological Society” for an explanation, but you don't understand the book anyway, even if you think you do ...

... You should have given me the money for that project when I asked for it earlier. Now I think you would not only have to provide the money but also find a sufficiently isolated piece of land that can be purchased. By now I am so desperately sick of civilization that I don't think I could go through the mess of dealing with govt. officials, real estate agents, or other objectionable persons — I would be to overwhelmed with hatred to do business with them. I hate society all the more because my first couple of years here — especially the winters, when I was more isolated — showed me how satisfying life can be when one has a certain degree of genuine freedom and independence.

⁷ A Review and Compilation of the Writings of Ted Kaczynski

⁸ A Review and Compilation of the Writings of Ted Kaczynski

Of course I realize that you couldn't possibly afford to spend several thousand dollars to get me a piece of land (though of course I would give you my 50% share in my present lot in exchange). If you spent that much, then you might have to do without an air conditioner when you retire, and even give up travelling thousands of miles each year on your vacation. Naturally, survival under the circumstances of such bitter hardship is inconceivable, so you couldn't do that. Here is an alternative scheme that would only cost you, maybe, around a thousand dollars. Provide me with a canoe or packhorse, such supplies and equipment as I need, and transportation for all this to the point where I would take off — *discreet* transportation, since I would have to avoid attracting the attention of the authorities. I would then try to find some very well-hidden place where I could put up a log shack, live off the country as much as possible, and, when necessary, covertly bring in such supplies as I need. Of course, this probably would provide only a temporary solution at best, and might not provide a solution at all...in any case I would probably be found out sooner or later as civilization encroaches. Then I would be arrested for trespass and for poaching.

Now, don't be stupid enough to lecture me about this. You know I have too much contempt for your opinions to be influenced by them ...

Ted to Parents — Spring, 1973.⁹

Ma: Do not send me anything addressed to 'Dr.' T.J. Kaczynski. [I wanted to avoid advertising my level of education.] If you do, I will be very angry and I will call you very insulting names. I hate to have to threaten, but you know that in the past I have asked you time and again not to do certain things, and you still persist, so I have no choice but to be mean about it. For example, I have several times asked you *not to send me those throw-aways from Harvard*, but you still do it. So that's another thing; don't send me any more Harvard throw-aways—if you do I will insult you. I mean it...

... Also, don't send me any magazines. And don't send me any packages larger than 6" x 6" x 12", because they won't fit in the box. Your permanent attention to these remarks will be appreciated. Thank you...

Ted to Parents — Sep 22 1973¹⁰

C-115

Envelope postmarked from Lincoln, MT 59639

SEP 22 AM 1973

⁹ Truth versus Lies (Volunteers Update)

¹⁰ A Review and Compilation of the Writings of Ted Kaczynski

... So Dave is giving up in Montana. I hope he doesn't plan to spend the rest of life in a hole like Chicago, anyway. This will deprive me of my convenient ping place in Great Falls! Maybe I'd better get to know Helena, which is somewhat closer ...

Ted to Parents — late March, 1975, p. 1.¹¹

You sent me a Reader's Digest. Look, stupid, how many times must I tell you not to send me magazines? I have told you over and over not to send them, and you promise not to send them, and then you go and send them anyway! Many times in the past you have made promises about things like that. You keep those promises for maybe 3 weeks and then forget them. Obviously you are incapable of the slightest self-control, even to the extent of simply refraining from sending me magazines. One is compelled to think seriously of pathology. The magazines are a minor point in themselves, but your insane, mindless persistence in sending them is extremely irritating.

Ted to Parents — April 9, 1975.¹²

I told you not to send me any packages, but you sent me one last winter anyway at X-mas. Look, I only go down to my mailbox maybe once a week—or sometimes not for a much longer time. If a package like that is sent, it sits out on the road by the mailbox in the rain and/or snow for god knows how long, assuming nobody steals it in the mean time. As it happened, my neighbor found that package and brought it up to me. But I don't care to encourage unnecessary visits from him anyway. Apparently, however, you have an irresistable [sic] compulsion to send me things. So—You can send me packages *infrequently*, if you make them strictly within the dimensions 4½" x 4½" x 12". They will then fit in my mailbox... If you want to know what to put in the packages that (unlike magazines) will be appreciated, you can send dried fruit ... or *UNSALTED* nuts ...

Ted to Parents — Jun 16 1975¹³

C-203

¹¹ Truth versus Lies (Volunteers Update)

¹² Truth versus Lies (Volunteers Update)

¹³ A Review and Compilation of the Writings of Ted Kaczynski

Postmark: CANYON CREEK, MT
JUN 16
A.M.
1975

...I happen to be in a comparatively mellow mood, and besides, you have lately given some faint signs of admitting your moral fallibility, though not nearly to the extent you should. So I decided to be nice and write you a letter. First, some business:

You sent me a Reader's Digest. Look, stupid, how many times must I tell you not to send me magazines?

... Also, DO NOT visit me this summer and don't leave your car here either.

... I spent the last 2 1/2 months in California looking for work... what does bother me about not being able to get a job is this: Now I must go into a big explanation ...over the last few months I have (cross-out) been, for some inexplicable reason, constantly nagged by a desire for women and the bad part about it is that I don't just think about screwing them — I have all these terrible ideas about mushy love stuff, hearts and flowers ...

So when I got to Oakland, Calif., I put an ad in the paper "Woodsman seeks squaw. Wilderness life." I got six replies, but for one reason and another none of them worked out. One of them must have been written by a nymphomaniac

"I get a natural high on fresh mountain air and a long stiff cock gliding through my thatch (honey blonde to match my hair!) into my warm, wet, slippery cunt."

"I'm lying here in the long grass, stark naked, with a finger in my snatch and my love juices running out of me onto the clover."

[I might mention, as long as I am on this topic, that my first day at the YMCA — where I stayed in Oakland — some fairy slipped a note under my door: "I have been noticing you since you have been here. I was wondering if I could suck your cock" ...etc. since he didn't offer to pay anything, I didn't take him up on it.]

... I don't understand women — they seem so inconsistent ...

... But I did learn two amazing things...One was that I am no longer shy with females...The other thing is that I no longer seem to resent attractive women for attracting me...I can even conceive of myself as getting married, if I found a woman...I suppose it is because I am getting old and partially discouraged. I have partly attained my goal of living in the woods, but have almost despaired of attaining it completely. I'm getting too old to start all over again someplace else. In a few more years

I'll be 40, and after that age one can't count on one's health. Why should I go through a lot of trouble to move to, say, Alaska, when, by the time I get things functioning well, I may have to give it up for health reasons? And I no longer have much solitude *here*. So — discouragement and thoughts that turn to easy pleasures.

... In the meantime I had joined the Sierra Singles...

Most of the females on these hikes were not sufficiently good-looking to be worthy of my attention-However, on the first hike, there was one very beautiful one...She was very ladylike, gracious, and courteous; ch a tranquil type that you couldn't tell whether e liked you or not; so I gave up on her eventually ...of course I can never tell anyway.

... (You see how low I have sunk. The reason I like women now is because I no longer care about whether they have a character worthy to be compared with my own, which of course would be impossible anyway.) ...

... But, you see, now I am in a bad way. There aren't any sweet young creatures up here (except does, and they run too fast), and, without employment, I can't live where the sweet young creatures are. And, being nearly 33 I may soon be too old to get young and attractive women.

Probably I could forget women if I had this place all to myself, but the lack of solitude around here now...is discouraging enough so that I keep wanting solace from some other source. Oh well...

Ted to Parents — Sep 24, 1975

C-199

Cany

MT. (partially faded out)

SEP 24 A.M. 1975

I am now ready to receive mail. But don't expect a prompt reply to anything you send ...

... Yours truly, captain Montessor

Ted to Parents — Nov 29 1975¹⁴¹⁵

C-189

ENVELOPE — POSTAGE MARKED [UNINTELLIGBLE] NOV 29 A.M. 1975
59633

... please *don't* send me so many packages, and please don't send smoked oysters...

¹⁴ A Review and Compilation of the Writings of Ted Kaczynski

¹⁵ Truth versus Lies (Volunteers Update)

Ted to Parents — December 8, 1975.¹⁶

Look, stupid—what in the name of god is wrong with you? I told you I didn't want you sending me packages—I only made an exception for dried fruit and unsalted nuts in a package not larger than $4\frac{1}{2}$ " x $4\frac{1}{2}$ " x 12". And I said such a package would be alright *occasionally*. Now you are deluging me with this garbage. You sent me oysters and cheese. I don't like smoked oysters—I threw them out. The sunflower seeds you sent me were salted... Now you send me shoes and socks in a package that certainly exceeded $4\frac{1}{2}$ x $4\frac{1}{2}$ x 12. That package could barely fit in the mailbox... And it left no room for anything else in the box. Furthermore, in this tiny cabin I have no place to *put* all this crap... You stupid bitch, I've *told* you and *told* you I don't want you sending me crap like this. And as for publisher's catalogs, all I asked was—where can I write to get a publisher's catalog of paperbacks? I didn't ask you to *send* me anything. Now you are sending me package after package of catalogues that I only throw in the stove.

Ted to Parents — December 24, 1975, p. 2.¹⁷

As for my 'hair-trigger temper'— ... The reason I get mad at you so much, ma, is mainly because you keep doing over and over again things that I keep asking you not to do. You promise not to do them, then a few weeks later you go right back to your old habits. It gets exasperating.

Ted to Parents — ?/?/1976¹⁸

C-202

...Suppose I were to get, say, Rocky Mountain Spotted Fever? In principle, of course, I should just sweat it out alone ... but life is sweet, and I would probably go to a hospital ... I could either enter as an indigent patient, courtesy of the welfare department, or else I could enter as a paying patient and then file bankruptcy when they send me the bill. Am I not correct in supposing that when you file bankruptcy they can't take *the roof* from over your head, and hence can't take my land? If you have a lawyer to whom you are in the habit of resorting, you might ask him about that in case any such eventuality might ever arise ...

¹⁶ Truth versus Lies (Volunteers Update)

¹⁷ Truth versus Lies (Volunteers Update)

¹⁸ A Review and Compilation of the Writings of Ted Kaczynski

... O I forgot to say — I wouldn't have got our last letter for some time yet as I was off in the woods, but prudence obliged me to come home for a while because I was saitten by a strange illness. Next tae you see your doctor, perhaps you would be good enough to ask ha about it and maybe he can provide some conjecture as to what it was, and, more 1-portant, what I could have caught it from, so I can avoid it in the future.

symptoms: No sore throat or respiratory symptoms

First day: Extreme fatigue, aching leg muscles, temperature unknown, rather rapid pulse.

Second day: Extreme fatigue, aching muscles in morning, but these cased up in afternoon; temperature up to 101°.

Third day: Nosebleed in early morning, fatigue and aches gone, felt better generally, maximum temperature 99 1/2°.

Fourth day: All seemingly normal...

Possible Sources of Infection:

1. Drank unboiledwater from a spring every day for 6 days before sickness.
2. Puncture wound on foot 5 days before sickness.
3. Bitten by tick 4 days before sickness (no sign of local infection
4. Killed and cleaned porcupine 3 days before sickness and handled the raw meat over the next 2 days.

*Note:*I had no contact with humans for at least 10 days before sickness.

That anecdote about the kid talking to worms was rather charming. Nothing to worry about, until he gets to believing that the worms are answering him.

T.J.K.

Ted to Parents — 4/23/1976¹⁹

C-178

Envelope postmarked from: CANYON CREEK, MT. 59633

APR 23 A.M. 1976

¹⁹ A Review and Compilation of the Writings of Ted Kaczynski

Notice: My mailbox is now set up again. But *still* don't necessarily expect prompt replies; as you know, I don't like to be obligated in that way. In fact, if you want any replies at all, you had better send me some stamps (which I will use only to communicate with you). I have 4 stamps left, and, as I have it figured, after I lay in my supply of food for the summer, I will have so little money left that I dare not spend any on stamps.

— H. Bascomb Thurgood

Ted to Parents — May 10 1976²⁰

C-176

Envelope postmarked from: CANYON CREEK, 59633

MAY 10 A.M. 1976

... Between those 2 dates, inclusive, you can pick any time you want for a visit, and definitely plan on it. But let me know well in advance what time you have picked, of course ...

The things I mentioned you might bring, if you like, were:

Typewriter

1 very coarse sharpening stone

1 very fine sharpening stone hickory or other tough wood for pick handles and such,
if you can get it for nothing

62 mince pies

8 cheesecakes

45 pounds sharp cheddar cheese

82 pounds genuine imported French Roquefort

21 pounds pate de foie gras with truffles

6 gallons caviar

8 bushels nuts bushels of prunes

12 gallons papaya preserves

— etc., etc., etc.

Also 4 tons of fresh apricots.

Roquefort cheese, by the way, is recorded as early as the days of Charlemagne. It seems that the emperor, while visiting the locale in which Roquefort cheese was invented, was served some of this cheese. He began picking the blue spots out of the cheese with his knife, thinking it was spoiled, until he was informed that he was

²⁰ A Review and Compilation of the Writings of Ted Kaczynski

throwing away the best part of the cheese. Later he had large quantities of this cheese shipped to his court. envelope postmarked from: CANYON CREEK 59633'

Ted to Parents — June 3 1976²¹

C-177

Envelope postmarked from
CANYON CREEK 59633

JUN 3 A.M. 1976

Look, I flatly am not interested in any land south of the canadian border. DO NOT SEND ME ARY MORE "UNITED FARM" STUFF, OR ANY OTHER REALTORS' ADVERTISEMENTS ...

... unless you find a possibility that is at least 10 miles (as crow flies) from the nearest human habitation, *DO NOT BOTHER ME WITH ANY MORE SUGGESTIONS OR QUESTION ABOUT LAND*...You have twice asked me what you should do about land, and I have answered twice. Do not ask me a third time ...

... DO NOT SEND ME *ARY* PRINTED MATTER, EXCEPT SUCH AS I MAY HAPPEN TO REQUEST. I've told you this over and over, yet you sent me a page from Harper's Weekly. *OO HOT KEEP INVITING ME TO STAY WITH YOU*- I Ive stayed with you a couple of times before, and I ill never do so again. I can't stomach your way of life. If you don't like to ave me swear at you, you had better pay attention to the things here that I have printed in block letters ...

Look, don't do *anything* connected with me without asking me first... If you want to throw money away, send it to me instead, and I'll know what to spend it for ...

— Sillon Bolivar Brascandio de

Escudo y Rosas

Ted to Parents — Aug 14 1976²²

C-187

ENVELOPE — POSTAGE MARKED CANYON CREEK, MI AUG 14 A.M. 1976

²¹ A Review and Compilation of the Writings of Ted Kaczynski

²² A Review and Compilation of the Writings of Ted Kaczynski

... DO NOT SEND ME ANY MORE MAIL — especially anything valuable — UNTIL I TELL YOU I AM AGAIN READY TO RECEIVE MAIL. DON'T EXPECT TO HEAR FROM ME FOR SOME TIME — MAYBE NOT TILL SPRING. And this time *you better attention to what I have just said.*

Ted to Parents — Sep 21 1976²³

C-184

Envelope postmarked from: CANYON CREEK, MT 59633
SEP 21 A.M. 1976

Kindly refrain from telling me about Dostoyevsky, E. E. CWolings, and similar garbage. Most modern literature I find sordid and disgusting ...

By the way, there are some areas of psychology well-developed enough so that it *is* possible to make bold and self-assured statements. **Not all of psychology is speculation by any means. If it were only speculation, it would represent no danger...**

... Don't write me *so* often. I find it irritating and I get tired of writing answers ...
Ted

Ted to Parents — Nov 26 1976²⁴²⁵

C-195

ENVELOPE — POSTMARK CANYON CREEK, MT. NOV 26 A.M. 1976 59633

Package for Thanksgiving is OK, so is Xmas package. But DO NOT send any further packages without consulting me first. (Except one package of books as listed below) ... *But* do not send me a package of books more than 4½ inches thick (else it might not fit in the box)... Do not send a second package of books without consulting me first. Thanks....

When I said you might not hear from me for long periods over the winter, that didn't mean you couldn't write me occasionally if you like — cause I *would* like to be informed of the outcome of that Mother Earth article whenever you find out.

²³ A Review and Compilation of the Writings of Ted Kaczynski

²⁴ Truth versus Lies (Volunteers Update)

²⁵ A Review and Compilation of the Writings of Ted Kaczynski

Stella M. [CROSSED OUT] wrote to me and said she “got my message.” You must have told her something and said it came from me. I don’t like to have lies told in my name. I will get very mad if I learn you have given anybody any more fake messages from me.

— Montbass the Exterminator

Ted to Parents — 11/30/1976²⁶

[Christmas letter addressed to Kaczynski. Ted mentions the author Francois Leydet, who was writing a book on predators. Mentions corresponding w/him, sending him personal accounts of his encounters w/predators; mentions the book *The Coyote: Defiant Song-Dog of the West*; and discusses preparing coyote stew.]

Merry Christmas.

This is your Christmas card. Maybe this is early to send it, but if I wait, then maybe it will be too late on account of the rush.

When I was in California, nearly 2 years ago, I saw a letter in the paper by one Francois Leydet who said he was writing a book on predators and asked readers to send him any interesting personal experiences with predators or any information, etc. So I sent him accounts of some of my encounters with predators. I just got a letter from him in which he said he got so much mail in response to his letter that it took a long time to get around to acknowledging it all, etc., etc. Anyway, he says that in his soon-to-be-published book. *The Coyote: Defiant song-dog of the west*, “I mention your recipe for Coyote stew on Page 86 ...” Actually I didn’t give him a recipe, exactly, I just stated that Coyote is good when cut into bite-size chunks and simmered for a couple of hours. At least, I don’t remember giving any more of a recipe than that.

Watch out for a large manila envelope I am sending you, and please let me know when it arrives.

Now don’t go and *buy* that damn book just to read that one sentence. Probably the only reason he acknowledged all those letters was so he could pull in more sales for his book and make money off the suckers.

Ted

And by way, on that manila envelope, the tape on it is glued on with glue that I made myself, 3 years ago when I killed that elk, by boiling down the hooves of deer and elk.

²⁶ Archive.org reupload of a California University Collection. Letter from T. Kaczynski to the

Ted to Parents — December 18, 1976.²⁷

Christmas package received. Thank you. But look, you are starting to slip back into the habit of doing certain things that I've told you over and over again are annoying to me. You put some cookies in that package. Remember I said any food packages are supposed to contain only dried fruit and unsalted nuts, unless you get my permission to send something else.

Ted to Parents — February 7, 1977²⁸

The reason is that whenever you rub me the wrong way, it reminds me of all the old, old reasons I have for hating you, which I explained quite clearly in a letter some time ago... Go ahead and call me an 'ungrateful monster.' You've called me that name before, and enough other names so that it doesn't bother me in the least any more

Ted to Parents — July 13 1977²⁹

CANYON CREEK, MT. 59633
July 13 A.M. 1977

Ah!, well, you're right, I *did* give you a message for Stella, but since I was only joking, and since the message was rather contemptuously flippant, it hadn't occurred to me that you would give her that message. It would have been just like you to give her some fake excuse (in my name) for not writing. But in this instance you are right. No, I didn't tell her you lied, nor have I written to her at all. But I stand corrected ...

... So you don't like mY swearing. Well, you can either take my letters as they coae, or, if you prefer, I won't write to you at all. You can choose one or the other. Cocksucker. Fuck. cunt. If you don't like it, you can shove it up your twat. Actually, if you had asked politely, I might have cleaned 'em up for you, but, since you took the lecturing tone that comes so easy to you, you aiserable old bitch, you can go get screwed. You ought to realize by now that I intensely dislike both you and your

Kaczynski family T-151. <harbor.klnpa.org/california/islandora/object/cali%3A1000>

²⁷ Truth versus Lies (Volunteers Update)

²⁸ Truth versus Lies (Volunteers Update)

²⁹ A Review and Compilation of the Writings of Ted Kaczynski

prematurely senile husband. I have no desire to associate with you, correspond with you, or have anything to do with you at all. It is very convenient to have a couple of old fools send m.e money, do m.e favors, and so forth, provided you are sufficiently hlllllble about it. But if you want to associate with ae at all, you will have to consistently kiss my ass. The reason for that is that whenever you rub ae the wrong way, it reains meofalltheold, old reasons I have for hating you, which I explained quite clearly in a letter soae time ago. And I can assure you m.y feelings on that subject are very bitter indeed. So you can take your choice. You can either be hUlllble and kiss my ass, or I won't have anything to do with you at all. As for the articles, you can throw theia all out if you please, since the chances of getting any significant amount of "oney out of that stuff are very liil.ited. So drop dead, you ugly old sow. Yeah, now go and blubber and feel sorry for yourself. You have an i.Jolense capacity for self-pity, which is one of the more conteiaptible weaknesses. Go ahead and call m.e an "ungrateful monster". You've called me that name before, and enough other names so that it doesn't bother m.e in the least any more. Hurry up and croak.

Ted

You won't hear from me again until your letters become sufficiently obsequious.

Ted to Parents — November 12, 1977.³⁰

... if you want to send me a package you had better keep it down to the 4½" width... Permissible items for package: Dried fruit, nuts, cheese. Anything else—ask me first...

Ted to Parents — December 17, 1977.³¹

Thanks for telling me a package is on the way—I'll no doubt enjoy the goodies. *However. No more packages without asking my permission first.*

Ted to Parents — December 30, 1977.³²

Remember, no more packages without asking permission ...

³⁰ Truth versus Lies (Volunteers Update)

³¹ Truth versus Lies (Volunteers Update)

³² Truth versus Lies (Volunteers Update)

Ted to Parents — ?/?/1978³³

C-210 [1978] [Letter to Parents]

...Have you followed my advice about stocking up on food? If you haven't, I think you're being very foolish. Since last fall there have been the following food price increases: Regular price of flour increased 35% (but I got mine *on sale* at not much over the old price.)

Rolled oats went up about 70%

Rice went up more than 20% at current *sale*

Price; computing on regular price, rice went up about 50%

These increases within 6 months.

You've got all that money rotting in the bank. I say "rotting" advisedly, because if inflation is still high, as I assume it is (it certainly is in food), then inflation is eating up your money faster than interest makes it grow. Food would seem to be an excellent investment judging from price increases. And of course there is always the possibility (I say) not *likelihood*, "erely *possibility*) of food shortages serious enough so that you won't get enough proper food for decent nutrition. Now, flour is still obtainable at around 13 (cent sign) per pound. For \$130⁰⁰ you could stow 1000 pounds of flour in the attic...

Ted to Parents — Mar 8, 1978³⁴

C-209

Postmarked: Mar 8, 1978, Canyon Creek, MT.

... To T.R.: You said you were going through Northern Minnesota next summer. How would you like to add an extra day or 2 to your trip, go across the Canadian border, and drop me off somewhere with the canoe and a load of supplies? Since Montana is too crowded, I would like to explore and see if I could find some place where I could put up a small log shack where no one would find it. Let me know how you feel about this.

³³ A Review and Compilation of the Writings of Ted Kaczynski

³⁴ A Review and Compilation of the Writings of Ted Kaczynski

Parents to Ted — 1978(?)³⁵

Both dad and I are searching for answers trying very hard to understand ourselves and our children. Who or what are we? Who are our children? What motivates them and us? Are we culture-bound? Have we hurt our children? Has the culture hurt them.

Ted to Parents — late 1979³⁶

...As for Nora, there's another crime attributable to modern medicine. Someone who is that badly mangled should be dead — they are better off that way ...

... don't send me a string of letters keeping me informed about Nora's condition. The thing is sordid, and I would prefer not to be reminded of it ...

Ted to Parents — May 17, 1982³⁷

... see you June 11 or 12 ...

Ted to Parents — May 25, 1982³⁸

... I trust that this is the last communication that will be necessary before you guys get here; so I will just assume that you will get here on June 11 or 12 ...

Ted to Parents — August 27, 1982.³⁹

... you asked whether to send me Spanish booklet called 'Talacain [sic; should be Zalacain] el Aventurero EOFF and Ramirez-Araujo.' If you were planning to send me a Thanksgiving package as you usually do, you can include the booklet in that...

³⁵ Truth versus Lies (Volunteers Update)

³⁶ A Review and Compilation of the Writings of Ted Kaczynski

³⁷ Truth versus Lies (Volunteers Update)

³⁸ Truth versus Lies (Volunteers Update)

³⁹ Truth versus Lies (Volunteers Update)

Ted to Parents — Christmastime, 1982⁴⁰

[This appears to be a letter from Ted to his mother. Ted responds to the statement “...truly sorry to have been such failures as parents...,” indicating his heart has softened a little bit by this statement, in that he no longer wishes she would drop dead for Christmas. Ted relates she was good to him at Christmas and his memories of the holiday are pleasant; states his root cellar is not completed, but is functional; doesn’t have enough potatoes and sugar beets for the winter; thanks mother for gift of fruit/nuts, etc., rec’d at Thanksgiving.]

As to your last letter, in which you said you were ‘truly sorry to have been such failures as parents’: Its a satisfaction to me to have you admit your faults for once, instead of trying to make excuses for them. The resentment I have toward you will always remain, but your last letter does soften my attitude a little. Enough, anyway, so that I will take back what I said about hoping you drop dead on Christmas—cause it’s true that you were always good to me on Christmas, and on the whole I have pleasant memories of Christmases. I trust you got the Christmas card I sent you.

My root cellar is not actually finished, but it is finished enough so that I have my vegetables stored in it for the winter ... Potatoes, parsnips, and sugar beets. I don’t have enough potatoes and sugar beets to last the whole winter, but ... I expect to be eating 4 parsnips a day almost until the wild greens become available in the spring.

... Also of course I enjoy the nuts, dried fruit, and cheese that you sent for Thanksgiving.

–Ted

Spring of 1983⁴¹

Quoting Ted:

... in the autumn of 1982 I sent my parents an angry letter about the abuse they’d inflicted on me during my teens; my mother sent me an apology that, though cold and perfunctory, softened my feelings somewhat; and I was on reasonably good terms with my parents until the spring of 1983. Then on May 23 I received from them a package of nuts and dried fruit. I wrote them an irritated letter about it, and in return they sent me a letter in which they claimed that they didn’t remember my ever telling them

⁴⁰ Archive.org reupload of a California University Collection. Letter from T. Kaczynski to unspecified recipient (possibly parents) T-121. <harbor.klnpa.org/california/islandora/object/cali%3A1013>

⁴¹ Truth versus Lies (Volunteers Update)

not to send packages without asking me first. Here is how I described the incident in my journal (translated from Spanish):

“May 25 [1983]... Day before yesterday ... I went to my mailbox and found a package of food that my stupid mother had sent me. Although the almonds and dried fruit she sent me would have been useful, the package got me very upset, because I’ve asked her repeatedly—a thousand times!—not to send me any packages without getting my permission beforehand. Of course she promises, and then after a little while she again starts sending me packages without asking if I want them... Yesterday I went to Lincoln to send her stupid package [back] to her.”

“June 9 [1983]. I’ve received a letter from my parents that says they don’t remember that I ever told them not to send me packages without asking me beforehand whether I want them. And how many times I’ve told them! ... A few years ago I told them this, and a few months later my father sent me a pair of shoes without asking me first whether I wanted them. I complained to him and insisted again that they should not send me packages without asking me first...

Actually this was not quite accurate. As the letters quoted earlier show, at the time of the shoe incident my parents did have my permission to send me packages of nuts and fruit without asking beforehand. It was later (December, 1977) that I told them not to send *any* packages without asking; and again in 1982:

“In the spring of 1982 they sent me one or two packages without permission, and at that time I reminded them (in a courteous way) not to send packages without asking me first. Clearly it was a mistake to tell them courteously, because experience has shown me that they forget it or ignore it when I tell them courteously.”
(Translated from Spanish.)

Since my policy as to what I would let them send me without permission had varied to some extent over the years, it was not so very unreasonable for my parents to get confused and think that it was alright to send me dried fruit and nuts at any time without permission. But my resentment was founded not only on the unwanted package but on the whole history of my relations with my parents. In my journal I concluded the account of this package incident with:

“I can’t stand my parents any more, not only because of these minor annoyances but also because I remember all too clearly

their insults that I endured during my adolescence.” (Translated from Spanish.)

There was an additional factor that my journal doesn’t mention. When my parents wrote me that they didn’t remember my ever telling them not to send packages without permission, their letter was so self-righteous that it seemed inconsistent with any sense of remorse concerning the way they’d treated me during my teens; which tended to confirm what I had suspected anyway—that my mother’s apology of the preceding autumn was given only in order to mollify me so that she could get from me the affection that she craved. By this time I was so sick and tired of my parents that I just told them to go to hell and broke off relations with them.

Parents to Ted — Christmas Eve, 1984⁴²

No word, no small word of greeting from you. How that hurts! ... Have you no memory of our love and care?

All families have their fights. That is inevitable. We are imperfect humans in an imperfect world. But most of us are able to forgive, forget, apologize and go on loving and caring. Some are unable to control hatred, to overcome it. Why?

[Your hatred of your parents] I think, I am convinced, has its source in your traumatic hospital experience in your first year of life. You had to be hospitalized with a sudden, very serious allergy that could have choked off your breath. In those days hospitals would not allow a parent to stay with a sick child, and visits were limited to one hour twice a week. I can still hear you screaming ‘Mommy, Mommy!’ in panic as the nurse forced me out of the room. My God! how I wept. My heart broke. I walked the floor all night weeping, knowing you were horribly frightened and lonely. Knowing you thought yourself abandoned and rejected when you needed your mother the most. How could you, at nine months, understand why—in your physical misery—you were turned over to strangers. When I finally brought you home you were a changed personality. You were a dead lump emotionally. You didn’t smile, didn’t look at us, didn’t respond to us in any way. I was terrified. What had they done to my baby? Obviously, the emotional pain and shock you suffered those four days became deeply embedded in your brain—your sub-conscious. I think you rejected, you hated me from that time on. We rocked you, cuddled you, talked to you, read to you—did everything we could think of to stimulate you. How we loved you, yearned over you. Some said we spoiled you, were too lenient, doted on you too much. But you were our beloved son—our first born and we wanted so much to have you love us back. But I think that emotional

⁴² Truth versus Lies (Volunteers Update)

pain and fear never completely left you. Every now and then throughout your life, I saw it crop up...

Remember how you would react to anybody's correction or criticism of you? ...

How [can we] convince you that we love you? How convince you that fighting and difference of opinion doesn't mean rejection. How can we be at last a normal family?

... Surely, we have not been so bad as parents that we should be denied the minimum respect of a word of greeting at Christmas time. What is this unnatural satisfaction you take in making us suffer so needlessly?

Ted to Ma — October 13, 1990⁴³

C-926

Dear Ma:

I can't honestly say that I feel any sorrow over Dad's death — you know why. But I must say that I feel very sorry for you. These events must be extremely hard on you. I never resented you quite as much as I resented Dad. During my teens I had to take a lot of verbal abuse from both of you, but *you* at least made up for it with warmth and affection at other times, whereas Dad was generally rather cold toward me during the period. If you'd like to be reconciled and resume correspondence with me, I am willing.

Ted to Ma — November 22, 1990⁴⁴⁴⁵

[Letter to Ma from Ted. He addresses the following: no longer corresponding w/ Dave; relates Dave described Joel's personal habits as grotesque; mentions Frazer's book *Golden Bough*; states he received a letter from Juan Sanchez; asks if Ma had a good trip to Florida and did she see Tyler.]

Nov. 22, 1990

Dear Ma —

⁴³ A Review and Compilation of the Writings of Ted Kaczynski

⁴⁴ A Review and Compilation of the Writings of Ted Kaczynski. C-922.

⁴⁵ Archive.org reupload of a California University Collection. Letter from T. Kaczynski to Wanda Kaczynski T-138. <harbor.klnpa.org/california/islandora/object/cali%3A946>

Thank you very much for the \$50 check and for the clothes. Both will be very useful to me. I've tried on the clothes and they fit me very well.

I suppose Dave has told you that I have broken off correspondence with him. I imagine he's also given you his own version of my reasons. If I know him, there's a better than even chance that he's got my reasons all garbled and misinterpreted, so I want to explain to you myself why I have ceased to correspond with him.

You will have noticed that Dave and I have very different personalities indeed. Dave is very kind and generous, but he has certain other traits that I find irritating. I always did find him irritating in certain ways, and that was probably part of the reason why we had so many squabbles when we were kids and why I often insulted him and harrassed him verbally (for which, by the way, I have since apologized to him, for whatever good that may do). At the same time I always had a strong affection for him, partly because, along with his irritating traits, he also had attractive ones, but mainly just because he was my little brother.

But the point is that, leaving aside the fact that we were brothers, he was not the type of person whom I would much like, or with whom I would want to make friends. And he still isn't.

Because of my affection for him I was willing to put up with his irritating side up to a point. But in recent years he has just irritated me beyond endurance in the following way.

He is a habitual rationalizer. Whenever in any discussion with him we approach a subject about which he is sensitive, or approach a subject about which he is sensitive, or about which he has written, or whenever he feels as if big brother is somehow threatening his ego, instead of facing the problem frankly he resorts to evasions and rationalizations. Being constituted as I am, I find it extremely difficult to refrain from pointing out the holes in his rationalizations. When I do point them out, he resorts to still other evasions and rationalizations in order to avoid admitting that I was right about his earlier rationalizations. (in one very rare moment of frankness he admitted to me, in affect, that he had done this in order to protect his ego against what he perceived as a threat from his big brother; but that was long after the argument in question had been concluded.) He then accuses me of having "positivistic" assumptions, but he never specifies what these supposed assumptions are. Any attempt to analyse his own arguments, or my "assumptions", he fails with more evasions and rationalizations. by dismissing the whole subject as irrelevant and starting off on a different tack.

I'll give an example of his rationalization, or let us say of his refusal to face a criticism frankly and directly, which is a particularly good example because it is the only case I can remember in which he actually admitted later, in effect, that he'd been rationalizing. In a story he wrote, he described an old man's face as being "like cracked mud". I critiqued this simile on the grounds that it wasn't clear what he meant by it. He answered my citation by explaining that the man's face was some kinds of mud; and it was opaque, again like mud, and he connected this capacity with the man's facial expression being [TEXT UNREADABLE] something like mud. I

tried pointing out to him that this was an ineffective way of [TEXT UNREADABLE] since he [TEXT UNREADABLE] could be clever enough to figure out that all these meanings were supposed to be conveyed by the expression face “like cracked mud”. In the only instance in which I have ever (EVER) known him to make a concession in any of our discussions⁽¹⁾. Dave often admitted, in effect, that he not just invented the argument about the elaborate simile because he didn’t know what else to say in response to my challenge. Really he had just used that figure of speech because to him it “felt right.” This is a perfectly good reason, since a fiction-writer’s job is to appeal to his reader’s feelings and not to his intellect. And this is the reason he should have given in the first place, rather than resorting to a rationalization.

Several years ago, after a long and particularly frustrating philosophical discussion, Dave and I agreed to keep off philosophical subjects in the future. But, I have found it impossible to keep off these subjects with him because he keeps bringing ideology into discussions that start out on entirely different subjects. Apparently he does this as a means to avoid difficult conflicts or to parry what he sees as a threat to his ego from big brother. For example: you may remember that several years ago Joel [TEXT UNREADABLE] Dave himself said he was worried about Joel and described his personal habits as “grotesque” — snots running down his lip and so forth. Joel himself regarded himself as having a serious problem and was spending a lot of money on [TEXT UNREADABLE] treatments [TEXT UNREADABLE], he himself evidently regards it as a [TEXT UNREADABLE] problem since (by Dave’s account) he ascribed it too his old head injury. So I wrote to Dave and suggested to him that Joel very likely had a brain problem (conceivably the old head injury but more likely something like schizophrenia), and I further suggested that Dave might try to persuade either Joel or Joel’s father that Joel ought to be examined by a neurologist or a neurologically-oriented psychiatrist [as opposed to a psycho-analytically-oriented psychiatrist] rather than wasting his money on all these crackpot treatments.

Dave at first seemed in two minds about my suggestion, but gave some reasons that disinclined him to follow it. I pointed out some flaws in his reasons, he gave further reasons and I pointed out flaws in them. The more I pointed out flaws in his reasoning, the more Dave recoiled to evasion and rationalizations. He dismissed my arguments because they were (he claimed) based on my supposed “positionist” assumptions (which he failed to specify), and he claimed that the visions of a schizophrenic were just as “real” as the perceptions of a “normal” person.⁽²⁾

I think what was happening here may have been this: Dave was in conflict over what to do about Joel because on the one hand, it would perhaps have been painful for Joel and certainly would have been difficult and stressful for Dave, if Dave went to Joel and tried to persuade him that he ought to be examined by a psychiatrist,

⁽¹⁾ I can [TEXT UNREADABLE], but [TEXT UNREADABLE] made long after the [TEXT UNREADABLE].

⁽²⁾ From a certain point of view one could argue in favour of this claim, but Dave gave no good argument, and what is worse, he resisted any attempt to analyse the meaning of the [TEXT UNREADABLE]

on the other hand, Joel might be relieved of much pain and trouble if he did go to a psychiatrist. Instead of facing up to the stress and conflict directly, Dave (in the fashion that is typical of him) resorted to rationalizations that would strengthen the reasons for doing nothing and weaken the side of an argument that would push him to do something. When I pointed out the flaws in his rationalizations, Dave, because he has a little ego problem vis-à-vis big brother, resorted to further rationalizations in order to avoid having to make any concession to my reasoning. And so it went.

I certainly wouldn't demand that Dave listen to my reasoning. If he would simply refuse to discuss these matters and then go and do or believe whatever he wants to do or believe, that's his business as far as I am concerned. What drives me up the wall is his habit of rationalizing, of using devious methods to avoid conflict in his own mind the necessity of making any concession in a discussion with me.

Imagine that you are playing a game of chess with someone. Painstakingly and meticulously you work your opponent into a corner, but as soon as he sees that you're about to checkmate him he sweeps all the pieces off the board and proclaims that the [PAGE CUTS OFF] to be changed, or something of that sort, and you have to start all over again. Once more you painstakingly work him into a corner, and again he sweeps all the pieces off the board ... and so forth, over and over again. Wouldn't that drive you up the wall with frustration? It certainly does me. And that's what my correspondence with Dave is like.⁽³⁾

Add that to the fact that he's the type of person whom I would find irritating in any case, and you'll see why I just can't stand him any more. Hence I'm not going to correspond with him from now on.

(When I mentioned Joel's case above, I forgot to emphasize that the issue here is not whether Joel does or does not have schizophrenia or any other brain problem. I don't know whether he does or not, and Dave is free to disagree with me about that. What bugs me is Dave's evasive method of argument.)

Now I want to make it clear that my decision to break off communication with is neither frivolous nor petty — it's a very serious matter for me. You once sent me a newspaper clipping in which it was mentioned that electrocardiograms of a normal heart are not *perfectly* regular. This seems to indicate that you think I am just imagining my heart irregularities on the basis of normal minute deviations from regularity. I can assure you that this is not the case. For example, in a few cases my heart has stopped dead for two or three seconds, and I've thought, "Well, this is it." Then it's started going again. Much more often, for two or three ...

hat brings on this kind of thing is stress, and the kind of stress that has the worst effect on me is frustration ...

... so you can see that I have very serious reasons for avoiding any further frustration along these lines.

⁽³⁾ This is a simplification and exaggeration, but it does convey the general idea.

I don't know how much danger I am in with regard to my heart. I haven't seen a doctor. (I assume that the cost of an examination by a cardiologist, with electrocardiograms and so forth, would be astronomical.)

I would guess that I'm at a fairly high risk of sudden death by ventricular fibrillation, who knows? Albert Spear lived for at least 35 years after beginning to have marked heart irregularities. On the other hand, you may have read in the newspapers about the recent case of Hank Gathers. He was a young man, a champion athlete, and undoubtedly in a fine state of physical training; but he had heart irregularities, and one day he just dropped dead on the basketball court.

So I have very good reasons for avoiding stress as far as possible ...

... Now please *don't* try to give me any advice about this and *don't* try to argue with me about Dave and so forth, because by doing so you will just get me upset and thus you will perhaps be doing me serious *physical harm*. ...

You've often said you like nice long letters from me. My recent letters have been long enough, but they haven't dealt with entertaining subjects, and I doubt that you enjoyed them. So here's a letter on casual subjects; perhaps you will find it entertaining.

I got a letter from Juan Sanchez the other day. I had mentioned to him what you had told me about your father's Christmas activities in Poland — going from village to village with a group of young men and putting on a morality play in each one. Juan said that 50 years ago they used to have a similar custom in Mexico, with about a dozen persons in each dramatic group. I wonder whether this was a custom that existed throughout medieval Europe and survived in "backward" regions.

Speaking of old-fashioned customs, I recently read in a book on folklore that as late as the early 20th century ancient, pagan fertility sites were still being performed in some parts of the U.S., in order to make the crops grow. I mean really primitive stuff — the kind of thing that you read about in Frazer's *Golden Bough* and that goes back to the dawn of civilization. And this stuff was not being performed by immigrants from exotic countries but by old-time American backwoods families who originated in the British Isles. Some of it is hilarious. Here is a sample

For sowing flax, the farmer and his wife go out in the field before sunup, stark naked. The woman walks ahead of the man and the man sows the seed. They chant a rhyme with the line, "Up to my ass, and higher too!" And every few steps the man throws some of the seed against his wife's behind. When the sowing is done ...

... that was hilarious — she laughed and laughed.

Speaking of girl — watching — a few months ago I read in the paper about the case of an assistant professor at some college who was sitting at the college pool watching the girls in their skimpy bathing suits. Some of the girls decided he was leering and had him hauled before the college grievance committee on a charge of "sexual harassment". The helpless professor was required to undergo "counselling to find out why he had an urge to "leer" at women.

These people are loonies. 25 years ago, if a young man *didn't* have any urge to look at pretty women, people would wonder if there was something wrong with him. Of

course, if the prof. was staring too persistently, the young women might reasonably feel uncomfortable, but in that case the appropriate procedure would be to request him politely but firmly not to stare. If he still persisted then they might have a case for the grievance committee. As it was, the case was ridiculous.

How was your trip to Florida (if you did go)? How did Tyler's leg turn out?

Ted

Ted to Ma — 12/10/1990⁴⁶

[Letter from Ted to Ma. Ted discusses the following: story from Dave entitled El Cibolo; mentions Hank Gathers, an athlete; medical tests he has received; needs stitches in his neck examined; asks Ma for his two Harvard yearbooks and letters of his which are more than 20 years old. There is an attachment re: Ted's medical tests.]

C-920

Dear Ma —

I've read Dave's story *El Cibolo*.

I assume you got my recent letter⁽⁴⁾ in which I explained in detail why I don't want to correspond with Dave any more except for essential purposes. So I needn't explain any further why I'm not going to write to him directly to give him my opinion of his story. But, if you like, you can pass on to him the following comments.

I thought *El Cibolo* was a good story. What I thought Dave did especially well was evoke the emotions involved in *El Cibolo*'s relationship with the country in which he lived and with the people who occupied it. I was very favorably impressed by this, let us say, poetic aspect of the story. The *plot*, to me, was of little interest — merely a framework on which to hang the evocations of nature, etc. I do have some criticisms (as you might expect of me) but I won't mention them here (other than to say that "pueblcito" should be spelled puebl*e*cito). ... *El Cibolo* looks to me like a professional piece of work — I didn't detect in it any serious blunders of the kind that I've found in Dave's other writings that I've seen.

Private to you, Ma; you needn't pass the following on to Dave. Dave's earlier writings that I've seen were sprinkled here and there with linguistic blunders that, in my opinion (and, apparently, in the opinion of editors to whom he sent his work) made them

⁴⁶ Archive.org reupload of a California University Collection. Letter from T. Kaczynski to Wanda Kaczynski T-139. <harbor.klnpa.org/california/islandora/object/cali%3A949>

⁽⁴⁾ If you didn't get it, please let me know.

unpublishable. I tried to point these out to Dave, and he did act on some of my criticisms, but he ignored others including some of the most important ones. El Cibolo is such a and sudden vast improvement on Dave's earlier work that I can think of only one explanation, and that is that Dave has found some capable person to criticize his writing whose criticisms he is more willing to accept than he was mine. That person would very likely be his wife, who is evidently a good deal smarter than he is. So I think there's a very good chance that she is responsible for turning Dave's unpublishable writing into publishable and even good writing. If not, then I'm at a loss to understand why his writing has undergone such a great improvement in such a short time. ...

... to your question, yes, the librarian about whom I told the anecdote was the librarian at the Lincoln library, and yes, I can get books from other libraries through the Lincoln library. Yes, I did receive the package you sent. Thank you very much.

You did right in not giving any information about me to those Murray Research Center twerps who called you. I am certainly not going to give them any help.

As for the doctor visit, I can't give you a complete report, because, at this writing, I haven't yet received the results of the blood tests. For the moment I can only tell you this. The doctor said the irregularities of heartbeat were probably not dangerous, but she apparently was not prepared to assert this positively. She had me run on a treadmill, taking my electrocardiogram as I did so. ...

You wanted me to send you some more entertaining anecdotes, but at the moment I haven't got time to write any down, because I'm very busy. It's planting time, and I have to get my garden spaded out and the seeds put in...

Ted to Ma — Dec. 17, 1990⁴⁷

Dear Ma —

Thank you very much for the check that you enclosed in your Christmas card.

To save you embarrassment, I've written to the Schoens accepting their offer of a framed photograph. However, I've told them that if it exceeds such-and-such dimensions, to please give it to you to send me at an appropriate time, because if it won't fit in my mailbox, I'm not particularly anxious to make a trip to the post office in winter wheather just to pick up the photograph. Of course, if they do give you the photograph, you needn't send it to me. Judging from the one occasion on which I met him, I think Norm Schoer is a twerp, and I won't pine away from disappointment if I don't get to hang his picture on my wall.

Yes, I would be very interested to have a copy of your Dombak family history. And, by the way, I am interested in the question of the accuracy of long-term recollections of this sort; so I have a suggestion: If you haven't already sent copies of your recollections

⁴⁷ Archive.org reupload of a California University Collection.

to Benny and Freda, then it's too late for independent versions, but you could still ask [PAGE CUTS OFF] and indicate anything that they remember differently. I would be very interested to see Bennys and Fredas recollections or comments as well as yours...

Well, I guess that's about all there is to say for the present. Happy New Year.

-Ted

Ted to Ma — 12/21/1990⁴⁸

[In a letter to Ma, Ted discusses the following: states Norm Schoer is “a twerp;” says he would like to have a copy of the Dombek family history; mentions Benny and Freda; discusses his knowledge of Greek history and states he has read the following books: Thueydidsis’ History of the Peloponesian War, Oxford History of the Classical World, A Biography of Pericles, and Greek Realities, Finley Hooper. Ted mentions Skeptical Enquirer and CSICOP, which is an acronym for Committee for Scientific Investigation of Claims of the Paranormal.]

...

Ted to Ma — 12/?/90⁴⁹

[Ted’s Christmas greetings to his mother.]

Dear Ma-

This will have to serve as your Christmas card. As you know, Christams cards are getting outrageously expensive. It can’t cost them anywhere near that much to print the damn things — it must be what is called a “rip-off.”

I hope you have a very merry Christmas (or as merry as possible under the circumstances) and a happy New Year.

-*Ted*

⁴⁸ Archive.org reupload of a California University Collection. Letter from T. Kaczynski to Wanda Kaczynski T-140. <harbor.klnpa.org/california/islandora/object/cali%3A950>

⁴⁹ Archive.org reupload of a California University Collection. Letter/Christmas card from T. Kaczynski to his mother (Wanda) T-155. <harbor.klnpa.org/california/islandora/object/cali%3A933>

Ma to Ted — 12/31/1990

Dear Ted,

Hope you're surviving your cold spell well It's cold here, too, and I'm keeping my fingers crossed Will the car start? Will the old furnace bonk out? Will the water pipes freeze? Oh, Ted, where are you when I need you? I sure do miss Dad, although I am managing all right.

I'm going to explore libraries for the Skeptical Inquirer. I'd ... you didn't send me ... Because I would _____ too much about their ... back and forth safely ... for deal tactfully with the ... have been ... friends and I'd hate ... their feelings.

... Listing I sent you.

Ted to Ma — 1/15/1991⁵⁰⁵¹

[Letter to Ma. Ted mentions several articles. These are as follows: Skeptical Enquire, Vol. 13, article entitled, The Lore of Levitation, by Gordon Stein; Levitation, Miracles in India, by B. Prmanand; and Fall 1985 issue, Vol. 10, No. 1, entitled Investigation of Firewalking, by Bernard Leikind. (Ted makes a notation that "they spell 'Inquirer' with an 'I.' I spell it with an 'E.'" Ted jokes He states he would like to have an old music book, Method for Trombone or Baritone, by Voxman. Mentions that he doesn't want to make two trips to the post office; mentions the Schoers and Freda.]

Dear Ma:

Your friend Norm Schoer wrote to me saying to instead of giving the photo to you to send me he is going to send it to me directly in the Spring. This would oblige me to make a special trip to the post office to pick it up.

Well, I'm not going to do it, so the post office will just have to send this silly photo back to them. I didn't ask for this and I don't want it. They're your friends, not mine, and I didn't want to have anything to do with them or their photo. I would have just ignored their offer except that you felt that that would embarrass you. When I make a trip to town it pretty well shoots half the day: I have to fetch water, wash up, change clothes, bike to town, etc. change back out of my going-to-town-clothes when I get back home. So I'm not going to make a trip to the post-office every time some twerp decides to send me some thing that I don't want.

If you like, you can make this excuse: Tell them you are going to send me a package, ...

⁵⁰ Archive.org reupload of a California University Collection. Letter from T. Kaczynski to Wanda Kaczynski T-156. <harbor.klnpa.org/california/islandora/object/cali%3A1059>

⁵¹ A Review and Compilation of the Writings of Ted Kaczynski, C-924.

N. Schoer's letter, by the way, was a longish letter and it fully confirmed my impression that he is a silly nitwit. ... So I am certainly not going to encourage him by answering the letter.

Well, that takes care of the unpleasant part of the letter.

In a more agreeable vein, a little while ago I wrote to the Skeptical Inquirer⁽⁵⁾ for a list of back issues, because I thought I might want to order one with an article on near-death experiences." I now have the list, and it appears that back issues that I have are still available, so they could be replaced if lost in the mail. If this changes your mind about wanting me to send them to you, I am still willing to send them, if you like. As an alternative, however, you might want to order for yourself some back issues that have articles on the subjects you asked me about. As I recall, the subjects you asked about were suspended animation, fire-walking, and levitation. I didn't see on the list any articles about suspended animation, but there is one issue that has two articles on fire-walking, and another issue that has two articles on levitation.

The Spring, 1989 issue of the Skeptical Inquirer (Vol. 13, includes "The Lore of Levitation" by Gordon Stein, and "Levitation 'Miracles' in India" by B. Premanand.

The Fall, 1985 issue ...

If you are sufficiently interested to want to order these issues, the address to write to is

Skeptical Inquirer
Box 229
Buffalo, NY 14215

(They also give a toll-free number ...

Yes, it was very cold here for awhile. One morning my thermometer made it 33° below zero, which is equal to the coldest temperature I've known here. But that's no problem if you know how to dress and take care of yourself in the cold. ... by mid-afternoon the temperature had zoomed up to a sweltering 18° below zero, and I started to think about putting in bananas next year. In that kind of weather I wear my old coat that I made about 13 years ago by quilting snowshoe-hare skins between pieces of cloth taken from a worn-out sleeping-bag. That coat is getting kind of tattered by now, but it's still the warmest coat I've ever had.

It gets a lot colder in Lincoln than it does here. I'm told it was down to 54° below zero in Lincoln. I think this is severe cold the coldest air tends to settle in the valley-bottom as at Lincoln and even along Poorman Creek. Since I'm a little higher here, the temperatures are more moderate.

⁽⁵⁾ They spell "Inquirer" with an "I"; I had spelled it with an "E".

I read more family [UNINTELLIGBLE]. Very likely I'll make some further comments on it at a later time, after I've had a chance to think it over but for the present I'll only mention the following points.

You know, on a number of occasions in the past when I've heard you recount incidents that I myself had witnessed, your stories were very inaccurate through being overdramatized. Consequently I have no rational choice but to be sceptical about the accuracy of your history. I hasten to add that I don't doubt for a moment that your mother abused you very badly, and I'm even prepared to assume that the abuse was, in a general way as bad as you depicted it, since that seems to be confirmed by Freda's letter. But for me it necessarily remains an open question to what extent your account is accurate in detail. Of course, quite apart from your penchant for dramatization *anyone's* long-term memories may contain inaccuracies.

One might possibly see a connection between the physical abuse you suffered as a kid and the psychological abuse you inflicted on me during my teens. The psychological claim that people who abuse their kids are usually people who were abused themselves as kids. I don't know to what extent this is actually true — there is a lot of B. that gets peddled in the name of psychology. And Dad didn't fit that pattern — he inflicted as much verbal abuse on me as you did, yet I never heard anything that would indicate he ever suffered any abuse himself. In fairness to you I should add that I always felt you were a good mother to me during my early years. It was when I was around 8 years old that your behaviour and the family atmosphere began to deteriorate, and it was during my teens that I was subject to constant, cutting insults such as imputations of immaturity or mental illness. But enough on that subject for the moment — I'll take it up again at a later date.

If you haven't read Joseph Conrad's novel *The Secret Agent*, I can recommend it to you very strongly. The central character of the novel is a woman who in childhood suffered abuse from a drunken father that is very reminiscent of the kind of thing that you depict in your history. I think you would strongly identify with this woman and greatly appreciate the novel. The critics consider *The Secret Agent* to be one of Conrad's greatest works, and I agree with them. The revolutionaries depicted in the novel are mere caricatures but the central figures — Mr. Verloc and his 3 dependents — are a brilliant triumph of the novelist's.

In her letter, Freda refers to "histories", plural. If there are any other family histories that I haven't seen, I'd be interested to read them, and if you ever decide to expand your family history to include your years after age 10, I'd be interested to read that part too, and also any independent accounts or comments by Benny or Freda that may be obtainable.

So — thank you very much for sending me your interesting history.

Actually, though, you judge your mother too harshly. Bear in mind that *there are no perfect parents or perfect children*, either. As you have reminded me several times.

It seems a pity that you've thrown out, given away, or sold so much of your old stuff. Did you even get Dad's old .22 rifle back, or was it confiscated as being used in the "crime" of suicide. If you got it back, you might want to save it for me, since I'd like to have it if Dave doesn't want it. It is a good old gun. You couldn't send it through the mail, but perhaps you would save it for me. But maybe you'd rather get rid of it as being associated with bad memories — which of course is OK.

Got any magnifying glasses you don't want?

How about that box of old music books that used to be under your bed? Have you gotten rid of all that? There was some wonderful old music in some of those books — stuff that would be hard to replace. Especially I would like to have an old "Method for Trombone or Baritone," by a certain Voxman, if you still have that. Also a trumpet book by the same Voxman, if Dave doesn't want it.

What I especially hope you haven't thrown out is some old letters of mine. When I was in Lombard some 11 or 12 years ago I went up in the attic to look for something, and rummaging around amongst the boxes and so forth, I came on some old letters of mine that you had apparently saved ...

Ted to Ma — 1/17/1991⁵²

Dear Ma,

... Suppose I go and get myself examined by a heart specialist one of these days and he says, "you've got a 50% chance of dropping dead within three years"*.or suppose I get bladder problems, and go to a doctor, and he tells me I've got prostate cancer (which, by the way, they say is extremely common in men over 45) ...

... You've expressed a willingness to help me out financially if I decide to get my heart examined, but that presumably would be only something in the range of a couple of hundred dollars or so, at most. I assume that you would *not* be willing to cough up \$5000 for an operation or \$60 per week for medicine. Especially considering the conflicts and resentments there have been between us.

That leaves the possibility of "public assistance," elfare, relief, charity, to put it more kly. Now it could be argued that since I ntarily dropped out of the system years ago, the system owes me nothing in the way of assistance now. Or it could be argued that since the system has increasingly interfered with my independent way of life here (by

⁵² A Review and Compilation of the Writings of Ted Kaczynski

cutting down the woods, spraying pesticides that make me afraid to eat the wild herbs and berries, etc., etc., etc.), the system owes me plenty ...

... If I go and apply for medical assistance, they will of course ask me to list all my financial resources. If I omit any of my resources, that would be fraud and I could probably go to prison for it ...

... If and when I apply for medical assistance from the state, I expect they will ask me whether I have any relatives who are willing and able to help me financially with my medical expenses. Of course I would have to tell them the truth, otherwise I would risk prosecution for fraud. I imagine I would then be required to ask you for help, and if you said “no” would I be able to get e assistance ...

... Going through all this crap of contacting a lawyer or a state agency or any such thing is more stressful for me when I have to do it under these difficult conditions. It’s not so bad in summer. You know why I want to avoid stress.

Finally, I don’t like to go into town any more than necessary during the flu season. By avoiding town I avoid exposure to disease germs. They say some of these strains of flu are particularly nasty. Bear in mind that getting sick is more dangerous for me than for other people, because I can’t just stay in bed and rest — at the least I have to bring in firewood, cook, and melt snow for drinking water. Moreover, the nearest doctor is in Helena, and, having no vehicle, my only way of getting there is by riding in with the mail carrier — a slow trip that I find fatiguing even when I’m in good health. Also, there’s a particularly nasty strain of strep around — it killed eleven people in Billings. So, as I said, during the flu season I prefer to avoid people (and germs) as much as possible.

Needless to say, your money is yours to use of as you please — you and Dad certainly earned it. Insofar as you may want to leave any of it to me, I would appreciate it if you would try to handle things in such a way as to inflict on me no more problems, worries, or stress than necessary. You already know why I want to avoid stress...

Ted to Ma — 1/19/1991⁵³

[Ted writes to Ma and discusses the certificate of deposit w/Ted as a joint tenant; mentions the possibility of contracting a physical ailment such as prostate cancer; says the “system increasingly interfered w/my independent way of life...;” talks about asking the state for aid; mentions to his mother “you know why I want to avoid stress.” Ted relates he doesn’t want to go into town because of the germs during flu season; thanks his mother for her generosity. The money she has given him and Dave. Ted says “it must be more difficult for you to be generous with a stormy character like me, with

⁵³ Archive.org reupload of a California University Collection. Letter from T. Kaczynski to Wanda Kaczynski T-157. <harbor.klnpa.org/california/islandora/object/cali%3A1060>

whom you've had such conflicts, than with a gentle and easy-going person like Dave.” Mentions Tyler.]

...

Ma to Ted — 1/23/91

January 23, 1991

Dear TJ,

The whole financial problem at this point is very simple. Just state the full and honest facts ...

Ted to Ma — 3/14/1991⁵⁴

[Ted writes to Ma and discusses the following: cashing in certificates and can he use this money for medical purposes such as travel, food and lodging connected w/ doctor appointments; tells Ma he hopes Tyler's leg is ok and to relay this to Freda; Ted states... “don't send any stamps — I'm fixed for those;” mentions the book *Manners and Customs of the Indians*, by John D. Hunter; discusses receiving an annuity instead of a lump sum on his inheritance; and requests the following items:

1. His old letters
- 2 — Harvard/High year-books School
- 3 — Book mentioned above
- 4- Sheet music Ma doesn' t want
- 5 — Reprints of his math papers
- 6 — His father's old down coat]

Dear Ma-

I apologize for having been so dilatory about answering your latest (Jan.23) communication on financial matters ... I appreciate your generosity with money, but I I must say I am not fond of this way of handling financial stuff ... signing a card here and a card there, an indefinite offer to help with medical expenses, etc. I would much prefer

⁵⁴ Archive.org reupload of a California University Collection. Letter from T. Kaczynski to Wanda Kaczynski; Contains pages 1, 4, and 7 T-141. <harbor.klnpa.org/california/islandora/object/cali%3A960>, C-928.

to know once and for all exactly where I stand financially, and insofar as possible I would prefer to have my financial affairs all under control ...

... ideal for me would be to have an annuity, purchased from a company that, for a price, would guarantee someone an annuity for life. (I think there are such companies, but I'm not certain of it.) For such an annuity, the \$1600 per year that you have lately been sending me would be sufficient *provided* that the annuity contained the following features:

— It would be insured, so that if the company goes bust I would be compensated.

— The \$1600 per year would be automatically increased as the cost-of-living index goes up. (Who knows when double-digit inflation might come back?)

— In addition to the \$1600 per year the annuity would provide medical and dental insurance (low-deductible or no-deductible).

The idea is that Dave and his wife, with or without your help, would purchase such an annuity for me, and in exchange, I would sign over to them all my rights to the inheritance, so that when you died they would get all your assets ...

... Actually I would be taking somewhat of a risk by settling for \$1600 per year, since there's been some talk about subdividing the land around here into lots, and if this becomes a residential area there might be some kind of zoning laws that would require me to put in flush toilets, build a new house, etc., and I couldn't conceivably afford that on \$1600 a year. But I'd be willing to gamble on it anyway ...

Ted to Ma — April 19, 1991⁵⁵

Dear Ma-

I received your check of April 8, 1991. Thank you very much. But I must say that your letter was quite ill-tempered. I would remind you that I didn't *ask* you for that money. You offered it spontaneously and I merely accepted your offer and I asked for clarification of what you were offering.

Let me explain more completely why I didn't want to have that certificate in my name. I didn't give this explanation before because I didn't want to offend you unnecessarily. As I've mentioned previously, having that money in my name would probably spoil any chance I might have of getting medical aid from the state. The alternative would have been to ask you to dole out the \$7000 to me as I might need it. Knowing you, I thought it all too likely that you would dole out the money to me in a grudging, ill-tempered way, treating me as a beggar. Your last letter shows I was right.

Already you've given me a taste of your ill-temper. It would have been different if I'd had the bankbook and certificate in my own hands so that I could withdraw the money myself rather than coming begging to you and being treated to a dose of your illtemper.

⁵⁵ A Review and Compilation of the Writings of Ted Kaczynski

As it is, I've had enough of your ill-temper in the past, will *not* put my name on any joint accounts with you unless I have the bankbook and certificate in my own hands. If you send me a check, I will accept it with thanks; but if you *offer* me money for medical expenses and do not accompany the offer with actual money, then I will simply ignore the offer. Because if I *accept* the offer then you will probably give the money with the same grudging ill-temper that you did this time, treating me as if I'd come to you asking for the money.

In practice, this means that if the doctor prescribes any expensive medication or return visits, I will just have to tell her that I won't be able to take the medicine or make the visits unless I can get aid from the state —

Needless to say your money is yours to do with as you please. But if you do decide to give me any, I will accept only actual money, not offers of future money, or joint accounts, or any such thing.

The ill-temper of your last letter does not encourage me to engage in any unnecessary correspondence with you, so I'll end this letter here. However, since I promised you I'd return to you any surplus of the \$200 over the doctor bill+ travel expenses, and report to you the doctor's conclusions, I will do so after I've visited the doctor ...

Ted to Ma — 5/7/1991⁵⁶

[Note to Ma wishing her a happy Mother's Day and informing where his parcel post or UPS can be shipped.]

...

Ma to Ted — 5/9/1991

Dear Son,

Here it is May 9 and I haven't heard from you about what the doctor said. Please call collect, or write right away. I'm so worried about you.

Love

Mom

P.S. Enclosed is a little extra for your birthday. Let me know about medical expenses.

Ma

⁵⁶ Archive.org reupload of a California University Collection. Letter from T. Kaczynski to Wanda Kaczynski T-142. <harbor.klnpa.org/california/islandora/object/cali%3A962>

(Along Side: I'll be at Dave's June 28-July 8)

Ma to Ted — 5/12/1991

Dear Son.

Thank you so much for the birthday greeting It made me cheer up.

Enclosed is another \$500 for medical or dental expenses. That leaves a balance of \$7,032.81 to be drawn on as you need it In the meantime, it is accumulating interest, which will add to your balance at the end of the year At 8% — that's not bad."

By the way, you do not need to send me bills. You have always been strictly honest, and I trust you completely. Just tell me what the costs are

I know you are very being of this year, but I would appreciate about the ... And when that's so soon.

I will send out the other, but would keep a ... and birthday and mother's day you once sent ...

So far, Tullin's damaged growth ...

... If I draw out the whole thing now and send it to you, there would be a penalty and understanding of friends, before good. (On side) P S. I found the ... article hilarious!

Ted to Ma — 5/16/1991⁵⁷

[Ted writes to Ma and discusses lab report re: skin growth; a personality test that Professor Murray manipulated him into taking through "psychological button-pushing;" his Harvard house master, John Finley who treated him with "insulting condescension."]

Dear Ma-

I've received the laboratory report on the skin growth, and it says there is no sign of malignancy. So *that's* OK. As for the heart examination, I still haven't received any word on the blood tests, so I can't give you a report on that ...

Meanwhile, I'll tell you about that psychological research project in connection with which you received a phone call recently. When I was a sophomore at Harvard I received a postcard inviting me to participate in a psychological experiment". If I remember correctly, I later learned that the cards were mailed out at random to Harvard sophomores, and a certain modest payment (\$5 or something like that) was offered for taking a questionnaire-type personality test. Since I had no objection to

⁵⁷ Archive.org reupload of a California University Collection. Letter from T. Kaczynski to Wanda Kaczynski T-143. <harbor.klnpa.org/california/islandora/object/cali%3A968>

getting \$5 for an hour of my time, I went and took the test. I later learned that the purpose of the test was to enable the psychologists to select the types of personalities they wanted for their studies.

A little while after taking the test I received a message asking me to come and see a Professor H. A. Murray. The Message was a request, not a demand, but when a college student is “requested” to call on a professor of his institution he generally interprets it as more or less obligatory, so I sent and saw Prof. Murray. He told me that I had been selected to participate in their study, and, in short, he talked me into participating. It would probably be more accurate to say that he manipulated me into participating. He did some fairly obvious psychological button-pushing: He told me that there would be some Radcliffe girls participating in the study (good bait for securing the compliance of horny young males); he mumbled something about a party for participants in the study (which of course would have been interesting and when I expressed concern that the project might take up too much of my time during my senior year, he said that during the senior year there would be a reduction in the amount of time demarcated by the project. Actually the old son of a bitch was lying. I later learned that there were no Radcliffe girls in the study — it was a study exclusively of (male) Harvard students. If there was ever a party given for participants in the study I certainly wasn’t invited and never heard anything about it. ANd to me, at least, the psychologists never said a single word about any conclusions that they had reached. As for the time taken in the senior year if there was any reduction in that, it wasn’t enough so that I could notice any difference.

Anyhow I regret to say that he talked or manipulated me into saying “yes”, and having ...

... to directly defy persons in a position of authority, such as professors. So I cooperated with them through my senior year, as I had reluctantly agreed to do. At that time nothing had ever been said or follow-up studies later in life, so, at the conclusion of my senior year, any obligation that I might ever have had to those people was completely fulfilled, and since leaving Harvard I have never given them any help and I never intend to do so.

In case you are curious, my participation in the study consisted mainly of filling out questionnaire-type personality tests and going through interviews with the psychologists. In at least some of these interviews the psychologists seemed to be trying to get chummy with me, presumably in an attempt to get me to loosen up and reveal more of myself. Because I resented having been talked or manipulated into participating, I refused to loosen up get chummy with them. I answered their questions, but I volunteered very little information. By the way, I suspect that at least part of the purpose of the study was to develop questionnaire-type personality tests.

There was a good deal of snobbery at Harvard. Of course there were people there from all walks of life, but apparently the system there was run by people who came from the ‘right’ cultural background. This certainly seemed to be the case at Eliot House, anyway. The house master, John Finley, apparently was surrounded by an

ingroup or clique, and the people who got to participate in the Christmas play, for example, always seemed to be of the type who would fit in with the clique. The house master often treated me with insulting condescension. He seemed to have a particular dislike for me. I used to think that this was merely because I made no attempt to wear the ‘right’ clothes or to ape Harvard manners, but now I wonder whether plain old-fashioned class snobbery, in the strict sense of the word, might not have had something to do with it. Not long ago I read ‘FDR: a remembrance’ by Joseph Alsop. Alsop had connections with the Harvard set, and he stated in that book that in 1955 John F. Kennedy was not permitted to become a member of the Harvard Board of Overseers because he was an Irish Catholic. Since I entered Harvard 3 years later, in 1958, it seems probable that a good deal of class snobbery must still have existed at Harvard at that time.

One of the psychologists who participated in that study, and who interviewed me a few times, was a youngish instructor who lived at Eliot House. He was a member of the house master’s inner clique. Two or three times when I met him at Eliot House I said ‘hello.’ In each case this psychologist answered my greeting in a low tone, looking off in another direction and hurrying away as if he didn’t want to stop and talk to me. I’ve thought this over, and the only half-way plausible explanation I can think of for this behavior is that this man didn’t want to be seen socializing with someone who wasn’t dressed properly and wasn’t acceptable to the clique of which he was a member.

So, as I’ve said, I’m not going to give those jerks any help. And if they ever phone you again, I would very much prefer that you hang up as soon as you find out who is calling. In no case should you ever give them any information about me.

I’ve received your \$25⁰⁰ check. Thank you very much. I trust that you have received my letter about the blood test.

As of today, May 15, ... I have not received the results of the blood tests...

Ted to Ma — 5/22/1991⁵⁸

[Writes to Ma re: possibility of taking “echo” and “holter” tests for his heart problems; thanks Ma for the \$500 check; tells Ma she can send him the 3 Harvard yearbooks, but not the book titled Fair Harvard; says he is sorry to hear about Ma’s cataract.]

⁵⁸ Archive.org reupload of a California University Collection. Letter from T. Kaczynski to Wanda Kaczynski T-144. <harbor.klnpa.org/california/islandora/object/cali%3A972>

...

Ma to Ted — 5/24/1991

Dear TJ.

Since you have regulated your books, I sent them out before I got our letter in which you said not to send the FH book. If you didn't want it thrown out burn it or donate it to the library, but please don't be angry with me.

Thank you for telling me about the blood test. I'm so glad everything was normal. Keep me posted about further medical or dental expenses. I may be wrong but it sounds to me as if the first doctor is leaning over backwards to practice what they call defensive medicine. I think if she had doubts she would be more urgent about (?) their tests. Or is that just wishful thinking on my part? Wanting you to be well.

I take one Vitamin C caplet of 1000 mg a day I hope that's not too much but if 100 mg a day were harmful. I doubt if they would make each caplet that strong. What do you think? I also take one vitamin A (beta Carotin e) tablet a day.

The glasses I wear are treated to keep out ultra violet rays, and I wear a visor on sunny days. Also. Dave and Linda brought back from Greece a wonderful hat with a dropping wide brim that shades my whole face. The Greeks really know how to design a sun hat. Although my eyes blur from time to time, I can still read pretty comfortably and I dd well enough on my driving test to get my licensed renewed for another four years. I do have troubles with small print and have difficulty in making out street signs from a reasonable distance Hopefully the cataract is ...

Ted to Ma — June 18, 1991 (T-145)⁵⁹

[Ted tells Ma to send him the letter from the Murray Research Center; indicates Norm Schoer sent him a photo and Ted did pick it up at the post office; says he will have to think over Ma visiting him or Ted visiting with her.]

Dear Ma-

As for the letter from the Murray Research Center, instead of destroying it, please send it on to me. I'm certainly not going to give them any help, but I'd be curious

⁵⁹ Archive.org reupload of a California University Collection. Letter from T. Kaczynski to Wanda Kaczynski T-145. <harbor.klnpa.org/california/islandora/object/cali%3A975>

to know what they have to say. Actually I'm quite pleased that they seem so anxious to secure my [CROSSED OUT] cooperation, because that gives me the pleasure of denying it to them.

By the way Norm Schoer sent me that photograph, and you'll probably be pleased to know that I *did* pick it up at the post office. I happened to be going to town that time anyway, so I figured I might well pick up the package and save you a possible embarrassment. I'm not going to send him a thank-you note, because I don't want to encourage any correspondence from him. If you like, next time you see him you can convey my thanks to him. Not that I particularly want to thank him, but since social amenities seem to be important to you I thought you might want to convey my thanks to him.

As for your suggestion of a visit — either you coming here or my going there — I'll have to think it over, and will give you my answer at some later time.

—*Ted*

Ted to Ma — 6/24/1991⁶⁰

[Ted writes to Ma re: tests for heart irregularities; mentions writing to Dr. Goren; not being under stress lately; and inquires re: Tyler's progress.]

... How did Tyler's leg turn out? Do you know yet?

-Ted

Ted to Ma — July 5, 1991⁶¹

C-944

[Letter to his mother. Mother asks Ted to talk about his adolescent pain. All the psychological burden was thrown onto one person (Ted). Ted is blamed for everything. Ted harassed and dominated Dave. Mother constantly heaped insults which were not mistakes of attempted discipline. His mother never apologized for her behavior. Ted was infatuated with a Radcliffe girl and wanted moral support from his parents, but they only thought there was something wrong with him. They (parents) made him

⁶⁰ Archive.org reupload of a California University Collection. Letter from T. Kaczynski to Wanda Kaczynski T-146. <harbor.klnpa.org/california/islandora/object/cali%3A977>

⁶¹ Archive.org reupload of a California University Collection. Letter from T. Kaczynski to Wanda

psychologically self-reliant. Blames not only parents but two teachers for all his problems. He had no social skills and was out of place at Harvard. He wanted desperately to find a girlfriend or wife.]

Dear Ma-

Not long ago you invited me to write to you about my “adolescent pain,” as you called it. I’m going to do so now, but I don’t think you’ll enjoy hearing what I have to say.

On June 14 you wrote me: “I feel bad that you are so intolerant of a brother whose feelings for you have always been so generous and loving. rejection of him has hurt him deeply.” This is cal of the way I’ve been treated in the family, since my teens. Whenever I hurt someone e-rse’s feelings I am automatically treated as the bad boy — the fault is all on my side, and someone else in the family tells me I should go to the offended party and apologize. When someone else says or does something that hurts my feelings, they are never asked to apologize. (At any rate I have almost never received any apology for anything from any member of the family.) On the contrary, I have sometimes been asked to be “understanding” toward the person who has insulted me. For instance, in one case (during a winter I spent with you around 1970), after you had heaped a lot of unprovoked verbal abuse on my head, Dad came to me and told me that I should be tolerant of you because you were “under stress,” blah blah blah. Apparently it is assumed that I am never under stress.

As for the assertion that Dave’s feelings toward me “have always been so generous and loving,” this just isn’t true. He certainly has had generous and loving feelings for me, but there has always been an important counter-strain of envy and resentment toward me on his part often expressed this in underhanded ways already mentioned (in an earlier letter) refused to acknowledge Denis DuBois’s in behavior toward me. I could mention other incidents in which he willfully embarrassed or hurt my feelings, but it would take too m time to write them down here. And you’ll remember what happened when Ellen Tarmichael (at Foam Cutting Engineers) intentionally and cruelly h and humiliated me, and I retaliated by t to embarrass her. *Refusing to listen to ill side of the story*, Dave (as well as you and Dad) jumped down on me and treated me if I were some kind of a monster. And even after I had fully explained to you what happened, not one of you three apologized me or said a single word in sympathy f my pain. To do Dave justice, I should me that *couple of years later* he did apologiz the extent of saying that he “felt horrible about the incident. And more generally, w you and Dad were always essentially selfish people who never showed any real generosity toward anyone (except toward one another), Dave does have real generosity in his character. as already mentioned, there is an rtant counterstrain in his feelings toward He has an ego problem with respect to big ther, and though I tried to discuss these issues with

him in letters a few years ago, he still persists in defending his ego against imaginary threats from big brother (though perhaps he never acknowledges this to himself), and I am just sick of it. For that and for various other reasons I just can't stand him any more.

I've read that there are certain families in which all the psychological burdens are thrown on one person. This certainly seems to have been true of our family. Through academic achievements I was expected to earn for you the prestige and status that you were too lazy to earn for yourself. I was used as a butt on which you and Dad could vent your frustrations through insults and verbal abuse. Whenever anything went wrong in interpersonal relations in our family, I usually got the blame. If I got into a shouting match with Dave, you and Dad would always throw on me the burden of keeping the peace. When I squabbled with Dave, you or Dad would start scolding me; I would say, "but Dave did such-and-such"; and you and Dad dn't even listen to me; you would rrupt me, saying, "that doesn't matter — re older — you should be more mature." Yet you and Dad often got into shouting matches with me; apparently it never occurred to you that you were older and should be more mature.

The fact that I always automatically got the blame for anything that went wrong when Dave and I were together is neatly illustrated by what Dave said after he cut his hand. I suppose you remember what happened on that occasion. Dad gave each of us a glass squirt-bottle full of water to squirt each other with. We were happily engaged in doing just that when Dave climbed up on a canvas chair to squirt me from a better vantage point. I was just about to tell him that he'd better get down because he might fall — when he fell. I was several feet away from him and did nothing that could have contributed to his fall. Yet you reported to me that the doctors had reported to you that Dave had said, over and over, "Don't blame Teddy, don't blame y." Why would he say that? Clearly use he knew that I usually got the e for whatever happened.

This illustrates the generous aspect of Dave's feelings toward me. The opposite aspect of his feelings toward me is illustrated by what happened when I lost my tooth. You'll remember how I felt and reacted when Dave cut his hand — among other things, I wanted to give him my coin collection, which was my most precious possession. But when I came home with my tooth pulled out, Dave jeered at me for it.

It's certainly true that Dave had reason to resent me — I sometimes dominated him physically and often harrassed him verbally. In part this was because I was the defenseless victim of insults both from my parents and from the kids in school, so that I had a lot of frustrated anger that I tended to take out on Dave, especially since he had a type of personality that I probably would have found irritating in any case.

In your note of June 21 you wrote, "I don't like to make anybody feel bad. (Except, of course, my kids when they were young in the interest [mistakenly so] of correction and dicipline.)"

The more you resort to rationalizations and sions to excuse your treatment of me, the more I hate you. The insults you heaped on me were not honest but mistaken

attempts at discipline, they were just uncontrolled outbursts of anger. Often the anger was not even a response to my behavior, since in many cases you would scream at me on the most trivial provocations. You once wrote me that your treatment of me was “not malicious”. It wasn’t *calculatedly* malicious. But the things you said to me were certainly full of malice. You can’t possibly claim that you didn’t know that the things you said to me would be painful. You said them *because* you knew they would be painful — your angry outbursts against me were *acts of aggression* and were *intended* to cause pain. By no stretch of the imagination can it be supposed that you actually believed this sort of thing to constitute a rational system of discipline.

There is no evidence whatever that you attempted to restrain your temper toward me. I can remember *no* instance in which you apologized for your behavior to me and *one* instance in which Dad ever did so.

So quit trying to evade responsibility for your behavior by claiming that what you did was the result of “mistakes” or “misunderstanding.” You were simply using me as a defenseless butt on which to take out your frustrations.

After my mid teens I never had a word of sympathy or moral support from you in anything, except when I was physically sick. During my earlier teens unless sick, I never had any sympathy from you except sometimes when I went into a prolonged sulk *as result of your treatment of me*. Then sometimes you would come to me and talk sympathetically and I would express some of my grievances and you would make vague promises of improvement. But your behavior to me never changed as a result of your promises.

Generally, if I experienced any failure or showed any weakness I found that I couldn’t come to you for sympathy, because rather than giving me moral support you would show your disappointment in me. I was supposed to be your perfect little genius, so as to gratify your vanity, and you made it pretty clear that you didn’t want to see any weaknesses or defects in me.

Do you remember how I was infatuated with Radcliffe girl when I was at Harvard? I in real pain over it, so much so that I was willing to write to you and Dad for moral support — in spite of the way you abused me and in spite of the fact that I had little reason to expect that I would actually get any moral support from you. Do you remember how you both reacted? Though an adolescent infatuation is normal enough, you both acted as if there were something wrong with me. There was no warmth or sympathy in your reply. Later, when I came home over the summer, I tried to talk to you about it personally. Your response was cold and embarrassed — you said only a few words. You were disappointed because your perfect little genius had shown a defect by getting stuck on a girl and being unable to do anything about it.⁽⁶⁾ Of course,

Kaczynski T-91. <harbor.klnpa.org/california/islandora/object/cali%3A965>

⁽⁶⁾ Actually, from your own point of view, you should have encouraged me to pursue this girl, since by your values she was very nearly perfect. She was exceptionally beautiful and highly intelligent and had a gentle, nice personality. She wore no makeup, jewellery, or fancy clothes, and even though she was

that was the last time I was ever foolish enough to look for any moral support from you or reveal any of my inner feelings to you.

Actually, up to a point, you did me a favor by denying me any moral support. By throwing me on my own inner resources you made me psychologically self-reliant. “What does not destroy me strengthens me.” But in one vitally important respect I was destroyed rather than strengthened. The social area I did need someone’s help and moral support. Since I didn’t get it, my social self-confidence was pretty well destroyed.

Can’t you grasp the magnitude of the harm that you, Dad, Miss Frye and Miss Skillen together did to me? I’ve never had a friend in my adult life (with the possible exception of our local librarian here, and that is by no means a close friendship — it can’t be close, because she’s a married woman), and I’ve never had a girlfriend (except Ellen Arl for a few months when I was 19, and I never could get along with her). Suppose that for a period of years whenever you touched — let us say — a banana, you got a severe electric shock. After that you would always be nervous around bananas, even if you knew they weren’t wired to shock you. Well, in the same way, the many rejections, humiliations, and other painful experiences I underwent during adolescence at home, high school, and at Harvard have conditioned me to be afraid of people. I’m always under stress when I’m around people, excepting only a very few people whom I’ve gotten used to through long association, and I’m never able to feel that people are likely to accept me. This fear of rejection — based on bitter experience both at home and at school — has ruined my life, except for the few years that I spent alone in the woods, largely out of contact with people. *That* was a good way of life, and I was happy then, but that way of life has been ruined during the last 9 or 10 years because too many trees have been cut down, too many roads have been put in, and there are too many people here now.

You were good parents to me until I was at 8 or 9 years old. At about that time Ma, began to become excessively irritable cranky. Whereas punishments had previously been more or less rational and inflicted with little anger, they now tended to degenerate into outbursts of ill-temper. At approximately the same time, coincidentally, many of the kids on our block, on Carpenter Street, stopped accepting me — I became an outsider with them. I’m not sure why this was so, but I think it may have been because I was too much of a good boy. For example, I remember one case when a bunch of kids lay in ambush for an old rag-picker and pelted him with garbage when he came by. I wouldn’t participate in this — I hung back in the rear and immediately *afterward went home to tell you about it* because I was shocked at that kind of disrespect being shown to an adult.

pursued by many boys she never showed the least sign of vanity or arrogance. Best, from your point of view, was the fact that she was an orthodox believer in the liberal-intellectual ideology. But that’s why she wouldn’t have suited me. She was too passive and conforming — she’d apparently absorbed liberal-intellectualism uncritically from her parents the way a good Catholic girl absorbs Catholicism. I think she was disappointed and a little shocked at my rejection of that ideology.

But the problems at that time weren't yet serious — I was still getting along well with the kids in school, and you didn't begin shouting really vicious insults at me until I was maybe 11 or 12 years old.

When I was 11 that stupid old biddy Miss arranged that I should skip a grade. You claim that Miss Frye said I was drawing pictures of violence during my spare moments in school. Actually, it was quite common for the other boys at that time and place to draw violent pictures — war scenes, shipwrecks, etc. I'm not aware that I drew violent pictures any more often than the other boys. Miss Frye may have thought I did, but I certainly wouldn't trust her judgement, since she was obviously a damn fool. Assuming for the moment that I really was drawing violent pictures more often than the other boys, which presumably would indicate hostile feelings on my part, what reason had she to assume that making me skip a grade would remove those hostile feelings? As a cause of hostile feelings she might have looked into the home situation, which was already bad at that time, though not as bad as it later became.

But whatever one may think of her decision to have me skip a grade, her behavior *after* I skipped a grade was inexcusable. I was not accepted by the other kids with whom I was put, and if Miss was doing her job she should have been aware of this. Probably she *was* aware of it, and she should have told you about the problem and recommended that I should be taken out of that school and put in a different school. Why didn't she do so? The answer is pretty obvious. If you had to put me in a different school it would cause big problems for you, because either you'd had to pay the high costs of private schooling or you'd have to move to a new neighborhood — so of course she was afraid you would raise a big stink about it. To protect herself from criticism she kept me in a situation that had disastrous consequences for me. And you thought Miss Frye was so wonderful. Miss Frye says this, Miss Frye says that, Miss Frye says the other thing. The reason you thought Miss Frye was so wonderful was that she gratified your silly vanity by telling you that your kid was a "genius."

Miss Skillen also was aware that I was not accepted by the kids in school and she too should have advised you to take me out of that school and put me in a different one. She didn't do so because she wanted to satisfy her own needs by working with an unusually smart kid and sending him to Harvard and all that crap.

Let me describe just one incident to show the kind of thing I had to endure in high school. One day in gym class the gym teacher, Mr. Megson, told the kids to divide themselves up into several teams and start playing basketball. Then he went out of the gym for a few minutes. When the kids chose their teams, nobody wanted me, so there was nothing I could do but go and sit by myself on the bleachers. Mr. Megson wasn't very bright — in fact, he was pretty dumb — but he was a kindly man, and when he saw me sitting by myself he came to me and asked me gently what was wrong. I told him simply that nobody wanted me on their team, so he took me and put me on one of the teams. The boy who was leading that group accepted me very grudgingly. (By the way, I am crying as I write this even though it all happened 35 years ago.) And then after going through a day of that kind of thing in school I would come home to

have you and Dad scream at me that I was “sick,” “immature,” that I had the mind of a two-year-old,” etc., etc., etc.

For a kid of working-class origin who already had a serious problem with social rejection, Harvard was probably the worst possible school. You’ll remember that I wanted to go to Oberlin, but you and Miss Skillen pressured me into going to Harvard. And don’t give me any crap to the effect that you felt this would be best for me, blah blah blah. That’s how you rationalized it to yourself, but the real motive was your own greed for prestige and status. You wanted to be able to brag. In fact, you repeatedly embarrassed me by foolishly bragging to everyone we met that “Teddy is going to Harvard this Fall!”

Harvard of course was very good academically, very stimulating intellectually, and it would have been alright for a kid of working-class origin who had good social skills and social self-confidence to start out with. The actual snobs were only a minority. The majority of the students were upper-middle-class types and they formed a social environment that was not congenial to a kid of working-class origin, but they were not necessarily snobs, and a kid of working-class origin who had good social skills could have found friends both among the upper-middle-class types and among the minority who were not upper-middle-class. But I had experienced so much rejection both at home and in school that I had very little social self-confidence. As a result, when my first attempts to make friends met with a cool reception, I just gave up and became solitary. Incidentally, it’s likely that the rejection I experienced at home and at school even affected me physically. In case you wonder why Dave is 3 inches taller than I am — I have read of 2 different studies that purport to show that rejection during adolescence tends to stunt growth.

By the time I graduated from Harvard at the age of 20 my social self-confidence was destroyed and I had passed through adolescence without learning the social skills that one normally learns during that period. Especially, I didn’t know how to ask a girl for a date or how one is supposed to behave on a date. Your mother may have treated you worse than you treated me, and you may have experienced as much rejection during adolescence as I did, but in the first place, that does not excuse the way you treated me, and, in the second place, it’s easier for a woman because all she had to do is sit there and wait for a man to make advances to her, and once she gets a husband or boyfriend she can expect to meet other people through him. (I notice that all our old family friends came originally from Dad’s circle.) A man has to ask a woman for a date, and if he’s too shy to ask, then he gets no girlfriend. Or if his shyness makes him get flustered and awkward when he tries to speak to a woman, or if his ignorance of the relevant social conventions makes him do the wrong things, then the woman thinks he’s a “geek” and doesn’t want him.

Actually I find solitude congenial and can get by comfortably without male friendships. But women are another matter. Women are so beautiful! I’m not just talking about physical beauty. Women are gentle, nice, pleasant to be with; they represent warmth, joy, family life, love, and, of course, sex. Naturally, women have their faults, too, and moreover not all women have the good qualities I’ve just mentioned. But for

37 years I have desired women. I've wanted desperately to find a girlfriend or a wife but have never been able to make any progress toward doing so because I lack the necessary social confidence and social skills. I was reasonably free of these desires during the few years that I lived mostly isolated from the human race. I didn't see any women or have anything to remind me of them, so I was able to forget about them. But when in contact with people I've suffered acutely from frustrated desire for women.

It may be just as well that I didn't get married when I was young, because I probably would have been unhappy without the experiences I've had in the woods. The time for me to get married was when I was 36 years old — this was in 1978 and 1979, when I was staying with you in Lombard and working first at Foam-Cutting Engineers and later at Prince Castle. At that time I'd lived in the woods for about 7 years and my needs in that direction were adequately satisfied. I was very interested in getting married and in having a kid or two; and I was still relatively young. But I had no social skills and didn't know how to find a wife. I had a deep-seated conviction (a subjective, not intellectual conviction) that I could never be successful with people, especially with women. So when my awkward attempts to meet women were unsuccessful, after a few months I lost all hope, and went back to the woods, where at least I wouldn't be tormented by being constantly reminded of women, sex, love, marriage, and children.

In recent years, because of the changes around here, it hasn't been practical for me to isolate myself as much as I used to, and I've often been nagged by desire for women. At times I've been attacked by outbreaks of intense desire for women — so intense that sometimes it is almost unendurable. The current outbreak is due to my having made the mistake of going to a woman doctor. This Dr. Goren is not pretty, but she gives the impression of being highly intelligent and capable, and, so far as I can judge on the basis of the half-hour or so of contact I had with her, I like her personality better than that of any other woman I've ever met (perhaps with one exception). Of course, the chances are she's married. And even if she's not married she probably wouldn't be interested in me, since at the bottom of the social scale I'm probably about ten years older than she is. And anyhow I wouldn't know how to go about making advances to her, and even if I did know how I probably wouldn't have the nerve.

If I'd had a normal adolescence I probably would have gotten married in my middle or late thirties and would be raising a kid now. As it is, I'm 49 years old, I'll be an old man in a few years, my life in the woods has been ruined by "progress," I have no wife, no kids, no friends, and nothing to look forward to but old age and death. I am tormented by bitter regret at never having had the opportunity to experience the love of a woman.

In one of your letters you gave me a little lecture about how I should "learn how to forgive." It's easy for you to preach, especially when you expect to be the beneficiary of the forgiveness. But I don't notice that you are particularly anxious to forgive your own parents. I hate you, and I'll never forgive you, because the harm you did me can never be undone.

—*Ted*

Ma to Ted — July 12, 1991⁶²⁶³

[Letter from Wanda, dated July 12, 1991; Ted has numbered each sentence]

Dear Ted,

How can parents convince a child that they have always loved him — never, never rejected him? Obviously you have deep feelings of being rejected ... Could your terrible feelings of insecurity stem from those traumatic fears of abandonment when you had to be left at the hospital at an emotionally critical stage in your infancy? I remember yelling in anger at Dave because he had the bad habit of teasing you. I remember a couple of bad quarrels with Dave, but he seems to love us and not blame us for ‘shouting’ at him.

... I cried, too, when you mentioned crying at a 35 year old memory. I cried for you and for myself, too, because I was very much a loner as a child..... you don’t seem to remember how eagerly I welcomed any one that came over to visit you... But you rejected everyone who tried to be your friend ... Remember ... Loren [De] Young ... ? ... I could never convince you to be kinder and more tolerant of the many people who made overtures to you. You always arrogantly pushed people away..

... As for your life being “ruined,” sure it is if you persist in regarding it as such. People still get married at your age and even later.⁽⁷⁾ I went back to school and embarked on a new career in my fifties. Why can’t you? I am deeply sorry for whatever way I have hurt you, but I have always loved you and always will. Needless to say, it hurts terribly to have you say you “hate” and will never forgive me ...

Ted’s comments⁶⁴

C-947

[Mid-July, 1991]

The foregoing letters from my mother show (a) how she resists accepting responsibility for the way she and my father treated me during my teens, (b) how she tends to blame *me* for every problem I run into and any defeat I suffer, just as she has done ever since my early teens, and (c) how it is impossible to reason with her (or with any member of my family) on any subject in which she is emotionally involved — by comparing my letter of July 5 with hers of July 12, the reader will see how she either

⁶² A Review and Compilation of the Writings of Ted Kaczynski

⁶³ Truth versus Lies (Volunteers Update)

⁶⁴ A Review and Compilation of the Writings of Ted Kaczynski

⁽⁷⁾ Obviously, you would have to change your life style if you were to get married, and to be a kinder, gentler person, less vengeful whenever people don’t measure up to your expectations...

ignores the points I made or gives obviously spurious rationalizations to get around them.

First consider lines 1 and 2 of her letter of [TEXT OBSCURED] ... She claims they “never, never They used to scream at me insults of the most cutting kind. I was “sick,” “immature,” “a creep,” “another Walter Teshewski,” I had “the mind of a two year old”; and if I talked back it was “speak respectfully to your parents or we’ll throw you out of the house.” She has never denied that they actually talked (or rather shouted) to me this way. But, because it suits her needs to do so, she apparently prefers to consider that this does not constitute rejecting ...

... In lines 3 through 7 she tries to put off my feelings of rejection on the experience of hospitalization that I had in infancy. I won’t pretend to say what effect that experience might or might not have had on me; but, in the first place, I showed no signs of feeling rejected in my early years, and, in the second place, even if I did have feelings of rejection stemming from the hospital experience, the constant rejection that I experienced during adolescence both at home and at school could only be expected to greatly worsen those feelings. My mother well knows this, but she prefers to re it because it suits her own needs to She feels much more comfortable ing my resentment of her on “that hospital experience” than on her own behavior. In the past I’ve tried to reason with her about her attempts to attribute my resentment of her to “that hospital experience,” but she ignores my arguments and keeps going back again and again to “that hospital experience” in order to avoid responsibility for her mistreatment of me

...

... I never heard them inflict on Dave the kind of cutting, vicious insults that they inflicted on me, such as imputations of mental illness or gross immaturity (“mind of a two-year old”}...In lines 18–19 she claims I “rejected” everyone who tried to be [my] friend.” This is absurd. It does have a grain of truth in it: Since I experienced so much rejection, under certain circumstances I tended to reject the world right back. (This is discussed pretty fully elsewhere in my notes ...

... Lines 21–24: It’s true that my parents were often kind and tolerant toward me, but that ‘t make up for the other, equally frequent s when they shouted insults at me

...

... Lines 30–33. As mentioned above, feeling rejected by the world I would sometimes reject the world right back so to speak, but any rejecting I did was the result of having been rejected myself. Moreover, my mother here GROSSLY exaggerates the extent to which I repulsed other people. Note that, as is her usual practice, she blames my problems on *me* ...

... Lines 63, 64: Again, she blames all my troubles on me. Throughout my life I have probably been about as kind and gentle as the average male of my age; during recent years probably more kind and gentle than the average man of my age. Ask the people around Lincoln who know me ...

... I would challenge the reader to find even *one* person other than my mother and brother who would describe me as “arrogant and bossy.” Most everyone who knows me would describe me as quite the contrary ...

... I am indeed sensitive to slights, because been rejected so many times *in* the past; as a matter of prudence, I very seldom e any external sign of my anger at slights.

... She claims I wrote my cousin Kirn an “insulting” letter.

This too is absurd. Kirn twice wrote to me inviting me to correspond. I knew Kirn very little, had had very little contact with her, but from what I did know of her I thought she was shallow, unthinking, and uninteresting. I ignored her first invitation to correspondence. To her second invitation I responded as follows. To start with, I pointed out that she and I had very little common past experience to talk about; so, as a subject for correspondence, I proposed an intellectual problem...I then invited my cousin to comment on Ortega y Gasset’s thesis. I concluded with some very restrained comments on the militant feminists..

... It would be useless and frustrating for me to send my mother this rebuttal of her letter, because she would simply ignore the parts of it that it suited her to ignore, and to other parts would respond with spurious reasoning, distorted ts, evasions, and so forth... ines 61–63 of undated letter. ridiculous statement that I have “at least 30 more good years,” ahead of me is another example of my mother’s silliness. If I lived another 30 years I would be 79 years old. The majority of people do not live to be 79, and there is no particular reason to suppose that I will do so. Moreover, of the minority who do live to be 79, a substantial proportion — probably the majority — are by that time in poor health or suffer from physical or mental disabilities of one kind or another, so that their years cannot be called good ones ...

Ma to Ted — mid–July, 1991⁶⁵

... [S]et aside your tendency to arrogance and bossiness, which probably is a cover up for shyness and awkwardness. And don’t push people away when they make overtures. Be patient! You get angry too easily at slights. Be gentle and kind... *Be kind, be kind, be kind*, and you’ll have plenty of friends.

... I love you, dear son ... Are you going to let memories of adolescent difficulties immobilize you?

Ma to Ted — 8/?/1991

Dear T.J.,

⁶⁵ Truth versus Lies (Volunteers Update)

Will be sending out the usual holiday gifts. Thanksgiving, Xmas, Easter, birthdays, etc.

The first one will be for Labor Day. Enjoy.

Love

Ted to Ma — March 11, 1992⁶⁶

[Ted asks Ma to let him know if she is claiming him as a dependent for income tax purposes. Ted doesn't want to resume correspondence and has asked Dave about the dependent situation, but he has not responded.]

C-940

Ma-

I have to know whether or not you are claiming me as a dependent for income purposes. Because of the amount of money you gave me last year you could ally claim me as a dependent, but it is likely to cause me serious inconvenience if you actually do so. I need this information promptly. I tried to get it through Dave, but I received no answer from him.

I do NOT want to resume correspondence.

I just need this one piece of information. Thank you...

⁶⁶ Archive.org reupload of a California University Collection. Letter from T. Kaczynski to Wanda Kaczynski T-158. <harbor.klnpa.org/california/islandora/object/cali%3A1061>

Post-Arrest

Ma to Ted¹

Dear [CENSORED]

Comics to lighten your day, and crossword puzzles to fill out those times when you don't feel like reading or writing.

I long to hear from you. Please write. At least let me know what I can send you: books, money, etc.

Love

[CENSORED]

P.S. Most of all. [UNINTELLIBLE] you? Please, please!

Ma to Ted — Thanksgiving 1999²

Dear Ted, something to help in keeping you occupied over the holidays.

[Ted annotates it for the researcher: "With this note, the stupid sent me crossword puzzle books and the like, which of course I threw out."]

Ma to Ted — 8/6/05³

Dear Son,

Someone once told me that the greatest tragedy in life is to love someone who cannot love you back, and.or to have someone love you and you cannot love that person back.

This is especially true for a parent who deeply loves a child, who for some reason cannot love back.

Well, for me, at age 88, the pain cannot long endure.

as usual, I'm sending a money order to your account,
as always

With Love

Mother.

¹ <documentcloud.org/documents/2695518-Dear-Son-I-ll-always-love-you.html>

² <documentcloud.org/documents/2695518-Dear-Son-I-ll-always-love-you.html>

³ <documentcloud.org/documents/2695518-Dear-Son-I-ll-always-love-you.html>

Ma to Ted — Dec 13, 2005⁴

Dear Ted,

I have always loved one of your special traits; your defense of the powerless, be they children, minorities, migratory workers, etc. You have always stood up against the abuse of power by those who inflicted pain on the helpless.

I cherish the memory of your many kindnesses to others.

Love

Mother

[Ted's take: "My mother must be getting senile. I have never taken any interest in causes of this kind."]

Ma to Ted — 4/1/10⁵

Dear Son,

I love you always even when I grieve that I do not hear from you. But I know that is not your fault. Your infant trauma alienated you from your parents. May I send you a book titled "[UNINTELLIGIBLE]" That book may help you understand what happened to your developing infant when you were hospitalized at 9 months.

all my love

Mother

Ma to Ted — 5/22/2011⁶

Dear son, as always, I love you.

Mother

⁴ <documentcloud.org/documents/2695518-Dear-Son-I-ll-always-love-you.html>

⁵ <documentcloud.org/documents/2695518-Dear-Son-I-ll-always-love-you.html>

⁶ <documentcloud.org/documents/2695518-Dear-Son-I-ll-always-love-you.html>

Unknown Dates

Ted to Ma¹

[Stamped Dec 23 1991, but says ‘to parents’ which wouldn’t make sense if his dad had just died, maybe a mix up between letter and envelope.]

[Note from Ted to Kaczynski, thanking parents for a gift of money.]

to parents:

Check received. Thank you. I’ll say once again as I’ve said before that I think you are crazy to give away your money rather than save it for emergencies or for a country home or some other purpose, but, since you’ve sent it to me, once again I thank you.

Package received in good shape. Thank you. Have not eaten them yet.

Ted

Ted to Ma²

[Letter to Ma from Ted re: not keeping in touch on a regular basis; thanks Ma for allowing him to stay “there” for so long.]

Dear Ma:

Please do not expect to hear from me at frequent intervals. I just don’t want to be burdened with the responsibility of getting in touch at regular intervals. Please try not to worry. Remember that I carry all kinds of identification, and if anything were to happen to me you would be notified. I just want to go my own way without having to report home all the time. I want to thank you for having let me stay there so long. No one could want better parents.

¹ Archive.org reupload of a California University Collection. Letter from T. Kaczynski to his parents T-153. <harbor.klnpa.org/california/islandora/object/cali%3A1008> [now dead]

² Archive.org reupload of a California University Collection. Letter from T. Kaczynski to “Ma” T-126. <harbor.klnpa.org/california/islandora/object/cali%3A1015>

Love,
Ted J.

Ted to Ma³

[Ted says although Harper's Weekly is "disgustingly degenerate and urbanized," he will try to have his manuscript entitled, Three Worthy Artisans, published because he needs money.]

... Also, do not fold any of these manuscripts into ordinary envelopes. Use the big manilla envelopes so the manuscripts won't have to be folded.

4. I have now typed up a fourth manuscript, "Three Worthy Artisans". Please send this one to Harper's Weekly. I have typed a covering letter with it, but, again, you'll have to type the address of Harpers Weekly. Do not submit this anywhere except Harpers Weekly without consulting me first.

It embarrasses me to send anything to Harpers Weekly. The sample you sent me was so disgustingly degenerate and urbanized. But I want the damned money, so I hope they accept the damn thing. Well, thanks for taking care of this crap for me. I wouldn't dream of carrying on any such correspondence from here, because of course the postman knows everybody and I wouldn't want my neighbours to find out that I am dabbling in any such nefarious activities. I mean, if I were merely a dope-addict, escaped convict, sex-pervert, or Russian spy, it wouldn't be so bad, but...

Ted

be careful in taking clips on and off the manuscript, or they'll tear the sheets

Ted to Ma⁴

[First part of letter is UI. Ted mentions the Skeptical on Enquirer; discusses fat deer and how the remaining meat is lean and low in fat.]

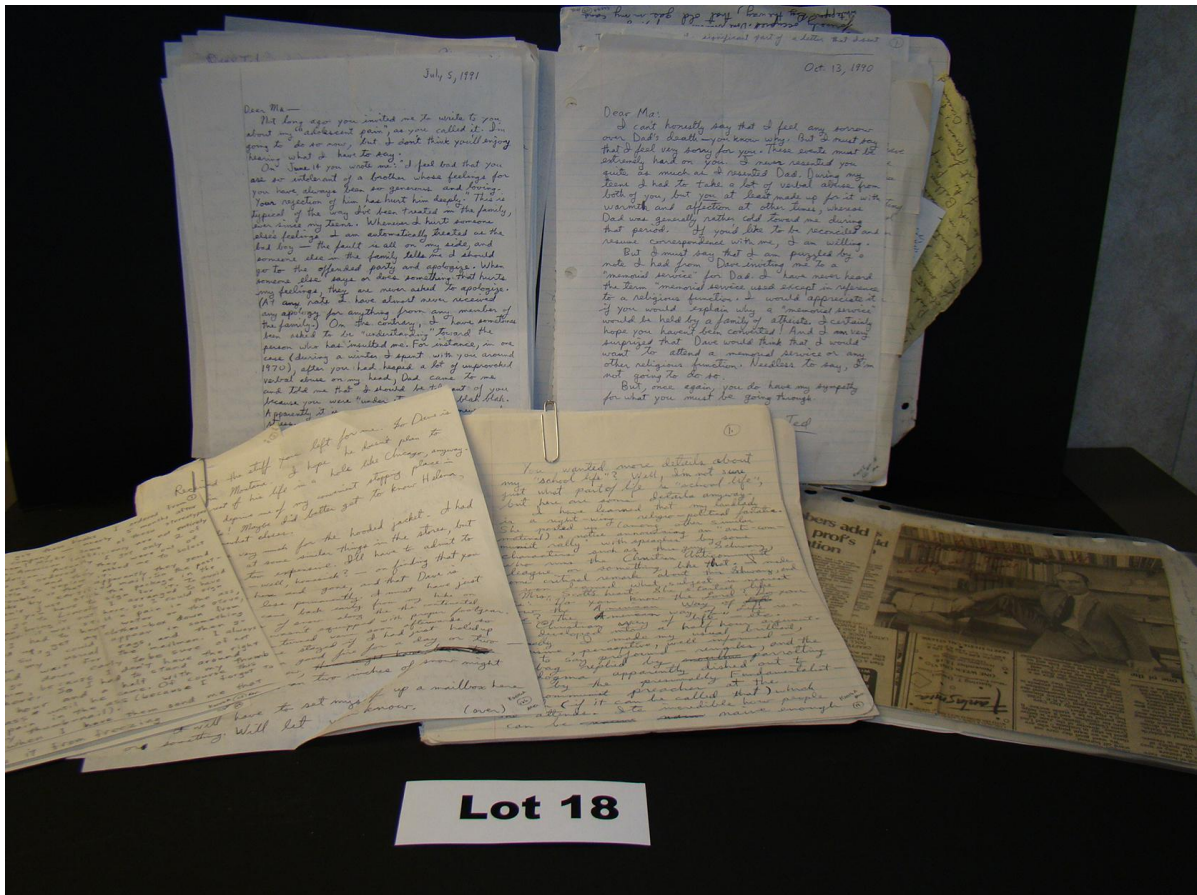
³ Archive.org reupload of a California University Collection. (partial) Letter from T. Kaczynski to unspecified recipient T-127. <harbor.klnpa.org/california/islandora/object/cali%3A1016>

⁴ Archive.org reupload of a California University Collection. Letter from T. Kaczynski to unknown

... read a magazine called The Skeptical Enquirer: ... a couple of back issues of it ... they are very interesting. You know all these stories of flying saucers, psychic phenomena and things of that sort that you see in the papers from time to time. The Skeptical Enquirer is devoted to [UNINTELLIGIBLE] time and repeat they have shown that a seemingly very plausible report of a “paranormal” phenomena turning out on careful investigation to be a [UNINTELLIGIBLE]. Some of the articles are very interesting...

In answer to YOUR question, deer often have quite a lot of fat on them, but they can easily be removed if one washes, because it is a mostly in the form of *visible* fat. Once the layers of visible fat are removed, the ...

I'm glad to hear you're feeling better, as you told ...



recipient; Only one page of the letter (numbered 8) T-147. <harbor.klnpa.org/california/islandora/object/cali%3A941>



The Ted K Archive

Ted Kaczynski's Correspondence with his Parents
1968–2011

- (1) Archive.org reupload of a California University Collection
- (2) “Dear Son, I’ll always love you” — Yahoo Letter Compilation
- (3) A Review and Compilation of the Writings of Ted Kaczynski
- (4) Truth versus Lies (Volunteers Update)

www.thetedkarchive.com